

Voices of the Spirit

Parish of the Holy Spirit

Fall/Winter 2025

A place to BELIEVE... BELONG... BECOME



Clockwise from left, Rob Privette, Bob Baemmert, John Hanson, Terrance Casey, Jerry Johnson, Pat Clapper and Gil Garcia enjoy coffee and camaraderie at a Thursday morning G-Men meeting.

Photo courtesy Joe Schroeder

By the grace of God go ‘The G-Men’ *Holy Spirit group has been meeting weekly for nearly 20 years*

By Joe Schroeder

G.K. Chesterton observed that “daybreak is a never-ending glory, but getting out of bed is a never-ending nuisance.” Being a Chestertonian, I do love God’s beauty in a quiet, beautiful morning, but left to my natural rhythm, I will flop into bed after midnight and not arise until 7:30 or 8:00 a.m. Save for one day a week.

On Thursday mornings I crawl out of bed at 5:45 a.m. with just a tad more enthusiasm. That is the day I join my dear friends and brothers in Christ, as I have for nearly 20 years, at 6:30 a.m. for coffee, tall tales, Christian encouragement, and prayer. The gathering has been called “Man group,” the “Drum Circle,” and probably less savory things; we call ourselves “The G-Men.”

Exact dates are lost to the mists of time and aging memory, but sometime in the 2005 to 2007 timeframe, Brendan Case delivered a mission at Holy Spirit Parish. Father Perron Auve called a Parish meeting and challenged parishioners to not let the mission be a moment in time, but to carry on the spirit of that mission.

Following Fr. Auve’s charge, I was soon invited to join a newly formed men’s group, which met at the Clearwater Avenue McDonald’s on Tuesdays at 6:00 a.m., and I quickly shared my enthusiasm about this group with others.

Several of the guys assisting in our Life Teen and Edge programs around that time expressed

(Continued on page 12)

Parishioners among USS Triton crew honored at Richland park

Editor's note: Holy Spirit is blessed to have many parishioners who are veterans of our Armed Forces, and we thank them for their service. Two of those veterans, Jim Carey and Joe Tarcza, were featured last summer in a story published in the Tri-Cities Area Journal of Business. The story below is reprinted with permission of the Journal. It has been edited for length.

By Rachel Visick
Tri-Cities Area Journal of Business

After making its way around the world in the 1960s as a part of Operation Sandblast, the first mission to circumnavigate the earth underwater, a portion of the submarine USS Triton came to rest in Richland.

Now, 13 years after the establishment of Triton Sail Park, home to the submarine's sail and conning tower, a commemorative wall has been installed to honor the 857 crew members who served aboard the Triton in its 10 years of service.

More than a dozen Triton veterans attended the June 14 ceremony held by the Port of Benton, sharing stories of their time on the submarine, which was underway from 1959-69. Two veterans are Tri-Citians: Retired Capt. Jim Carey, 82, and first-class machinist's mate Joe Tarcza, 81, both of Kennewick.



Jim Carey



Joe Tarcza

Triton's local veterans

How did the Triton's sail end up in Richland, far inland from the oceans it once navigated? The park that serves as its home at 3250 Port of Benton Blvd. overlooks the dock where the Navy transfers nuclear reactor compartments from decommissioned vessels for delivery to the Hanford site, where they are permanently stored.



Veterans of the USS Triton stand alongside the submarine's sail and conning tower in Richland at the June 14 unveiling of a new commemorative wall honoring them and hundreds of others who served on the sub.
Photo courtesy Port of Benton

The Triton is one of those vessels. It was the first and only U.S. submarine to be powered by two reactors and featured the largest sail ever on a U.S. submarine, 75 feet long and 20 feet tall.

The Triton was the longest and most powerful submarine of its day. Carey recalled the first time he dove the Triton. He had to check that all of the vents were shut. A diesel submarine had about six ballast tanks, the Triton had 12, leaving Carey looking out at a startlingly long row of vents on his first dive.

While the Triton is best known for its Operation Sandblast voyage, which earned the submarine a Presidential Unit Citation, the ship also earned a Navy Unit Commendation for missions which are still classified.

Tarcza recalled receiving the citation while serving on the USS Abraham Lincoln. "People don't know much about it because it's still secret ... but that was, in my mind, just as important at that time as what they did for Sandblast," he said.

Time on the Triton

Carey and Tarcza briefly overlapped during their time on the Triton but never met each other until they both served on the Abraham Lincoln.

Carey was commissioned in 1964, a graduate of the University of Nebraska ROTC program. He reported to the Triton in 1966 and stayed until a few months before it was decommissioned in 1969.

(Continued on page 13)

Marjie's Corner

Forever young - or at least young at heart

By Marjie Sloon

I've always been the youngest. The youngest sibling. The youngest cousin. Younger than my husband. I've enjoyed my position as the youngest. But all good things must come to an end. Eventually life has a way of making you not the youngest.

This has come as a shock to me. The first time I noticed it was at a dinner party when I was visiting my daughter for a few days. All the other guests were her age, and I was invited because you can't leave the visiting-mom-from-out-of-town home alone. I loved the carefree banter around the dinner table, but when I added something to the discussion, all conversation stopped as they focused on me. It felt suddenly awkward. What was this? I had less to say when I realized they were being polite to the older lady. I didn't want their polite respect, I wanted to just be one of the gang!

I mentioned this afterwards to my daughter and son-in-law, and he helpfully advised me to "cut and edit" my remarks. Thanks dude. Even so, I still love visiting my grown kids and conversing with their friends. I feel like a contemporary who has something to add. And most of the time I'm responded to as a friend. But every so often I experience a subtle but distinct difference; something I've said met with an infinitesimal pause, and dismissal, as their attention turns back to their peers. And my inner reaction is "Huh. There it is again."

Of course not all signs of aging are so subtle. Recently my 4-year-old grandson asked, "Mimi, how come you're so old but your hair's not white?" Gee, kid, thanks a lot. Obviously I don't view myself as anything past Young-and-Vibrant. But I live in Delusionville. It's actually a nice place to reside. We went to a concert in the park, listening to a band playing oldies (from the absolute best era of music, of course). I'm looking around thinking, "Everyone here is at least 10 years older than me" while the same helpful son-in-law tells my daughter, "Everyone here is your mom's age."

Alas, Delusionville is now abutting a town called Reality. My hubby and I have compromised: We've decided we're "older", not "old". And can "older" be measured in anything other than actual years? We recently came up with a more accurate method of



describing our house other than saying its chronological age. Our house is two refrigerators, two washing machines, two microwaves, two HVAC systems, and three hot water heaters old.

So here's how old I am: I am two children, four grandchildren, tonsillectomy, hysterectomy, osteoporosis, tri-focal old. I am death of parents, death of a sibling, death of many loved ones old. And I am birth of many wonderful, marvelous replacement human beings that I dearly love old. I am retirement old. I am old enough to notice life happening and appreciate it at a more reasonable pace, rather than barely holding on as it speeds past.

I am reconnecting with childhood friends old. I am savoring the good times old. I am don't sweat the small stuff old. I am I know a few things because I've seen a few things old.

My Aunt Wilma, who lived 99 years and 9 days, told me once that she looks in the mirror and wonders who that white-haired lady is. I am proud to say that I never once patronized her or dismissed anything she had to say. I think it's because in her heart she stayed forever young.

My very first best friend as a child was Dibby, a fun soul-mate old enough to be my grandma. She was the definition of young at heart. In my lifetime I have been extremely blessed to have many older women as my friends. I learned so much about life from each of them. And now, all my old ladies are in heaven, and I am their replacement. It seemed to happen fast, but

(Continued on page 13)

A fortunate life

By Carlos Leon

One thought that struck me recently is that I have led a very fortunate life. I grew up with the best family ever, I married the best wife ever, and had the best kids ever. Not that there haven't been challenges along the way. But a life filled with laughter and tears is a good combination. They are gifts to be utilized and shared freely.

For the first time in a while, I've been spending more time at home, reflecting and trying to put more perspective in my life. I feel like I'm on my final journey, and I really want to see heaven. I have been diagnosed with cancer and have chosen minimal treatment. I want to walk the same and talk the same and cherish family and friends with no desperation or hope of living longer. I have lived long and I might have many years still ahead, but whatever happens I'm at peace that I am in God's hands. For whatever pain that may lie ahead, so be it. That's what faith is for.

I'm not looking to beat disease or death, but to meet it. Jesus met death for all of us, I'm just meeting it for me. I'm looking to meet death in the same way as Lazarus, to be in the bosom of Abraham, not to be on the other side of the chasm. Every time I go to Mass and the doors of the church close behind me, I am God's totally. No worldly issues, no politics, no sports. I want nothing to have the power to distract me from God's word and the presence of Jesus in the Eucharist. I believe in life everlasting.

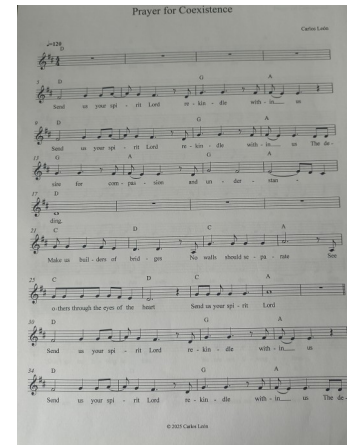
If you go to the columbariums at St Joseph's Church in Kennewick there is niche where my wife Peggy's ashes are placed and mine will be also. There is a photo of us, with me playing guitar and looking at her. I'm wearing a T-shirt from Pacific University where we met in 1978, and she's wearing a sweatshirt that has the word "Heaven" on it.

In early October, the priests of the Yakima Diocese met in Richland and shared a Mass. We heard some wise and lighthearted words from Msgr. Ecker and Fr. O'Shea, both men I've known since I was a kid growing up in Toppenish. They and the many other priests have shared their lives with us, as they followed their calling from God. I believe God has called me also in so many things in my time here on earth. Life is precious and wonderful. Take time to listen, then use your gifts. We all have a calling.

Just one more thing to share. Pope Leo's prayer intention for August was for mutual coexistence. The opening line, "Jesus, Lord of our history," struck me

and as I read it I felt that these words should be put to music. So in about 20 minutes I used the pope's words to compose a song, which I titled "Prayer for CoExistence," and even wrote an extra verse in Spanish. Perry Kelly helped to write out the notes (he's the best at doing this). I sent a copy of the song to the pope, and I hope he likes it.

We'll see if I get a response of any kind. I hear he is very busy.



Pope Leo's prayer intention for August moved Carlos to write a song, which Perry Kelly helped put to music.

Photo courtesy Carlos Leon

Prayer for CoExistence

Refrain:

*Send us your spirit Lord, rekindle within us,
Send us your spirit Lord, rekindle within us,
The desire for compassion and understanding.*

First verse

Make us builders of bridges, no walls should separate,
See others through the eyes of the heart,
Send us your spirit Lord.

Jesus, Lord of our history, give us the courage to speak,
We are in need of your peace,
We are in need of your peace.

Second verse

Don't go on living in fear, we are not living alone,
We are brothers and sisters,
Coexistence means we all are one.

Jesus Señor de esperanza, sin frontera juntamos aquí
Oremos Señor por su ayuda,
Envianos tu Espiritu

End

Lord be my companion, meet us and give us hope,
Without fear, open our hearts
Send us your spirit Lord, send us your spirit Lord

Peace on Earth
GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

Jesus taps us to be his elves in sharing the magic of Christmas

By Joe Bliss

Every year, my classroom has a little visitor for the entire month of December — a little elf that sits on a shelf. You know the one. It's one of those adorable, pesky little elves that keeps an eye on children and has a knack for causing trouble. Every year my students decide the name for our elf. Last year it was Snowflake. The year before that it was Candy Cane. The one before that was Fred.

The name doesn't really matter because the elf that ends up in my classroom for the Christmas season is a *very* lucky elf. It's going to be loved like you can't believe. Nothing motivates a child to come to school like an elf that causes trouble or an elf that likes to hide. Or one that does both!

The kids in my classroom are seven or eight years old. They don't just *kind of* believe in the magic of Christmas. They believe with every ounce of their tiny beings. They will push past me and barge into the room every morning in December, eyes wide with anticipation. They adore that little elf the way only children can. Where is he hiding today? What trouble has he created for Mr. B? (Like the time he wrote, "Mr. B is stinky" on the whiteboard.)

Besides the trouble that little elf always causes, he is a stark reminder of two very different realities. On the one hand, the elf is a reminder of my own childhood. It's a reminder of the indescribable magic of Christmas. It's a reminder of what it means to really believe in something. But on the other hand, the elf is a reminder that Christmas isn't magic for every child and every family.

Teaching at a school where most children come from low-income households forces one to meet, head-on, the reality of life for so many children in this country and around the world. Poverty is a *very* real thing.

Two years ago, a student came up to me before heading out to recess. It was December, so our little classroom elf was on his mind. He said quietly, so no one else would hear, "Santa doesn't come to my house."

He wasn't complaining, wasn't even upset. He was simply making an observation. The closer we got to Christmas and the more he heard of the world that exists for *some* kids, the more that simple truth was on his mind — Santa doesn't visit his house. When he left the room and headed out for recess, I sat in my chair and wanted to cry.

The little elf that visits my classroom *always* manages to bring a gift from Santa for each child in the room before our Christmas break. That year Santa got each of my students a soft Christmas blanket. The joy on that little boy's face when he held his blanket could have lit up the darkest of rooms. Santa *did* make it to his house that year. We made sure of it.

I think sometimes we get too used to the giving tree that appears in the vestibule around Christmas time. Maybe we don't even notice it anymore. It's easy to become numb to the requests for help during the Christmas season, to forget that every tag on that tree is a real family who needs real help.



For me, that student's observation was a brutal wake-up call. But it was also a beautiful reminder of what Christmas is really about, and it has nothing to do with Santa. God didn't give us Santa for Christmas. He gave us Jesus. And Jesus doesn't ask us to give a lot of presents. He asks us to give a lot of love.

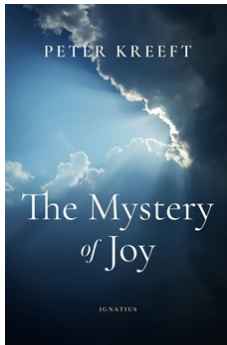
That is something we all can do, regardless of our bank accounts. Whether that love comes in the form of adopting a family for Christmas or volunteering at a local soup kitchen. Maybe it's a donation to a charitable organization or a simple smile to a person who could use one.

This season, let's open our eyes and hearts to those around us, not just to give gifts, but to offer our presence. Because when we love the least among us, we are loving Christ himself. As Jesus said, "*Whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me*" (Matthew 25:40).

The elf in my classroom may bring a lot of smiles and a lot of laughs, but it's acts of kindness, small and unseen, that bring much needed light into the world. That is the kind of Christmas magic we're all invited to believe in.

Book Review - By Theresa Barnaby

The Mystery of Joy by Peter Kreeft



Happiness is a very human need. We can look to material things – vacations, new shoes, expensive dinners, but those are fleeting dopamine hits that quickly fade, and we find ourselves looking for our next hit.

Peter Kreeft, a wonderful Catholic author and professor of philosophy at Boston College, dives right into this universal

problem in his book, *The Mystery of Joy*. In this book, Kreeft offers us a reminder that joy isn't a luxury for just a handful of lucky people. Instead, joy is a gift from God that is deeply embedded into every ounce of our faith. Kreeft invites us to explore joy and understand how it can exist alongside suffering, doubt and even grief.

The book consists of 95 chapters – most of them only two or three pages in length. It's more like a collection of short musings, which makes it easy to digest each little section and take some time to reflect upon it. The book is very approachable with reflections and stories from saints and scripture and philosophi-

cal insights that don't feel like a lecture but more like a conversation with a friend. No theology degree is necessary to follow along with his thoughts. Whether he is talking about the joy of the saints or how joy and suffering can exist at the same moment, everything is grounded and relatable.

Something that I found to be personally powerful was the idea that joy is not the absence of pain or suffering. Joy – true joy – is the presence of God. We are reminded that even during the most horrific pain the saints endured, they were often joyful during their trials. Not because they weren't suffering but because there was something deeper keeping them anchored. There's something freeing about the real understanding that joy can be found anywhere and is in fact a sign of holiness and even a foretaste of heaven.

This book isn't a quick fix or a popular self-help book full of platitudes and placebos. It's a guide to a spiritual journey and at the end you'll discover that joy isn't something that you can chase or purchase but is something you receive when you fully open your heart to God's love for us. I thoroughly enjoyed this book and think you will too.

An ode to the Year of Hope

In this 2025 Year of Hope that Pope Francis proclaimed, I came across this inspirational poem that I have kept for many years.



*Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune without the words,
And never stops at all,*

*And sweetest in the gale is heard;
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm.*

*I've heard it in the chillest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity,
It asked a crumb of me.*

– Emily Dickinson, 1861

(Submitted by Judy Cleary)

Our Catholic History

Church, Klan conflicts hit close to home

Editor's note: This is the second part of a two-part series on the history of Catholics and the Ku Klux Klan. Today, we'll learn about the Klan's clashes with Catholicism in the Pacific Northwest. If you missed part 1, you can find it in the [Spring 2025 issue](#) of Voice of the Spirit.

By Glenn Hollenberg

In a previous article in *the Voice of the Spirit*, the attacks on Catholicism by the Ku Klux Klan at the national level in the 1920s were discussed. In this article we'll focus on the Klan's expansion in the Pacific Northwest. Recalling from the first story, the Klan's reemergence was not based primarily on attacks on Southern freed slaves, but rather was a national focus on groups like Catholics, Jews and immigrants.

After gaining traction in the Midwest and the East Coast, the Klan noted that Oregon was prime for recruitment where many Confederate veterans had relocated. In 1921, Luther Powell was sent to Medford, Oregon, to recruit Klansmen. Since there were very few freed slaves in the Pacific Northwest, it was difficult to use the propaganda that worked in the South. Since Catholics had a Pope in Italy and spoke Latin, Powell directed his primary hate message against Catholics in the Pacific Northwest.

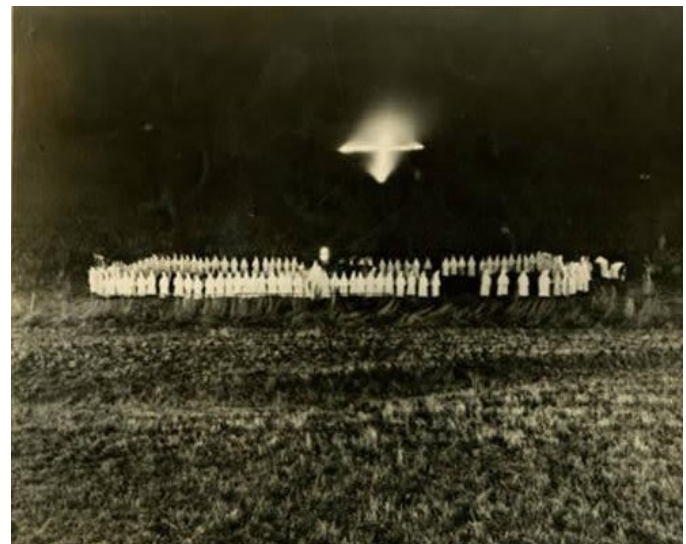
He basically portrayed Catholics as being un-American. Powell quickly gained up to 14,000 recruits and was impacting local school boards. Then it was on to state politics, where in 1922, the Klan backed gubernatorial candidate, Pierce, who was unanimously elected governor of Oregon with as many as 60,000 Klansmen supporting him.

By the spring of 1922, newspapers were reporting on the "Medford Outrage" against black and Catholic citizens. For example, it was reported that "J.F. Hale is given a Neck Tie Party," which related that he was hung by Klansmen but dropped to the ground before he died. Hale was a Catholic merchant in Medford that had a financial dispute with a Klansman. Although he was willing to testify, the Klan was never brought to court.

A new priority overwhelmed the Oregon Klan: Getting rid of Catholic schools. Most notably, the Klan actively supported the 1922 Oregon School Bill that would outlaw Catholic schools since they were supposedly teaching children to be disloyal to the U.S. government. In November 1922, Oregonians passed



The Klan marched in the 1923 Dayton Days Parade in Dayton, Wash.



A 1923 Klan cross burning near Colfax, Wash., was part of an initiation of 125 recruits.

this bill, which required that students could only attend public schools.

Soon after, the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary brought a lawsuit against the school bill. This gave them standing in the case. The Knights of Columbus financially supported the lawsuit all the way to the Supreme Court, which ultimately ruled in 1925 that the law was unconstitutional. The Court unanimously held that "the fundamental liberty upon which all governments in this Union repose, excludes any general power of the State to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only."

(Continued on page 14)

Scout project spruces up PCC entrance

A year ago, the area just to the right of the Parish Community Center's main entrance was covered by a large, overgrown and decidedly unattractive shrub. Today, the area has been transformed into a usable space, complete with a new table and bench, thanks to an Eagle Scout Project led by Teddy Herrera Jr. Voice of the Spirit recently caught up with Teddy to learn more about this impressive addition to Holy Spirit's grounds.

Voice of the Spirit: What inspired you to choose this project for your Eagle Scout rank?

Teddy Herrera: I had always wanted to do my Eagle Project as my home parish because it meant so much to me. I have been going here my whole life. Every Sunday, every religious ed class, and every Life Teen meeting were right here. I always had a desire to give back to the church for doing so much for me.

Voice: How long have you been involved with Scouts?

TH: I have been in Boy Scouts since I was 11 years old, so seven years. I also was in the elementary program of scouting called Cub Scouts from age 7 to 11 years old.

Voice: How did you decide on the project to add a table and bench outside the PCC — what need did you see?

TH: I had approached Deacon Ken and asked what projects could be done on the parish grounds, and he suggested the empty flower bed where the table is now. We discussed what was best to put there, and Deacon Ken had brought up the need for a place for parishioners to sit



IT TAKES A VILLAGE: Teddy Herrera Jr., center, is joined by family and friends, who helped him install a new table and bench last summer in front of the Parish Community Center. The project helped Teddy attain his Eagle Scout rank.

Photo courtesy Teddy Herrera Jr.

while waiting for events in the PCC to begin or simply wait for the public bus to take them home. So the idea for a bench was put in place, then the table idea came later.

Voice: Can you describe the process from planning to completion — What steps did you have to take? How long did it take to complete?

TH: I began discussing the project with Deacon Ken around September 2024, and real planning didn't begin until March 2025 when school was slowing down. In that time I gathered a number of possible rock types and benches for Deacon and Father Michael to look over. Once they were selected, I had to plan where I was going to buy the supplies, and the prices for everything. During that process, Father had brought up the need for a table with the benches, so I found the concrete set at a store in east Kennewick. I then recruited fellow Scouts, family, and friends to help me lay the rock, and assemble the concrete table and benches. All of this culminated into the work day we had



on July 19, 2025, where we finished everything up.

Voice: What challenges did you run into during the project, and how did you overcome them?

TH: The biggest problems were on the work day where we ran out of anti-weed barrier, and hit some irrigation pipes underneath the flower bed. I had to send someone to go buy more barrier fabric due to miscalculations. The pipes had not been turned off yet, so they were spewing water once we dug them up. I had to call Deacon Ken and ask for

(Continued on page 15)



Father Michael leads a talk on Catholic Life in the World Today, one of several educational events hosted by Holy Spirit's Young Adult Group this fall.

Photo courtesy Wynona Vaz

Verso l'alto: The young adult call to live beyond the ordinary

By Wynona Vaz

Our parish has something for everyone. We have a moms' group for moms with young children seeking community. We have a men's group for those looking to engage in fellowship with other like-minded men. We have a youth ministry for school-age children and teens. Adult Bible studies and prayer groups meet, often weekly. These are just some of the many groups open to parishioners.

But what about young adults? What groups are available to young people, both single and married, who are in college or returning to the parish after being away for school or work? While our parish has many wonderful ministries, it has never had anything specifically for this demographic.

The U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops (USCCB) emphasizes the value in supporting young adults through this pivotal phase of life. In the 1996 national pastoral plan known as *Sons and Daughters of the Light*, the bishops outlined the framework for the Church's outreach to young adults, ages 18 to 39. The bishops recognized that young adults provide a valuable and unique perspective that needs to be appreciated in the life of the Church. With intentional pastoral ministry to young adults, "the Church can offer young adults a vision of life based on faith that calls each of them to holiness, community and service (Sons and Daughters of the Light)."

While this framework is helpful, it also highlights some unique challenges. Young adults must be able

to seek a relationship with Jesus through spiritual direction, religious education and vocational discernment. They need support to understand the mission of the Church in a constantly changing world. They must be able to connect to the Church through the formation of a faith community.

In the light of this mission, the Holy Spirit Young Adult Group was created earlier this year. Our goal is to encourage meaningful programming and support for those college age and older in our parish. We are striving to help young adults grow in knowledge of their faith, and let them know that they have a place within the parish.

During this past year, we have sponsored two different *Ascension Press* Bible studies, a Mardi Gras celebration, the fall "Catholic Education" series (that was open to all parishioners), and several "Rosary and Dessert" nights. Looking forward, we have a gathering planned at Wheat Head Brewing Co with a food drive, and a Christmas event in December. And this is only the beginning! The group is growing and eager to create opportunities for faith formation, personal growth and community.

Pope Francis recognized the need to prioritize the younger generation, and Pope Leo XIV continues this mission. When Pope Leo XIV canonized Pier Giorgio Frassati in September along with Carlo Acutis, these

(Continued on page 14)

Our Lady of Fatima and St. Pope John Paul II

By Cindy Ellis

During our Marion Pilgrimage this past spring, we were given the opportunity to visit the museum at Fatima. It contains many beautiful objects including rosaries, clothing, jewelry, flags, and so much more. However, one of the most interesting items was this beautiful crown.

The crown was created to honor our Blessed Mother during her canonical coronation on May 13, 1946. Portuguese women gave their gold and precious jewels for the creation of this crown. They did so to say thank you to Our Lady for keeping Portugal out of the second world war. The crown was created by the "crown jewelers" of Portugal at no cost and completed in 1942. While this is a remarkable story in itself, it is not the main point of this article.

On May 13, 1981 Pope John Paul II was shot by a Turkish gunman at St. Peter's Square in Vatican City -- on the feast day of our Lady of Fatima. He was shot twice with a 9mm semi-automatic pistol and lost a substantial amount of blood. One of the bullets, which barely missed a major artery and only grazed some internal organs, ended up in his Jeep. John Paul II later attributed his survival to the direct intervention of our Blessed Mother. He stated, "It was a mother's hand that guided the bullet's path."

On May 13, 1982, a year after the assassination attempt, the pope made a trip to Portugal to thank Our Lady of Fatima for saving him and to offer her the bullet that nearly cost him his life.

When the original crown maker's family was given the bullet, they were astonished to find that there was one empty space where the eight arches from the crown met where the bullet fit perfectly. The bullet was inserted into this empty space, soldered with gold, thus completing the crown. It was as if the crown was waiting for the bullet to fill this space.

When I first heard this story of how the bullet came to be in the crown I was visibly shaken. I, too, am sure that our Blessed Mother had her hand in guiding that bullet away from the vital organs of our Holy Father. But to be so close to it and to her in Fatima was a feeling I will not soon forget.



Feel the Mass with all your senses

By Linda Rego

While attending a recent Mass, a visiting priest was presiding. It was evident that English was not his first nor most comfortable language. I am grateful for all holy men of God all over the world who have chosen service as priests in the church. Without them our spiritual lives would be very barren and difficult.

Still, when I saw this priest walk down the aisle to serve us that evening, I bemoaned the fact that I wouldn't understand much of the Mass. I wondered to myself, how am I going to pay attention reverently when I don't know what is being said.

God must have heard my frustration because sud-

denly that holy man of God stepped up to the altar to consecrate the sacrifice and he began to sing the Mass. He had a good voice and strangely I could understand his every word as he sang the prayers over the body and blood of the lamb. I thought of Pentecost; his words were clear.

I learned something that night. There will be times when the Mass is not easily understood for a variety of reasons -- a priest's accent, poor acoustics in the sanctuary, or attending Mass in a foreign country, to name a few. But God created us with more than two senses, and we need to use them all to truly absorb

(Continued on page 13)

Sacraments

*Sacred, visible signs of God's loving grace and presence to humanity.
Sacraments manifest the faith of the Christian community on Earth.*

Baptisms

We welcome the following who were baptized into the
Holy Spirit Parish Catholic Community from
May 1, 2025 through October 31, 2025

Adalynn Marie Thomas
Miriam Zipporah Maier
Magdalene Joy Anna May
Bryson Miguel Vargas
Emma Rosali Vargas
Olivia Rae Vargas
Camden Patrick Leahy
Sylvia Juliette Gilbride
Olivia Sage Pedroza
Rose Lavern Carnevale
Amelia Rose Lumetta
Peter Gregory Barany
Dylan Frances Finch
William Michael Gilbert



Deaths

May 1, 2025 through October 31, 2025

Please pray for the souls of our deceased parishioners.
May they rest in peace.

Arnold Guittard Nacar
Robert Wayne Walsborn
Mary Lou Kaip
Steve J. McDonald
Judson "Tim" Mello
Angelo John Tavernaro
Roger Ellig
Paul Stein



First Communion

October 22, 2025

William Michael Gilbert

Disbursements from Holy Spirit Conference of St. Vincent de Paul

April 1 through September 30, 2025

The Mission of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul: "A network of friends, inspired by Gospel values, growing in holiness and building a more just world through personal relationships with and service to people in need."

Total disbursement to the needy who contacted Holy Spirit
Conference of St. Vincent de Paul for help: \$27,085.26

Total number of neighbors helped financially: 426

Larger disbursements:

- * Utilities: 10,968.74 (51 neighbors)
- * Gas: \$7,669.82 (102 neighbors)
- * Rent: \$2,069 (10 neighbors)
- * Food: \$3,200 (78 neighbors)

Total number of calls to the helpline: 296

Administrative costs: \$498.73

Parishioner contributions: \$23,624.47

Newsworthy: Both requests and assistance disbursements doubled this period over the same period last year. Donations were up about 15%.

Thank you so much, parish family, for your generous support!



By the grace of God go “The G-Men”

(Continued from page 1)

interest in the group, but due to conflicts with Tuesday morning, the growing group shifted to Thursday morning McDonald's meetings. Soon, an elevated taste for coffee took us across the street to what was then Espresso World. (Today, the group meets at Wake Up Call on Edison Street.)

We began by reading the upcoming Sunday scriptures, but after a couple of full cycles, decided to branch out. We have read Papal Encyclicals (recently completing *Rerum Novarum* in honor of our new Pope Leo), spiritual classics such as *The Imitation of Christ*, philosophical and theological works (to Mike Thurman's chagrin), and other literature that challenges us to grow in our faith and spurs discussion. Lest we sound too holy, significant time is also spent on sports, hunting and fishing, funny stories, bigfoot speculation and solving world problems. We conclude our get-together with each of our intentions and prayer.

The G-Men also maintain an active text chain with our 17 current members where we share jokes and memes and photos, but most importantly, it is a place where we go when we have urgent needs for prayer. We occasionally stray away from our coffee house for get-togethers, even scaling Mount Adams together. But mostly, it is our Thursday morning ritual that binds us.

I asked some G-Men to share thoughts, and they are all so similar. As one member observed, “the G-Men are my brothers and have accompanied me through joy, sadness, illnesses and death for the last 20 years.”

Each member expresses a love for this brotherhood and an appreciation of men stepping up to support our parishes. Perhaps this quote best sums it up, “This fellowship is an amazing blend of shooting the breeze with my buddies and diving deeper into my faith life with my brothers.”

While space limits extended introductions, the original G-Men include: Deacon Mike Gaulke, Gil



Practicing not only spiritual, but also physical health, a group of G-Men fly the Holy Spirit flag atop 12,276-foot Mount Adams.

Photo courtesy Joe Schroeder

Garcia, Russ Haffner, Rob Privette, Mike Thurman and Joe Schroeder. Other members who have joined along the way include Jerry Johnson (10 years); Chris Protzman (10); Paul Davis (10); Greg Jones (8); John Hanson (7); Augie Auchiang (7); Jerry Roach (6); Pat Clapper (3); Bob Baemmert (2); Mike Campbell (2); and Terrance Casey (1)

We continue to invite men to share in our fellowship. Some men have come but found other callings. Some members have moved away. If you have not been invited yet, just show up at the Wake Up Call near Kamiakin High School on Thursdays at 6:30. You will be welcomed as a brother.

Oh, and why the G-Men? We quickly discovered that many of our favorite things begin with “G,” God being number one. But we also like golf, sharing a growler of beer, and our saving grace, our gals (our beloved wives with whom we’ve collectively shared nearly 700 years of marriage!). But most importantly, we simply strive to be God’s Men, the G-Men.

Voice of the Spirit volunteer editors: Dieter Bohrmann and Erica Hohl. Special thanks to contributors for this issue: Marjie Sloon, Cindy Ellis, Joe Bliss, Theresa Barnaby, Carlos Leon, Judy Cleary, Pat Gardner, Wynona Vaz, Linda Rego, Glenn Hollenberg, Joe Schroeder, Emma Bacon, Teddy Herrera, Jr., and Debbie Forgette. The Voice of the Spirit is published each spring and fall and distributed to parishioners.

The newsletter is also available on Holy Spirit's website, <https://holyspiritkennewick.org>. Articles, photos and story ideas are always welcome! If you would like to help, please contact Dieter at 509-987-3158 or dgbormann@gmail.com.



Forever young—or at least young at heart

(Continued from page 3)

I'm OK with that. I've had good teachers.

So let me pass on a little of the wisdom that I've learned. To all you Gen X, Millennials, Gen Z, Alphas and beyond, we Boomers have been your age and survived to tell about it. Have you been our age? Not yet, but by the grace of God someday you will be. Watch us now and learn how you want to be at this age, and

how you want to be treated. Peel back our layers and find the fascinating human beings we've always been.

And to us "older" people, I say don't be a relic. In the paraphrased words of singer/songwriter Rod Stewart, "Be courageous and be brave ... And in our hearts we'll always stay, forever young."

In the face of Eternity, we're just getting started.

Parishioners among USS Triton crew

(Continued from page 2)

He had worked on the prototype for the Triton during nuclear training on the East Coast and read "Around the World Submerged: The Voyage of the Triton," penned by the Triton's captain, Edward Beach, in 1962.

Looking to serve on a nuclear boat in particular, Carey chose the Triton upon completing his training.

Tarcza joined the military after graduating high school, originally hoping to be an engineman. He ended up as a boilerman instead, then was asked if he had interest in the nuclear power program. Though Tarcza didn't know much about it at the time, he agreed to sign up to serve on a submarine.

He spent two and a half years on the Triton, from 1964-66, most of the time out at sea, he said.

Tri-Cities reunion

Carey went on to serve on five other submarines before retiring from the Navy in 1991 as a captain. Originally from Pennsylvania, he came to the Tri-Cities to work in operations at Hanford.

Tarcza left the Navy as a machinist's mate in 1971 and also ended up in the Tri-Cities in the '80s after working for an insurance company which did boiler and pressure vessel inspections.

When he interviewed for work at the Hanford site, he learned that his interviewer had served aboard the Triton as well. The nuclear background of many submariners meant there were a lot of them at the site, Tarcza said.

The Triton "follows me wherever I go," Tarcza said.

Carey said he likes having a piece of the Triton in the area. "That's real special for me."

Tarcza said that the Port of Benton called on him and Carey to help figure out how to put the Triton sail together when it was moved to the north Richland park, and Tarcza recalled the port gathering oral histories from those who served during Operation Sandblast.

The recent dedication was like a reunion, Tarcza said, with several meetups throughout the weekend. "It's amazing. I still keep in touch with some of them," he said.

Feel the Mass with all your senses

(Continued from page 10)

the Mass.

These are the things God reminded me:

Use your eyes. Watch the Mass. Observe the priest's hands as he prays. The position of his hands tell you what he is doing and when the consecration happens. Use your eyes to follow along as the readings and the Gospel is proclaimed.

Use your ears. Listen to the Mass. Hear and do your best to understand the words spoken. Listen to the music.

Use your nerve senses. Feel the music. Let the vibrations penetrate your soul and lift your spirit.

Use your mouth. Taste the sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ. Sing the Hosannas and proclaim your creed loud and proud. Say AMEN loudly when the body and blood of Christ are offered to you in the communion line. Shout the Alleluias!

Use your nose. Smell the holy oils and the incense when they are present. Remember too, that these smells signal a special holiness of that Mass.

Yes, I heard God's gentle reminder that night. Let the Holy Spirit lead me to Mass wherever I am, and let the Holy Spirit guide all of my senses to be a more attentive child of God. Amen.

Church, Klan conflicts hit close to home

(Continued from page 7)

Later in 1922 Powell moved his recruiting to Vancouver, Wash., then later up to Seattle and Bellingham. In Washington, a similar number of recruits (perhaps 40,000) were generated but were not able to corrupt state politics to the same degree as in Oregon. In 1924, the Klan held a rally in Issaquah with over 13,000 attending. The Klan had enough support to kill a bill that would have outlawed the wearing of hoods and masks in public.

By 1924, Initiative 49, which was referred to as the “K.K.K. Anti School Bill,” was modeled after the Oregon bill to eliminate Catholic schools and was proposed but was never passed in Washington. By this time, Lutherans and other religions were recognizing these bills would also impact them.

The west side appeared to be the center of the Klan activity in Washington, but recruiting was also conducted in Eastern Washington. The real thrust of the Klan in Eastern Washington was in the Yakima Valley during 1923, which is sometimes referred to as “The Battle of Wapato.” Japanese immigrants at the time were barred from owning land by Washington state law, but they cleverly started to lease and

purchase land from the Yakama tribe and were very successful in farming that land. The Klan organized at least five rallies with cross burnings and parades in the Yakima Valley. This effort failed because the Yakama tribe and local businesses supported the Japanese.

With the failure of the Compulsory School Bill in Oregon, lawmakers in several other states dropped legislation that was modeled after that bill. The support for Klan along the entire West Coast diminished by the late 1920s, relegating it to a minor political effort. In addition, the recruitment campaign of Powell and other leaders was exposed as a method of self-enrichment. The Klan had another problem in that they espoused patriotism but were still involved in hate crimes. The local leaders (including Powell) joined the Silver Shirts, which was primarily an anti-Semitic group and not an anti-Catholic organization.

In the end, the triumph of a small order of nuns and the Knights of Columbus more than 100 years ago should not be diminished, as their resistance to the Klan helped preserve Catholic education in the Northwest.

Verso l'alto

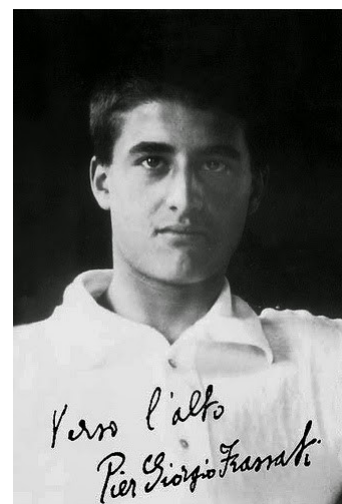
(Continued from page 9)

two new saints were named the patrons for young adults and youth. “Verso l'alto” has become a rallying cry for young Catholics around the world. This phrase, attributed to St. Pier Giorgio Frassati, inspires people to live with purpose, courage and joy — always climbing toward truth, beauty and love. As a community, through the intercession of St. Pier Giorgio Frassati, we ask the parish to continue to support the young adult ministry in this goal.

If you're interested in learning more about the Young Adult Group, contact Wynona Vaz at holyspirityoungadultgroup@gmail.com and keep an eye on the bulletin for upcoming events.

Prayer for Saint Pier Giorgio Frassati

*Heavenly Father, give us the courage
to strive for the highest goals,
to flee every temptation to be mediocre.
Enable us to aspire to greatness, as Pier Giorgio did,
and to open our hearts in joy to your call to holiness.
Free us from the fear of failure.
We want to be, Lord, firmly and forever united to you.
Grant us the graces we ask thee through
Saint Pier Giorgio Frassati's intercession,
by the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ.*



Holy assembly



The priests of the Yakima Diocese gathered for their annual convocation earlier this fall at Christ the King Parish in Richland. The week of meetings culminated with a special Mass led by former Holy Spirit pastor Msgr. Ecker, which was attended by many Holy Spirit parishioners. Holy Spirit priests Father O'Shea and Father Michael were recognized for their 65 years and 25 years in the priesthood, respectively. Both also received a special Apostolic Blessing from Pope Leo XIV. Congratulations to both our priests on these special milestones!

Photos courtesy Emma Bacon

Scout project spruces up PCC entrance

(Continued from page 8)

someone to turn off the water so we could cap off the pipe. I also had to send someone to Lowe's to purchase the cap for the pipe. Other than that the project went very smoothly.

Voice: Did you have a team helping you?

TH: I had fellow Scouts, scouting adults, family, and friends from school and Life Teen all come to help. The most difficult tasks were digging out dirt and laying the rock, so the bulk of the work done was there. Everyone was helping the entire time with whatever needed doing, and I am very appreciative of that.

Voice: What did you learn about leadership while completing this project?

TH: One thing I learned is how hard it is to be your friends' boss. I had to curb my want to hang out with them as I directed them on

the work that needed to be done. I had to act like the manager I was supposed to be during the project.

Voice: How did your faith or your connection to the Holy Spirit community influence your project?

TH: When I announced my project to the church at Mass I had so many people come up to me and ask how they could help. I was very appreciative of their willingness to help, and it made me want to do an even better job to make everyone proud. And calling on my Life Teen friends for help and having them answer the call made me feel supported not just in the project, but also I now know I can ask for help from them or the church anytime.

Voice: What was the most rewarding part of the experience for you?

TH: Going to Mass and Life Teen every weekend and seeing my project standing there.

Voice: How do you hope parish members will use and enjoy the completed project in the years to come?

TH: I hope parishioners can use this area outside of the PCC more, not only as a place to sit, but possibly also as a place to pray outside in God's beautiful outdoors.

Voice: Now that your project is finished, what's next for you — in Scouting, school, or your faith journey?

TH: I have attained my Eagle Scout Award and turned 18 years old. This means I have aged out of Boy Scouts. But while my time as a Scout has ended, what I have learned will not be forgotten. I plan to go to college to be a mechanical engineer in fall of 2026, and later I may pursue a teaching degree to share my love of learning.

Thank you, Teddy, for this practical addition to the PCC grounds and your dedication to Holy Spirit Parish!

VOICE OF THE SPIRIT

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Upcoming Events

December 14, 2:00 p.m., Christmas Pageant
December 15, 6:30 p.m., Advent Penance Service at Holy Spirit
December 24, 5:00 p.m., 10:00 p.m., Christmas Eve Masses
December 25, 9:30 a.m., Christmas Day Mass
December 31, 5:00 p.m., Solemnity of Mary (New Year's Eve) Vigil Mass
January 1, 9:30 a.m., Solemnity of Mary (New Year's Day) Mass

Voice of the Spirit is online!

Can't get enough of the Parish newsletter? An archive of issues dating back more than 10 years is available on Holy Spirit's website. Visit <https://holyspiritkennewick.org> and look for the Voice of the Spirit link under the "Parish Life" tab.

The newsletter is published each spring and fall and distributed to parishioners via mail and Flocknotes. Content submissions and story ideas are accepted year-round, and volunteer writers are always welcome!

For more information about the newsletter or questions on how to submit an article, please call, text, or email Dieter Bohrmann at 509-987-3158 or dgbohrmann@gmail.com.