



THE GUARDIAN

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Monthly newsletter of St. Joseph Seminary

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We always say that time really flies by at the seminary. That seems to be particularly true of this past month of May. Now we are just a few days from going home for the summer, and it seems as though Easter was just a couple of weeks ago.

Over the course of the past year we have all become close friends, like a second family. Now in a few days our three seniors will be graduating and moving on with their vocation in life. In some ways it is sad to see them go, but we are happy for them, as they conclude their high school education and enter the ranks of adulthood. One thing is for sure, we will all maintain for the rest of our lives the bonds of friendship we have formed in the seminary.

The weather over the past month has been cooler than normal. We also have had a good amount of rain, including during our camping trip. But the rain did not dampen our spirits. We thoroughly enjoyed the excursion into the forest, where we found the ideal campsite, far from the comforts of civilization. We enjoyed “roughing” it for a few days, but it was also nice to get back home for a warm shower and the other blessings we tend to take for granted.

We now have a few more events to round out the school year, and then we will say good-bye to the

seminary for three months. We thank you for sharing our experiences by reading our articles and we hope you all have a wonderful summer! May God bless you.



Our camp would not have been complete without the erection of a large cross.

We Saw Smokey

by Joseph Strain, gr. 11

Greetings readers of *The Guardian*! As many of you may know, we seminarians, together with Fr. Philip, Br. Thomas and Joseph Prado our history teacher, went on a camping trip in May. This time we experienced different weather compared to past camping trips, and we also saw several things on this

June Calendar

- 1 – Thiet’s 18th birthday
- 3 – Last day of school; awards ceremony
- 4 – Senior graduation; confirmation
- 19 – Corpus Christi procession
- 21-23 – Religious retreat
- 27 – Vows ceremony
- 28-30 – Diet for religious Congregation of Priests and Brothers

trip that most of us had never seen before. Here in this article, I will tell you a few things that we saw and did, that we all will remember from this camping trip.

When we first arrived at our location, we came upon a stream that we wanted to cross over because we could not find any desirable grounds near where we were parked. A couple of us managed to get across and collect a couple fallen trees to lay across the stream. We then spent a couple hours carrying our things across this narrow bridge and setting up a campsite close by. That night, after spending a few hours getting things organized and collecting wood, we enjoyed the first of the meals that we would have during the trip.

The next day it rained most of the day. We did go on a hike and check out the fishing at the lake for a little bit, but we headed back to camp and spent about three hours just collecting and chopping some wood. The following day we attempted another

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We Saw Smokey

hike heading in the opposite direction. This hike was a little better than our first one, but then we hit the areas that had snow. This hike only lasted a few hours; afterwards, we were once again spending a few hours at camp collecting more and more firewood.

On Friday, we all hopped into the vans and drove



Three days in a row we had the Rogation Processions at the City of Mary.

down to the lake for a little bit. Some of us did some fishing while everyone else tried skipping some rocks or swimming. On the way back to camp, we saw two black bears about three miles along the road. A couple of us managed to get a picture of one of these bears. This was one of the best things that we got to see during the camping trip.

The rest of Friday was more relaxed and when Saturday morning came, we managed to get everything packed up and move out of the area by eleven o'clock in the morning. But before we left the area for good, we took one last short hike just near the highway before heading back here to the Seminary to finish the rest of the school year.

May God bless all of you and may you all have a great summer!

Of Edifying Edifices

by William Davis, gr. 11

If you ever go to Europe, you will notice a touching tribute to the Catholicism that once flourished in Christ's Continent. Cathedrals, basilicas, churches of all kinds and sizes seem to just be littered throughout Europe. You could go to any village and find a church,

or go to any city and find a cathedral.

Even in America you will find beautiful churches built by fervent Catholics for the glory of God. Indeed, this is a fond tribute to a glorious past. Even though we now are lucky to even have churches, and in some cases are forced to give glory to God in private homes or anywhere else we can manage, we can still look with awe to the silent and steadfast glory which yet lives on in the great cathedrals. It can be a bitter pill to swallow, however, if you go into one of these gorgeous buildings and find it defiled by the table set up in front of the beautiful main altar.

But I sometimes wonder how such great buildings could ever have been made. I doubt that even with today's technology we would ever be able to construct such magnificent buildings. With the modern world's cranes and tractors and array of construction equipment, something vital is missing. Devotion. This world holds precious little sentiment for architecture anymore. Buildings rise into the sky in months; hired workers move machines to raise edifices with seemingly little effort. Now, of course, there is a great deal of labor involved, but do the workers making these modern "works of art" really care about what they are building? Probably not. And in this I think we can find the main reason for the differences between old cathedrals and stuffy office buildings.



We spotted a black bear on one of our hikes.

Some large churches took centuries to build. Most men who started these buildings knew they would never see their completion. Year after year, however, devoted men would commit themselves to laboring on these magnificent churches. Back then, the men who built the churches put not only their muscles, but also their hearts and love of God

into these structures. Although most laborers knew that they would never live to see the completion of their handiwork, they remained undaunted. To them, this was one of the main ways these often simpleminded men could show their love for God and His Church. And even if they never lived to attend a Mass in these enormous works of art, they labored even harder so that their children could say with pride, "My father helped build this masterpiece."



Our camping trip this year was in the forest around Lake Pend Oreille.



Opening procession for the Forty Hours Adoration.



On May 13 we processed around the property reciting the 15 decades of the Rosary.



There was plenty of beautiful scenery for hiking.



We used the campfire for cooking, as well as to keep warm.



During April and May the seminarians helped get the garden ready for planting.

Farewell to My Second Home

by *Thiet Vincent Nguyen, gr. 12*

Well, this is it. We've made it to the end of our years in school. I'm indeed very surprised to learn that I am the only one who spent five years in our seminary, since I first came here as an eighth-grader. Looking back, it seems as if it's just yesterday. There is my first boys camp, the first early morning bell, the first morning of high school, the first chore day, the first flunked Latin vocab test, the first failed self-haircut, the first time of chastisement by Father Philip for my ill-performance as chore crew leader, the first time being caught by Father Benedict for forgetting to make my bed in the morning (yikes, dinner dishes are waiting for me...) The most beautiful moments always seemed to accelerate and slip beyond one's grasp just when you want to hold onto them for as long as possible.

The seminary has been for me a place of foundation where I built my spiritual immunity, that I may be protected from worldly dangers and the cultural depravity of our modern time. This is what I may proudly and rightly call my second home: a spiritual home where I have been spiritually and academically disciplined, where I have been accompanied by my fellow seminarians whom I can claim as my spiritual brothers and friends who helped along my way in times of difficulty.

God-willing, some of us may continue our studies and enter the holy priesthood; some may start a family and have children. No matter what vocation God may call us to, the seminary has unquestionably given us a strong Catholic fraternity and also a firm foundation that helps strengthen our faith to become principled Catholic young men.

I've learned something very important in my high school years. As a human being, I have many imperfections and failures just like others. But it is through failures that I may find success through the grace of God and my own self-determination to reform myself. The character that I have built within myself in youth will determine who I will be in the future. I am responsible for my own success and my eternal salvation.

To conclude my final *Guardian* article, I want to thank once again Almighty God and Our Beloved Mother. I want to thank Father Benedict, who has been my outstanding and revered mentor, rector and role model, whom I've always looked up to. I want thank Father Philip for all the good times he has given me: for not only being our teacher and spiritual counselor, but also our very dear friend. I want to thank my fellow seminarians for our wonderful memories. I want to thank my mom for all she has done, for providing me inspiration, and for her forbearance and

Seminary Support Club

If you are not yet a member of the Seminary Support Club and would like to become a member, you may write to the seminary at the address below. Members pledge to pray for the success of the seminary and, if able, to send a regular financial contribution for its support.

patience. I want to thank my dad for all his sacrifices, for not only being my father, but also my friend and guardian. I would like to thank all my teachers and benefactors. I will not disappoint your ardent support and kindness. May God bless and reward you all!

The Glowing Furnace of Charity

It would be impossible for us to fully comprehend the love of Jesus for us, His creatures. Why would God Himself deign to descend from heaven, become man, and die for us? He who is infinite perfection and bliss has nothing to gain from us, yet He craves our love. Can there be a more touching complaint than the words of Jesus to Saint Margaret Mary: "Behold this Heart which has loved men so much, but is so little loved in return"?

Just as we honor Our Blessed Mother during May, so we honor the Sacred Heart during June. During this month we recite here the Litany of the Sacred Heart after each Mass. We also promote to our parishioners the wonderful practice of the enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the home. This practice, inaugurated by Father Mateo Crawley in the first half of the twentieth century, is of vital importance today, when the family is assaulted on all sides. If you have never had the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in your home, we encourage you to contact a priest and have it done as soon as possible!

The Litany of the Sacred Heart refers to the heart of Jesus as a "glowing furnace of charity." The vehemence of His love for us is shown especially by the flame surmounting the image of His heart. But how much do we love Jesus in return? Let us remember that we need not feel love. It must not be merely something emotional. Rather, true love of God is shown by the effort we make to avoid sin – all sins, even the smallest. So let us this month especially strive to prove our love for Him, who has loved us so much.

We again thank you for your support of our seminary. We especially ask your prayers for more vocations, and that God will continue to guide our young men along the path of His holy will. Be assured of a remembrance in our prayers for you and your families.

Fr. Benedict Hughes, CMRI