



THE GUARDIAN

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Monthly newsletter of St. Joseph Seminary

March 2013

The past month has been a grace-filled time, as we began Lent and had our annual retreat. This year Fr. Trinh, who now lives at the seminary, conducted our retreat, and we all enjoyed his sermons. In addition to the retreat, we have also been chanting Sunday Vespers during Lent. Of course, we also have our individual penances that we chose and submitted to our spiritual director for approval.

Now we enter a very important month, as March honors St. Joseph, our seminary patron. We pray extra daily devotions in his honor during March, and will be sure to remember you and your intentions. St. Joseph was such a humble man who did his daily duty without complaint. He is a good patron and model for all of us.

We also will enjoy the wonderful sport of snow-skiing once more, as winter winds down. But we are also looking forward to spring. Soon, the flowers will appear and Easter joy will greet us. But before then, we must do penance and spend our Lent well. May God bless you all.

The seminary retreat

by Dominic Pulliam, gr. 9

The starting of our glorious retreat was on Friday, February 22, after dinner. The first conference was given by Fr. Trinh. He talked about the five steps of confession for a Catholic. The first is to examine your conscience of all your sins before confession. The examination is good because it gives you time to look deep inside your soul and remember the past sins that you have committed. The second step is true contrition for your sins. You must be truly sorry for your sins to be able to

have them forgiven — not just to be sorry for committing them, but because they hurt God. The third is a firm resolution not to sin again. The fourth is to tell your sins to the priest. The fifth is to do the penance the priest gives you.

After the first conference we had an all-night adoration with many candles burning throughout the chapel. It was a great opportunity to spend time with Our Lord. But the hardest part was trying to stay up for an hour in the middle of the night. I had the hour from 3:00–4:00 a.m., which was hard, but I was able to do it. After the adoration and Mass we had breakfast in silence with spiritual reading. After that we had the second, third and fourth conferences, and later we watched half of “The Song of Bernadette.”

The next day which was Sunday we went to Mass and had breakfast with some conversation permitted while making breakfast. After breakfast we had a study hall and then the final conference with a blessing from Fr. Trinh. And that was our retreat. For me, it really helped me in my spiritual life. The only thing that I didn’t like was the silence. It almost killed me. It was so quiet, and the fact that I couldn’t talk was almost unbearable. But I got through it and found out that it was great. I was able to finish my spiritual reading book and had time to meditate on the Stations of the Cross and the rosary.

March calendar

- 7 — High Mass in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas
- 8 — Ski Day
- 17 — Seminary-sponsored breakfast in honor of St. Joseph and St. Patrick
- 19 — Feast of St. Joseph, seminary patron; Solemn High Mass; special schedule
- 21–22 — Third Quarter Exams
- 22 — Feast of Our Lady of Sorrows; chanted Vespers
- 23 — Dominic’s birthday
- 25–27 — Stanford 10 testing
- 27 — Final day of Third Quarter
- 28–29 — Holy Thursday/Good Friday ceremonies
- 31 — Easter Sunday; no classes all week



The all-night adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is always a highlight of our annual retreat.

Seven Swords of Sorrow

by Michael Doll, gr. 10

How many of us know the Seven Sorrows of Our Lady? Many Catholics would probably have to think awhile on it. That's okay. They aren't often memorized. That is why I am writing this article — to tell you what I know about them.

The first of the Seven Sorrows is the prophecy of Simeon. He told Mary, "Behold this Child is set for the rise and fall of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted; and thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed." What hurt her the worst wasn't the thought of the cruel tortures Christ would have to endure, but the thought of the ingratitude men had towards her Son.

The second sorrow of Our Lady is the flight into Egypt. Leaving in the middle of the night from Judea caused her great sorrow and anguish, and also anxiety of being overtaken by Herod's soldiers.

The third sorrow is the loss of Jesus in the temple. Joseph and Mary looked for Him for three long days without faltering, until at last they found Him. Mary's anxiety about whether or not He had started His passion was almost unbearable.

The fourth sorrow is when Mary meets Jesus on the way to Calvary. You can imagine the sorrow she felt when she saw her beloved Son for the first time since He began His Passion. It wasn't only the suffering of Jesus that caused her sorrow — our sins caused her sorrow too.

The fifth sorrow is when Jesus dies on the Cross. Everything that Jesus suffered physically, Mary suffered in her heart. When Jesus died, Mary's heart died with Him.

The sixth sorrow is when she received the dead Body of Jesus in her arms. Imagine her being able to hold her beloved Son for the first time since the beginning of the Passion, only He is no longer alive.

The seventh sorrow is when Jesus is placed in the tomb. Her intense sorrow could not be quenched when the lifeless Body of Our Lord was laid in the unsullied sepulcher.

The Seven Sorrows are a great source of meditation, especially during Lent.

Frightening slopes

by Thomas Pulliam, gr. 9

The priests, clerics and seminarians of St. Joseph Seminary went skiing on the 25th of January and the 8th of February. The trip of the 25th was the first ski trip for three of us seminarians: Dominic, Rynan and me. Probably the hardest part was getting the skis on. We kept sliding down one side continuously until Jordan told us to use our ski poles.

The "Bunny Hill" was obviously the easiest run. Rynan and I had to go down at least 3-4 times. Then we continued onto the other "Greens". After we mastered the Greens, I went onto the Blues. "The Ridge" was a Blue, which, after going down about half way, turns into a Black Diamond! I stayed on

my feet and was scared half to death, but when determined to master it, I went down a second time. Surprisingly, I survived.

The second time we went skiing on the 8th of February was a little more relaxing. Dominic and I went on the "Alpenway". We kept going off jumps and doing tricks and having more and more fun. Jordan was confused because Dominic didn't want to go down the blue runs, but he was willing to do tricks and make jumps. The easiest blue is the "Shortcut". All it does is go straight forward—it doesn't make any twists or turns. It is *very* simple. Jordan was telling me about "Sunrise," "Gold," and "Sunset". He said Gold was difficult because it wasn't groomed, and it was very foggy.

Luckily for us, we are going again soon. I will try to go down a couple blues and maybe, if possible, a black diamond. I hope Fr. Benedict will be able to join us for such a great experience. I would also like to thank Fr. Benedict for allowing us to have such a good time this year and for everything he has done for us.

Skating to sanctity

by Rynan Golpe, gr. 11

Last Sunday I had an experience that parallels the path of perfection. I stumbled on my first venture on ice. I couldn't even step and push myself, so I went to the wall of the rink to hold on, in order to go around the rink a couple of times, but I didn't learn. Frater Anthony came to me and offered some help. He held my hand briefly and slowly taught me some tactics. First and foremost, balancing was necessary so that I could step and push. Frater Anthony didn't go until I found my skating balance and until I learned the tactics.

Slowly I stepped and pushed myself and went again around the rink. I began to see different people there from children to grandparents, who were laughing, crying, talking and listening to music on their MP3 players while skating. There were professionals, amateurs, and spectators. They were skating forwards and also backwards, zigzagging and dancing. While I was watching them, I realized that skating is a parallel to the path of perfection and to the life of the world.

We stumble and fall down but we don't lose hope. Instead, we stand proudly because we know that we cannot achieve success without falling and without obstacles. We need to strive and to suffer for what we want. As the song says, "to dream the impossible dream and to reach the unreachable stars, to try when your arms are too weary." But we cannot achieve all these things by ourselves. We need the help of the Supreme Majesty to make things possible.

Right on target

by Nicholas Doll, gr. 9

I notched the arrow, pulled back the string, aimed it, held it for a second and let it go. The arrow whizzed through the air and buried itself deep into the foam of the target in the dead center. That was my first bull's-eye.

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Fr. Anton Trinh was our retreat master this year.



Fr. Trinh teamed up with a couple seminarians in a game of "Scattergories."



On a recent outing the seminarians enjoyed ice skating.



Nightly study hall finds the seminarians hard at work in their individual rooms.



Cleaning paw prints off the glass is a regular chore for one of the seminarians.



The seminary classroom is also used for Scripture classes for the parishioners.



A couple times a week everyone has a hand in cleaning the house.

Right on target

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This past month Frater Anthony was teaching me archery, so he took me down to the gym to practice. At first I could not hit the bull's-eye on the target no matter how hard I tried but I kept trying and now I can hit it almost every time. Archery, once you get used to it, is loads of fun, pulling the string back, aiming and firing at the target and hitting it right where you want the arrow to land.

During P.E. Frater Anthony would drop me off at the gym with all the equipment and he would leave to go teach his class. And I would set everything up and start practicing. I would shoot all the arrows then hobble over to the target — I am still recovering from a broken ankle — pull out all the arrows, and hobble back to where I shoot from and start all over.

Every day I am getting better and better at archery. It is a pleasant pastime which I enjoy very much thanks to Frater Anthony.

“In their hands . . .”

Several weeks ago I traveled to Montana for a funeral. My driver and I left on a Thursday afternoon, with the intention of going to Great Falls for the night. A few miles past Lincoln, however, we collided with a moose that was running across the road. Since I had been praying my breviary with a flashlight, I didn't see it coming. After the jolt of the collision, it took me a few seconds to process just what had happened. The car was “totaled” but we were both fine.

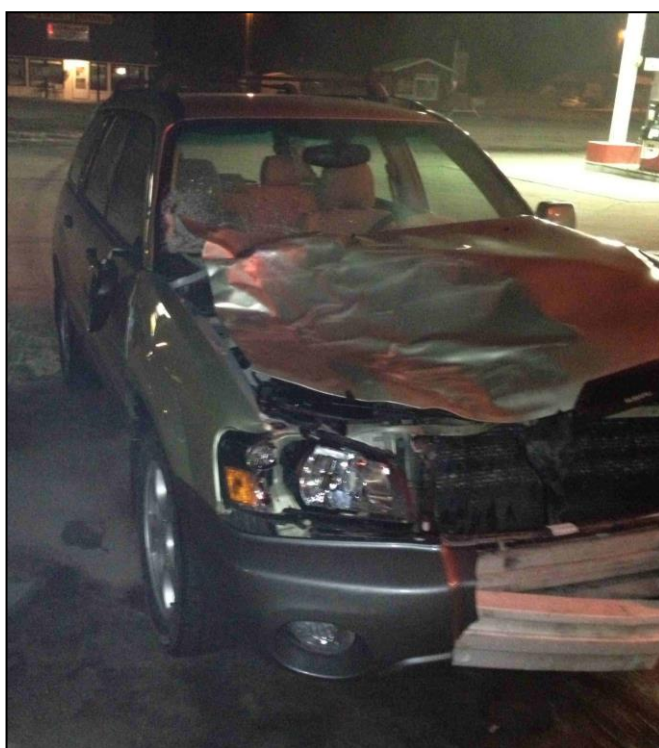
This incident reminds us of the wonderful Providence of God: “for to His angels He has given command about you, that they guard you in all your ways. Upon their hands they shall bear you up, lest you dash your foot against a stone” (Psalm 90). With all the miles our priests spend in automobiles and on airplanes, bringing the sacraments to souls in far-flung places, the angels are kept busy indeed! Let us thank them and thank God for the wonderful protection that has been afforded us throughout our lives. We likely would have met with fatal accidents many times over, had it not been for their solicitude.

As always, I thank you for your generous support. This year has been a wonderful year of graces thus far, and that is due in no small measure to your prayers and support. May

The Carpenter of Souls

The Saint whom God didst deign
to make his parent,
Was at the mere whisper of an angel coherent.
Ah! Ye humble carpenter of wood,
Teach us to be holy as we should.
Help us to cut and shape our lives,
For when the judgment day arrives.
Teach me to carve and sand my soul,
So that I may achieve my final goal.
But stoop and let my prayers suffice,
To bring unworthy me
to your Son's eternal Paradise!

by Jordan Hartman, gr. 10



Deo gratias! While on mission in Montana, we hit a moose. No one was hurt. The car was totaled.

God reward you abundantly, and may He bless you and your loved ones.

Fr. Benedict Hughes, CMRI

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**St. Joseph Seminary
15384 N. Church Rd.
Rathdrum, ID 83858-7650**