



THE GUARDIAN

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Monthly newsletter of St. Joseph Seminary

August 2020

From the Rector:

As we send out this August issue of *The Guardian*, we are in the midst of the annual Camp Saint Joseph. This year's camp numbers around 60 persons, counting boys and counselors. Several priests and seminarians from the major seminary have joined us to help run the camp, so there is plenty of supervision. Father Philip has been in charge, and everything is well-organized, with plenty of activities

just a few weeks left until the boys arrive, we have a lengthy list of tasks to complete to prepare the seminary for their arrival: carpets to be cleaned, books to be ordered, printing to be done, etc. So, August will be a busy month, but we will also take a couple days off for some hiking and swimming in the beautiful outdoors of northern Idaho.

Finally, you are probably aware that my dear mother passed away after a lengthy illness on July 18.

August Calendar

- 9 – Feast of Saint John Vianney, patron of priests
- 13 – Outdoor Rosary procession in honor of Our Lady of Fatima
- 15 – Holyday of Obligation
- 24-25 – Seminarians arrive; orientation
- 26 – First day of classes for the new school year



The boys carry the large and small beams for the outdoor cross, to be erected at the campsite.

to keep the boys busy. The weather has been ideal, and the camp has been a great success, with just two days left.

After the boys' camp our focus will be entirely on preparations for the forthcoming school year. With

Fortunately, I was able to make many trips to her home in Spokane (about 45 minutes away) for visits over the past two months. My siblings and I prayed many rosaries around her bedside and recited the prayers for the dying at least 7

times. She lingered on many days, well past the time when visiting medical professionals thought she would pass. Since I don't have another article to put on the back page of this month's newsletter, I decided to share with you part of a tribute I wrote in memory of her.

We are most grateful for your prayers and support of our minor seminary. May God abundantly reward you, and may He grant many vocations to the priesthood and the religious life, in order to work for the salvation of souls.

In the service of Jesus, Mary and Saint Joseph

Fr. Benedict Hughes, CMRI



The bullhorn helps Father get everyone's attention for announcements.



Father Brendan, assisted by Fr. Benedict and Fr. Molina, was celebrant for the Requiem High Mass for Mrs. Hughes



Our cherry trees were loaded this year.



All the activities of the camp make everyone hungry.



The boys pray the Rosary as they walk along the road at the City of Mary.



Mr. Phil Drewsen is the head cook for this year's Camp Saint Joseph.



Every day begins with prayers and Mass.



Everyone enjoyed a game of kickball at the park.



Setting up tents on the first day of the camp.



Father Brendan incenses the casket during the Obsequies, which follow the funeral Mass.



Heading to the park in the bus.

In Memoriam Joan Catherine Hughes

(10/26/1926 – 7/18/2020)

Reflections on her life by Fr. M. Benedict Hughes, CMRI

I would like to share with you some recollections of my mother. She was raised by devout Catholic parents. My grandmother wrote a letter when their house was built, and the following is a quote from that letter: “This house is dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Blessed Virgin Mary with the earnest prayer that its occupants may always be in the state of Sanctifying Grace, so that some day they may all be Members together of the Heavenly Family. Sacred Heart of Jesus, Have mercy on us. Holy Mother of God, Pray for us.”

My grandparents were devoutly Catholic and hard-working. They joined the Third Order of Saint Francis, prayed the Rosary and abstained from meat every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. To them, the Catholic Faith meant everything. My mother was the 3rd of their 6 children. Growing up on a farm, she learned early the importance of hard work. Then, at the age of 25 she married my father.

If I were to characterize my mother’s qualities, I would do so with 2 words: faith and dedication to duty. Her faith was strong and unwavering. We prayed the family Rosary and she was truly the heart of the home.

She was not shy about standing up for her faith either. One story I was told only recently by one of my sisters happened 50 years ago, when I was off at the seminary. There was a meeting in the parish with many parishioners gathered in the gym. The discussion was on why there were not more vocations from our parish and what could be done about it. After all the discussion, the moderator asked if anyone had anything else to say. After a lull, my mother went to the microphone and said, “I have something to say—there would be more vocations from this parish if all the mothers dressed modestly.” No one said a word. In fact, that was the last thing said as the parishioners left silently, with a lot to think about.

My parents were always active in our local parish. In particular, my mother ironed linens and altar cloths. From the time I was young, I remember her spending many hours at the ironing board set up in the dining room, ironing linens. I did not know it at the time but later learned that she offered this labor for the intention of vocations in the family. After my ordination, one of my sisters asked her if she was now going to stop ironing linens. She simply replied, “I have other sons.”

My mother was pious, but not in a showy way. I have mentioned how she ironed linens to obtain vocations. She also prayed daily for this purpose. Many years after my ordination she showed me a holy card with a prayer to the Infant of Prague, all wrinkled with time and use. When she was a young mother she was told by a priest to pray to the Infant of Prague for vocations. She did, daily. She also prayed daily for the Holy Souls, often making visits to the chapel to pray for this intention. When all her children were grown, my mother would not miss a daily Mass.

Her faith was also practical. She was honest to a fault and instilled that virtue in us. She was also charitable. When I was young she would occasionally stop by a blind woman’s house after Mass to visit her. She also assisted poor persons with food.

“Ora et labora” was the motto Saint Benedict gave his monks. My mother certainly fulfilled it. She never seemed to be happy unless she had work to do. If it wasn’t for family or friends, it was for the Church. She often would volunteer for work projects, such as when we re-painted the chapel at the Mount. She was even high up on the scaffolding to paint. She was also one of the “founders” of our host-making bakery at the Mount, where she worked every week for 20 years. She also enjoyed the task of repairing vestments. Many of our vestments at the Mount are very old, and some of them were literally falling apart. It took many hours of dedication to repair just one old vestment.

Although I have shared with you some memories of my mother and her virtues, I do not want to imply that she was without fault, for we are all frail human creatures. She must have had faults, but I certainly do not know what they were. One common fault she did *not* have was gossip. I never recall her spending much time at all on the telephone. She didn’t have time, because she was busy. But for whatever defects God, in His infinite justice and perfection, found in her, I humbly ask your prayers for the repose of her soul.

The words on the “valiant woman” of Proverbs seem particularly applicable to my mother: “Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised” (31:30).