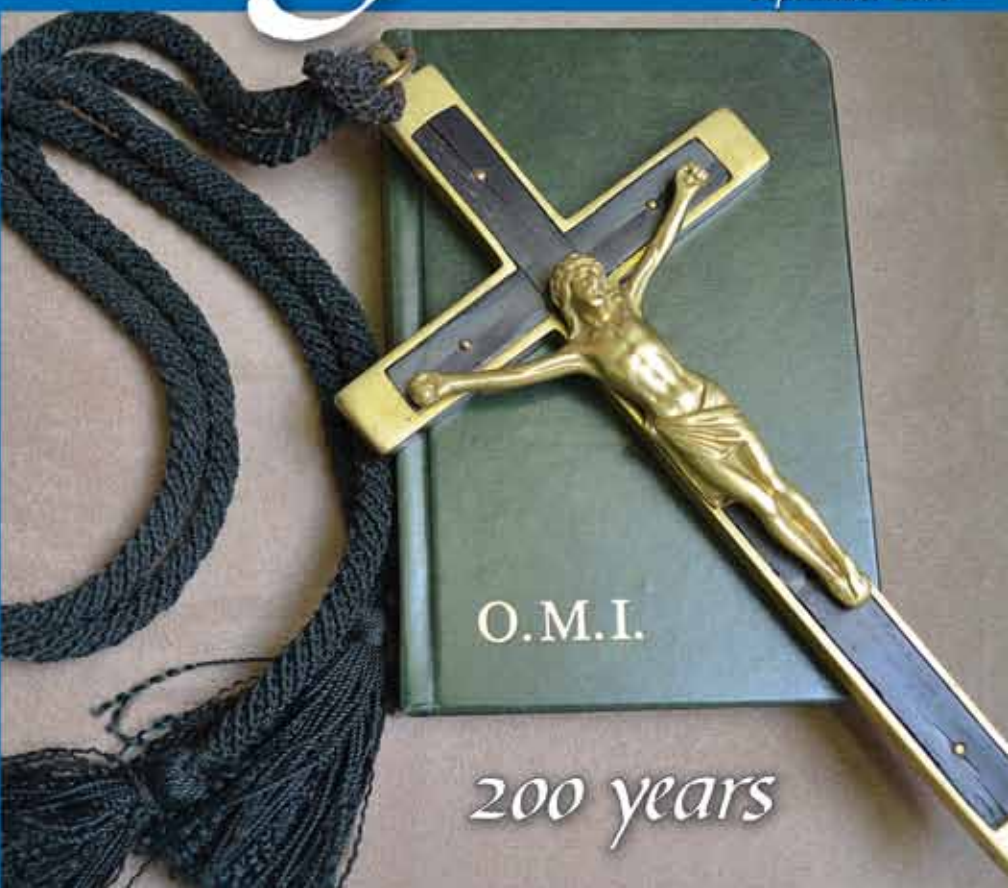


AMMI *Lacombe* MAMI
Canada

Oblate Spirit



September 2016



O.M.I.

200 years

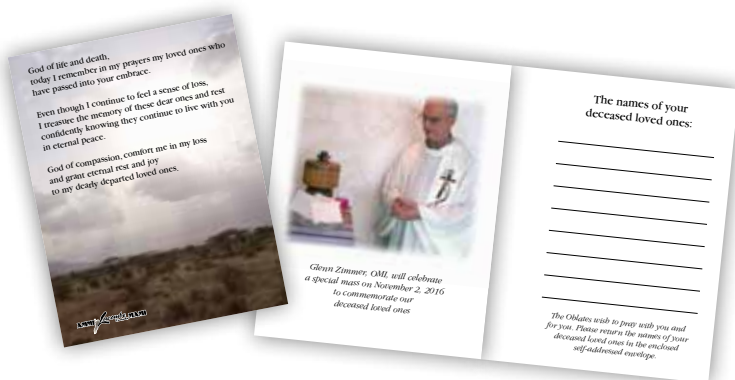
Remembering...

If you have lost someone close, you likely think of them or are reminded about them nearly every day.

You remember their smile, the way they laughed, the way they made you feel along with thoughts about the many treasured memories you made together. You miss them and sometimes tears gently roll down your cheeks as your heart longs to see them again. Through your faith you know that your loved one is now with God, surrounded by love, joy and peace, and that one day you will be reunited.

All Souls Day (Nov. 2) is a day designated to remembering all those who have passed before us. Fr. Glenn Zimmer, OMI, Oblate Director of *AMMI Lacombe Canada MAMI*, has gladly accepted the invitation to be our Eucharistic celebrant for our All Souls Day Mass.

We invite you to send us the names of your deceased loved ones on the enclosed detachable portion of the prayer card so that we can honour and cherish them in this special mass being offered in November.



200 Years and Counting



Seeing the world through Good Friday eyes

BY GLENN M. ZIMMER, OMI

Two centuries. Within the several billion year history of the universe, it is not such a long time. From another perspective, for the countless poor who have been cared for and served in so many ways day after day, 200 years is a very long time.

The Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate have had several beginnings. One of the most significant ones was Jan. 25, 1816. On that day, a young French priest, Eugene de Mazenod, and five companions committed themselves to each other so that

they might serve the most abandoned within their broken society and suffering church of the day.

That day came about because of an earlier life-changing experience for the 25-year-old de Mazenod on Good Friday, March 27, 1807. Not unlike the world in which he lived, Eugene's family and personal lives were marked by insecurity, ambiguity, lack of meaningful direction and imbalance. Time and time again, we know this desperate life situation so often turns out to be a "set-up" in which God's grace – essentially knowing a deeply profound personal, unconditional love –



changes everything for the rest of one's life. Looking at the Cross, Eugene experienced God's love for him in every fibre of his being.

Within the Oblate community, we have always referred to this mutual way of being seen and seeing others (one without the other just doesn't happen) as "Good Friday" eyes. It remained the soul of his life for the Founder of the Oblates until his death 54 years later; it was what most impelled the six companions to come together in 1816. And it was why the Church gave its approval to this fledgling missionary religious community just over 10 years later on Feb. 17.

The vision, passion and commitment that was at the heart and soul of the 1816 threshold continues to be echoed 200 years later: "Wherever we work, our mission is especially to those people whose condition cries out for salvation and for the hope which only Jesus Christ can fully bring. These are the poor with their many faces." (Oblate Rule of Life, C5)

Since leaving France in 1841 to come to Canada and beyond, the “Good Friday” eyes of the crucified Christ most shape the Oblates in nearly 70 countries throughout the world today. There are no limits to what can be done when “Good Friday” eyes become our way of seeing, whether it is pastoral service within the Church, especially for those on the margins, those often most neglected by the Church itself. Or whether it variously, creatively can be the urgent ministry for those most in need within society by means of health care centres, schools, water systems, prison ministries, refugee camps for victims of war, interfaith dialogue, protection of the environment – the endless ways of promoting justice, peace and the integrity of creation.

It is dignity and equality for every human being seen with Eugene’s Oblate “Good Friday” eyes, both by the vowed community of brothers and priests and by the thousands of Oblate Associates and co-workers throughout the world.

Two hundred years. It really is a long time. It is a time for much gratitude, and it is the poor who continue to best teach the Mazenodian family how to be grateful.

Not a stained window saint

“Eugene de Mazenod is not a stained-glass window saint of starchy bearing and angelic looks. He is made of clay and full of our own contradictions. Highly sensitive. A tendency to be authoritarian. He is no man of half-measures and compromise.

John Paul II will not present him as a model but as a sign of what the grace of God can do in a man’s heart.”

- Archbishop Bernard Panafieu of Marseilles, 1996



A place to play

BY BLAISE MACQUARRIE, OMI

CHINCHA ALTA, Peru – Most Wednesday evenings my work team and I meet in the parish house to discuss the work we do. Recently, at one of the state's schools, we were made aware of a dusty, dirt playground where more than 1,000 children play. This dust is not healthy for the children and the poor mothers have extra work to ensure their children are properly clean for school each day.

We decided to meet the school director and her council to plan a project. We offered to provide the gravel and cement if the school provided the labour and the water for the cement to cover the playground.

In order to raise funds to pay for the labour, I offered five beds and mattresses which could be raffled. The school council was very happy because, really, they had nothing to offer.

After all was said and done, the council got the tickets printed and within a few days they had all the money needed



to pay for the labour. And as it happened, the school was closed for more than a week, giving my team the time to start and to finish the work.

Of course, the children were quite surprised to find that what once was a dirt field is now clean and level concrete, and indeed a blessing for the teachers and parents.

While we were planning this project I mentioned to the teacher that the funds for it came primarily from Canadians, and that they should pray for them for their kindness and generosity.

The lesson here is that we are doing more than building or helping the needy with beds, blankets, food and houses. We are evangelizing, not only by words, but by action.

WANTED

YOUR STORIES!

There are many charities and good causes that solicit your support. Yet for some reason you have chosen to offer the Oblates your prayers, friendship and assistance.

We are curious:

Why did you choose us?

How did you hear about the Oblate missionary work?

How have the Oblates supported, inspired and encouraged you?

What are some of your best memories of Oblates and their missionary work?

Send your stories (and photos) to: lacombemissions@yahoo.ca



45 years and counting

BY MARIE VANDERWEY

THUNDER BAY – In 1971, Rev. Dean St. James encouraged parishioners of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Thunder Bay, ON, to support missions in the Third World. Several members were willing to support a mission but requested personal contact with the missionary through some letters. Father St. James found Blaise MacQuarrie, OMI, in Peru, who agreed to write and tell us of his work. Thus began our journey and friendship with him, now going into our 45th year.

The correspondence from Brother Blaise has mainly been



Blaise MacQuarrie, OMI



through letters and pictures of the people and work being done in Chinchá Alta, Peru. The pictures are of the gravel pit, the brickyard, the construction of homes, schools and chapels; the construction and delivery of beds and mattresses. However, Brother Blaise requests that the people must work along with him in their endeavours as there are no freebies.

In 2014 our founding couple John and Elsie Off moved to British Columbia and they are still regular contributors with us. I was honoured and privileged when Elsie asked if I would become the new liaison person with the MAMI office in Saskatoon and also in turn be the receiver of the letters and pictures from Brother Blaise. I collect money every three months and send the cheques to the MAMI office.

Our 26 members continue to live a missionary life even into our 45th year. We pray, we attend mass and we serve the needs of parish and community activities according to our capabilities. When I call for the contributions all the members keep telling me how much they appreciate the letters and pictures but especially the personal commitment Brother Blaise continues to make to us.

We all feel blessed and privileged to be co-missionaries with God's humble servant, Brother Blaise MacQuarrie in Peru.

In appreciation of a guiding light

BY DEACON JOSEPH LEUWER

I still remember the first time I heard Fr. Frank Kuczera, OMI, at St. Charles several years ago. It was at a Saturday morning prayer breakfast when he spoke about the sexual abuse crisis that had recently returned to international news.

His message that day resonated so well with the deep sorrow that many of us felt for what had befallen our beloved Church.

It was also the messenger himself who struck me. It was as if Fr. Frank had kicked the dust off his sandals before walking in, and I sat there contemplating the possibility that I was listening to a holy man. This I knew for certain the next time I saw him channeling John the Baptist during one of his Advent homilies. It was the unforgettable beginning of what has become a treasured friendship.



Frank Kuczera, OMI, and Joseph Leuwer

As time passed, inspired in part by my pastor's example, I sensed a call to the permanent diaconate. After speaking with my wife Mary, I shared this with Fr. Frank, and soon afterward he guided me toward the Archdiocese of Edmonton's formation program.

As my studies unfolded, Fr. Frank always made himself available to discuss a difficult Gospel passage, or to help me see a familiar one in a new way. On one occasion we were discussing the parable of the prodigal son. He helped me see that it is more than a story about the father and the returning son; much is revealed when considering the brother as well. The experiences of life put us in situations that expose our true generosity of heart, or lack thereof, and compel us to consider where we truly stand in relation to the story, and to each other. Over time I had come to observe this humble friend up close, but it was after we talked about this passage that I came to recognize Fr. Frank's great gift for teaching and bringing others to realizations of their own.

Fr. Frank is a true missionary, so we all knew the day would come when his life as an Oblate would take him elsewhere. Our discussions will now occur at a distance, but I will always remember the loving guidance that he provided to me and his flock at St. Charles.

His homilies will be remembered as works of sacred art. In this beautiful and difficult world the path to salvation is narrow, so it has been a great blessing to come to know and observe a faithful disciple who by example showed us the way.

This July provided the perfect end to my formation journey, having Fr. Frank and Mary assist with putting on my vestments during the ordination celebration at St. Joseph's Basilica. It was also a beautiful beginning to my life as a deacon to have as a brother in faith such a beloved friend.

*Fr. Frank is on study leave at the Institute of Religious Formation,
Catholic Theological Union, Chicago, IL*

Arctic sojourn

BY MARY-ANNE NEAL

Far from the temperate rainforests of Vancouver Island where I now live, 31 miles north of the Arctic Circle, nestled on the shores of a large lake, lies a tiny community where the people still live close to the land, hunting and trapping as they have for thousands of years. Colville Lake is home to the Hareskin Dene people who left Fort Good Hope because they wanted to return to their traditional lifestyle.

A few families in Fort Good Hope felt that civilization – especially alcohol and processed food – was not good for them. Instead, they wanted a more natural lifestyle, where they could reconnect with the rhythms of the seasons. Caribou were plentiful, and Colville Lake was alive with fish. When I arrived in Colville Lake in 1971 the children had never seen a white

woman, and no one spoke English except the priest, Bernard Brown, OMI.

By that time, Fr. Brown was already a legend in the Northwest Territories where he had lived and worked for more than 50 years. In 1962, following the wishes of the people and his superiors, he had established a mission at Colville Lake. On the shore of the lake he built a



beautiful log church, Our Lady of the Snows. I was eager to support his efforts and to learn about the Dene people. When I was a little girl, I wanted to be a nun because the idea of missionary work was enormously appealing. Working to make the world a better place, learning different languages, feeding hungry children, understanding diverse cultures ... these are the values that drove me. But the usual teenage temptations got in the way, and I did

not dedicate my life to the convent. Visiting a missionary for a summer seemed like a fair trade-off.

I had met Fr. Brown two years earlier, on one of his rare trips south to visit his family in Rochester, New York. On the way to New York, he stayed with my family in Edmonton for a few days, regaling us with stories of the Arctic. In addition to being an OMI missionary, Fr. Brown was a true renaissance man – a photographer, an artist, a pilot, a writer, a carpenter and a true outdoorsman, with his own dogsled team and fascinating tales to tell.

In addition to his religious duties, he performed routine medical work such as delivering babies, sewing up axe cuts



and pulling teeth. He was a fire warden, dogcatcher, store-keeper, postmaster and newspaper editor.

His stories inspired me. I wanted to see the land for myself, befriend the people and do whatever was in my power to help improve living conditions in that tiny village.

I don't think I ever properly thanked Fr. Brown for providing me with an unforgettable experience in an Arctic summer. Thanks to him, I fell in love with the land and the people.

There will always be a special place in my heart for the people of Colville Lake. My brother bought one of Bernard's paintings many years ago; it reminds me of the north and Fr. Brown. Because of Fr. Brown, I support the OMI missionaries in their work with people in developing countries.

Bernard Will Brown touched thousands of individuals in his life, and I am only one. His contributions to the people of the NWT cannot be overestimated. He was an amazingly talented man with an unsurpassed work ethic, great courage, compassion and a zest for life.

By the time I arrived in Colville Lake, he had already made his life-changing decision to leave the priesthood and marry a woman from Tuktoyaktuk. When he married Margaret Steen on July 17, 1971, his life changed forever. He and Margaret established the Colville Lake Lodge, a hunting and fishing resort that entertained European royalty, politicians, movie stars and just plain rich folk. He had a museum and art gallery on site where he sold his paintings. His books include *Arctic Journal*, *Arctic Journal II*, *Free Spirits*, and *End-of-Earth People: The Arctic Sahtu Dene*.

Fr. Brown died at his home in Colville Lake on July 11, 2014, at the age of 94. Although he was known as Bern Will Brown for the last 44 years of his life, I will forever remember him as Fr. Brown.

Jim Hellman

1939 – 2016

We were greatly saddened to hear of the sudden passing of Jim Hellman in Brazil on July 5.

Jim was a former Oblate of St. Mary's Province who received his first obedience to Brazil in September 1965, serving the Oblate mission in Salvador, Bahia until his departure in 1978.

Laicized in 1979, he married Ieda Bacelar and remained in Brazil where they raised their two children, Bernadette and Jim Jr.

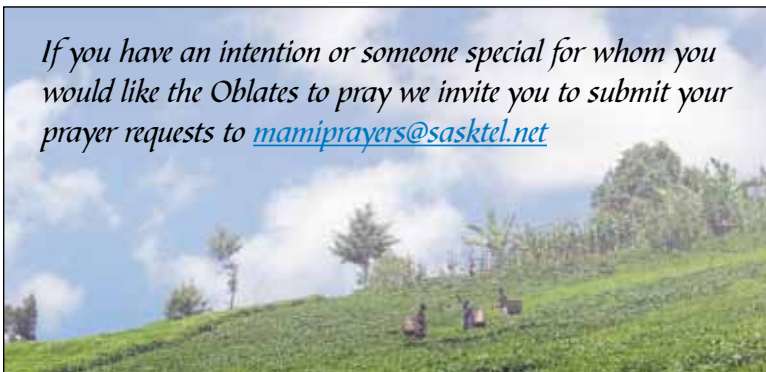
Jim, together with his family, continued working ceaselessly in the spirit of the Oblate charism, dedicating their gifts of time, energy and finances to improve the lives of their brothers and sisters around them.

The activities of the Hellman family included physically hauling materials to repair homes that were merely dilapidated shacks, delivering food hampers and clothing, leading bible study programs, transporting the sick to a nearby clinic, journeying with lepers and their families and assisting with needs of orphanages.

May he rest in peace ...



If you have an intention or someone special for whom you would like the Oblates to pray we invite you to submit your prayer requests to mamiprayers@sasktel.net



My pastoral experience

BY PHELIX JOHYA, OMI

Before beginning my pastoral experience, I felt a bit of uneasiness and anxiety knowing I was going to a totally different environment, different people, a different culture, a different climate and most importantly a different Oblate community under Fathers Gideon, Sam and Br. Cosmos.

I was welcomed into the community and after two days I was incorporated in the pastoral timetable that included home visits, catechism, marriage encounter, Young Christian Students Association (YCS), Small Christian Communities (SCC), youth, Pontifical Missionary Children (PMC), Catholic Men's Association (CMA), Catholic Women's Association (CWA), and Bible services.

I enjoyed all this but sometimes I felt useless. Why? I went to some out-stations (prayer houses) and I could not communicate in their native language (Kimasai), so after the Bible service I went home a sad and frustrated man. I was sometimes bitter with myself for having planted seeds on a rock, but all in all I encouraged myself with the hope that "My presence among them was enough."

On the other hand, this encouraged me to at least learn how to say the Bible service in Kimasai. The next time I went to the same out-station I found one Mzee (an old man) who could translate my message into Kimasai. With this I was encouraged to continue and at the end of it all I was recognized as one of their own.

I enjoyed living in community with Oblates and the extended parish community. But we had transportation challenges because the out-stations are far apart and we had one car and one motorbike.



Phelix Johya, OMI

For most of my pastoral journeys I enjoyed using the motorbike. Whenever I passed people, they knew Br. Phelix was near because our motorbike was one of a kind in the area.

Despite the fact that I enjoyed my pastoral journeys on a motorbike, it also became a heavy cross and source of suffering.

One afternoon I headed to Ilpolosat, the furthest out-station, to a secondary school for a meeting of the Young Christian Students Association. Everything went well, but when I began the journey home it began raining heavily. I could not wait as darkness was approaching, and I could not trace my way back home through the desert. I was drenched.

Along the way a Catechist rang me, but when I tried to

receive the call the phone slipped and the motorbike ran over it, so I was phone-less for two days.

I am thankful to Fr. Gerry who gave me another phone to use until I head to the Novitiate in a few months.

Another day I was coming from the same out-station when I ran out of fuel and had to push the motorbike for more than six kilometres to the nearby petrol station. I was furious when I reached home. I narrated what had happened to Fr. Gideon and he laughed and said, “Phelix, it’s part of our life, don’t worry.”

All my anger and frustrations were eased by this simple joke and the laughter of Fr. Gideon and the concern of Fr. Sam, who said, “Ni kweli?” (It’s true?). Why didn’t you ask for money? I would have sent through M-Pesa (mobile phone transfer).” I told him the problem was not money but where to find the petrol.

These were some of my experiences during my six months of pastoral experience in St .Paul’s Catholic Parish at Kisaju. The simplicity and generosity of the people I encountered chal-

lenged me to always ask God to grant that I may be beautiful inside and let all my external possessions be in friendly harmony with what is within.

“As for gold, let me have as much as a moderate man could bear and carry with him.”
(from Socrates Prayer)



Phelix Johya, OMI

To help you, our MAMI supporters, become better acquainted with the Oblates serving in Kenya we are providing profiles of the individuals serving in the mission.

KENYA MISSION PROFILE

Gerry Conlan, OMI



I was born in 1961 in Australia into a large extended family (two aunts who are religious sisters, a bachelor uncle, 14 uncles/aunts and their spouses, giving 75 first cousins, an older brother and two younger sisters).

I was drawn to the Oblates after an experience with Fr. Charlie Burrows, OMI (Indonesia), when I worked as a volunteer for 3 months in 1991 after taking a break from my former career in mining engineering. The poor people in Indonesia taught me what real happiness is – gratitude and helping each other.

I found that during my experience as a boarder in Mazenod College, West Australia, (1977-1979) most of the priests were great role models, fatherly, practical, hard working for us (keep costs low) and encouraging – although some were a bit painful!

There were many inspirational/influential people in my life. Fr Charlie was so available for people, seeing them as family, not duty. His door was always open. Others included:

- My mother for her selfless sacrifices for our family that struggled most of our lives in farming communities;
- St Eugene for his generosity in spite of a difficult childhood;
- Pope Francis for his down-to-earth way of dealing with people and his call for material restraint – especially for religious – and his changing the face of the

Church from judge to instrument of mercy;

- Mother Teresa, Nelson Mandela, Winston Churchill, Jesus Christ (of course), Fr. Pat Moroney, OMI, Fr. Michael McMahon, OMI, and Fr. Christian Fini, OMI.

Obstacles facing the Oblate community in Kenya include cultural issues for young men who face a great sense of independence that can be a challenge to religious life, and issues of 'status' around priesthood.

Another is self-reliance in a country that requires much financial input. Do we look after ourselves to be 'secure' or do we look after others, trusting that God will support us through our people?

A challenge is to develop a real-world understanding in the young men who come to our formation houses. My idea is to have them spend a month working in a busy hotel/restaurant serving people, getting up early to travel to work and suffering through the traffic to come home each day, all for a low wage.

I was a parish priest in Kionyo where I was inspired and encouraged by the love of the youth and parishioners. In my current administration life, I am encouraged by the enthusiasm of our pre-novices, and those in a small unofficial group of youth I'm gathering in Nairobi from our parish in Kionyo.

I'm also encouraged frequently by the MAMI members in Canada and Australia, and my family and friends in Australia who are very supportive.

Difficulties I face on a daily basis include poor communication between some Oblates; traffic jams wasting hours of time; sometimes lack of trust to do my work; conflicting priorities that come with multiple duties, and finding/taking time to sit and listen to people and/or problems.

(Editor's note: We asked Fr. Gerry to describe a week in his life. Suffice to say, we grew weary just reading his list. He is busy!)

Gerry Conlan, OMI, is the Kenya mission treasurer

Stephen Muriungi, OMI



I was born at Kionyo in 1980 into a family with three sisters and a brother. My father died in 1991, but my mother is still alive.

I was drawn to the Oblates by their closeness to the people. When the Oblates first came to Kenya, they worked in my parish at Kionyo and our experience with them was unique. I had never experienced priests so close to the people in terms of social life, encouraging the people of the parish, so supportive in the sense of their ministries with the children, youth and people of the parish. The Oblates had time for and welcomed all groups of people, listened to them and helped each of them take responsibility of the building of the local church. We were used to Diocesan priests whose distance to the people was felt in many aspects. The coming of the Oblates was like an awakening and awareness of the presence of God among the people. I was only 19 years old when the Oblates came to our parish, and the renewed faith brought so many lapsed Catholics back to the church.

There are many people who have inspired me through life. My mother's presence, inspiration and support can never be measured. She grew up in a strong Catholic family and she brought us all in the same faith. She has always been supportive and when I told her that I had a vocation to the Oblates, she is the only one in the family who believed in me and supported me all the way through. She has always been committed to praying for me and encourages me all the time.

Fr. Bill (Bill Stang, OMI), our pre-novice director, is another person whose presence in my life lives on. He made us all feel welcome when we reported as pre-novices. I was young but

I felt at home. He helped us own our vocation and respond to it from the depth of our hearts as we searched to know the Oblates better. Fr. Bill was always supportive in the sense of his guidance, orientations and constant prayers. We began as a group of eight pre-novices and though only four of us made it, all of us appreciated the early years of formation.

The biggest obstacle facing us in Kenya is the future of the mission. It is evident the mission is growing. The survival of every congregation here in Kenya is a daily challenge. The mission is growing rapidly and some questions of investments are becoming more urgent. The realities that face a growing family are many, including finances and space for growth.

I am working in formation at Karen, assisting Fr. Fidel at the pre-novitiate. I have always been interested in formation. Seeing young men grow into Oblates has been my joy. I am fulfilled as I see our future as a congregation taking shape through young men who come to us and are formed into responsible young Oblates.

I am also studying as I assist in formation, and balancing the two is a bit tricky. I retire at 11 p.m. and awake at around 4 a.m. to study for an hour before preparing for mass and morning prayer.

I attend class for six hours Monday to Wednesday and most afternoons I have appointments of spiritual and formative encounter with the pre-novices. Evening prayer is always at 6:30 p.m. followed by supper.

Stephen Muriungi, OMI, is based in Karen, Nairobi and involved in formation

Sam Hong, OMI

I was born in 1978 in Seoul, South Korea. My parents are still working and my only sister has three children.

I used to be a diocesan seminarian. When I was a freshman in seminary, an American Oblate taught us English. He was different from the diocesan priests in that he approached the seminarians first. He was very friendly and humble, so most of the seminarians liked him. When the time came to join the religious, Oblates came first to my mind.

Jesus Christ is the most inspirational person in my life. I could see the greatest love in Jesus Christ who totally surrendered his life for others. I would like to resemble him.

In my opinion, lack of spirituality is an obstacle we face. Most of us are engaged with activities and work rather than setting aside some times for prayer.

I work at a parish. Their simplicity and love nourish me. Their simple faith in the almighty God is inspiring. Many moments when I encounter them, I am convinced more that Jesus had come for these ordinary people, not for the bible scholars, spiritual directors, priests or religious people.

On a daily basis, difficulties stem from cultural and personal differences. I understand and admit that there should be differences between individuals and cultures. But in real life, when I encounter differences, I consider that others are wrong rather than understanding differences.

The daily life varies. On Mondays, we have community meetings and sometimes a reflection day. On Wednesdays, we have a mass in different out-stations. We still do not have daily masses. So we dedicate ourselves to be in the parish on Wednesdays on a regular basis. On the other days we are



engaged with various meetings and masses for various groups.

On Sundays, we (two of us) go to different out-stations. We have seven stations including the main parish centre. We each go to two places and at the remaining stations the catechists preside for the bible service.

Thank you very much for your kind concerns for us. Let us pray for one another. Have grace and joy filled days.

Sam Hong, OMI, is the assistant pastor in Kisaju parish

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works*



Do you have publicly traded securities that you would like to donate to the benefit of the Oblate missions? With the tax law introduced in 2006, you can directly donate your publicly traded securities (shares) to **AMMI Lacombe Canada MAMI** and receive an official income tax receipt while avoiding the payment of capital gains tax.

To take advantage of this tax-saving offer, please call Diane Lepage (1-866-432-6264) at our office for further information. A minimum market value of \$5,000 is suggested. We would be happy to facilitate this exchange that benefits you and the poor of the Oblate missions.



Gift Payment Option



We have the ability to accept donations by way of credit card! Please complete the gift form enclosed, visit our website at www.oblatemissionassociates.ca to give on-line, or call our office toll free: 1-866-432-6264 and we will be pleased to assist you in facilitating your donation to the Oblate missions.

Joseph Nzioka, OMI



I was born in 1986 in Eastern Kenya, the last in a family of eight (six sisters and two brothers). My parents are alive and are active members in the church.

The Oblate charism was the driving force that motivated me to join the Oblates. Many poor people I encountered were dying without knowing God and receiving church sacraments in their lives. This challenged me to offer my life as a sacrifice in order to administer sacraments to them so they may have an intimate relationship with God.

My parents have been my great influence. They introduced me into the Catholic faith as an infant, I was baptised and received other initiation sacraments in the Catholic Church. They also support me spiritually to respond to God's call positively.

The Kenya mission is growing fast, and as a result it faces the challenge of sustaining itself financially. The increase in numbers for candidates in formation houses is another challenge. Large formation houses need to be rebuilt to accommodate those in formation.

As an Oblate scholastic, that is, one who is studying for the priesthood, I meet young people in parishes and their desire to know God strengthens me, giving me hope that the Church has a bright future.

As a student, different demands in terms of academics, formation, and even pastoral are some of the challenges I encounter, but they enable me to be strong for the mission I will undertake in the future.

Joseph Nzioka, OMI, is an Oblate scholastic studying for the priesthood

200th Anniversary Rosary



In celebration of the 200th Anniversary of the Oblates' founding, we are offering a specially designed commemorative rosary. The rosary with crystal beads features a double-sided centrepiece depicting the Oblate Madonna on one side and the Oblate founder, St. Eugene, on the other. The crucifix resembles the Oblate Cross worn by every Oblate throughout the world, and has these words etched on the back:

200 YEARS
1816 - 2016
Missionary Oblates
of Mary Immaculate



The Oblate Cross is the most treasured possession of every Oblate missionary. When an Oblate's earthly ministry is completed, his cross is passed on to a member of the next generation of missionaries, a tradition that dates back 200 years.

Please see the enclosed gift form to indicate your request for this specially crafted rosary. Limited quantities available.

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clothing the naked and
bringing the love of God
to those most in need.

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*Oblate
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www.oblatemissionassociates.ca

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