



## CrossRoads: Bulletin of the Passionist Alumni Association

October 2020

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**Did a friend forward this  
bulletin to you?**

**[Click here to register.](#)**

# Thinking of forwarding this?

Please forward this bulletin to a former classmate or friend who attended school in Passionist formation. The Passionist Alumni Association relies on you to build our membership. Every day we hear stories of renewed friendships and new friendships. Did a friend forward this bulletin to you because you once studied with the Passionists? If so, please **CLICK ON THIS LINK: <https://passionistorderalumni.org/>** to register with the Passionist Alumni Association to stay in touch. Thank you.

Louisville, Kentucky is the location of our 2021 Reunion.

## Our Alumni Bio Book is now online!

A little background ...

- for the first Alumni reunion in 2002, Mike Moll, class of 1967, collected a significant number of hard copy alumni biographies ...
- over the years, Steve George, class of 1965, created a robust website of all things Passionist, including biographies with pictures of close to 100 alumni ...
- in preparation for the 2014 Alumni Reunion in Louisville, Bob Duffield, class of 1971, gathered all of the above, over 150, formatted and dated them.

You can now view these bios online at the Passionist website: [www.Passionist.org](http://www.Passionist.org) then select Connect-> Passionist Alumni Association-> Welcome-> Members.

For now, go there directly with this link: <https://passionist.org/alumni/members/> This site is password-protected so only CP Alumni will be able to gain access. All bios are in PDF format. Bob Duffield has volunteered to be the site administrator.

After reviewing the bios online (we have 126 active and 45 deceased member/professed Passionist bios or obits), feel free to revise, correct, update or submit a new bio for our alumni website. Email Bob if you'd like to obtain a Word version of your posted bio on the site for revision purposes. Note that each bio has a submittal date, generally in the lower left corner. Please let us know if one of our members has died.

Any new, revised, updated or corrections to bios can be sent to Bob Duffield either at: [bdlinwood1@cox.net](mailto:bdlinwood1@cox.net).



*Paul Wadell*

It seems timely and appropriate to share an excerpt from Paul Wadell's 1989 book, *Friendship and the Moral Life*, that describes the experience of so many who, no matter when, where or at what level, were in Passionist formation at some point in their lives:

“In the fall of 1965 two hundred of us embarked on an adventure from which we never fully recovered. We left our home in St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, California, Louisville – others from places remembered only by them – and journeyed to a little town in eastern Missouri called Warrenton, to high school seminary called Mother of Good Counsel, to a religious community called the Passionists, to a large rambling pink stucco building that never quite fit the landscape but for the next four years would be our home.

“Life was different, people were happy – that is the first thing we noticed about Warrenton and what we always remember. What made it different and its memory lasting was what the school was trying to achieve. At Warrenton, they were not just trying to teach us, they were also trying to change us, to form and shape us, to take us as we were, all raw, unfinished youth, and make us something more. Warrenton was an experiment, a dream perhaps, born from the conviction that life has a purpose and our happiness is achieving it. There was the deep belief that all of us have to become more than we already are, we have to change, we have to become as good as we possibly can. It is never enough just to be ourselves; we have to grow, to be transfigured from sinners into friends of God. Warrenton was not just a school, it was a way of life, a vision that made the everyday a grammar for our hopes, and because we shared the same hopes, we were able to become good friends.

“The most remarkable fact about Warrenton was that all of us who came there strangers left there friends. On a Saturday in May 1969, lives so unexpectedly brought together were just as unexpectedly torn apart. We left to different futures – most to marriage, a few to religious life and priesthood, some to futures never revealed to the rest of us – but we left as friends. Even though we did not understand then what those friendships meant to us, nor how deeply and poignantly we had touched each other’s lives, it is a tribute to those friendships that so many years later when we hear the word ‘friend’ it is each other we remember.”

## SignPosts

“SignPosts” is a new section. Readers have asked for a place to proclaim our newest members and to report the passing of others.

### Welcome New Members!

- [Dan Geiger \('64\)](#)
- [Gene O'Neill \('68\)](#)
- Mike Roark ('71)
- Michael Urhahn ('67)

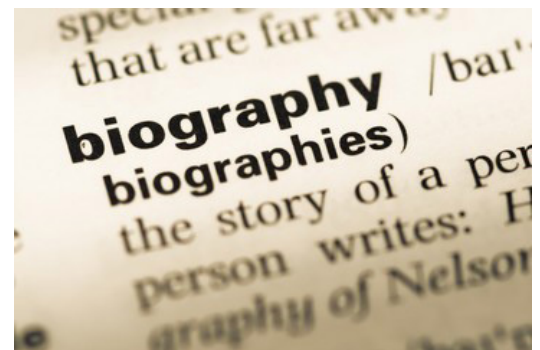
**Note:** *Class years refer to Warrenton high school graduation years.*

*When new members who did not attend at Warrenton are announced, a specific location and milestone year will be indicated.*

### Those we lost...

May they rest in peace and in our hearts forever, and may we emulate the special strengths of theirs that blessed us.

- **Fr. Carl Tenhunfeld, C.P.**, October 14, 2020 (Article in progress for next CrossRoads bulletin)
- **Fr. Peter Berendt, C.P.** (See separate article in this issue.)
- **John Hollon**, May 6, 2020.  
[Bio](#)  
[Obituary](#)
- **Jim LaCoste**, September 24, 2018  
[Obituary](#)
- **Dennis Sullivan**, June 5, 2020  
[Bio](#)



# News from the Passionist Alumni Council



Mike Owens  
*Alumni Association Coordinator*

**SAVE THE DATE!!!** Our **2021 all-class reunion** will be held at Sacred Heart Retreat in **Louisville** from October 8th-10th. Despite all our coronavirus challenges this year, I am definitely keeping my 'glass half full' outlook and looking forward to us celebrating another reunion! **Ray Alonzo**, **Carl DeLage** and **Richard Padilla** are already charging ahead with their planning. **Jim Byrne** volunteered to join them as the 'on the ground' contact in Louisville. I'm sure you'll be hearing more from the team in the weeks and months ahead.

**Mark Brockman** and **Carl Middleton** are making good progress with their Lay Association initiative. They recently completed their one-on-one interviews with the Council members and are now reaching out to selected vowed Passionists for their insights and recommendations.

**Bob Duffield** volunteered to publish and maintain our biographies on the alumni pages of the Province website. Please review your personal biography and provide an updated version to Bob. His article in this issue gives more information and instructions.

**Phil Laughlin** likewise volunteered to assist **Jack Dermody** with editing and proofreading each issue of CrossRoads.

**Phil Jackson** and Bro. **John Monzyk, CP**, are hosting "Coffee at the Passionist Monastery" every other Wednesday from 10:30 a.m. until 11:15 a.m. on Zoom. Please contact Phil at [pjackson@passionist.org](mailto:pjackson@passionist.org) if you would like to be added to the meeting invitation.

Stay tuned for an exciting announcement from Jack Dermody and Mike Kruger about a creative fund-raising project to assist the Passionist ministries!

I want to give a special thanks to Jim Byrne, Bob Duffield, Phil Laughlin and Mike Kruger for volunteering to assist with these projects! The Alumni Council welcomes and appreciates your involvement. If anyone else wants to be involved in our activities or programs, please email any of us.

See <https://passionist.org/alumni/alumni-council/> for our contact information.

As always, if you have any questions, suggestions or comments, please email me at [mtowens2368@icloud.com](mailto:mtowens2368@icloud.com).

## 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, Alumni Profile  
and Recruitment

**Mike Owens:** Coordinator

**Richard Padilla:** Co-Chair, Administration/  
Province Liaison

**Paul Schulte:** Co-Chair, Alumni Profile  
and Recruitment

**Fr. John Schork, CP:** Province Liaison

**Claire Smith:** Communications

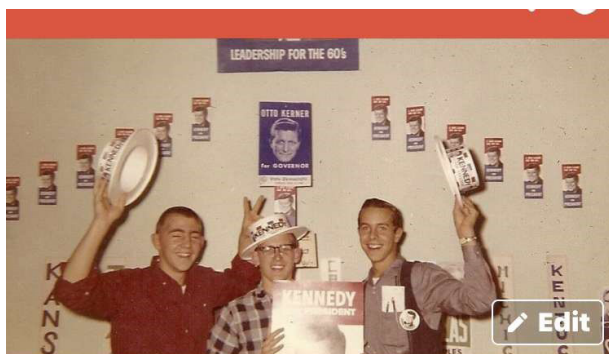
# Breaking News about our Alumni: Where to find it!

This Facebook page is available 24/7 for all Passionist Alumni, whether they attended the Prep in Warrenton or anywhere beyond.

*At least two online vehicles encourage alumni to communicate every day and also dig into all preceding posts that communicate history, stories, opinions, news, and photos.*

On **Facebook**, look for the Mother of Good Counsel Alumni page. You obviously need a personal Facebook account. Simply enter “Mother of Good Counsel Alumni” in your Facebook browser to locate the group page, then ask to join. You will soon be “accepted” by the moderator. There are tons of photos and plenty of posts to smile about. As a member, you are eagerly encouraged to share your own photos and messages.

On **Google**, look for the “Passionist Prepsters” group. You do need a Google account to participate. There you will find over 400 posts going back to 2007. Over 100 members have interacted there. You can find friends and classmates who have joined the current Passionist Alumni Association, as well as others who have not. Even before the first reunion, Prepsters have been emailing each other and joining forums like this one. Key players for this service have been **Mike Schweizer (RIP)** and **Mike Kruger**. That tradition, together with several reunions, eventually gave birth to the current Passionist Alumni Association.



**Mother of Good  
Counsel Alumni** >  
**PUBLIC GROUP · 111 MEMBERS**

## Be a ‘Breaking News’ Reporter: Send more photos from the 2019 reunion

Do you have photos from the 2019 Reunion that you want to share? There are **two ways** to do so.

Post them directly to the Mother of Good Counsel Alumni page on Facebook or ...  
Archive them on Mike Kruger’s Dropbox folder. Mike Kruger invites you to email photos to him directly. The Dropbox folder will be accessible to all members.  
Mike’s email address is [Mike.Kruger@outlook.com](mailto:Mike.Kruger@outlook.com).

**Please be kind enough to include captions for your photos like the example below**, especially the names (and even class years). For example, (L to R) Joe Blow (Warrenton Class of ’68), Bill Doe (Novitiate Class of ’65), John Smith (Bellarmine Graduation ’70), Ed Jones (Ordained 1971).

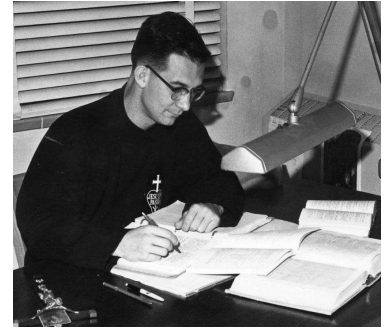


Mike (Warrenton ‘64) and Jannel Carson  
at the 2019 Reunion in Detroit.

# Fr. Peter Berendt, C.P. Beloved Latin Teacher

Latin is called a “dead language,” but it was always very alive in our seminaries. In high school, some students used to think everybody at the Vatican spoke it. And why not? Roman Catholics would descend on the Holy City from every corner of the earth. So what else could they speak? (We may not have realized the Vatican was more like the U.N. and used several mainstream living languages to communicate.)

One of our great Latin teachers, Fr. Peter Berendt, C.P., passed away at the Passionist retirement facility in Louisville on the morning of September 9, 2020. He tried hard--with a gentle touch--to teach us the ancient language of the Church. He modernized the old grammar-translation method by arranging for listening and speaking practice in a language laboratory. And he challenged us to participate in live debates...yes, in Latin!



*Fr. Peter preparing Latin classes in Warrenton.*

*Comments from the Mother of Good Council Alumni page on Facebook came quickly:*

“An amazing man with a healing smile.” (Glenn Wieczorek)

“He was very kind and always had a smile on his face. He was also a very gentle and understanding confessor.” (Bob Gaggiano)

“I met Peter one afternoon while visiting Randal at the Felician convalescent home, bent over, using a cane, voice a bit weaker than those yesteryears but with the same Peter mannerisms, humor, and storytelling that were so uniquely Peter. In my ministry days our paths never intersected but he embraced me and spoke as if we were lifelong friends...” (Jean Ormechea)

“Great, humble man, time for a stay down to celebrate such a gift. Gaudeamus!” (Scott Woodward)

“The passing of a truly great man and my mentor for many years. I had Peter for three years of Latin, although he would probably prefer I didn’t mention that considering my language skills.” (Daniel O’Donnell)

“We will miss those awesome harmonica performances.” (Bill Berger II)

## **Obituary for Fr. Peter Berendt, C.P.**

Detroit Native and Passionist priest, Fr. Peter Berendt, CP, passed on peacefully to the Lord on the morning of September 9th, in Louisville, Kentucky.

Fr. Peter was 91 years old and had been a Roman Catholic priest since his ordination on May 25, 1957. During his many years as a priest he served as a seminary teacher, director of retreat centers in Sacramento, St. Louis, and Houston, as well as a preacher of conferences and retreats throughout many parts of the United States. In addition, Fr. Peter served as a director of vocations and novice director for the Passionist Community, as well as an associate pastor of Immaculate Conception parish in Chicago. His final years were spent as a senior priest at St. Paul of the Cross Passionist Retreat Center.



Fr. Peter is survived by his sister Theresa Mikulec (Andrew) and his brother Harry Berendt (Maryanne), and many loving nieces and nephews. His Funeral Mass took place at St. Paul of the Cross Retreat Center in Detroit on September 15. Burial followed at Holy Sepulcher Cemetery.

# Remembering Charlie Stockbauer



NOVICES ELECT, Senior Class, Front Row, left to right: John Day, Steven Rose, Michael Carson, Thomas Kewley, Michael Ecker, Stephan George, Anthony Linz, Back Row: Lee Schroerlucke, Charles Stockbauer, Lawrence Flander, Lawrence Anderson, Paul Howard, Murray Kast, Dennis Schneider, Timothy Hogan, James Finley, George Brand, James Crimmins.

*Warrenton Class of 1964*

*Charlie Stockbauer: Back Row, Second from Left  
Look also for other alumni mentioned in this article.*

One way or another, the Vietnam War challenged, scorched or at least redirected most of our lives. One of the least likely of us to choose an army career, Charlie Stockbauer (Warrenton '64) died there. Mark Brockman brought his story to our attention a few months ago. "When I read this for the first time it was like being mowed down with a barrage of old memories. Tears and a couple of calming breaths later, I read it for a second time. A Passionist Alumnus who as a medic in Vietnam gave his all to his brother soldiers, even with his internal personal moral conflicts he held about war. What an inspiring tale to share with our brother Alumni members."

Mark was speaking about a New York Times article published on its front page of the Sunday edition on January 28, 1973. Beneath the enormous international news that a Vietnam peace accord had finally been reached was a heart-rending story, "A Reluctant G.I.'s Life and Death" by Jon Nordheimer. The subject, complete with photos, was our schoolmate Charlie Stockbauer.

If you are a digital subscriber to the New York Times, you can go directly to the article with this link: <https://timesmachine.nytimes.com/timesmachine/1973/01/28/issue.html> If you are not a subscriber, you can get a free week-long subscription that will be offered if you click on the same link. In any case, don't miss taking a good look at the article in its original form. It acknowledges the role of his Passionist formation and features a full-length photo in the Passionist habit. More importantly, it reports the conflicting influences of family and society in his decision to go to Vietnam and highlights Charlie's spiritual and idealistic core values that led to his heroism as a medic.

What follows here are three tributes to Charlie, the first from his brother Joe, the second from classmate, **Murray Kast**; the third from classmate **Lee Schroerlucke**.

## ***A Boy Becomes a Man When He Stops Talking and Starts Giving - Charles Lived a Life of Giving***

A post on the "Wall of Faces" website, March 21, 2015, by Joe Stockbauer.

[Re: Charles Thomas Stockbauer] As per Capt. Raymond F. Rees (Camp Eagle) in a letter to Charles' parents, "On July 9, 1969 Charles' platoon was occupying a night defensive position. During the night and the following day the platoon received sporadic enemy fire. When three men were severely wounded, Charles went to their aid. After administering medical assistance to these men, he began to go back to his position when he noticed that one of the other men along the perimeter was dead and another was missing. Charles then began looking for the missing man; while he was searching, he was mortally wounded by an enemy soldier."

# Charlie Stockbauer, *cont'd*

Charles did a lot of soul searching into what the purpose of his life should be – what was God’s plan for him. He quit the Passionist Seminary after six years, but still wondered if the priesthood was the correct path. In June of 1969 Charles noted in his diary that he could not be doing anything better with his life than what he was doing in Vietnam as a medic. Charles found his purpose in life – helping his fellow man.

## How I Remember Charlie Stockbauer

By Murray Kast

The forgotten man?  
Diary of a Country Priest?  
68W?



This is the story of someone emblematic of each of those constructs. The story of someone who would never set himself to be memorable but whose memory carries like a beacon in life. A gentle soul.

The “forgotten man” is a term chosen by unlike groups—even polarized groups—to promote a cause or to detail an injustice. At its core, all would agree the forgotten man is about someone who has toiled in the background but should be recognized—and elevated—for his contributions. That was Charlie Stockbauer.

*Diary of a Country Priest*, by Georges Bernanos, was published in 1936. Because the story is written in the first person, we never even know the County Priest’s name. As titled, it unfolds as the diary of a priest in a remote and non-descript French village. The priest proffers that the Bishop has assigned him to the solitary parish in Ambricourt because there is little faith there (as determined by the Sunday collections!!) and, in self-deprecation, that he has little to offer as a priest. A perfect match. Quiet and unassuming, upon taking his post he is mostly scorned by the people. But the priest, in his simplicity, in his compassion, in his Christ-like demeanor sows the seeds of change. Not through eloquent sermons or new ministries but rather through his humility and kindness. In the final chapter as he is dying of stomach cancer, he focuses on his failures; he laments what was not accomplished. The last words of the book, as he lay dying: “Does it matter? Grace is everywhere.” What the priest couldn’t see was how his very presence had transformed a cynical selfish village into one of peace and love. That was Charlie Stockbauer.

“68W” is the US Army MOS (Military Occupational Specialty) for medic. That was Charlie’s MOS. As a Viet Nam vet myself, with an infantryman’s MOS (11B), we learned that when wounded on the battlefield, and physically unable to move forward or retreat, to scream “MEDIC!!!!!!” Someone, we were assured, would come. With little regard for self, the medic risks his (her) life to render aid to the severely wounded. The peril, of course, is that the defenseless medic, necessarily stoic in the face of the surrounding battle—putting aside his own existential fears—must be comforting and encouraging to his wounded comrade. Remaining composed in the worst of physical and psychological traumas—optimistic in the face of the cataclysmic. Understandably, medics experience PTSD at the highest rate. Having met several medics in later life, I found—to a person—they speak only of regrets: of the soldiers unable to be saved; the comfort inadequate to give to the dying; the echoes of last prayers together; sharing thoughts of loved ones never to be seen again as life ebbed. It is a most daunting task. Medics must bring all-encompassing healing in the midst of overwhelming misery. That was Charlie Stockbauer.

Charlie fits seamlessly into each narrative above. Somewhat surprising to me, others have observed that I might be able to give insight to Charlie—someone saw a connection I think I just took for granted. But it is an honor to be asked. Factually, Charlie and I became friends by compulsion. In those seminary days, true to my middle-child birth order and my ADHD symptoms, I was brash, loud, impulsive, and attention-seeking. Charlie was the antithesis of that. Charlie was quiet, reserved but attentive to the needs of another, always with a quick smile. In those junior and senior years at the Prep, Charlie and I might have spoken briefly 10 times. Different interests primarily. That changed at St. Paul, Kansas.



# Charlie Stockbauer, *cont'd*

If you haven't read Stephan George's prodigious account of a monastic novitiate in St. Paul, *A Year and a Day*, favor yourself with the time to do so. Here is the link.

<http://www.aznetwork.com/cp/docs/A%20Year%20and%20a%20Day.pdf>

The time around 1965 was nearly epochal in the tumult around the world (a world time-line is brilliantly recorded in the margin of Steve's every page). What makes his depiction all the more salient is that the year and a day proximately coincided with the conclusion of Vatican II. Regrettably, that changed forever the ascetic nature of the monastic novitiate. If there were ever a "you had to be there," Steve takes you there. It's incredibly thorough. Nothing was missed. Well, maybe just one thing. In keeping with the never-ending mortifications (denying oneself), there was one more not mentioned. As Steve recounts, Thursday and Sunday afternoons, we novices were allowed to recreate outside in total freedom amongst ourselves: play sports, walk to the river, etc. The other days, we certainly recreated (inside) but there was a catch. Fr. Fred (I'm guessing) determined who you could interact with during the recreation periods. Assigned groups. A group consisted of 5 or 6 people, and there were about that many groups (that changed as novices dropped out). Established friendships from Warrenton Prep, or like-minded new postulants—be they sports enthusiasts; bird-watchers; brash; reserved; whatever high compatibility—would surely NOT be in your group. There was no escape!! There was no choice. It was brilliant, really. You would learn to find value in those you might not otherwise find association—to be open, respecting, supporting. This contrivance challenged the reserved to engage the impulsive, for the attention-seeker to be understood by the humble.

So Charlie and I, having never really interacted in our two years at the Prep much beyond passing the milk in the refectory, found ourselves face to face in the novitiate's unnatural setting. Our previous "friends," seated in their own "chosen" groups all about the room, may as well have been hundreds of miles away. Communicating in any way (a smile, a wave) with a novice outside your group would require the morning "...beg(ging)....some mortification for communicating outside one's group during recreation." Talking, eye contact, interacting, and non-verbals would always be a near craving for me (I cannot speak for others). What happened is those initial feelings of being forced into relationships easily evolved to a genuine desire to be together with one's "new" friends, to just hear another voice, to tell them something funny, sad, eventful, etc., of the day—all meant solely for this disparate but cohesive group. The conversation—not having to be about spirituality or constitutions or rules—brought an even greater connection. We embraced the humanness. (Perhaps that explains my departure from St. Paul less than 30 days before profession!!).

Nonetheless, Charlie and I became true friends in that time. Groups rotated about every couple of months. Novices would be "directed" to a new group, but Charlie and I were often matched together in the new group. Genuinely accepting our dissimilarities became the bond. His understated sense of humor and timing were wicked. His kindness, infectious.

I think of Charlie relatively often. It can happen when I meet someone so different from me and feel myself hesitant to open up to that person. Certainly any time something about Viet Nam comes on TV—reluctantly, we were Brothers in Arms. Often there is Charlie when I see a cap declaring "Viet Nam Vet" (always a "Thank you for your service, Brother"), but neither of us would wear such a cap. My bucket list includes a trip to the DC to the Viet Nam Veterans Memorial—to see the enormity of loss, to hear others talk of their lost loved one, to feel the spirit I know is there, to "touch" Charlie—and thank him for how he touched me. It will be difficult. It won't be a vacation. It will be tearful.

When approached to write this, the request was to maybe recount a story or two about Charlie. The very nature of the novitiate was insular where anything external was to be avoided. Friendship was subservient to the Community. Suppression had its purpose, I suppose. I struggle to find some event that I can attach to either of us. Charlie aside, *A year and a day* is all that holds me to that time.

Maya Angelou wrote: People will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel. That was Charlie Stockbauer.

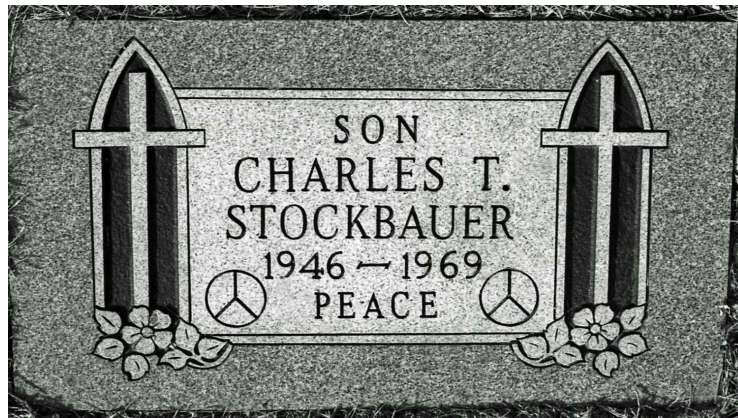
# Charlie Stockbauer, *cont'd*

## Recent comments from Charlie's classmate Lee Schroerlucke

I knew Charlie as a classmate for four years at Warrenton and several months in St. Paul, Kansas. Charlie excelled academically, frequently helping others (myself included) who struggled with certain subjects. He was gifted as a musician and singer. I sang next to him in the bass section of the harmony choir. He played piano & organ well too. He and Dave Howland were our principal accompanists in Kansas.

I remember him as a "reluctant athlete". Sports just was not his thing. At the prep, EVERYONE played football and basketball. Disinclined though he was, Charlie gave it his best effort.

The news of his death in Vietnam saddened me greatly. I remember him fondly.



# On the Road with Chris Abeyta

Riding back to Phoenix from Santa Fe, I'm listening to a CD of music by Chris Abeyta, Warrenton class of '68. If you read no further, be sure to download the SoundCloud app, enter 'Chris Abeyta' in the browser, click around the songs there, then sit back and enjoy singing, guitars, and multiple selections he has recorded as *Lumbre del Sol / Sun Fire*.

Here are faves of mine that you can hear for free on SoundCloud: *Santa Chicana*, *Buenos Días Mi Santa Fe*, *Love is the Reason*, *Cambios*, *El Hombre Pensando*, and *Let Peace Reign Again*.

It was a lucky fluke to pass by Santa Fe. Chris Abeyta had responded to an alumni email, so I called him to say I already had his town on my itinerary and so we set up a meet at the hacienda in which he was born in northeast Santa Fe, New Mexico. Yes, he is a *Nuevo Mexicano* and calls himself *El Musicano*.

What a full life Chris has had—student, sailor, teacher, community leader, musician, and artist. Catch yourself up on Chris by checking out an old resume located at <https://passionist.org/wp-content/uploads/2020/08/Abeyta-Chris.pdf>



*Jack Dermody with Chris Abeyta  
in Santa Fe, New Mexico.*

# On the Road with Chris Abeyta, *cont'd*

Chris treasures his bilingual world and the multi-cultural gift that is New Mexico. He sings and writes poetry in both English and Spanish. He handed me a copy of his publication *El Papelucho Uno*. One poem reads (translated from Spanish):

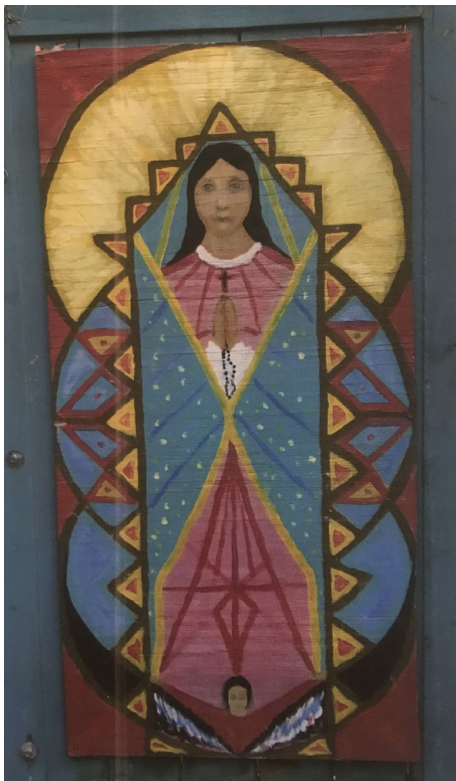
*I am a Native American. That's why I sing to the sun and the moon and I have birds and winds as brothers. That's why the rhythms of nature are in my heart and the plants are my miracles. That's why I dance as part of the earth and I kiss the water. That's why I am a Native American.*

These days, Chris is staying close to his children and grandchildren who all support the legacy he wants to leave. They have learned many things from him, including the skill of building a wall with homemade adobe bricks.

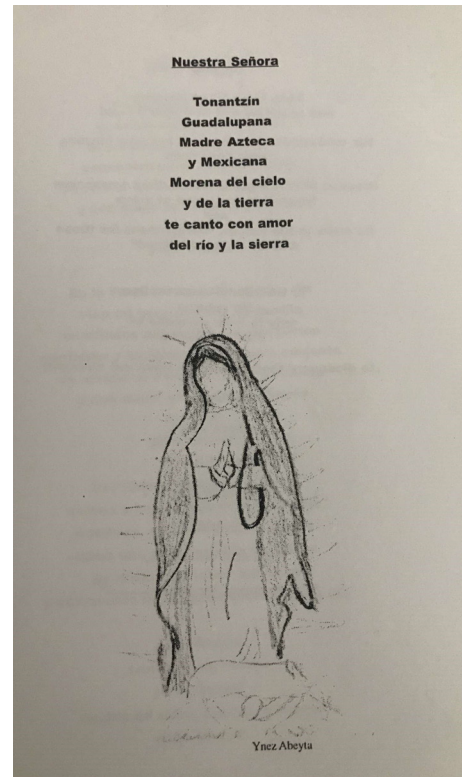
A visitor to Chris' historic home cannot leave without a warm sense of renewal of spirit, a feeling of having shared space not only with Chris but with a few hundred years of spirits who continue to guide, protect, or at least monitor the living.



*Right in the middle of many pieces of Chris' cardboard art stood this rendition of The Sign. He said it is bleeding because not all of our memories are without tears.*



*'Mi Lupita' by Chris Abeyta has been reprinted in multiple copies. It was done "as a devotion to the Indian divine mother and a balance."*



*A page from El Papelucho Uno.*

# Meet James Bobula



*Jack was very accommodating in allowing me to forego a live interview and give him written answers instead. I requested written because the medication I inhale daily enabling me to breathe makes my voice resemble that of a B-movie Mafia don, and after 30 minutes it degrades to a whisper. Even worse is my anomic aphasia (problem recalling words) that often makes conversations uncomfortable; writing gives me time use a thesaurus and Google. The downside is I'm rather wordy when I write.*

***You were among the first to work with computers. What did you envisage the first years that eventually came to pass? And what later surprised the heck out of you?***

There's a long story that prefaces my answer, so please bear with me. If, back in the day when Paul Schulte and I shared a room in the Louisville monastery, someone with the gift of prophecy said that computers would be paramount in my future career, I would have said "You've got the wrong guy. Computers are for scientists like Steve George; I'm going to be a philosopher." That's because one day Fr. Vincent informed me that the Powers That Be decided that I was to get an advanced degree in Philosophy after ordination, then return to join him on the Bellarmine faculty. He also shared his belief that a philosopher's thinking is enriched by studies in another discipline, so I should consider also getting a degree in another field of my choosing.

As I speculated about other fields it didn't take long to decide that communication would be a good fit since it's an essential element in Passionist ministry and I had an interest in visual communication from the work I was doing, along with Jim Ryan, Don Webber, Mike Owens, Louie Smith and Charles Campbell designing print media in our Passionist Seminary College Press (see playbill centerfold for Danny Atkins' production of "Murder in the Cathedral"). As luck would have it, one of the Bellarmine faculty who knew of my interest informed me that Ohio State was advertising a new doctoral fellowship in the Dept. of Speech Communication. That opportunity was enticing but it seemed a long shot getting permission to pursue a degree before ordination. With a philosopher's powers of persuasion Fr. Vincent convinced the Powers That Be that I was a safe bet to not wander astray (Stay tuned: Sorry about that.), so I did get permission to interview in Columbus. I suspect I was the only applicant (I never had the guts to ask) because shortly after the interview I received the letter of acceptance.

*A page designed by James Bobula for the playbill of Murder in the Cathedral, printed at the Passionist Seminary College Press in the basement of the Louisville monastery. He got permission to purchase an offset printing press to produce materials for the Province. He started out alone, then added crew members as the number of projects increased.*

CAST MEMBERS PICTURED (clockwise beginning with upper left): Larry Goodwin, Bruce Brennan, Larry Goodwin, John Federspiel and Larry Goodwin together, Larry Goodwin, John Federspiel. In the center is Richard Hughes.



# Meet James Bobula, *cont'd*

One of the first courses I took at Ohio State was an Introduction to Research Methods. The professor assigned the task of completing a repertory grid (Google it if you're interested), including the hour-long task of calculating dozens of scores. During the next class he trotted us to the OSU Computer Center where we used keypunch machines (another Google) to type a little set of cards with our personal data. The next morning, I picked up a printout of my scores that the computer produced in fractions of a second. I was intrigued.

When summer term approached, I had to enroll in enough course hours to maintain my fellowship. Being fatigued from writing term papers, I wanted a course that didn't require one, and I came up with the idea of taking an introduction to aviation that included flight lessons! When I called the Dept. of Aviation to verify that my fellowship fee waiver would be applicable, I was assured that the course was covered. But not the \$500 lab fee. With that, my dream of flying was shattered. What was I to do? Remembering the Computer Center expedition, I decided to sign up for an Introduction to FORTRAN Programming course.

With my new knowledge of coding I began writing programs for my own research as well as for other grad students, and I even wrote a suite of statistics programs for the Dept. of Sociology using innovative IBM 2741 Selectric typewriter terminals (Google again), the precursor to all of today's interactive computer interface devices. My fate as a computer geek was sealed.

So, back to Jack's question, what did I envision for the future of computers and what later surprised me? In the beginning I envisioned maybe having an IBM 2741 terminal at home. So the first surprise was actually having a whole computer on my desk with the Apple II+ I bought as soon as it hit the market. Many of the subsequent surprises were innovative software tools. VisiCalc, the predecessor of Excel, was a breakthrough in preparing project budgets. dBase II started a revolution in desktop and network database development, the technology that enabled me to produce research and administrative applications throughout my career. The most memorable surprise came the day I witnessed the first national demonstration of Mosaic, the browser that popularized the World Wide Web (for better and for worse). In the early days, computer games were limited to pong and navigating a labyrinth with text commands and no visuals; I couldn't have imagined today's video games. The biggest surprise is how computer technology has transformed everyday life (for better and for worse)—smart phones, tablets, streaming media, home automation, GPS, etc.—and how we no longer find it surprising to hear about advances in virtual reality, artificial intelligence, nanotechnology, genetic engineering, etc. I shake my grey head remembering punching cards at the OSU Computer Center.

***You focused so much of your career on family medicine, education, and research. What attracted you to all that in the first place?***

Well, I sure didn't plan it. (Here comes another long story.)

When I left Louisville for Ohio State my classmates went on to CTU. Being from Chicago I came home to be with my family during Christmas break and to spend some time with my classmates. What I found at CTU, to my dismay, was a total breakdown of community life. The influence of political activism was apparent, and I was most struck by a comment from one of the upper classmen, something like "Community is where each of us chooses to make it, not necessarily with our religious community." I had been struggling with faith issues dating back to novitiate and now I also felt the loss of the community support that was fundamental to my identity as a Passionist. In the weeks ahead I spent time in Louisville conducting my Masters thesis research ("Communication in a Religious Community") with the help of Ron Reneau and Jim Thoman, and in Cincinnati where I photographed a Summer Sisters' Institute for the summer 1969 issue of The Passionist Orbit newsletter. But the visits didn't help. I had lost my sense of belonging. The decision to leave the Order was agonizing and depressing. The next Christmas I met with Fr. Paul Boyle, the Provincial, and asked to be released from my vows. I had aspired to be a Passionist since joining the Bosco Club in sixth grade, believing it was my calling in life. When I left that behind, I had no idea where I was headed, and I would never again feel a sense of true vocation.

# Meet James Bobula, *cont'd*

During my final year at Ohio State after passing my PhD qualifying examination, I sent my tiny resume to the academic job placement service of the International Communication Association and heard back from San Jose State University with an invitation to come to California for an interview. My interest in exploring the possibility of using computers to simulate communication situations (more a pipe dream than anything I had yet been doing) caught their attention. Before I had a chance to respond, my father died suddenly at age 52 from a bleeding ulcer (now cured with a pill). With a much younger sister in high school, a brother in grammar school, and a mother who hadn't been in the workforce since marriage, I knew I was needed at home and would have to move back to Chicago. I had to write back declining their invitation. Though I have no idea if I would have been offered the position, the thought of being at the heart of what would become Silicon Valley doing academic tinkering with computers makes me wonder what I might have accomplished in life.

My inquiries about teaching opportunities in Speech Communication at universities in the area came up empty. Then one day at a get together with other former Passionists, I mentioned my dilemma to Bruce Brennan. He told me (he doesn't remember this) that a friend had mentioned something about the University of Illinois Medical School Center for Educational Development (CED) looking for someone in Communication. When I interviewed for the position, it became apparent they were looking for someone with interpersonal communication expertise to lead T-groups, not a social science researcher. But the interviewer said that another section in the Center had some kind of research position open. It turns out they were looking for someone to coordinate development of the annual comprehensive examination in the basic medical sciences for first year medical students. I interviewed and got the job although I knew nothing about either the basic medical sciences or examinations. I subsequently learned from one of my colleagues that I was fourth on the list of applicants, but the top three turned down the position, and they were desperate to fill it. So began my career in medical education. (I wrote my doctoral dissertation on the CTA train between home and work.)

When I applied for the position, I didn't realize that CED was the preeminent international center for the study and practice of health profession education. CED had multiple grants from the federal government and from the World Health Organization (WHO) to conduct a variety of educational programs ranging from a Master's curriculum in medical education to short term workshops. In addition to my work on the medical student examination, I learned about the field of medical education from my colleagues and diversified my skills. I taught an introductory research methods course in the residential Master's program attended by mid-career health professional from around the world, and conducted seminars and workshops in the States and in Canada, Mexico, Norway and Iran. My career at CED conformed to the senior faculty's clever model: hire newly minted PhDs and EdDs, pay them poorly, indoctrinate them, and send them off to other institutions to spread CED's influence. My turn to leave the nest came in my fourth year when a young, dynamic family physician who was developing Duke's family medicine residency attended a series of CED workshops and decided he needed one of these educational folks to help.

So that's how I found my way into family medicine. At Duke we were a small, interdisciplinary faculty with family physicians, an internist, a pediatrician/epidemiologist, a psychiatrist, and me. I had found a collegial community with the same cohesion I had experienced with the Passionists! Within three years we had one of the largest, highly regarded family medicine residencies in the country. The Duke name certainly didn't hurt, although the specialists in Duke's medical school had no great love for primary care. In addition to helping my colleagues design and implement learning experiences and evaluation methods for the family medicine residents, I assisted them in conducting and reporting research.

# Meet James Bobula, *cont'd*

I was responsible for personally or collaboratively writing grant proposals for federal and foundation support for innovative predoctoral and residency training in family medicine, for research projects, for conducting several years of nationally attended family medicine faculty development workshops similar to CED's, and for a post graduate research fellowship program (total awards: \$4,604,235). I also became active in the Society of Teachers of Family Medicine, organized a computer interest group, and conducted workshops on computers at the Society's annual conference for several years.

One of my Duke colleagues was recruited to be director of the residency program in the Department of Family Medicine (DFM) at the University of Wisconsin-Madison and, knowing that my wife and I were interested in moving back to the Midwest to be closer to family, he said he would look for a way for me to join him there. True to his word, shortly thereafter I was recruited to Madison as a member of DFM's new research team with responsibility for supporting research projects, personally or collaboratively writing grants for educational programs and research projects (total awards: \$2,512,498), and computer operations throughout the department..

The DFM was one of the founding family medicine departments with a network of residencies throughout the state. As at Duke, I enjoyed the cohesive spirit within our faculty and staff as well as opportunities to collaborate with faculty in other departments such as internal medicine, pediatrics, nursing, public health, and industrial engineering. And, yes, I was still conducting faculty development programs in the spirit of CED in Illinois and conducted workshops on computers during several of the Society's annual conferences.

Over the years I authored or co-authored 40 papers and 6 abstracts in refereed journals, 48 refereed meeting presentations, and 89 invited presentations.

## ***What are a few of your best memories of the work you and your colleagues contributed over so many years?***

I've already mentioned staffing faculty development programs throughout my career. Along with enjoyment of working with and learning from colleagues, I found it very satisfying to introduce faculty from many medical disciplines and academic settings to a variety of skills to enhance their performance as teachers and researchers.

I did most of my research as a consulting methodologist, often designing custom computer programs for collection, management, and analysis of the research project's data. I'll mention a few of my favorite, most frequently cited studies.

On the topic of respiratory illnesses, we designed and validated a 21-item survey instrument, the Wisconsin University Respiratory Symptoms Survey (WURSS) for patients to document their symptoms; it is copyrighted and in use by other researchers. One of our studies using WURSS showed that nasal irrigation (Google neti pot) improves sinus-related quality of life, decreases symptoms, and decreases medication use. Another study was a double blinded comparison of echinacea vs placebo that found no benefit from echinacea in reducing the severity or duration of the common cold (a topic that continues to be studied with conflicting finding).

# Meet James Bobula, *cont'd*

A major study we conducted involved telephone counseling for individuals with alcohol problems. My networked programs for that project scheduled counseling sessions and data collection interviews, printed checks for study subjects, maintained records for financial audit, and prepared datasets for statistical analysis. The counseling sessions resulted in reductions in reported drinking behaviors, an early demonstration of the effectiveness of remote counseling that has since become an accepted intervention strategy.

In the area of patient education, a study conducted with nursing school faculty showed that a structured series of in-home counseling sessions with parents and their pre-adolescent child reduced the child's subsequent at-risk behaviors. At certain sessions during the intervention parents responded to a questionnaire I designed for portable PCs while their child responded to a different questionnaire I designed for Palm Pilots.

The last project I participated in before retiring studied factors that contribute to or mitigate burnout among primary care physicians and documented disparities in resources available in multiple urban and rural practices around the nation. I designed the database that aggregated physicians' responses to our survey instrument along with profiles of each clinic's resources and patient populations compiled during onsite visits. This was a landmark research project that produced several journal articles widely cited in subsequent health services research studies.

Along the way I moonlighted and developed a few non-medical programs, e.g., for the local gas and electric company to manage workflow for field workers marking the location of utility lines to avoid damage during construction; for a large real estate agency managing newspaper listings in the pre-web days; for a law firm doing preemployment background checks; and for an advertising agency producing mailed packets of coupons before Valpak cornered that market.

My most satisfying non-research/computer project was editing thirty annual booklets of patient case management multiple choice questions and discussions involving challenging outpatient clinical problems for a nationwide family medicine continuing education program. It's satisfying to know that family physicians who subscribed to this program used these materials to improve patient care.

***What were your favorite subjects during Passionist formation years? Which ones best set you up for the majors you studied and careers you chose?***

My favorites that contributed substantially to my writing ability were Latin with Fr. Peter, English with Fr. Germain, and typing (without which I could not have survived in college and graduate school) with Fr. Germain. Geometry with Fr. Albert taught me how to think logically and precisely, the fundamental skills for computer programming. And chant with Fr. Claude launched my lifelong appreciation for angelic melodies that provided therapeutic music when I wanted to swear at my computer.



# Meet James Bobula, *cont'd*

***Who were some of your friends during formation years and what are some best memories with them?***

I've given a lot of thought to this question, remembering so many friends and shared experiences--too many to pick without failing to recognize some who would be offended to be left out. So I'll just mention one friend in particular, Bill Berger. During a festive multi-class outing to Lake of the Ozarks, someone had provided us with a motorboat and water skis. Ignoring my total lack of athletic ability and my inability to swim, I gave into my friends' urgings something like "Just hang on tight, you'll do fine and enjoy a breathtaking experience!" (maybe not exactly that but you can see where I'm going with this). Throwing caution to the wind, I put on the skis, grabbed the handle at the end of the rope, heard the roar of the motor, went up...and face down into the water, no skis, no rope, no lifejacket. I can only imagine the appropriate laughter because I was focusing all my energy on flailing to keep my head above water and avoid no-breathtaking. Then there was Bill, grabbing hold of me, reassuring that I would be fine, bringing me safely to shore. I have had several heroes in my life over the years, but Bill is the only hero that literally saved my life.

***What would you like to say about your family (looks like you have twins, for example)?***

**Suzanne Colleen Barry** caught my eye the day I interviewed at CED. She was my boss's administrative assistant, and it took a year before I worked up the nerve to ask her out. We dated for a year before getting engaged, which sent our boss to human resources to see if we could both work in the same department. She (the boss) said she was relieved to find that it was okay, otherwise she would have had to let me go. **Fr. Frank Keenan** performed our modest wedding with a small group of family and friends in a beautiful little chapel on the Northwestern University campus.

Suzanne majored in French at Marquette University and spent a year in France as an au pair before moving from home in Davenport, Iowa, to Chicago. A lover of international travel, before we move to Duke in Durham, NC, she attended an accredited training program for travel agents in Chicago. That was in the pre-computer days when agents had to figure itineraries and write airline tickets by hand using the Official Airline Guide, a manual the size of the Chicago telephone book showing all domestic and international flights, along with weekly supplements to the manual. This prepared her for employment at the AAA travel agency offices in Raleigh and in Durham, where she worked until a few days before the birth of our first child, Holly Anne ('77). Luckily she had been able to take in three international agent "familiarization tours" before committing to fulltime motherhood. Three years later our daughter Melissa Marie was born.



*'A recent shot at home with his favorite people*

When we moved to Durham we very fortunate to find the one affordable house in the most prestigious area in Durham, Hope Valley. It was a simple ranch, home of a recently deceased widow, best described as "frumpy" by our real estate agent who almost didn't show us the place. But it had potential, nestled in a forest of tall Carolina pines, one block from Durham's most exclusive country club the threshold of which we could never cross. We knew we'd never live anywhere as beautiful again.

# Meet James Bobula, *cont'd*

With two young children, visits to our families in Chicago and Davenport, were a challenge (no changing tables in airport bathrooms in those days) and an expensive proposition, so after eight years in Durham we left for Madison, WI, conveniently located a day's drive to each grandparent. Suzanne always said she wanted four children, while I was willing to compromise on three. She got her wish when two heads appeared on the ultrasound. That was the good news. The bad news came when she went into labor two months before her due date and was consigned to bed rest at home for the duration. The doctor did relent and allow her one trip to shop for baby clothes the week before her due date. Heads turned as she waddled by, with her dimensions explained by our 10+ pounds Jeffrey and 7+ pounds Jennifer ('85).

The children were the central focus of our life, and we went together to their every academic, athletic, and artistic event. Suzanne wanted the children to appreciate their roots and took a serious interest in genealogy. The good times came crashing down when Suzanne was diagnosed with metastatic breast cancer in 1991. She had surgery and chemo, and we thought she was in the clear at her 5-year post treatment anniversary, but shortly thereafter the cancer reappeared. We did our best to keep going until the end in early 2001 with Jenny and Jeff still in high school. After graduation Jenny went to Marquette, majoring in journalism and television production, while Jeff went to Madison Media Institute majoring in audio production. In her sophomore year Jenny was diagnosed with FSGS, a life-threatening autoimmune kidney disease. We were fortunate that University of Wisconsin was a site for a multi-university study comparing conventional, largely ineffective treatment, with a drug used to prevent rejection of transplants. Jenny was randomized into the new therapy group, and I spent the next two years bringing her to Madison from Milwaukee for monthly treatment. The new drug regimen was successful, and she has been in remission ever since.

In spite of the security of a tenured faculty position, I was getting burned out and retired in 2006. Eight years ago I left Madison and bought a large, abandoned fixer-upper in Mesa, AZ, to share with my daughter Melissa, her husband, and two grandchildren, Elle ('09) and Hudson ('11). Since then they added Grant ('14) and Ava ('15) who have had me as a third parent since birth. My daughter Jennifer lives nearby in Phoenix with her husband and my youngest grandchild, Roman ('16). (See picture)

My life now consists of continuing my wife's genealogy projects, performing domestic chores (I'm the pool boy even though I still don't know how to swim), reading, and watching too much TV and social media. I did drive for Uber and Lyft for a year and a half but had to quit when I was diagnosed with bronchiectasis, a chronic lung disease making me susceptible to severe complication from just about any virus or bacterium I might pick up. For the past three years I had already been wearing a mask during flu season, so I was prepared this year for protection during those infrequent occasions when I break self-imposed quarantine. Odds are I will become a Covid statistic.

As for my children, Holly has a Master's in Oboe Performance. She still lives in Madison, tutors oboe students, occasionally performs with the Madison Symphony and Chamber Orchestras, and has a fulltime position with a private K-12 school designing promotional and web materials. She has won several national awards for her advertising designs. Melissa was a licensed American Express financial adviser in Madison before moving to Mesa where she owns an independent insurance agency and is about to home school her four children (I'll help a little).

# Meet James Bobula, *cont'd*

Jennifer was previously an administrative assistant for a talent agent in the Creative Artists Agency in Los Angeles. She loved her work and her boss but not life in LA, so she moved to Mesa and now is a certified private investigator and administrator in an agency in Phoenix that specializes in background checks. Jeff had hoped to be an audio engineer. He did produce a CD of his short-lived band, “Zero to Sixty Never,” named for the performance of the band’s van. An avid computer gamer and hardware tinkerer, he served as an Apple Genius in Madison and in Austin, TX, where he is now chief software quality control manager for Evernote Corporation.

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