



THE GUARDIAN

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Monthly newsletter of St. Joseph Seminary

May 2009

Every year the ceremonies of Holy Week seem to us to be more beautiful, more inspiring, and more grace-filled. We all had the opportunity of serving several different positions during these liturgies. Some seminarians also sang in the choir for certain ceremonies.

After Holy Week we enjoyed a relaxing Easter Week, which included a trip to Seattle and Tacoma. We stayed at the rectory of Fr. John Trough, the pastor of St. Mary's Church. We sang a High Mass there on one of the days of the Easter Octave and enjoyed an excursion into Seattle and a visit to the Museum of Flight. (We enjoyed the museum so much that we ended up spending four hours there!) But now we are back to the regular routine of classes, trying to keep our focus as the weather warms.

On the home front, our chores lately have turned to the outdoor work of raking, burning tree branches and leaves, fertilizing the lawns, etc. It is nice to be working outside after the long winter.

We also have a new teacher and cook here at the seminary. Her name is Mrs. Maria Monahan, but we just call her Doña Maria, as she is now our Spanish teacher. One of her first tasks was to find a dog for the seminary, to replace Bosco. In no time she located a hound in need of a good home. So Stella is our new dog, and we will tell you more about her in the coming issues.

We hope that you will all have a wonderful month of Mary, decorating a beautiful May shrine in your home, as we do here at the seminary. May we all be faithful in our devotional practices to honor our Queen and Mother!

To be near God

by Marcellus Moylan, gr. 12

Sometimes God's goodness and generosity is simply baffling and overwhelming. The occasions when I have experienced this feeling have been nothing short of heavenly. It is there when I serve as master of ceremonies for a high Mass with incense. (Fr. Benedict is the real master of ceremonies. He knows all the rubrics; I just serve that position.)

I have been privileged, honored, and humbled to be the MC several times. My very first time was for the Easter Vigil of 2008. (Easter Vigil is the longest, and the most elaborate ceremony of the liturgical year.) I confess that I was quite nervous and made not a few mistakes. But as I learned the rubrics better and cut down the frequency of my fumbles, I learned to relax and keep calm.

Then during the Canon a profound realization strikes me. Here I am standing as piously as possible at the holy altar, and there — a mere three feet distant, visible only as a white Host — is my Infinite Creator! My folded hands begin to moisten, my eyes gaze upon the incomprehensible Mystery before them, and my heart speaks its love to Him, the Victim of sacrifice. This is a moment when I feel too tall, that I should not be higher than God. I want to bow as deeply as I can, prostrating over my bent knees, adoring Jesus in union with the millions of angels surrounding the altar.

May calendar

- 1 — Feast of St. Joseph, Patron of Laborers; begin Forty Hours' adoration
- 6 — Mid-quarter
- 17 — Forrest turns 16
- 18 – 20 — Rogation Days; procession
- 21 — Feast of the Ascension of Our Lord; Holyday of Obligation; no classes
- 30 — Senior graduation
- 31 — Feast of Pentecost; Fr. Gabriel's anniversary of ordination

Although I am honored to be so near the priest and Christ, the dominant sentiment is a humbling one, mixed with radiant interior joy. What then must be the feeling of the priest who holds Almighty God in his hands after whispering the sacred words of consecration? Perhaps one day, by God's mercy, I shall know. Please pray for me and all seminarians. Thank you! God bless you!



The ceremony of the blessing of water during the Easter Vigil includes the use of the Paschal candle.

A lazy one

by José Castellanos, gr. 12

Almost six months ago we experienced the painful, sudden disappearance of our beloved dog Bosco. The night before he was last seen, Mrs. Gallagher said she had heard Bosco barking behind the convent at about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. I think he got into some kind of fight with a moose or another animal. But I know if he died, he died for a good cause: he was "defending" our property.

Anyway, after the painful recovery from the loss of Bosco, we had to have another seminary dog to accompany us on walks and to guard the property. Doña Maria, a new teacher and cook at the seminary, found another dog in an ad on the Internet. Our new dog *Stella* is about three years old.

There is a rule here that women are not permitted in the upstairs of the seminary. So we asked Fr. Benedict if *Stella* was going to be allowed to go upstairs. He said "yes" she would be allowed in our living quarters, and I thought that was kind of funny because she is a female dog.

There is something strange about *Stella* and that is that she is afraid — indeed, she is petrified — to go onto the linoleum floor in the kitchen. The weird thing is that she has to go onto the linoleum if she wants to eat because her dish of food and water is in the hallway. When she tries to go on the linoleum, it is like she is skidding on ice, as it is too slippery for her.

Stella has a couch to herself — a pretty old couch (that no one wants to sit on now) where she sleeps. And by the way she sleeps a lot. I think she sleeps a lot because she had two operations, and so she is just catching up on sleep. But *Stella* is starting to be less lazy; she is starting to run, take walks, and be more active. *Stella* is starting also to be more obedient; she wasn't very obedient at first.

Projects to be done

by Juan Garcia, gr. 11

In life there are always projects to do, projects of many different kinds. At this time of the year our main project has been cleaning the grounds of the City of Mary. It is the main project we have every day.

Now that the snow has melted, we are able to see some damage to the plants and also tools that were buried. Thus we have a new project, raking and cleaning the church grounds. To make this more enjoyable, Fr. Benedict organized a "work party" and this is how it works. Some parishioners get together to clean the grounds. It mainly consists of cutting dead branches from the trees, raking the yard, and making bonfire piles. We have a lunch break and everyone gathers in the basement of the Church to eat. This work party is the day on which we advance the most, since we have all that help.

There is also another big project right now. Mr. Vincent, one of our parishioners who is a professional carpenter, has been working on remodeling the convent portion of the building. Unfortunately, many problems have slowed this

enormous undertaking. Nevertheless, through the intercession of Our Lady and St. Joseph, headway is being made and we will soon turn our sights to new projects.

A most precious hour

by Robert Prado, gr. 11

You are kneeling in a dimmed chapel in the middle of the night, the only light coming from flickering candles on the altar, their beeswax scent filling the Church with a heavenly odor; not a sound can be heard, not a whisper, not a peep — all is still, all except the steady movement of a Rosary through your hands, and your lips which are saying that glorious prayer. Your heart is pulled towards the altar, your eyes fastened on the golden monstrance atop the tabernacle, your soul joined with the Almighty God which it holds.

This is an example of an all-night adoration that we do here at the seminary. During this hour, we are given the chance to be alone with God, to converse with Him, and to put all our needs, questions, and problems, before Him, the all-knowing God. This you may say is one of the most precious hours of our lives for we are in the company of our Creator, the Omnipotent Being Who made us, the One True God to Whom we owe everything, even our very existence.

Because of this great debt which we owe our Savior, we must not waste this hour or any other, but pray fervently to ask forgiveness and mercy for the misdeeds and insults which we have thrust unfaithfully on Our Lord during our lifetime.

So, if we can take part in an all-night adoration we must certainly make full use of it; but if we cannot, then we can always use the many other devotions, which the Church gives us. Thus at every Mass, Holy Communion, or Benediction, we can unite ourselves to God as if at a Holy Hour and fulfill at least one request of Our Lord, the one that He made while sweating His own Blood in the Garden of Gethsemane: "Can you not watch one hour with Me?"

The big city

by Forrest Nguyen, gr. 10

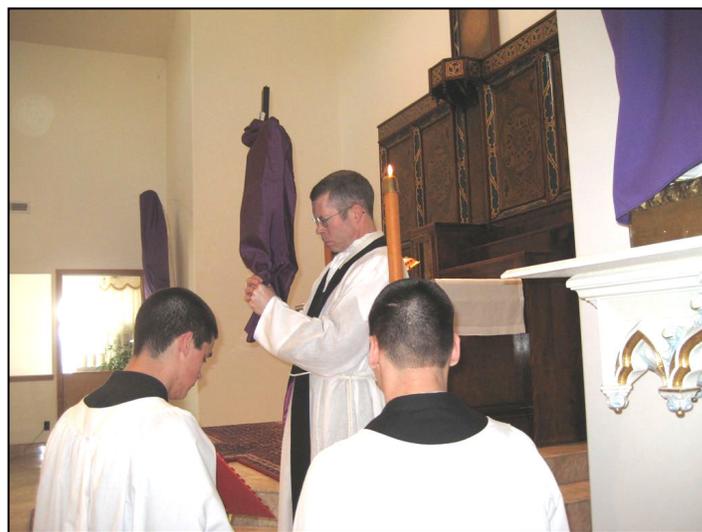
I love the city! Born and raised in the city-state of California, I can't help it. The sounds, tastes, feels, sights, and even smells of the city remind me of home. The half-seen skyline and tinkering noise add a sense of loveable awe and charm to the city's high-rise atmosphere. Diversity and expression are served silver-platter in the city, and I eat it all up! But in Idaho, I'm city-starved. I have nothing against Idaho, the seminary, or its location, but I miss my metropolis. So when we visited Seattle during Easter Week, I ate the city like a glutton.

We started with a visit to the Museum of Flight before heading into downtown to eat and explore. Our chauffeur (and rector) drove us into the edge of the city, the part less surrounded by vaulting skyscrapers. But I wanted to go

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Remnants of snow shortened our usual Palm Sunday procession.



The unveiling of the Cross is a dramatic part of the Good Friday ceremonies.



The seminarians enjoyed decorating Easter eggs.



Juan demonstrates his artistic abilities.



Stella is a new addition at the seminary.



We were fascinated by all the vintage airplanes at the Museum of Flight in Seattle.



We enjoyed a side trip to Snoqualmie Falls on our way to Seattle.



Recently, the seminarians have been busy with outdoor chores.

The city

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straight into my much-missed metropolis. As we left the van, we divided into two groups: half of us hungry for Asian cuisine and the other half for “other” food. I’m Asian and I’m starved of its food here, so I went with the Asian party. The “Asians” made a commute through noisy downtown and into noisier Chinatown.

We gorged our oriental dinner so quickly that there was still time to forage through the rest of Seattle! We riddled our way through the alley-walled city blocks to the harbor, surrounded by the melodious sound of cars, alarms, and sirens. I ate my fill of these city sounds! At the bay we wandered into Seattle’s souvenir trinket shops and markets.

In our tour of the city, we ran into the other half of the seminarians. They hadn’t had any of their “other” food yet and had slipped into the harbor’s trinket shops too. Combined, we formed our own rush hour of a shopping spree. And in the last exhausted minutes, we made final peeks, pokes, and pecks at the city’s souvenirs before we left. Then we wandered back to the van, with one last look and nibble at the city. I think I ate enough of Seattle to last me until summer!

An unquenchable thirst

by Zachary Odom, gr. 10

For all of you who have ever been in school, whether it is home, public, or a Catholic school, you know how stressful homework can get sometimes, if not all the time. You may also know what the phrase “homework pass” means. For those who may not, these words, sweet and melodious to any student’s ear, mean a night free from work on a subject in which you would normally have homework. Alas, I have drunk from this wonderful cup, but not for some time, although my fellow students have. I have seen their lips purpled with the sweet juices of this cup, while I am forced to sit on the side and watch in jealous thirst.

You see, we are able to attain this homework pass if within a month we have received no more than two marks on the board. This system seems easy, right? Well looks can be deceiving. There are certain things for which we get our initials on the board, such as being late for class, not wearing the right colored socks (We must wear black socks to school.), disrupting class, not finishing homework (You see where the homework pass comes in.) and so on.

But even with these rules the homework pass is quite attainable, right? Again looks can be deceiving. I myself have a particularly hard time with wearing the right colored socks, and don’t think you can sneak one past Fr. Benedict — he has eyes like a hawk. I also have a hard time with finishing homework, particularly because I don’t have any homework passes to use, and I’m left with trying to finish it right before class starts.

So as you can expect, at the end of each month I am left without a cup containing the sweet liquid of the homework pass. I am not daunted, however. I will strive after that cup, even if it leads me to my dying breath. But until then my thirst remains an unquenchable thirst.

With childlike simplicity

In his masterpiece on devotion to Mary, St. Louis Marie de Montfort gives an example of this devotion from the Old Testament. It is the story of Jacob and Esau. You all remember how Jacob obtained the blessing of his elderly father Isaac, who was nearly blind, by means of a stratagem. But it was his mother Rebecca who secured this blessing for her favored son.

St. Louis points out that Jacob, in his love for his mother, is a perfect symbol of the predestinate. Those who are living their faith, who love Our Lord and are faithful Catholics, have a great devotion to Our Blessed Mother. Like Jacob toward his mother, they love and honor her, they imitate her virtues, and they practice devotion to her. This devotion is particularly an interior devotion, rather than a devotion which is merely external.

Let us all resolve that during this month we will practice this true devotion to Mary. While exterior practices of devotion are good and praiseworthy, it is principally in our minds and hearts that we honor Our Blessed Mother. Let us, above all, practice a tender, childlike devotion to Mary and imitate her virtues, for to become Mary-like is to become Christ-like.

I want to particularly thank all those who have contributed to this year’s Lenten Alms Drive. Your prayers and support are greatly appreciated, for without them we could not continue this work of the training of young men for the priesthood. May God reward you! Be assured of a daily remembrance in our prayers for you and your intentions.

Fr. Benedict Hughes, CMRI

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