



THE GUARDIAN

Vol. XIX No. 10

Monthly newsletter of St. Joseph Seminary

June 2015

Ahhh... summer is here! The year is finally closing here at the seminary, and there are a few events to note in the final week or two of school. One of these will be the graduation of Jordan Hartman. It will be bitter-sweet, since Jordan has been such a great part of the seminary for the past four years. But we are all happy for him as he has finally finished his high school years. We had his farewell dinner during this past week, to which all of the teachers and staff were invited. Many toasts and memories of Jordan were shared by all of us.

Along with Jordan's graduation will be the visit of His Excellency, Bishop Pivarunas, who will hand Jordan his diploma. Also during this visit, the Bishop will administer the sacrament of Confirmation. The Bishop visits our parish every year, and everyone looks forward to the opportunity to visit with him.

Finally, there will be the wonderful

procession of Corpus Christi. This is the largest and most ornate procession of the year and a fitting farewell to the school year. We all have a hand in preparing the decorations and in serving for the Mass and procession. Such a beautiful feast reminds us of the wonderful gift of the Holy Eucharist, as well as all the blessings God has given to us. We hope that we will always be grateful for our Catholic education, and that the seminary will prosper with more vocations in the future.

Ode To Summer

by Joseph Prado, gr. 8

Well, we've all been there. After a winter of rain or snow, or a combo of both, we'd love some sunshine. If you're lucky, maybe you don't get that much of either rain or snow, but, for most Americans, we get them by the boatloads. As we get further into June, wherever you live, that big fiery orb will only shine more. Don't be depressed if a sudden downpour crushes your expectations suddenly for one or two days; they'll get rarer and rarer each day. Hopefully.

There is something about the word "summer" of which people of many ages dream. Whether plugging away in school (like me and many others) or toiling for your income,

we all hope for that vacation season, when life

June calendar

- 1 — Feast of the Queenship (transferred); Total Consecration to Jesus through Mary
- 6 — Senior graduation
- 7 — Annual Corpus Christi Procession
- 8 — School program; awards ceremony; end of school

is the greatest all year round. Why is it the best season? First of all, better weather. Secondly, vacation! And if you are plagued by Algebra and many other subjects at school, you can wave them goodbye for almost three full months! See you later. Just make sure you are prepared around August to be once more pushed back into the whole education adventure!

Don't get me wrong, we need school for developing our minds and also so we can be disciplined. But yes, it is a pain. Okay, I'll get back on the subject. Summer is the unattainable idea, until we get there. It motivates. The sun makes the weather warm on this little God-adorned planet we call earth. But summer isn't all cute bunnies and flowers. You get wasps—super annoying buzzing creatures that seem to have barely any purpose in the ecosystem. Eventually too, the heat can get oppressive and burdensome. But if you try to overlook the nasties of the season, which you can, I hope, then this summer will be blessed, happy, prayerful, and the best season of the year. Have a very happy summer!



We daily prayed the Rosary before our parish May shrine.

Once In A Lifetime

by Jordan Hartman, gr. 12

Narrow, noisy streets, bustling with activity, tall skyscraper buildings, breathtaking ocean views and lengthy road-trips filled with yet more dazzling sights. This almost sums up my senior trip to New England with Father Benedict. But not quite, as it was also a trip to answer the calls of the thirsting souls therein. To put it bluntly, it was educational and immensely enjoyable.

Having grown up in the country, I was surprised at the aggressiveness with which one must drive in the city—meaning a *big* city like New York. And yes, we drove through a part of New York City *without taking a taxi*. I guess this is a highly unusual thing to do, especially for someone who is not familiar with the area. But we're home again, safe and sound and alive to tell the tale.

Another memorable event was our adventure to Bunker Hill in Boston. There we got to see where the famous battle of Bunker Hill took place. I had heard the story many times, but seeing it brought the history to life. We also visited the monument, which is actually on Breeds Hill. The monument is a stone tower with 296 steps to climb all the way up to a beautiful vantage point. The only obstacle was getting up the steps. By the time you get to the top, you need to take at least five minutes to steady your breathing and wipe the sweat from your brow before you even think about the descent, which, by the way, felt precarious. The circular stairway never seems to end. Despair begins to build up in the back of your mind. Only a periodic light illumines your way and each and every one of those 296 cold, stone steps hates your guts. But in the end, one always finds himself saying, "That was fun!" Indeed, I can still look back on the event, smiling and happy that I did it.

But besides the historical sights (all of which intrigued me), we got to see many a beautiful cathedral and basilica (stunning, to say the least). One most impressive shrine was that of the North American martyrs. On the inside of the rustic church, there were hundreds of pews arranged in a circle around the altars, which were also arranged in a circle in the center of the chapel. On the outside, we walked a twisting, dirt path weaving its way through a bright green corridor of trees, underbrush and grass. It had just rained, and thousands of fresh droplets of sparkling water hung from the leaves and grass of the surrounding area, creating an intoxicating atmosphere of bliss. The only unpleasant thing about the little grotto was that the 1.5 million mosquitoes who lived there thought it was an excellent time to feast upon any unsuspecting visitors who were walking through. We happened to be the only ones there, and those little guys were ravenous, to say the least!

In retrospect, I wouldn't give up the experience I gained on my trip for anything. The persons I met, places I saw, and things I did were an immense treasure of experiences, blessings and fond memories. May God bless and Mary keep all those fellow Catholics whom I met and whom I will always keep in my prayers!

The Final Outing

by Vincent Prado gr. 11

For all of May, we were looking forward to the final camping trip of the year. Yes, it may have been only a 1-½ day camping trip, but we were definitely ready for the last relaxing trip at the end of this long school year. When the day for the trip arrived, we were more than ready, to say the least. We nonchalantly packed the gear and headed off for the designated camping area. The sight chosen was the backwoods property of some of our parishioners, around two hours driving distance from the seminary.

When we first arrived at the property, we set up our campground in pretty much the middle of nowhere. When it came time for dinner, we were invited into the parishioners' home for a traditional Chinese dinner. We ate to our hearts' content and returned to the campground. Then began a fun and totally random campfire game, which I won't even begin to explain. Anyway, we played until we were very tired and soon after, hit the sack.

After an early rising and morning Mass, we were again treated to a delicious meal, courtesy of our generous host and hostess. The remainder of the morning was spent hiking and exploring the property. We walked alongside a river, and the braver of us (or more foolish?), myself and Joe, took a swim in the extremely icy water.

At around Noon, we ate a lunch of sandwiches and left the campground. We drove a little ways and then stopped by a fairly large river. Again the braver ones in our group jumped into the frigid water: Father Anthony, Joe, and myself. After drying off, we drove to another recreation area. Here we took another swim and played a game of Ultimate Frisbee. Since the water of this particular lake was warmer than the two rivers, Joseph decided to join the three usual swimmers.

For dinner we stopped off at one more recreation area. Since it was raining at this time, we were lucky to be able to cook under an overhang of sorts. After eating a delicious dinner, we finished the drive and arrived home at round 9:00 in the evening.

This was a most enjoyable ending to a great school year. I just want to say a big thank you to Father Benedict, Father Anthony, and all the rest of the teachers and cooks who did such a great job this year at St. Joseph Seminary.



During our procession we paused at Our Lady's shrine, as the parishioners presented their bouquets.



Seminarians help prepare our new vineyard.



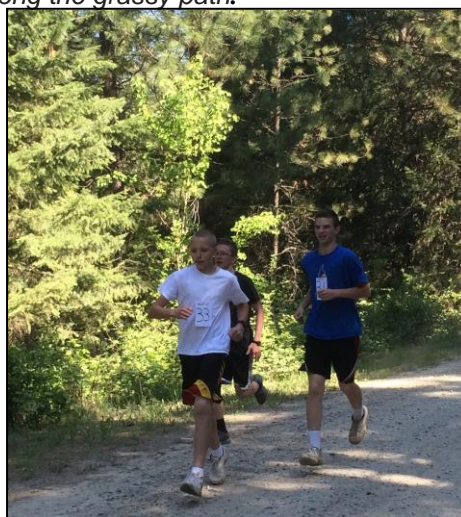
No, not aliens from Outer Space, just seminarians enjoying a game of paintball.



The annual Queenship procession on May 31st wends its way along the grassy path.



The seminarians helped to smooth a concrete floor in our barn.



Several of the seminarians join in running the annual school jog-a-thon.

Outside Adventures

by Mark Vincent, gr. 10

Ascension Thursday is one of those days on which nothing is really going on. One must happily resort to finding something to do elsewhere. As a result, both our priests searched their minds with the same question in mind: "What are we going to do with these boys? They can't be hanging around doing nothing." But suddenly the answer came into their heads. "Why don't we just take the boys on a hike in the wilderness?" So they thought and thought about it, and finally they decided they would take us on an adventure to Roman Nose Mountain. So we packed our things and headed out that day, armed for adventure.

Things don't always go as planned, and that is exactly what happened. We just happened to take the wrong road to the mountain, arriving at a gate which we thought was the right path. Anyway, we ate our breakfast of sausage and eggs and started walking past the gate looking for the trail head. Little did we know that we were on the wrong side of the mountain among logging trails. Once we found out where we were, we got back in the Suburban and backtracked until we found the correct road to the mountain. But when we arrived at our destination we found the road covered in a good foot of snow. Father Anthony instinctively charged across the icy threshold to the point when he realized we could no longer drive through it. So out of the van we went, determined to walk to the trail head, which was a good two miles from the point on which we stood.

Then the depressing part came in. None of us were prepared for a hike through two-foot deep snow, wearing only tennis shoes or light-weight boots. But that did not stop us. We stomped all the way to the trail head and about half way to the checkpoint we wanted to reach which was Roman Nose Lake. One thing we could never find out was the whereabouts of the path. We found the trail head, but a few hundred feet further left us no trail, due to the white blanket of snow. Feeling our feet swimming in our shoes, we decided to make the three mile return journey back to the Suburban.

Never did the Suburban look as wonderful as when we stepped off the last stretch of snow. We were back from a journey no one else besides us had dared to take since last

fall. We had walked six miles through snow in our tennis shoes and were exhausted.

It was a fitting adventure for Ascension Day, when Christ rose up into heaven. On this feast we also were making our ascension up the mountain into the clouds. However, it was not this that gave us the motive to go into the clouds, but our desire for an adventure outside the seminary.

Unsurpassed Excellence

As I look back over the past school year, I cannot help but feel a sense of satisfaction at the completion of another year of Catholic education for our youth, both in our minor seminary and in our parish school. Pope Pius XI, in his masterful encyclical on the Christian education of youth, refers to the "unsurpassed excellence of the work of Christian education." We must often remind ourselves of this important truth.

Catholic education is the primary need of our age. When so many youth are being swallowed up by the spirit of the world, it is only those who have a solid foundation in their faith, who will be able to persevere in this age of moral decadence. So do all you can to support the work of Catholic schools. Pray for more vocations to teach our youth. Donate financially to a Catholic school. And, if you are able, even volunteer to help the teachers when they need assistance.

Yes, we can look back with satisfaction over another completed year. For sure, we have not been perfect, but we have labored for our youth. It is only God with His grace, who can nourish the souls and make the seeds we have planted to bear fruit. Let us pray for that intention. As far as the coming year, we currently have only 2 new applicants. Please pray also for more students for our minor seminary.

Thank you for your support, your prayers, and your interest in our work. May God bless you abundantly, and may He deign to grant us many devout Catholic families who will raise their children in the fear and love of God. For it is from such families that the future priests and religious will spring.

Fr. Benedict Hughes, CMRI

The Guardian is published monthly for the enjoyment of our benefactors and for the family members of our seminarians. This newsletter is free upon request.

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