



THE GUARDIAN

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Monthly newsletter of St. Joseph Seminary

June 2009

It has been a busy month since our last writing. The seniors took their class trip, accompanying Fr. Benedict to the New England area. We have all enjoyed our May devotions and daily crowning of Our Lady's statue, which is a beautiful custom here at the minor seminary. There have been several processions, including the Rogation Days. But, of course, we have also been busy finishing the various school assignments and projects.

In a few days our seniors will graduate and depart from the minor seminary. While we all will miss their presence here, we wish them the best and pray for them, that they might always do God's holy will in their lives. Some 10 days after their graduation, the rest of us will have our last day of school and go home for our summer vacation. Although most of the seminarians will leave for the summer, two seminarians will stay at the seminary for at least a good part of the summer. They will help with various chores and with the Boys' Camp in July.

We hope that you will all enjoy the summer as much as we surely will! This year will always be for all of us a year to remember. Time marches on, and we must go forth to meet new challenges, to face new trials. May God grant us all the grace to persevere and also to grow daily in His love. We pray for you — please do you also remember to pray for us.

Not a final farewell

by Marcellus Moylan, gr. 12

God is so very merciful! It has been almost two years now since He has answered my prayer and brought me

to St. Joseph Seminary. I know that I have already written articles of this same theme, but this will be my last one because I am graduating, and in September I will be entering Mater Dei Seminary.

At last I must bid farewell. But wherever I go I will always have fond memories of the time I spent here. It has been a privilege and a joy to live in such a profoundly Catholic environment: the sacraments, basically at your fingertips, Our Lord in the chapel, literally one door away, the priest just as close, or closer, some of the kindest ladies in the universe, and the faithful who are always appreciative, generous, and encouraging.

Doubtless, I am extremely grateful to Fr. Benedict who, with his indefatigable dedication, keeps this seminary running in addition to taking care of multiple parishes. It also amazes me how Fr. Gabriel keeps his head screwed on and a smile on his face with seven classes to teach every school day, numerous projects to work on, and three missions to go to. Let me tell you that these priests have inspired me.

I know that I owe a lot to Mrs. Salgado, Mrs. Gallagher, and Mary Antonia, who have put their love into what they do — teaching, cooking, shopping, being there to help, making us all feel at home. And my thanks to you, dear

June calendar

- 1-3 — Seminary camping trip
- 4-5 — Final school work
- 8 — Feast of the Queenship BVM; High Mass; Awards ceremony; end of school
- 11 — Feast of Corpus Christi
- 14 — Corpus Christi procession
- 19 — Ceremonies in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus

readers who have supported seminarians; who knows where I would be now without your prayers?

I think I am going to miss writing articles for *The Guardian*. I know I am going to miss all the people here. But I am confident that this will not be a final farewell. The world can be a small place and we all want to meet up together in that really nice place above when we leave this life. Right?



The seniors began each day of their class trip with the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

Our daily bread

by Alex Odom, gr. 12

I would like to share with you all a little story that just came to me in the past few days and which I found to be helpful to me. The story is simply told, so please bear with me.

In a small town there was a baker. He baked the most delicious baked goods in town and was well known for his extreme kindness. Whether you were rich or poor, you only had to ask him for something to eat, and he would give it to you. Now, there was a destitute, starving man who sat outside the baker's shop every day, staring in at the baked goods and at the people who received free food. He knew full well how generous the baker was, yet he never asked for anything. He just sat, stared, and starved. The benevolent baker saw this man every day, and his heart went out to him. He would give him all the food in his shop, if only the poor man would ask for it. He even offered food to the miserable man who in turn didn't even acknowledge the baker's presence. In silent refusal he continued to starve.

The kind baker is God, our loving Father. He is ever ready to give us all the graces we want, if only we pray to him and ask Him for them. The stupid, starving man is like those people who don't pray to God and ask of Him the graces they need. They know full well how kind God is — the examples of the saints give plenty proof of that — yet they do nothing. He even grants them graces that they don't ask for, but they never thank Him and continue to allow their souls to starve. They only need to ask their infinitely loving Father and He will give them all they need and desire.

One more thing we can learn from this story is humility. I am my own example of how easy it is to become prideful when we do something good. What we must remember though is that all the good in us is due to God's grace. It is like the starving man becoming prideful for accepting the baker's kindness. When we are prideful in our good works, we take away from God the credit due to Him and give it to ourselves. All things good and holy in us come from God and without Him we are miserable.

Let us all in humility ask God daily for the graces that we need. Not to do so would be an offense to His generosity. Let us also render all glory to God in whatever we do. May God bless you and Mary watch over you!

With a Rosary in hand

by Robert Prado, gr. 11

Public professions of our Faith are not seen often in the world we live in today. These acts, however, have not totally disappeared; strong Catholics, like missionaries, are still spreading the Faith in any way possible. Recently, I was given the chance to take part in one of these beautiful professions of our Faith.

The Rosary procession took place in downtown Spokane on the beautiful grounds of Riverfront Park. Although it was a

dreary, gray day, threatening rain, we would still walk the grounds with banners held high, professing the name of Mary in her Rosary. As a light in the cloudy darkness of the day and also as a light in the terrible darkness of the world, we walked the park's paths, passing along busy streets and through secluded tree groves. The procession flowed for fifteen decades of the Rosary: hymns, supplications, and hearts lifted up to The Most High; truly this was a special act.

I was taken back to the processions of Constantine and the early Christians; to Charlemagne and the Catholic kings; then to the processions of the feast of Corpus Christi. No, ours would not compare in sheer splendor and majesty to the great processions of old, but could it in the intention? Of course, for we are proclaiming the name of God and The Blessed Virgin Mary through the streets just as they did, for the greater glory of God.

This undertaking was truly beautiful, but there must be many, many more made; and if we cannot profess our Faith in a procession, then let us do so in the Sign of the Cross or in the many other ways the Church gives us. So let us not be afraid; instead, let us go beyond the doors of the Church and into the world with Rosary in hand, with our shield of Faith, and with the name of Mary on our lips.

So much to see

by José de Jesus Castellanos, gr. 12

Three seminarians, one priest, and four suitcases were on their journey to the East Coast. A nine-day trip was to commence — that journey having been so looked forward to by those three seminarians who had never been to the East Coast before. And so they got up early one day — at 3:45 a.m.

The three seniors and Fr. Benedict flew from Spokane to Denver and from Denver to Boston where we stayed for a couple of days. There we met Sr. Bernadette and Sr. Inéz. We also met Sandy, Roberta, Margaret, and some other good people who attend the Mass there in Boston.

From Boston went to Cape Cod, spending two days there, staying at a cottage of one of the parishioners. We played miniature golf (the first time for a couple of us to play it) and that was quite fun because the courses had so many different shapes. We also went to Rhode Island where Fr. Benedict offered Mass. There we also met some other very good, hospitable people.

That same day we came back to Boston and Margaret took us on a tour of downtown Boston. We went to the top of the Prudential Tower, which is around seventy stories high. We saw the cemetery where Paul Revere was buried and the five victims of the Boston Massacre. We saw so many things I can't even remember all their shapes or names. There was this huge library, the biggest I've ever seen. We walked to the harbor, and saw a big group of people playing instruments; so we stopped for a little bit to hear them play.

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So much to see

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On Sunday we drove up to Woburn, about twenty minutes away from where we stayed in Boston, where Fr. Benedict offered Mass. The second and final Mass of Sunday was going to be in Maine, which was about three hours away from Woburn. But before going there we had to eat something, so we had an enjoyable breakfast with the Sisters and parishioners. Father then drove to Maine, passing through part of New Hampshire.

The next day we left for Philadelphia — it was a lengthy six-hour drive. We passed through New York and arrived at the hotel where we stayed for two nights. In Philadelphia we went to many different places. One of those places was Independence Hall. We also saw the Liberty Bell. The neat part about going to see the Liberty Bell was that we got to touch it with permission from the guard. And at that time we asked to touch it nobody was around. But after we touched it hordes of people started to come, and none of them were permitted to touch it. We were fascinated by the old Congress Hall. We admired the beautiful Old St. Mary's Catholic Church, and we walked under the warm sun to the shrine of Venerable John Neumann (the bones of his body reposing in a wax figure).

But don't forget New York! Gosh! I (we) got to see the Statue of Liberty and I took pictures of everything. But I thought seeing the Statue of Liberty was awesome since I'd seen it so many times in movies and was never able to see it in person. In New York we also visited St. Patrick's cathedral, the shrine of St. Francis Xavier Cabrini, and the "Cloisters" nearby, which is a museum built according to its name, replete with religious Medieval art.

There was so much to see, and we saw a lot. We met many new friends and had a great time, but it's nice to be back home.

The coming dusk

by Zachary Odom, gr. 10

When homework becomes too stressful it is nice to go out on the deck of the Seminary and watch the sunset. As you gaze at the sky, and see its beauty, while the sun sinks low, spreading its last rays of warmth upon the earth, you feel a tranquil peace within you. At least that is how I feel. As I gaze at the sunset though, I feel something else. I feel regret. I feel this way because as my eyes behold this wonderful sight, I think of God and how good He has been to me.

What have I given Him in return? I have given him empty promises, and have wounded Him with my innumerable sins. And dwelling upon these things, I begin to reflect upon my past.

Reflection is a chance to get to know our true selves. It is a chance to get to know our sins; how we have wounded God. But above all reflection is a chance to change. Reflection offers amendment. For if we know ourselves and our sins, we

will also know how to correct them — and we must correct them. Reflection offers amendment. The question is, will we accept it or will we deny it? The choice should be simple; we must amend our lives, for we do not have much time. The coming dusk is approaching, and we must be prepared for it.

To prove her love

by Angel B. Gamboa, gr. 11

A few months ago I wrote about our beloved Mother of Guadalupe.

I received some replies about it, for which I am most grateful. One of them was that the word *Guadalupe* does not actually mean "the one who crushes the serpent." This statement, however, was not proved. Intrigued by this reply, I decided to do a little research. By Divine Providence Juan happened to be reading a very nice book about Our Lady of Guadalupe. He came right up to me and, as if inspired by God, showed me the pages to read that referred to the word *Guadalupe*. Juan did not know that I was just about to research that question.

The word *Guadalupe* does not mean "the one who crushes the serpent," but it is the name of a shrine of Our Lady in Spain. Nevertheless, there was something even more striking: I found out how Our Lady came to be addressed by that title. The actual word by which Our Lady was addressed was *Coatlallope* which comes from the words *Coatl* meaning *serpent* and *Llope* which means *to tread on*. Put together, they become "Who treads the snake." It was the opinion of Luis Berreca Tanco, a very dedicated scholar and philologist, that the Spaniards misinterpreted the Indians. They had not completely mastered the language of the Aztecs and thought that it was Divine Providence that inspired Juan Diego to address Mary as *Our Lady of Guadalupe*. Thus Our Lady of Coatlallope came to be known as Our Lady of Guadalupe.

I have just reconfirmed one great statement: "The more we study Our Lady's science the more there is to learn." This and all of the many amazing facts about Our Lady's picture are for one single purpose: Our Blessed Mother just wants to show us her great love for us.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus!

by Juan Garcia, gr. 11

During the month of May we praise and pray to Our Lady. We ask her to help us become more united to her divine Son. The month of June is dedicated to the Sacred Heart. This is the month in which we should strive to make more reparation for so many offenses to the Heart of Jesus. It probably wasn't meant to be this way, but I think it is a nice way to say it: Pray to Our Lady in May in order to get to Jesus in June.

More than three hundred years ago in France Our Lord appeared to a humble nun, Marguerite Marie Alacoque.

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O Sacred Heart of Jesus!

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The world had so ungratefully offended the Heart of Our Lord that a remedy was necessary to appease the just anger of God. Our Lord Jesus Christ had mercy on us and appeased the just wrath of His heavenly Father. When Our Lord appeared to St. Margaret Mary, He asked that we make nine consecutive First Fridays in His honor, as a novena in reparation for all the sins of the world. He also gave several wonderful promises to those who honor His Sacred Heart.

In the time of King Louis XIV many military conflicts were happening. Our Lord knew of all the problems that France would suffer, and so He asked St. Margaret Mary to ask Louis to print an image of His Sacred Heart on the flag of France. His command wasn't obeyed and so many problems happened later on.

Throughout this time Our Lord, through His faithful servants, was trying to save us from so many wars and catastrophes, which we just had some years ago. At any rate Our Lord was ignored. All the people who prayed were not enough to pay for so many sins. But Our Lord in His infinite love has sent to us His Mother at Fatima to beseech for us. *"The Heart of my Son is so much wounded with so many acts of ingratitude; therefore, pray and do penance for sinners, for they have none to pray for them."*

Sacrament of simplicity

by Forrest Nguyen, gr. 10

Why can't the world be simple? Why is it so complicated by sin? Sin is in our nature but is there a way to reverse it and bring on simplicity? There is, and though, "All have sinned and fall short of the glory of God," God finds it in the infinity of His Heart to forgive us through the sacrament of Penance. What's more, while "the just man sins seven times a day," God forgives him all seven — no "seventy times seven" times every day on which he repents. On our part, we have only to confess our faults to God — and God does the rest. Simply by walking into a confessional with a sin-stained but contrite soul, the sinner receives the cleansing forgiveness of God. In Confession, complexity gets a lot simpler.

Confession is our consolation. There's a simple pleasure in truth, even the sorry truth. "The truth shall make you free,"

and by admitting the truth of our faults, we find a certain consolation. Added to that is the consolation of advice: God's simple answer to our spiritual questions. Through the priest, God advises us on what to do and how to do it. Then, the greatest consolation of all: in return for the admission of sin, God gives the remission of sin. And with absolution and a fair penance, the burden of sin is off our shoulders!

It's that simple! Going to Confession, we find simplicity. God Himself said, "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest." From that simplicity and rest follows the simple consolation of peace, the peace of being freed from the complications of sin. So why can't we make the world a lot simpler? Sure, stop sinning, but if you ever fall into complexities again, go to Confession and regain that consolation. Give God the apology He deserves, and receive the peace you desire. Simple, right?

A milestone is reached

We have just completed our tenth year at St. Joseph Seminary. Somehow, each year seems to have been better than the one before. I will always be grateful to our fine group of young men this year for their piety, spirit of cooperation, charity, obedience and effort. They have been a joy to work with, and I am proud of them.

Quality is far more important than quantity. We need priests, but we especially need holy priests. While I do not know how many of these young men will go unto the altar of God, I am confident that those who do will have had a solid foundation at our minor seminary.

As always, I am most grateful for your support, without which we would not have this seminary. I wish that time permitted me to write an individual thank you to each of our benefactors, but be assured you are daily remembered in my prayers and those of the seminarians. There are few works, if any, which surpass the importance of supporting and encouraging vocations. Let us daily pray that God will send holy laborers into His harvest. And God willing, we will have another ten years here at the minor seminary, working for this goal.

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus bless you and your families.

Fr. Benedict Hughes, CMRI

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