

Corps Connector

Volume 15, Number 3

November, 2020



Fr. Rick Malloy, SJ Fall Day of Reflection
see page 5



Patrick J. Conroy, SJ Marie A. Dennis Charles J. Short
Evening of Gratitude Page 7



Notes from the Editor

LAST PART OF THE SERIES

Northern Virginia Regional Council:

Mike Mothes, Regional Director

Kai De Altin Popiolek

Pia Dinon-Clark

Emilie Gillanders

James Kelley

Christine McLaughlin

John McLaughlin

Steve Mournighan

Anne Murphy

Rebecca Ruiz

Richard Urban

AFTER FINISHING MY TENURE AT SS. SIMON AND JUDE PARISH, the Archbishop, at my request, assigned me to my cousin Father George Bowling's parish in Campbellsville, KY. After only two years; George, unhappy with the Encounter program I was running, wrote the Archbishop to have me removed. When the Archbishop met with me he said he wanted to reassign me to Holy Name parish in Louisville; I said, "Archbishop, I see two things wrong with that; first, Holy Name was my home parish, (There was an unwritten rule you don't assign priests to their home parish, that didn't seem to phase him at all!) Second, I said, I know the current pastor, Henry Stuecker: and without a doubt, I won't get along with him." I continued to protest; but I eventually got the message it was useless to argue with an Archbishop, so that's where I went.

When I got to Holy Name, I really tried to get along with Henry; I watched to see what his primary ministries were. As far as I could see he had only one: visiting the sick in the hospital.

Soon I became very good friends with the school's eighth grade teacher, Jim Frittier. I asked him if I might teach one of his religion classes once a week and he said yes.

(Jim was real funny guy and I loved him so, cried desperately when he died young. We traveled to Mexico together a couple of times in his teeny, tiny little Honda car: Honda's very first; its engine was a Honda motorcycle engine! Whenever we entered a town, little *muchachos* laughing and hooting followed us down the street, wildly pointing until this toy automobile, with its two crazy gringos, putt putt out of sight!)

Early one morning I went to have a look around my old school. Holy Name wasn't like it was when I went there; attendance was falling off, the area rapidly gone downhill; people moving out. When I was a kid at Holy Name, every grade had two classes; but when my class



Holy Name Church

Inside this Issue:

Page 2 Notes from the Editor

Page 5 Day of Reflection

Page 7 Evening of Gratitude

Page 9 IVC Book of the Year

Page 10 Virginia Interfaith Center

Page 11 Fairwell to Sammy

Corps Connector

is published four times annually by the Northern Virginia Region of the Ignatian Volunteer Corps.

Dick Bowling, Editor

Mary Anne Cummins, Proof Reader

Send submissions or comments to dickbowling777@gmail.com

Continued Next Page

Continued from Page 2

got to the sixth grade, our two classes were merged; after that, our class occupied the same classroom for the next two years; it was so large we got the largest classroom at the back of the building.

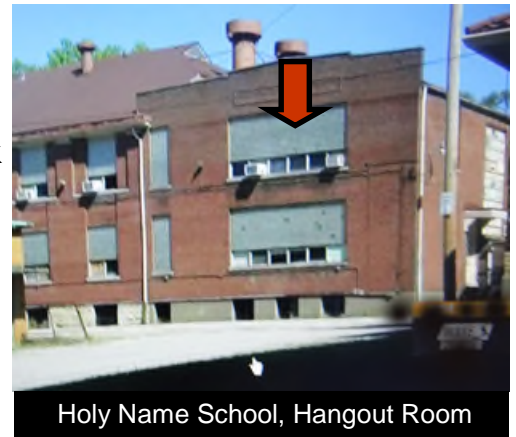
As I walked around that morning and came to my old sixth and seventh grade room, I found they were not using it for class anymore. The memories of my days in that room came flooding back and an idea began to take shape in my mind — wouldn't this be a great hangout for my seventh and eighth grade kids? After teaching them for several months, they had become very special to me; I thought if I decorated it right, wouldn't it make a great place for them for lunch and after school?

So I started to work. To cover the room's large bank of windows, I reused the long, brightly colored curtains I'd used at Campbellsville. To hide the old floors, I went to a nearby carpet shop to see if they had any carpeting to recycle. They did and gave me some they had just pulled from an old church; then it was down to the Holy Name Salvage Bureau for a couch and chairs, and some small tables and lamps.

I brought in my Kennedy rocker for ambiance; collected a number of board games, and chess sets; our housekeeper found me a small pool table down in her basement. To cover the blackboards I drove over to the Alwes Outdoor Advertising Co. for some outdated billboards. For the front blackboard I put up an enormous picture of a car battery; a billboard picturing a beautiful lady presiding over a brand-new Chevy hid the long side blackboard. These huge over-the-top visuals added a snap of drama to the room. Before long I had a fabulous hide away to show the kids. I explained to them this was *my* room and so long as they behaved they were welcome to come as my guests whenever I was there. And they did.

I was there most every day, and when I was, the place swarmed with kids having a great time, shooting pool, playing chess and the other games. One lunch recess, I invited a Dominican sister from Campbellsville, a close friend of mine; as usual the room was buzzing. She sat in the rocker and as we talked, she looked around in amazement and said, "Dick, this is wonderful! The kids are so quiet and well behaved, I can't believe it." They showed her how special they really were!

Now one morning as I was celebrating children's Mass; I looked out and noted how a lot of the eighth grade girls were looking rather... hmm ...well, scruffy! Uniforms rumpled and stained, nails gnawed on, hair straggling! That same day I was meeting the eighth grade class for religion, now held in our new clubroom; I kept pondering how I would break it to the girls



Continued Next Page

Continued from Page 3

about their shabbiness; without thinking I just blurted out, “You girls look like pigs!” Of course the boys howled! My sister Rosie was a beautician; so right after class, I hopped over to her shop, begged her to come and make amends to my girls for my boorishness and speak to them about personal hygiene and beauty care, and she did. A few weeks later, I was again celebrating the children’s Mass; this time when I looked up there were my girls shining like stars! They looked so beautiful. Thank you, Rosie!

In my *Notes from the Editor* column last issue, I told you how a tiny storm cloud seemed to be gathering on my life’s horizon; by now it had grown into a category five hurricane; when Henry knocked on my door that morning it came ashore. He told me he wanted me to start making hospital visits. “What?” I cried in disbelief, “I don’t get it, Henry, this is *your* primary ministry;,, our parish numbers are steadily declining, I don’t see why we need the two of us to undertake the same ministry.” (Besides I hated visiting hospitals!). So I told him flat out, ‘no’, not on your Nelly! (Now in those days, no associate pastor was ever, **ever** to say ‘no’ to his pastor; it was like Canon Law or something.).

Henry hacked, coughed spluttered; and finally, not knowing what else to say or do, stormed out my room, slamming the door. Things got worse; massive arguments became common place. But Henry heaved the brick that finally shattered whatever was left of our mutual civility when he refused to reimburse me for my travel expenses to the Encounter programs I was leading outside the parish.

Henry told me, “That’s *not* parish work!” I told him the Archbishop said it was. He rejoined “Not on your Nelly or something like that.” I completely lost it. My rage now threatened to shut down the rest of my ministry, especially with my kids; I rapidly became the kind of priest I no longer recognized. Late that summer, standing on the sidewalk in front of Holy Name church, I told myself, you gotta leave! After that I enrolled in summer school and after attending the University of Kentucky completed my Master’s Degree in Counseling; left the active ministry and came here to Northern Virginia to take up another life. (The Archbishop finally made Henry reimburse me!)

Stepping Down

*After fifteen years as editor of the Corps Connector, I have decided to step down and hand the reins over to someone else. I have been asked to be the new Editor for the Chesterbrook Residences Newsletter *The Restful Resident* (my name). It will come out every month, a bit more often than the Corps Connector. I have loved bringing you the Newsletter and hope you have enjoyed it as much as I have bringing it to you.*

Dick

DAY OF REFLECTION WITH FR. RICK MALLOY, SJ

FR. RICK MALLOY, SJ, AN ENGAGING SPEAKER AND STORY TELLER, INSPIRED GREAT ENERGY AND dialogue at the IVC Northern Virginia/DC/Metro MD opening Day of Reflection for this year. It was convened on Zoom in two presentations with plenty time for prayer and small group experiences with the wondrous technology of Zoom.

Fr. Malloy was born, raised, and educated in the City of Brotherly Love and has ministered around there for most of his years. After his novitiate and during formation, he taught at a school in Osorno, Chile, and did pastoral work in Santiago. He has written a number of popular books, and is currently working with mission integration in a Christo Rey School after a life time in education.

Fr. Malloy framed the conversations of the day around the dramatic impact that the COVID 19 Virus has had on all of us: our own selves, our families and communities, our nation, and the world. He also included comments on the amazing sudden awareness emerging around racism and the challenges of white privilege as unpopular as that can be when raised in the pulpit. But rather than getting into analysis of it all, he focused on our anxiety and fear in the face of these chaotic times. He made great use of the Gospel story in the version of Mark 4:35-41, as an apt story of Jesus and the Disciples on the storm at sea. In a sense, we are in the “storm” right now with the disciple in the boat. “A violent squall came up and waves were breaking over the boat, so that it was already filling up.” There were other boats around them as well. Jesus, of course, is sleeping on a cushion. After they ask Jesus whether He even cares that we are perishing, Jesus tells the sea to be silent, to become still.

Jesus turned to the disciples and asked “Why are you terrified? Do you not have faith?” setting the tone for the day. He said it would have been interesting to hear His tone of voice and see His eyes as he spoke. The fact of “evil storms” was not the point of the story for Jesus. It was the faith, trust of the disciples. The infinite presence of God Who is not some other “Thing” among our experiences but the infinite mystery beyond our experience Whom we can trust in faith. But He understands all if we can embrace Him in the Storms. That God comes close to us in Jesus and this story is an example when we encounter it in Jesus.

Fr. Malloy made great use of the novel and film *Unbroken* about Louis Zamperini, the Olympic distance runner, whose plane crashed into the Pacific in World War II and after days of misery on the Ocean he and his men are discovered by the Japanese. He is imprisoned for the rest

Continued Next Page

Continued from Page 5

of the year and tortured and humiliated by a Japanese office because of his fame. After many years, in a Billy Graham revival, he is called within to let go of the pain and loss of his life and to trust Jesus. In that moment of trust, he lets go of the sorrow of a lifetime and so can our trust in God help us with the anxieties and fears of our present challenges. The storm of the pandemic and concerns about racism that is so divisive of our country can lead us to prayer and calm if we see God in them and bring our trusting faith in Him. Fr. Rick left some questions for the small groups: 1) What are the storms in your lives that need to be seen anew? 2) What Scriptural passages help you most for this? 3) How is Jesus calling/challenging us to respond to the storms around us?

In the second presentation, many of the small groups responded how IVC was already helping us to face and work with the challenges of racism. They helped us already awaken to prejudices in our white culture and the way they can become invisible to us. There were references to Psalm 88 for deliverance from types of alienation and fear of death. Some had made good use of the passage being used by Fr. Rick. There was a general sense of gratitude for the help of the day and deep appreciation of Fr. Rick, as well as IVC's efforts to keep us spiritually fed.



By Fr. Ted Keating
IVC Spiritual Reflector

A SPECIAL NIGHT TO REMEMBER & CELEBRATE

I was surprised to learn that because of the coronavirus IVC's 9th Annual *Evening of Gratitude* would be shown on Zoom instead of us attending the event in person as we always did.

As I watched, I found myself carried back in time: Sunday, June 20, 1948, 8:00 PM. Our next door neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Jelm, were the first on our blue-collar block in Jersey City, N.J., to own a television! A 12-inch, black and white television! I was three months shy of 10 years old. Twenty neighbors, including Mom, my three sisters and I squeezed into the Jelm's small living room to see how this exciting, new invention worked, and watch the *Ed Sullivan Show*, called "*Toast of the Town*." Little did I ever imagine then how my world would change!

I got that same feeling as I watched for the second time the video of our IVC *Evening of Gratitude*. I appreciated it much more this second time around. You see, when I headed United Way of America Productions in the early 1990s I had two excellent directors. One was nominated for our Academy Award short film, *The Courage to Care*, about non-Jews saving Jews in European countries during the Holocaust; the other director had created a 10-minute, award-winning film about Paul Gonzales, a young boxer from the Los Angeles barrio who won the gold medal in the 1984 Olympics. Both directors soon went on to film fame beyond United Way.

Our 2020 IVC *Evening of Gratitude* was a unique production in so many ways. There was no director, only one video camera, no dress rehearsal, no live audience, more than 25 volunteer on-camera testimonials, three-award winning recipients who gave inspiring acceptance speeches, and at least 41 reviews by IVC volunteers. Here's a sample of the viewers' feedback:

"You must be thrilled by the success of tonight's IVC program. It was wonderful! Most inspiring! We loved Chuck Short's connection with Holy Trinity, were delighted by the videos from Nancy Pelosi, John Boehner, Bob Casey, and loved Fr. Pat Conroy's message. And the "bike ride" around the regions! What fun! What a lot of effort and imagination went into this! We loved it...even on zoom. Congratulations."

"Thank you for extending the invitation to your event to the larger IVC community. Up here in New England, we are looking at options for our event in April. It was very helpful to see how you handled your Della Strada."

"Can we watch it again?"

Continued Next Page

Continued from Page 7

“Thank you for giving me the opportunity to attend this lovely ceremony where my brother, Chuck Short, was honored. I live across the country from him and am never able to participate. It was so very special to me to hear what he has done, what people say about him and hear him speak.”

“I’m excited about the new partnerships with Special Olympics. Nancy Pelosi was just lovely. You did a great job toggling between real time and pre-recorded parts. You transformed challenges into opportunities during these Covid times. There truly are amazing people in IVC. What an inspiration they are to me. The evening was a gift!”

“From my vantage point, the Celebration was very effective in presenting IVC as a close-knit community—a family—that lovingly serves the neediest of God’s children nationwide. I know how hard you all worked—especially the two Mikes and Dan—to make the event a success. It paid off. Congratulations!”

“It was a joy to be able to be with you for the IVC Evening of Gratitude tonight. What an incredible inspiration!!! The speakers were interesting and uplifting to listen to. Each speech was unique. Thank you for creating and weaving a beautiful tribute. What a garden of hope and what a joy to witness this beautiful collaboration of our IVC leadership.”

As I watched the Evening of Gratitude video a third time, I found myself overwhelmed with appreciation for IVC being such an important part of my life these past 12 years. The visionary words of Walt Disney came to mind as I thought about the use of video on IVC’s impact in the future: *“If you can dream it, you can do it!”* I’m sure St. Ignatius Loyola would approve. After all, he was such a dreamer!



Marty Walsh
IVC Spiritual
Reflector

IVC's Book for the Year



JOAN CHITTISTER JOINED THE BENEDICTINE SISTERS of Erie at the age of 16 and has spent over 60 years charting the rigorous and adventuresome path of Christianity. With bravado, incredible energy, and abundant spiritual insights she has challenged all of us to combine contemplative practices with social action.

Chittister is a major voice and committed activist for the rights of women and poor people. She is the executive director of Benetvision, a resource and research center for contemporary spirituality, and the co-chair for the Global Peace Initiative of Women. One of her projects collects spiritual resources for those in prison. In the midst of this deluge of sacred activism, she has not downplayed her constant interpretation of Benedictine spirituality. Chittister is the author of over 50 books and has appeared on *Oprah's Super Soul Sunday*, *On Being* with Krista Tippett, and countless other media outlets.

The Time Is Now: A Call to Uncommon Courage arose out of Chittister's concerns about the selfishness, power plays, narcissism, violence, lies, and prejudice of politicians and citizens who have seized the moment to take America on what they perceive to be a path of glory. To counter those impulses, Chittister turns to the prophets who in their times sought to usher in a brand new day of justice, freedom, peace, and transformation. Her definition of prophetic spirituality is inspiring and challenging. It was modeled by Jesus the Prophet who encouraged acceptance of others and the call to co-creation.

In a series of profound and hard-hitting chapters Chittister delineates character qualities which can animate us including risk, paradox, authenticity, self-giving, patience, confidence, wisdom, and faith.

The Time Is Now: A Call to Uncommon Courage by Joan Chittister is a watershed work that succeeds in its noble goal of bringing out the prophet in us. We will not, she promises, be alone. Prophets are already among us. In the book's dedication she reminds us:

"In every region, everywhere, they are the unsung but mighty voices of community, high-mindedness, and deep resolve. They are the prophets of each era who prod the rest of the world into seeing newly what it means to be fully alive, personally, nationally, and spiritually."

Book Review by Frederick and Mary Ann Brusset

WE ALL RECOGNIZE THAT 2020 HAS BEEN A YEAR LIKE NO OTHER. COVID-19, racial unrest, economic upheavals, and much more. All have affected my IVC service in ways large and small.

Two years ago, I wrote an article for the Corps Connector describing my journey from NETWORK, the Catholic social justice lobby where I worked for 20 years before retirement, to IVC. After decades of political activism I was leaning toward IVC work in a direct service facility, perhaps a shelter.

I was preparing for my first IVC interview when the 2016 presidential election occurred. Immediately I told IVC that I now preferred a social justice advocacy position because the election outcome meant that everything I had worked for was now threatened. I was grateful when IVC quickly found me a position with the Virginia Interfaith Center for Public Policy. Working with advocates from many faith traditions, I could now focus on lobbying in Richmond on healthcare (e.g., Medicaid expansion), immigrants' rights, economic justice (e.g., a living wage and eliminating wage theft), racial equity, and environmental justice. I organized busloads of Northern Virginians who traveled to Richmond to lobby during Virginia General Assembly sessions. I served on planing committees for annual Virginia Immigrant Advocates Summits and a living wage program in Northern Virginia. I marched in demonstrations opposing separating immigrant families.

And then came 2020. The pandemic meant that meetings and other events went virtual. Instead of traveling to gatherings I now spent endless hours at home in front of my computer screen. Planning this year's Immigrant Advocates Summit involved meetings on Zoom preparing for a two-day online summit this November. Advocacy for a healthy Virginia now included urgent calls for paid quarantine and sick leave. The killings of George Floyd and others meant working more closely with the Black Caucus on their legislative priorities. Certain priorities and methods changed in 2020, but our overall goals remain as before. As our sign says, "All faiths believe in justice." I am thankful to be part of that tradition and more determined than ever to help make this a just world.



A Farewell to Sammy

By Dick Bowling

It's with a very heavy heart, that I announce that my sweet cat, Sammy passed away on October 19. His vet told me that he had a stroke that affected his legs.



Below are two passages from my Journal about my experiences with Sammy.

Sunday, October 18, 2020 6:48 AM

Good morning dear Jesus. Most of the Saturday morning, I sat on the bed and petted Sammy. Sometime around noon, he tried to get up and cross the bed; but his back legs went wonky. I got worried but did nothing; ate lunch and petted him some more. I am now more frantic; tried to find Stacey's (his vet) phone number on the Internet. They all want me to sign up for a monthly subscription. (Where are the telephone books?) (Still Saturday:) Sammy is under my chair, can't get him out. I called Shirley, the front desk person here at Chesterbrook, and asked her if Dickson, our executive assistant, could come down. Dickson came and got Sammy out. I asked Dickson to put him on the bed. I am still frantically trying to find Stacey's number. Who can I call? Dr. Ruben! (Another veterinarian.) It's the same problem trying to find his number. How about South Paws Emergency clinic? They had only her office number. I gave up. Is Sammy going to die? After dinner; I picked him up; sat with him in my chair and held him; after 25 minutes he jumped down, I continue to watch TV.

I get ready for bed. Found him under the bed; left him there. This morning I can't find him. Is he dead? I look everywhere. At last, I find him standing next to his water and food bowls. He runs under my chair. A few minutes later, he's gone under Monk's (my big stuffed monkey's) chair. I let him be! Take care of him, Lord, until tomorrow morning.

Tuesday afternoon, October 20, 2020 2:22 PM

Good afternoon, dear Jesus. I woke up this morning and it hit me; we had to put Sammy to sleep last evening; he's gone! I remembered all the trials and sadnesses of yesterday. I miss him so, Lord. I cried my heart out this morning. I told you, Lord, Sunday how Sammy tried on Saturday to move his back legs and they went all wonky. Yesterday morning, early, very early, Sammy was lying close beside me and barfed—not much. He had eaten very little since before Saturday. He could move very little on his own so I put a couple of paper towels between his head and where he had thrown up. A little later, he struggled to his feet, walked across the bed, dropped off of it and, stumbling, got to the kitty litter box; what a courageous kitty. All told he braved this same journey to the litter box four times, determined not to mess, (his mother taught him good!) Such bravery and determination.

I remember when I put on my clothes in the morning, you always came up to me; looked at me with the sweetest look on your face and I would muss your fur. What a

Continued Next Page

Continued from Page 11

treasure you have been to me.

I picked him up out of the litter box and laid him on the bed. He just lay there. I pet him, a lot. Got dressed. I had been unable to contact Stacey on Saturday or Sunday so I told Sammy I'd call her when the office opened. At about 8:30 Stacey called and I told her about Sammy; she said he had most likely had a stroke. She told me that she had a lot of appointments that morning and some surgery around noon; but she'd be over in the afternoon. Meanwhile, I contacted some people here at Chesterbrook who knew Sammy, to come by for a possible goodbye: Jacquie, Kyle (our P.T. person) and Lucy came; later Jesus and Sarah said their farewells. Jacquie and I used to laugh and smile a lot at the front desk about Sammy's little ways.

To have something to do and to keep from breaking down, I spent most of Monday morning editing my book *Growing Up in the South End*. (Sometime before noon, Sammy had walked pretty normally to his litter box. I was hopeful.)

About 1:30, Stacey called; she was on her way. Kyle dropped by again. He was the one who knew Sammy the most, loved him maybe the best; would call to him, "Kitty, Kitty" as soon as he walked in; talked to him and petted him the most. Kyle was still here when Stacey arrived. She had told me before she came, if I felt of his rear feet and they were cold that confirmed the stroke; she now felt them, said one was warm but the other was cold.

Stacey said he was having trouble breathing and his vitals were not good; I said, "Let's see if maybe you could keep him at the clinic until Thursday and then we would decide whether to put him to sleep; but if he were hurting, we could put him to sleep sooner.

As Stacey got his carrier ready, I said goodbye to Sammy, knowing I would never see him again. I petted him and said my goodbyes. After she put him in his carrier, he howled a couple of times as he said goodbye to me.

Stacey took his remaining food and his carrier and left. She called me an hour or so later; saying he had had a very hard time breathing on the drive to the clinic, so when she got there they gave him some oxygen; but it did not help very much. She recommended we put him to sleep now; with a feeling of great sadness, I agreed, I thanked her for her kindness; and thanked her for giving me such a sweet, sweet cat and I would miss him so.

She then said the sweetest thing to me. She said, "What you did was so wonderful; if you had not brought him to your home, he would've had to spend the rest of his life in a cage here in the veterinary hospital; you had given him a place to live, a place to love; someone to love him and someone for him to love."

Yesterday I didn't know if I would cry for Sammy. I did this morning. Sammy I miss you so: I have always loved you so. I missed you last night, missed you lying next to me, and putting my arm around you and pet you; and you were no longer there.

Dick Bowling