Voice of the Spirit

Parish of the Holy Spirit

Summer 2026

A place to BELIEVE… BELONG… BECOME

Badger Mountain high

Parishioners pray Stations of the Cross on annual Good Friday hike



A tradition that began in 2011 with a small group of men from Holy Spirit has grown to include parishioners of all ages.

Photo courtesy Mike Gaulke

By Mike Gaulke

Every Good Friday, parishioners from Holy Spirit have observed the solemnity of the day by praying the Stations of the Cross while hiking up Badger Mountain in Richland.

For 15 years, neither rain, shine, fog, nor wind has interrupted this tradition. Our "Stations on Badger" even continued through 2020, adaptation keeping the tradition alive despite COVID-19 restrictions.

What began in 2011 with just a small band of people has grown into a gathering of 35 to 40 participants of all ages and fitness levels. Truly ecumenical, the group warmly welcomes people of all faiths. This past Good Friday, our hikers ranged in age from 8 to 78 years old!

The tradition started with a group of men — affectionately known as the "G-Men" — who regularly hiked Badger Mountain in preparation for a climb up Mount Adams later that year. (See the cover story on the G-Men in the last issue of the newsletter)

During those training sessions, we would often recite prayers like the Rosary or ask for the intercession of Blessed (now Saint) Pier Giorgio Frassati, the patron saint of mountaineers. One of the

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Faith Journey

Following God's calling

By Charlie Little

My name is Charlie Little. I am 21 years old and a recent graduate in Business Administration. I became Catholic at Easter of 2025, and this is my story.

I was born into a Protestant home with a largely Scottish Congregational and Pentecostal background. Faith was always present in my household growing up, though it did not necessarily shape the way we lived day to day. Faith was often something we practiced on Sunday rather than something we carried into Monday. I do not remember praying before meals except at Sunday dinner with my grandparents, reading the Bible regularly at home, or even seeing one around the house very often. Nonetheless, I always felt the calling of God in my life and believed I had a purpose for being.

I continued on this path of knowing about God but not fully living for Him throughout my childhood and adolescence. As life presented challenges, however, it became clear that a shallow faith alone could not sustain me.

At 17, I met Sara Christensen, who was Catholic. I knew intellectually that dating was not simply something casual or recreational, but rather something tied to God's purpose and our call to serve Him. It was then that I picked up a Bible at Barnes & Noble and began seriously searching.

While still attending my Protestant church, Sara and I made an agreement that we would equally share in each other's church experiences. At first, we both misunderstood aspects of each other's traditions, partly because of poor communication and partly because of the cultural and theological differences between us. There was a genuine language barrier that we had to work through.

For the next three years, I struggled deeply. Looking back, I can only describe much of it as stubbornness and pride. I did not have negative experiences with Catholicism, but the idea of embracing something different from what I had always known felt overwhelming.



Charlie and Sara celebrated the sacrament of marriage on June 6.
Photo courtesy Charlie Little

By God's grace, and through the prayers and influence of the Christensen family — especially the witness of Sara's dad, John, as a Catholic husband and father, along with his brother-in-law Ben's conversion story and active engagement with the faith — something finally changed in me on July 4, 2024, while visiting Sara's aunt Amy and uncle Ben.

For the first time, I no longer saw the Church merely as a place I had occasionally attended. I saw a community: God's community, united not by an organization or business model, but by Christ Himself.

From there, I began digging even deeper. I watched lectures online, read the Church Fathers, listened to Bishop Barron, and read book after book. The teachings I once found intimidating or difficult gradually became sources of beauty and meaning. I realized that the problem was not the faith itself, but that I did not yet know how to receive it.

In September 2024, John became my sponsor, and together we began discussing the faith seriously and living it more intentionally. We attended OCIA together, shared new things we had learned, and participated more fully in Catholic life.

I came to realize that faith is not merely something we claim to believe, but something we grow into by living it. I developed a deep respect for priests, whom I had once not fully understood, and the practices and traditions I once considered strict or extreme began to appear beautiful

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Marjie's Corner

The Mermaid Disciple

By Marjie Sloon

Editor's note: We reached into the archives for this gem. This column was originally published in the October 2014 issue of Voice of the Spirit, when the author's now high school-aged granddaughter was just a toddler.

My 3-year-old granddaughter is a mermaid. Not just a mermaid, but a mermaid princess.

I know this because she wears a tiara and a tail. To the untrained eye the tail looks like a pillowcase pulled up under her arms, her chubby toddler feet stuffed into the corners. But my eye is trained. Granddaughter has trained me, her "Mimi", well. Not only do I see that she is a mermaid princess, I do her bidding. I carry her sideways so she can "swim", tail flapping in the current.

"Mimi, carry me!" she commands, and I do it. Granddaughter has learned that Mimi will do just about anything she asks.

One day while in the car with her mom, she saw the Golden Arches. "Mommy!" she said, "I want fwench fwies!" Her mommy first said no, but Baby Girl persisted. "I want fwench fwies!" Finally in exasperation her mommy said, "I don't have any money." Granddaughter was silent for a brief moment, and then said, "Mimi has money." It doesn't take little people long to get their grandparents figured out.

Last Christmas, our son-in-law was still in his job training, so our daughter was on a tight budget. She decided to make a bathrobe for Baby Girl as a present. Together they perused the fabric aisles, searching for the right material. Of course Baby Girl knew it immediately when she saw the "Dora the Explorer" polar fleece. Mommy checked the price. Yikes! A power struggle ensued, Mommy trying to explain that the fabric was not on sale. Baby Girl burst into tears and in a loud voice sobbed, "But Mommy, I asked Jeeesus!"

Needless to say, when I heard this, the check was in the mail to purchase the Dora material. My reasoning: we have to help teach these little ones that Jesus does indeed hear their cries.

Our grandchildren are being taught to talk to Jesus, in their bedtime prayers, in Grace before dinner and at Mass. These little ones believe. On Sunday morning the mermaid princess was told that they were getting ready for church. "I don't want to go to church," she said. When she realized staying home was not an option, she stated, "I'm going to be loud." There's a little devil in our angel.

I told my daughter that she needs to tell the mermaid princess that being naughty in church will make Jesus sad. My daughter said, "Oh, you mean I shouldn't just threaten her with no cookie after Mass if she doesn't behave?" A mom's gotta do what a mom's gotta do.

But these moments are presented to us so that we may teach the children about sin, the choice to make Jesus sad. When I was a child, I had one set of Methodist grandparents. Gramma never talked to me about Jesus. She would tell me that she'd gone to church, and about her friends



there, but never about Jesus and what made Him happy or sad.

I think Gramma was put off by my branch of the family tree being Catholic. She hadn't wanted her son to marry a Catholic woman and my mom had a long memory for slights. The unspoken tension between them on that subject kept ALL things on that topic unspoken. I'm glad she respected our religious difference, but I also believe talking about our love for Father, Son and Holy Spirit – that which all Christians hold in common – would have been a good thing.

Now I'm the grandmother, the "Mimi". And what kind of Mimi will I be? One not afraid to tell my grandkids that Jesus loves them. That God made us and everything around us, and it is good. One that respects that my sons-in-law come from families that are not Catholic, but one that believes we're all God's children and we have common ground.

Jesus told us to go and make disciples of all nations. Nothing would make me happier than to help make a disciple out of our precious mermaid princess.

Especially if she's loud.

No Joke: Parish Mission was a hit

Fr. Tony's unique brand of preaching connects with younger parishioner

By Zachary Ramos



Father Tony Ricard visited Holy Spirit in April for our Parish Mission. I heard him preach at Mass on Sunday and he also spoke at my Edge class later that evening. And then I got to hear his talks on Monday and Tuesday at his mission.

Father Tony brings an enthusiastic energy to his homilies. You can tell he loves what he does, infusing jokes and his own stories into his teachings.

But his jokes aren't the main thing that makes his lessons great. He's relatable, too. At Edge (the middle school youth group), he shared his story of how he became a priest. He told us that he wasn't actually thinking about becoming a priest when he was our age. But later in life, God sent signs to him, like making him a teacher at a school across the street from a seminary, and that's what got him started on his journey to be a priest.

He taught us that you don't have to be dedicated early in life to the priestly vocation. I still keep priesthood as an option for what I want to be as an adult.

Father Tony really brought a unique vibe to our church that week. I think it really was fitting that he didn't actually call it a mission, but a revival. In a way, it renewed my curiosity to learn more about God. Father Tony's a really cool guy and I'm glad he visited our parish.

Father Tony Ricard from the Archdiocese of New Orleans led our Parish Mission in April. Father Tony also serves as the chaplain of the New Orleans Saints.

Photo courtesy New Orleans Magazine

The Eucharistic Miracle at Santarém

By Cindy Ellis

One of the most spiritually significant stops on our 2025 Marian Pilgrimage was to the city of Santarém, Portugal. This is the site of the Eucharistic miracle that occurred in 1266.

As the story goes, a poor, faithful Catholic woman was married to a man who was unfaithful to her. She had lived with this for some time and eventually sought the help of a local sorceress. The sorceress said that she could help the woman but demanded a consecrated host for payment.

On Febuary 16, 1266, the woman attended Mass at St. Stephen in Santarém. After receiving the host, she slid it out of her mouth and hid it in her veil. She started toward the home of the sorceress but stopped when she realized her hands had become wet. She looked down to see blood dripping out of the veil. People stopped to make sure she was okay as they thought she was injured.

Confused and more than a little frightened, she hurried to her own home instead and hid the Eucharist in a trunk. Her husband returned home that afternoon and she did not say a word to him about what she had done. In the middle of the night, they both awoke to a bright light coming from the trunk and illuminating the entire house. The woman confessed to her husband what she had done. They both knelt in adoration and repentance until dawn.

At daybreak, the parish priest was informed (along with half of the small village) and the townspeople rushed to the couple's home. The priest retrieved the bleeding host and



The Eucharistic Miracle of Santarém is one of the most famous and recognized Eucharistic miracles in the world.

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Every day should be Mother's Day

Time alone with small child draws new appreciation for moms

By Joe Bliss

While I know that Mother's Day has come and gone, I'd still like to offer a little tribute to all the mothers at Holy Spirit Parish. Our church is home to both seasoned mothers with a lifetime of experience and those still discovering the way.

I teach second-grade and help lead LifeTeen, so I have at least some confidence when dealing with children who are no younger than 7 years old. Yet, when it comes to the smallest of children, the ones that don't talk or walk or have teeth, my confidence plummets. That is to say, I have *no* confidence whatsoever. While I don't know what it's like to be a mother, I did spend a little over an hour with a baby one time and I think every mother should know about it. It happened 16 years ago, but the trauma is still fresh.

"Oh, we won't be long," my sister said, using a tone she likely felt would comfort me. "An hour at most," she concluded with a quick wave of her hand — the kind of wave people use when they're lying. She kept her eyes low, stepping like a ballerina around a square blanket resting on the floor. In the middle of that square, resting happily on his back, was my 6-month-old nephew, Hunter. His eyes focused on the new world that spun curiously around him, legs kicking and tiny fists stabbing the air above him. All the while, his small voice cooed and chirped happily.

I knew nothing about babies. I had no children of my own, so my limited experience with babies had always come with a nearby mother. Every childless uncle knows that a nearby mother makes babies less scary. She stands, always at the ready, like a two-legged emergency exit. She will sweep in at the slightest sign of trouble, those times when you are doing it all wrong. She isn't supposed to leave you alone — ever. Yet, that is exactly what I faced.

I looked at Hunter, lying just a few inches from my feet. His legs now quiet and still, fists no longer punching the air. He wasn't moving the way he had just moments ago, and I knew he could sense it as clearly as I could. She was leaving. I stared at Hunter and he stared at me. Those beautiful eyes opened up like tiny teleprompters. I could read his every thought, and I was certain he knew it.

As my sister wished us luck and closed the door behind her, an eerie silence settled over the room. I stared at Hunter. Hunter stared at the ceiling, unmoving. I lifted my eyes to the clock above the fireplace. I could hear its tick…tick…tick.

Then it began. The sound of it was small but ominous – a kind of infant warning that we were on a steep, slippery slope. I dropped to my knees, hovering over my tiny nephew like a ghost. I looked for the nearest baby toy, grabbed it, and dangled it above his head. His face softened, the crying stopped, and I watched as his eyes tried to focus on the bright, plastic object suddenly swinging above his nose. He grabbed the toy with his fat fingers and began stuffing as much of it as he could into his mouth. I stared down in amazement at a happy baby. For that minute, the world was right.

Alas, the moment did not last. The crying returned, lifting the fog of silence and creating in me an unnatural and nearly irresistible urge to run away. I didn't run, though. Instead, I lifted him from the ground and cradled him awkwardly in my arms.

I stood in the middle of the room, looking down at the unhappy little



The author in a peaceful moment with his now teenage nephew, Hunter.

Photo courtesy Joe Bliss

nephew that I love. His head was on my chest, his back arched, his face a constant reminder that I was doing it all wrong. I danced him into another room and placed him softly on the bed, wondering if a change in scenery was all he really needed. It wasn't. His face turned a furious shade of red, his hands balled into tiny fists. His arms were trembling when he looked at me with those teleprompter eyes.

He was crying now in the kind of way that makes you angry with mommy for leaving. I swept him up from the bed, twirling him around in circles as I softly sang an impromptu lullaby that was dangerously close to having profane lyrics.

And then I walked — that's all I did. I had walked about 10 feet when the crying slowed. I could actually feel him grow heavier as his body relaxed in my arms. So I continued to wander, and baby Hunter was silenced by the rhythm of my steps. Finally, some

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Our Catholic History

Coming to America

By Glenn Hollenberg and Carlos Leon

Editor's note: This is part one of what will be a four-part series on the history of Catholicism in the United States.

The classic 1988 film "Coming to America", starring Eddie Murphy, depicting an African prince's quest to find happiness and a bride in the United States, inspired this series of articles on Catholics coming to America in search of a better life.

Two distinct but overlapping groups led to the introduction of Catholicism in America: missionaries and settlers. The first three articles in this series will chronicle the original Catholic missions and settlements in the contiguous United States, and are divided into Spanish, French and English settlements. The final article in the series will review the "Great Wave" of Irish, German and Italian immigrants during the last half of the 1800s.

Today's article will focus on the Spanish settlements. Generally, kings financed these settlements and expected converts, precious metals, furs, a captive market, etc. in return.

The Spanish Colonization and Missionaries

The Spanish exploration of the New World started with Christopher Columbus's visits to the Caribbean in 1492. but he never set foot on the contiguous U.S.

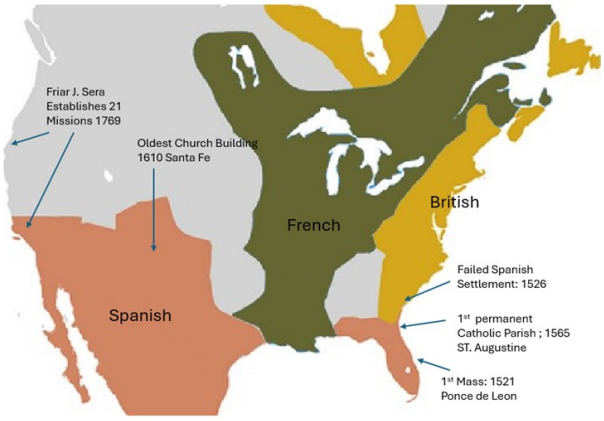
In 1513 the first Mass in the U.S. was celebrated during Ponce de Leon's search for "the Fountain of Youth." Making landfall on a lush site, he named this new land *La Florida,* which translates to "the land of flowers."

In 1526, Lucas Aylion tried to establish a Catholic settlement somewhere near the Georgia-South Carolina border. Of the 600 original settlers only 150 were rescued from the failed colony.

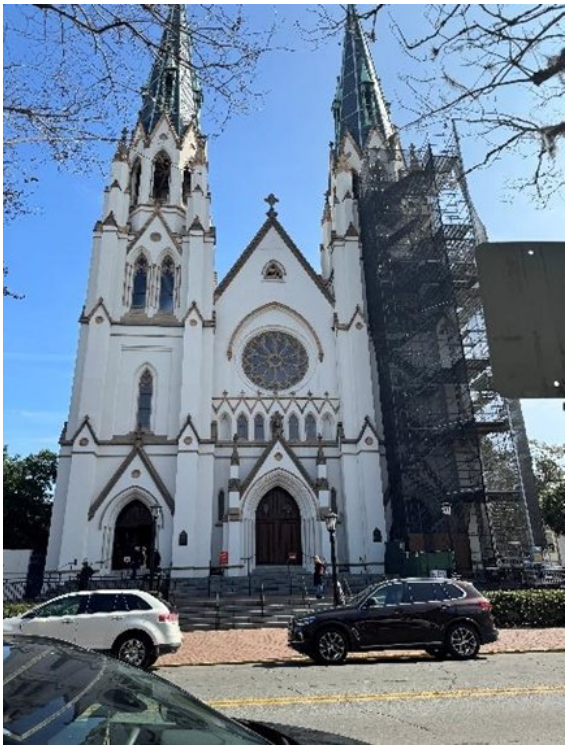
Meanwhile down in Florida, there were several expeditions but with little success in gaining converts. Expeditions were either forcefully combative (e.g., De Soto, 1539) or the missionaries were killed by the natives (e.g., Càncer de Barbastro, 1549).

In 1565, St. Augustine, Florida, was established as an important settlement for Spain, 42 years before the British established the Jamestown colony. Globally, it provided safe refuge from pirates as treasure-ladened galleons headed back to Europe. St. Augustine was continually attacked by British war ships, who were aligned with the buccaneers. In response, the Spanish built a massive fortress to protect the city.

Locally, St. Augustine provided a base of operations for 100 missions throughout Florida and estimated 26,000



The areas colonized by Spain, France and England are roughly shown as they were in the mid-1700s.



The Cathedral Basilica in St. Augustine, Florida, is known as the first continuous Catholic congregation in the United States.

converts by 1655. The congregation at the Cathedral Basilica in the center of town is known as the first continuous Catholic congregation in the U.S.

Earlier in the 1500s, Cortez and his conquistadors drove into central Mexico looking for precious metals such as

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The gift of selfless service

Inspiring quotes on the power of volunteering

By Linda Rego

I was recently asked why I volunteer. I really don't remember my exact answer. I probably mumbled something about having time to spare because I am not working anymore. But really, it got me thinking that I should have a better answer.

"Doing" for others was something my parents taught me by example. They did for others what they were able to do, because they could. Their logic was simple: If you can, you should. So, thanks to my parents I have always volunteered whenever I was able, even when I had a full-time job and family. Volunteering to do good for others is the right thing to do, and with God's blessing I will do so as long as I am able.

Anyway, this made me run to Google to find some inspiration. I found these thoughts about volunteerism from some famous people that I hope will also inspire you.

"Volunteering is at the very core of being a human. No one has made it through life without someone else's help." – Heather French Henry

"As you grow older, you will discover that you have two hands — one for helping yourself, the other for helping others." — Audrey Hepburn

"Volunteers don't get paid, not because they're worthless, but because they're priceless." – Sherry Anderson

"The best way to find yourself is to lose yourself in the service of others." – *Gandhi*

"Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world; indeed, it's the only thing that ever has." – Margaret Mead

"We make a living by what we get. We make a life by what we give." – Winston Churchill

"Alone we can do so little; together we can do so much." – Helen Keller

"Life's most persistent and urgent question is, what are you doing for others?" – Martin Luther King, Jr.

"Volunteers do not necessarily have the time; they have the heart." – Elizabeth Andrew

"Service to others is the rent you pay for your room here on earth." – Muhammad Ali



About 50 volunteers turned out for Holy Spirit's Spring Cleanup Day in April to spruce up the church grounds. Volunteering is a great way to serve your community.

Photo courtesy Bernie Ip

"Volunteering is an act of heroism on a grand scale. And it matters profoundly. It does more than help people beat the odds; it changes the odds." – William J. Clinton

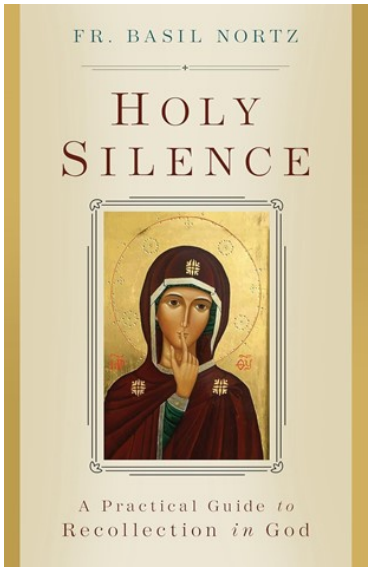
"The quality of your life will be determined by the quality of your contribution. When you work to improve the lives of others, your life improves automatically." – Kurek Ashley

"Start where you are. Use what you have. Do what you can." – Arthur Ashe

"Only by giving are you able to receive more than you already have." – Jim Rohn

"You give but little when you give of your possessions. It is when you give of yourself that you truly give." – Kahlil Gibran

Book Review - By Theresa Barnaby



Holy Silence: A Practical Guide to Recollection in God
By Fr. Basil Nortz

In a world filled with so much stuff, Fr. Basil Nortz's book *Holy Silence* is a little piece of quiet and calm. Fr. Basil, who is part of the Order of Canons Regular of the Holy Cross, tells us that silence doesn't just mean being quiet or cutting down your screen time. Instead, it is a beautiful way for us to be available for God to talk to us. Breaking it down into simple steps, he starts with us learning to be quiet on the outside and then moves us into an internal quiet.

The book builds upon *The Twelve Degrees of Silence*, written in the mid- to late 1800s by Sister Marie-Aimée de Jésus, a 19th-century Carmelite nun from France. We learn that by nurturing these degrees of silence, we can filter out the noise and distractions of our busy days to hear God's voice more clearly.

Silence isn't just the absence of sound, but a way to better connect with God. It's not easy to find the time to let our soul be still, but doing so gives us a chance to hear God's voice and find peace in this noisy world.

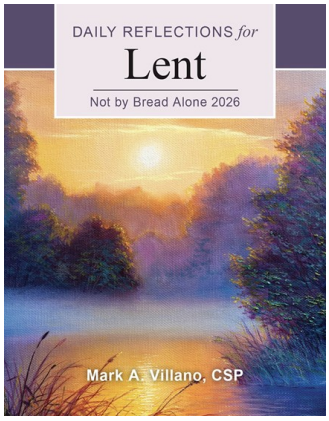
Taking that time to find our inner quiet not only calms us and lets us focus on our spirituality but also gives us the space we need to listen to God's guidance. Through this book we learn seven ways of guarding our imaginations, such as limiting sensory input and centering our conversations with God. We also learn tips on how to avoid letting our physical environment distract us from listening to God's voice and not allowing bitterness or anger to be our response to injustice.

Like everyone else, I find myself trying to find that perfect spot of work-life balance but often forget to include my spiritual life in that balance. This book was a good reminder that I need to take the time to include my faith in that balance and carve out those quiet times when I can just sit in the silence and really listen to what God is saying to me.

The book isn't long; the chapters are short but dense, so it helped me to take time to reflect upon each chapter after I read it. It's a powerful reminder that we need to learn to listen for the quiet voice of God that often is lost in the chaos of life. It's an invitation to rediscover the stillness and quiet reflection that can bring peace and clarity to our lives and listen to the gentle whispers that can guide us closer to God.

Cut the noise and listen for God in the silence

By Carlos Leon



I had a great Lenten season this year. It seemed almost magical from the moment I received my ashes. As I write this, Easter Season just ended and the Acts of the Apostles that dominated the Easter season Mass readings are still remarkable to me. The Apostles did so much in the short time in the years after the death and resurrection of Jesus.

Pentecost blew in its Spirit, and I just finished reading the New Encyclical by Pope Leo XIV, a very good read and a lot to digest. We have a wise and faithful man leading the Church. So in my own way of a rambling introduction, here goes … Rise from the Ashes.

With the cancer treatment I have been receiving, my body and mind have been withstanding the effects of some powerful drug messing with my body. So I told myself I had to concentrate and discipline myself. So plunging into Lent, I thought the best thing I could give up was noise. Noise of my own making and the world's noise. Both of which are void of God's spirit.

Giving up coffee, beer or chocolate … not this year. For all the words we hear Jesus say to us in the Gospels, those words shed power, because he spent much time alone, praying and listening.

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VBS 2026: Adventure is out there

Holy Spirit's Parish Community Center got a little wild last month as dozens of children took a journey through Rainforest Falls, this year's theme for Vacation Bible School, in a week filled with faith, friendship and fun.

Through stories, music, crafts, games, science activities and prayer, our young explorers discovered God's amazing love and the joy of growing together in faith.

A huge thank you to our dedicated volunteers, teen helpers, parish staff and families whose generosity and enthusiasm made VBS another wonderful success.













Photos courtesy Karen Gorham

Camp is calling

Camp Breakaway is the event of the summer for many Holy Spirit middle-schoolers. Held at Camp Touchet near Dayton, this year's camp runs from Aug. 3-7 and is open to fall 2026 incoming 6th thru 9th graders. The camp is sponsored by the Parish of the Holy Spirit in collaboration with representatives from several other parishes.
For more information, see the camp brochure at https://irp.cdn-website.com/0e39390a/files/uploaded/Camp+Breakaway+2026+Brochure+%28003%29.pdf.
Questions? Contact Camp Director Jared Houchin at jaredlhouchin@gmail.com.



Photo courtesy Jared Houchin



First Holy Communion, April 25, 2026
Photo courtesy Karen Gorham



Confirmation (MS & HS), May 23, 2026
Photo courtesy Brightminds Photography



OCIA, Rite of Election
Photo courtesy Joe Schroeder



Confirmation (Adult), May 10, 2026
Photo courtesy Wynona Vaz

The Eucharistic Miracle at Santarém

(Continued from page 4)

carried it in procession along with the couple and many others. The host continued to bleed for three days. The priest put the host into a reliquary of melted beeswax and placed it into the tabernacle.

In 1340, a second miracle happened. A priest unlocked the tabernacle so the people could venerate the host. He observed that the wax reliquary had burst into small pieces. In its place was a crystal vessel containing the host and the blood. The priest later placed the host in a gold and silver monstrance, where it still resides today.

You can read many of the writings about the miracle, the scientific evidence of its authenticity, as well as how it has affected others. But let me try to relay what I experienced that day at Santarém.

St. Stephen is now known as the Church of the Holy Miracle. After a guide told us about the miracle, I was in line with our tour group to view the host, when I suddenly felt ill. I left the line and quickly found a restroom. After splashing some cold water on my face, I felt a little better and was able to return to the viewing area.

Thankfully some of our group was still there so I stepped to the back of the line. When it was my turn, I climbed up a small ladder and suddenly I was face to face with the Miracle – our Lord – literally in the flesh. My breath caught in my chest, my heart skipped a beat and an indescribable calm came over me.

Gentle tears ran down my face as I walked through the church and out into the filtered light of an overcast day in Santarém. I have no doubt that the beautiful, miraculous, bloody host was the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ. Not because of the scientific evidence but because of how I felt that day – in the same space with Jesus and breathing in His essence.

It was by far one of the greatest events of my life and one of the best parts of this pilgrimage for me personally. If you ever get the chance, I highly recommend going to see it for yourself!

Sacraments

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

Easter Vigil April 4, 2026

Order of Christian Initiation For Adults (OCIA)
Order of Christian Initiation For Children (OCIC)

We rejoice with those who were baptized, received First Holy Communion and the Sacrament of Confirmation.

Gustavo Carrillo
Savannah Lynn Chapin
Elijah Scott Grimes
Olive Rea Gutierrez-Ritari
Isaiah Armando Hernandez
David Ruelas

We rejoice with those who received First Holy Communion and the Sacrament of Confirmation.

Oswald Joseph Gutierrez-Ritari
Kristen Marie Hale

We rejoice with those who were received into full communion with the Church.

Eric Jackson Antonio May

First Holy Communion

April 25, 2026

Maria Fernanda Guimarães Davis
Isabel Ruby Torres Evangelista
Sofia Grace Gussenhoven
Emberly Aelish Holcomb
Torin Jonah Hoss
Isaac Norbert Job
Francis Xavier Le Anh Tuan
Lucy Ann McDaid
Mateo Francisco Manueles Ochoa
Rudy Jude Shanley
Ava Evelyn Smith
Kade George Swenson
Kinsley Marie Swenson
Lola Tharet
Thibault Tharet



Holy Matrimony



Forrest Walter Hanson
and
Pui Yi Sanny Tam

Deaths

November 1, 2025 through May 31, 2026
Please pray for the souls of our deceased parishioners.
May they rest in peace.

Msgr. Perron J. Auve
Adele Marie Perrault
Mary Jane Lillian Royack
Begona Davis
Frank Tavares Ferreira
Margaret Liedigk
Lawrance Cleveland
Michael John Royack, Jr.
Sharon Marie Cushman
Cecilia C. Miller



Baptisms

We welcome the following who were baptized into the Holy Spirit Parish Catholic Community from November 1, 2025 through May 31, 2026

Rowan Matthew Sani
Daniel James Allen
Karoline Kya Jordan
Oliver Oen Jordan
Roah Iris Hoss
Hemming Alder Hoss
Nathan Ryan Donohue
Easton Joseph Story
Lincoln Leo Jordan





Confirmation

May 23, 2026 at HAPO Center

Roman Nicolas Almaguer
Xander Romeo Ayala
Oliver Cullen Curtiss
Robert Joseph Denini
Victoria Aurora Eadie
Samuel Rangel Epperson
Isabel Alexandria Garcia
Alexis Maureen Han
Alexander Timothy Hargrove
Vanessa Cybelle Iniguez
Samantha Ann Marquardt
Olivia Rose Martinez
Jesus Valencia Mendoza Jr.
Sydney Michelle Paeschke
Warren Michael Perry
Zachary Capiral Ramos
Emily Abigail Shaber
James Donald Shanley
Emilia Grace Smith
Ryan Antonio Smith
Damien Thomas Young
Grayson Russel Beck *

*May 24, 2026

May 10, 2026 at Holy Spirit Parish

Silveria Saucillo Castillo
Ricardo Daniel Gomez
Elida Grace Jennings
Brianne Nichole Limbocker

Party at the Parish









Food, fun and fellowship was once again the focus at the annual Parish Celebration. Thanks to the Parish Stewardship Committee for organizing another wonderful event, which reinforces the value of connecting with our Holy Spirit family!

Photos courtesy Wynona Vaz

Badger Mountain high

(Continued from page 1)

G-Men — we can't quite remember who! — suggested that we pray the Stations of the Cross as we hiked the mountain on Good Friday. We have done so ever since. Over the years, the group added a large wooden cross that we carry up the trail, serving as a beautiful public witness to Christ's Passion.

"Praying the Stations on Badger on Good Friday, while much of the rest of the world treats the day like any other spring day, reminds me of what it must have been like in Jerusalem during Jesus' Way of the Cross," said Carol Gaulke, one of the original hikers. "Most people in Jerusalem probably had no idea what was going on, seeing it only as another criminal being crucified. They had no idea of the sacrifice of love taking place right before them."

As we hike, our group stops periodically to pray each station, taking turns reading the reflections and carrying the cross. Other hikers along the trail often give us curious looks, but they are always respectful; some have even asked to join in.

A few years ago, while reading the Fifth Station — *Simon of Cyrene Helps Jesus Carry the Cross* — the themes of the station came alive in a very real way. We noticed a fellow hiker on the trail struggling with an asthma attack who had accidentally left her medication in her car at the trailhead. Living out the call to help our neighbor in need, one of our group members ran all the way back down the trail and brought up an extra inhaler, allowing her to breathe easily and make it down safely on her own.

We try to time our stops so that we finish the 14th Station just as we reach the summit of Badger Mountain — though, depending on our pacing, the timing doesn't always work out perfectly! Still, it is a wonderful way to observe the Triduum with friends: praying together while looking out at the beauty of a world renewed by Jesus' Passion and Resurrection.



The group takes turns carrying a large wooden cross up the trail, a beautiful public witness to Christ's Passion.

Photo courtesy Mike Gaulke

We invite you to save the date – March 26, 2027 – and join us next year for this special Good Friday tradition. We typically meet at 1:00 pm at the main trailhead in Richland.

Cut the noise and listen for God in the silence

(Continued from page 8)

He had to shut out the noise around him so he could deliver His message above the noise of His time. So the noise of daily life, business, politics, world events, entertainment and even family were about to be challenged, and the spirit of God was going to help me.

This brings me to the Easter Season booklet provided by the parish, *Not By Bread Alone*. From the first pages of the starving soul to the final pages where love wins the race, over the course of the 40 days, I put an alternate title to the booklet, *The Good That God Intends*. Each short meditation seemed to take my breath away, making my heart and soul take time to deal with the noise.

They all combined to calm me, live with whatever circumstances I have been given. I want to continue to live in peace with myself and others. With that in mind, here are a few passages from the booklet that stood out to me, as well as my take on a few of the meditations:

Not By Bread Alone, 2026, Fr. Mark A. Villano, CSP

Ash Wednesday: Fr. Villano writes, "I need to get back on track. This doesn't only happen in our physical lives. It happens in our emotional, relational and spiritual lives, too. They're all connected, aren't they? If one part of us gets thrown off, the other parts can feel it too. We may not notice it at first, but our soul is crying out. It is starving. It wants to get back on track."

My take: And then it continues, life and death are before you, choose life. Jesus obviously saw great value in fasting. People often keep traditions for tradition's sake, rather than for the sake of their meaning and value.

Feb. 21: "The difference between the almost right word and the right word is the difference between lightning bug and lightning. Conversion can touch all areas of our life. … Sometimes unexpected life events (moving to a new place, falling in love, the birth of a baby, the death of someone you love) prepare us for ongoing conversion. God has prepared you for this, you respond, life changes. Lightning has struck."

Feb. 23: "We are body and soul. And so is our neighbor."

Feb. 25: "Maybe asking for a sign is just human nature. We go about our everyday, ordinary lives without much thought. Sometimes we may be frustrated, sometimes humbled. Perhaps much of the time we are oblivious. But what if, in the midst of all of this, God is sending us signals? What if this time we actually hear and see and say yes to God's word and follow it? Would we change our ways and become more alive?"

March 12: "Discouragement, struggle, and failure have their place in the spiritual life.Jesus shares in our humanity so we will find healing and growth as we share the journey with Him. Then like him, we not only get up, but we overcome."

My take: I will meet the Lord in a great number of people this year, even if they don't look the part. Will I look the part?

March 20: "Jesus is aware of those plotting against Him. The plotting will be unveiled, but so will the good that God intends. The plot goes on, in whose story will we play our part?"

My take: God is my Deliverer and to fully live my adventure, I must learn to be a delivery man.

March 29: We've come so far, learned so much, grown in so many ways. Yet still the world is full of contradictions and strong emotions. Lord God, strengthen me as I follow you through difficult times in my life. Help me to more deeply experience the new life you came to bring.

March 31: "What we nurture in our hearts, will eventually make its way into our actions."

My take: In Him we live and move and have our being (St. Paul). Be my grace, be my light, be my guide, be my strength, be my love everlasting. Alleluia.

The good that God intends is not known, but it is not a secret. Don't be annoyed or confused by not knowing or seeing or feeling. Many people look for words to say to others, when being silent will say more. To God, the waiting is a blink of an eye. In the quiet you'll hear the far off roar.

Voice of the Spirit volunteer editors: Dieter Bohrmann and Erica Hohl. Special thanks to contributors for this issue: Marjie Sloon, Mike Gaulke, Charlie Little, Zachary Ramos, Glenn Hollenberg, Cindy Ellis, Joe Bliss, Carlos Leon, Linda Rego, Theresa Barnaby, Pat Gardner, Jared Houchin, Wynona Vaz, Joe Schroeder, Karen Gorham, Bianca Medina, and Debbie Forgette.

The Voice of the Spirit is published twice a year 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 dgbohrmann@gmail.com.



Holy Spirit Charitable Donations
Tithing Program
November 1, 2025 through April 30, 2026



Local Charities (from tithing)

St. Joseph School	$13,200.00
Holy Spirit Conference of St. Vincent de Paul	2,700.00
Tri-Cities Food Bank	2,650.00
Prepares (local)	1,500.00
Hope Medical of WA	2,400.00
Mirror Ministries	1,000.00
Grace Clinic	1,800.00
Meals on Wheels	200.00
Soul Soup of Tri-Cities	2,050.00
Elijah Family Homes	600.00
Dylan Howard Mission	750.00

Out of Our Area Charities (from tithing)

Catholic Relief Services	1,000.00
Catholic Relief Services (Rice Bowl)	1,000.00
Catholic Charities	370.00
FOCUS (Jeremiah Nguyen)	2,400.00
FOCUS (Jackie Gazewood)	2,400.00
Blue Dragon Children's Foundation	500.00
City Team—Portland Night Strike	500.00
Cross Catholic Outreach	1,000.00
Gifting the Gift of Sight	500.00
Knights of Columbus	939.33
Mercy Ships	909.00
St. Martin's University	500.00
Sign Fracture Care International	500.00
St. Bonaventure Indian Mission & School	500.00
Sudan Relief Fund	500.00
Tunnels to Towers	500.00
Total (Local and Out of Area):	$42,868.33

Special Collections:

Catholic Communication Campaign	1,255.00
Prepares (statewide)	1,532.00
Operation Rice Bowl	2,878.27
Good Friday	3,807.11
Catholic Home Missions	975.00
Priest Retirement & Seminarian Educ.	3,037.00
Peter's Pence	230.00
Catholic Human Development	535.00
Church for Central and Eastern Europe	25.00
Catholic Relief Services	175.00
Natl Collection for Retired Religious	476.00
World Mission Sunday	725.00
Catholic Charities (Christmas Collection)	12,288.63
Total (Special Collections):	$27,939.01

Disbursements from Holy Spirit Conference of St. Vincent de Paul
Oct. 1, 2025 to March 31, 2026

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."

$30,168.29 Parishioner Contributions
$23,513.66 Total disbursement to the needy who contacted us for help
$998.57 Administrative Costs

Larger Disbursements:

Utilities:	$11,123.20 (59 neighbors)
Gas:	$5,886.78 (74 neighbors)
Rent:	$600 (4 neighbors)
Food:	$3,469.00 (66 neighbors)

368 Total number of neighbors helped financially
329 Total number of calls to the helpline

Note: Several neighbors received more than one type of assistance. Of the many calls made to our helpline some neighbors are in another SVdP Conference's area, others we are unable to ever reach despite our best efforts or some owe sums beyond our means, etc. Sometimes our help is in the form of referrals and prayer.

Newsworthy

Over the same period last year, calls to our helpline were up 46%, disbursements up 28% and donations were up about 48%.

Thank you, parish family, for your generous support!

Following God's calling

(Continued from page 2)

and inviting.

My entire approach to life changed. Instead of trying to force my way through life with abstract ideas about God, I began striving to live according to virtue and God's will. Fulton Sheen quickly became someone I deeply connected with. His bold 20th-century style felt familiar to me because my grandmother had introduced me to teachers like J. Vernon McGee and Billy Graham.

Suddenly, my world felt expanded into a vast treasury of wisdom, yet one built upon strong foundations that could not easily be shaken. Even in a world that often seems bleak, I found peace in knowing that I was serving God's Kingdom and participating in something eternal.

Before I finish, I would like to thank the Parish of the Holy Spirit. Its community and ministries have encouraged me to live my faith boldly and without fear of isolation. Whether through the brotherhood of the Knights or the guidance of OCIA leaders, this parish has always had the resources and support I needed when I was ready to pursue them.

Serving as an Edge leader this past year has shown me what a healthy church community looks like and has taught me lessons that I will continue carrying with me wherever my faith journey leads.

As I move forward into this next chapter of life, Sara and I are preparing to be married on June 6. We also plan to move to California, where I have tentatively received a position at NASA's Armstrong Flight Research Center. I am grateful for the ways God has guided both my faith and vocation, and I look forward to continuing to grow in both marriage and the Church.

I have been truly blessed.

Every day should be Mother's Day

(Continued from page 5)

peace for both parties. Despite this victory, I was more than happy to return him to the proper authority when my sister returned after the promised hour(ish).

I've often felt that babies are the greatest proof that God exists. And there is no doubt that God chose the strongest, most fearless creatures to not only carry those babies into the world, but to love them the way He does. Mothers are pillars, miracle workers, healers, therapists, selfless, devoted, and tireless advocates for their children.

The more I think about it, maybe I'm mistaken. Maybe it's mothers who are the greatest proof that God exists. To all the mothers at Holy Spirit Parish, from a childless uncle who spent an hour with a baby, *thank you*. May God bless you always!

Coming to America

(Continued from page 6)

gold and silver, and with him came missionaries.

From there Coronado explored northward into *Nuevo México* in 1541 in hopes of finding "Seven Cities of Gold" without success. Fifty years later, from their base in central Mexico, Don Juan de Onate led a group of 500 settlers with 7,000 livestock to the Santa Fe area to establish a settlement.

Franciscan missionaries were included and were eager to convert the Pueblo people and reported 7,000 converts early on**.** But the settlement was constantly attacked by local tribes who took exception to their invasion.

(Not to be outdone by St. Augustine, the adobe San Miguel mission in Santa Fe, founded in 1610, claims to be the oldest church building in the United States.)

The wide-ranging travels of Father Junipero Serra are important to California Catholics. In 1767, King Charles III expelled Jesuits from Mexico because of his fear of their influence. In the vacuum, Francians expanded their missionary work.

Father Serra and his team traveled north in 1768 along the Pacific coast to San Diego to set up a mission in *Alta California*. He was at odds with the military's treatment of indigenous tribes. He saw the Indians as children of God that deserved the opportunity for salvation.

Eventually, 21 missions were built up the Pacific coast until the 1820s when the last one near San Francisco was completed. The *El Camino Real* (Royal Road) connected the 21 missions (600 miles) and is close to the route of Highway 101. St. Serra was canonized by Pope Francis in 2015. (You can learn more about Fr. Serra in the documentary, A Man of God, A Mission of Love, produced by the Knights of Columbus.)

The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo officially ended the Mexican-American War (1846–1848) and present-day California, New Mexico, Texas and other states were transferred to the United States. It's estimated that there were 70,000 Hispanic and Pueblo Indian Catholics at that time in New Mexico which was far greater than either California or Texas.

VOICE OF THE SPIRIT
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Upcoming Events

July 19	Life Teen and Edge Water Fun Night
July 24 – 26	Knights of Columbus Ice Cream Booth at Water Follies
August 3 -7	Camp Breakaway
August 9	Elizabeth Ministry Pack-a-Picnic
August 21	Knights of Columbus Blood Drive
August 22	Holy Spirit Night at Dust Devils Baseball Game
August 25 – 29	Knights of Columbus Ice Cream Booth at Benton Franklin County Fair
September 10-11	Women's Group Treasure Sale

Voice of the Spirit is online!

Can't get enough of the Parish newsletter? An archive of past issues 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 twice a year 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.