

AMMI *Lacombe* Canada MAMI

Oblate Spirit



February 2014

Healing



Water

Water plays such a large part in our daily lives, yet we in Canada often take it for granted.

The picture on our cover, of people immersing themselves into Lac Ste. Anne, brought some focus to the meaning of water in our lives. We chose the theme of healing for this issue, but it just as easily could have been a theme on water.



From Lac Ste. Anne, which has welcomed thousands on yearly pilgrimages, to Kenya, and Peru, water plays such a large part in the lives of those with whom our Canadian Missionary Oblates work.

In Kenya, the last decade saw the construction of a well and pipeline that changed the lives of so many in the community that the Oblates serve. In Peru, the Napo River is a pathway from the jungle to the hospital at Santa Clotilde, a story we became familiar with in the last year with the saving of the Barcaza, the boat that carries those in need of healing to the hospital at its headwaters.

Water is used in blessing ceremonies. It is attached to healing on so many levels. It is a pathway to healing and it nourishes the food our bodies need.

Healing occurs on physical, mental, emotional and spiritual levels. Water is often the medium. It demands a little more respect.

John and Emily Cherneski
Communications Coordinators

The healing waters of Lac Ste. Anne

BY ARCHBISHOP EMERITUS SYLVAIN LAVOIE, OMI

When CBC reporter Cindy Bisaillon came to Lac Ste. Anne during the negotiations around the Indian Residential School Settlement, she fully expected to do a story on the tension and hostility between the Aboriginal people, and the Oblates and Grey Nuns.

To her great surprise, what she found was a love-in between the two groups. The respect the First Nations pilgrims had for their beloved Oblates and Grey Nuns was tangible, as was the dedication and love the latter had for the Aboriginal people

The late Jacques Johnson, OMI,
and Rusty Gardiner, OMI



they served, some for a lifetime. Fascinated by all this, she fell in love with Lac Ste. Anne and ended up doing a documentary on the healing waters of Lac Ste. Anne.

The site had long been a sacred gathering place for the Aboriginal peoples prior to contact with European fur traders and settlers. The lake was renamed Lac Ste. Anne by Rev. Jean-Baptiste Thibault, the first Catholic priest to establish a mission on the site. Missionary Oblates Fr. Remas and Fr. Lacombe began to serve the area in 1855. The Oblates have continuously served the area ever since.

Fr. Lestanc, OMI, organized the first annual pilgrimage to Lac Ste. Anne in July, 1889, after an inspirational visit to St. Anne d'Aurey shrine in French Brittany the previous year. Over the years the Lac Ste. Anne pilgrimage has continued on an annual basis, always during the week of July 26 (the feast day of St. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary). The grandmother or *kohkum* is a strong figure within aboriginal culture.

There have been many changes over the years. Presently, a non-profit board and trust govern the pilgrimage that has grown to 30,000 pilgrims some years. It is the only known board in Canada where several First Nations, Métis and

Archbishop Emeritus
Sylvain Lavoie, OMI,
praying with pilgrims





Catholic volunteer board members and trustees meet as equal partners toward a common event.

A pilgrimage always involves leaving the comfort and security of home, setting out on a journey of faith, and gathering at a location that is between two realities, earth and sky like at Kehewin, or earth and water like at Lac Ste. Anne. It is a communal prayer for a theophany, a healing experience of an encounter with the living God.

Traditionally, a large part of the pilgrimage was the journey, taking up to three days to prayerfully come by school bus, arriving on Tuesday just in time to set up camp, attend mass





Archbishop Emeritus Sylvain Lavoie, OMI

and especially, participate in the blessing of the lake. Pilgrims would stay for the main mass and devotions on Wednesday, then head home.

Today pilgrims arrive early, often by motor homes, for the event that runs from Saturday to Thursday. They come from the four corners of northern and western Canada, as far away as St. Theresa Point in Manitoba. This community in particular has put on a dramatized Way of the Cross that is moving and inspirational.

Some pilgrims walk or run long distances; others come on bike; some communities choose to come by horse and buckboard processions.

The pilgrimage itself consists of celebrations of the Eucharist in different languages, and devotions such as the rosary, candlelight processions, and the Way of the Cross. The more specific healing events are prayers over pilgrims knee deep in the blessed waters of the lake, the anointing of the sick and Step 7 healing prayer and sobriety pledge. It is impressive to see thousands of pilgrims gathered on the shore for the blessing and in the water to pray for healing.

Sacramental reconciliation takes place all day in an octagonal structure near the shrine, where priests spend many hours

hearing confessions, many of them profound and life changing. That too is a strong healing element of the pilgrimage.

Elements of First Nations spirituality such as the drum, sweet grass smudging, the four directions and at times dancing are now part of the pilgrimage. This reality is also a healing element for some who feel affirmed in their traditional spirituality. Lively Métis music as well as country gospel singing is now a familiar part of the pilgrimage, as is a Cursillo mass.

The pilgrimage plays the role of a social, political and religious gathering for Catholic First Nations and Métis peoples, much like the role that the Sun Dance plays for those more involved with traditional spirituality. Pilgrims gather to pray, visit, exchange gifts, socialize and celebrate life.

Many people come with the hope of experiencing healing: physical, mental, emotional and spiritual. Numerous crutches hanging on the walls of the shrine attest to physical healing. It is harder to verify the deeper inner healing that many experience. Bisailon herself would probably, if asked, admit to experiencing some of that inner healing – the healing of a somewhat biased attitude, which might be the best healing of all.

John Zunti, OMI



The power in healing

BY SUSAI JESU, OMI

Transformations are taking place in people's lives and in their families thanks to the courage of more than 100 participants in northeastern Saskatchewan who have learned healthy and loving ways to deal with unresolved grief and trauma.

The grief and trauma recovery team consists of Taking Flight International certified trainers Ina Feitz Ray of Sandy Bay and Susai Jesu, OMI, of the Sandy Bay and Pelican Narrows parishes. The intensive four-day program utilizes Indigenous-based teachings to offer meaningful, lasting help to those seeking assistance in our small northern communities of Sandy Bay and Pelican Narrows.

The participants enter the program carrying the grief and traumas they have endured in their lifetime, as well as carrying the inter-generational traumas inherited from their parents and grandparents, many of whom attended Indian residential schools. One participant explained the experience as being "like lifting a heavy burden off my shoulders that allows me

Susai Jesu,
OMI



to carry on my life with my head held high and my heart so much lighter.”

Our retreats invite those 15 and older who want help dealing with difficult life situations and need healing beyond significant losses in early life. These include death or life circumstances, suicide, tragic deaths and inter-generational losses (residential school).

We experience many losses throughout life. While some are much more significant than others, each loss is grieved. Each loss often carries with it numerous associated losses, including a loss of self-esteem, self-respect, self-identity and a loss of pride and dignity. Each of these associated losses contributes to feelings of self-doubt and insecurity.

These retreats are open to individuals and groups in education, healthcare, social services, government agencies and any other interested individuals.

Our certified team has the knowledge and skills to work in a wholistic model with individuals, groups, families and communities who have experienced trauma and/or are in need of grief support. Our certified program, through Taking Flight International, acknowledges that since trauma affects every aspect of humanness, interventions must be wholistic in nature.

We offer strategies of proven success that promote rapid healing of physical, mental, emotional and spiritual manifestations of trauma. The therapeutic applications to trauma work include artwork, movement, drumming, imagery, energy work, nature work and ceremony, which are all soulful experiences.

AMMI Lacombe Canada MAMI has generously sponsored three healing retreats (Grief and Trauma), one in Sandy Bay and two in Pelican Narrows. It is with grateful hearts that we would like to thank all the benefactors of MAMI, to say that you have been part of our healing journey by your generosity.

(Susai Jesu, OMI, is the parish priest at St. Gertrude Church in Pelican Narrows and Our Lady of Seven Sorrows in Sandy Bay)

When does healing occur?

BY MAURICE SCHROEDER, OMI, MD

AUCAYACU, PERU – It was 1978. In medical school we'd learned about blood-spread bacterial osteomyelitis (bone infection) in adolescents. I'd never seen a case, until I got to the jungle in Peru.

One day just before Easter a man approached me to come and see his sick son. We arrived after travelling for two hours to find 13-year-old Mateo burning with fever and racked with pain, on a blanket on the floor of a very poor home.

I took him to our medical post and started antibiotics. Two days later we drained the large collections of blackish fluid around the ends of the long bones of both his legs and both his arms. He even had one over a costal-vertebral articulation on his left chest.

It was Good Friday afternoon and attending to Mateo kept me and the nun-nurse assisting me from participating in the Way of the Cross that was passing on the street outside. They were carrying a heavy chain symbolic of our bondage to sin and to the suffering to which so many are victims due to others' collective sin. Mateo's five wounds were more than symbolic.

Mateo stabilized. In this photo from those many years ago we are leaving to take him to Lima for X-ray and surgical treatment. I would



1978 - Moe Schroeder, OMI, MD, and Mateo

carry him in my arms onto the plane in Tingo Maria for what was an apprehensive and terrifying new experience for him.

In Lima I saw his first X-rays: the femurs were fluffy like cotton batting from the ravages of the infection. I felt devastated. The older Peruvian radiologist said, "His infection was chronic long before you saw him. This is common in Peru."

I took Mateo to a home for sick children run by a religious order. From there they would take him to the orthopedic hospital where he would undergo surgical debridement and treatment for a year.

But the healing happened for me when we entered the children's home that morning. It was early and they were at Mass in the patio. Mateo was given a wheelchair. There were 30 or 40 young people, all with disabilities and chronic illnesses.

But all were singing with a joy that belied, or transcended, their physical reality:

"Mother, hear me, a thousand dangers surround me..." a song of great confidence and trust that was popular in the liturgies back then.

I could tell Mateo felt it.

I certainly did.

(Schroeder, OMI, is an Oblate priest and medical doctor presently serving the missions in Peru)



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The miracle of grace

BY ALFRED A. HUBENIG, OMI

ST. ALBERT – During the bitter cold of winter our Oblate parish mission team had gone by vehicles across frozen rivers to the Tlicho settlement of Wha'ti on the shores of Lac la Martre in the Northwest Territories. Amidst prayer drums and the singular chant of the rosary, we visited families and conducted spiritual exercises in the community. People came from other Tlicho communities as well: from Behcho'ko, Gameti and Wekweti. And when it was all over we returned home to St. Albert at the outskirts of Edmonton.

Before long an urgent call came from Chief Jimmie George Netziza of Wha'ti: "You have to come back. Something wonderful is happening to the community and we don't want to lose the momentum."

Wes Szatanski, the Oblate missionary who flies in to Wha'ti periodically, told me, "Something's happening in Wha'ti. It's no longer the same place."

So at the end of June, our team of Louis Andreas, OMI, Sylvain Lavoie, OMI, me and layperson Debbie Doornbos flew to Whah'ti to conduct a shorter "booster shot" mission. This was



Al Hubenig, OMI

shortly before Fr. Lavoie was named bishop of Keewatin. On the Saturday near the end of the mission the parish feted the marriage of a young man of the community and the daughter of the South Slavic chief



from Fort Simpson. It was a grand celebration.

The following morning, at the Sunday Mass, I commented on the beauty of the ceremony and the joy of the drum dances at night that brought the Tlicho and South Slavic peoples together. I spoke of the beauty of their community and how I love Wha'ti. But it was so sad, I told them, that there was a cancer eating away at the community, and that cancer was gossip – tearing people down, bad-mouthing and destroying them. I begged, in the name of God, that they resolve to dig out the cancer.

At the sign of peace after the Our Father, an elder came up to the altar, grabbed the microphone and began shouting animatedly into it in Tlicho. “What’s he saying, Maryanne?” I asked my interpreter, Maryanne Jeremaica.

“He’s saying he’s sorry for bad-mouthing the chief and after the Mass he asks for reconciliation,” she told me.

And so, after Mass, immediately outside the church door, the elder asked profoundly for forgiveness, which the chief gave, and they embraced in the presence of the entire community.

In my 82 years, 57 of them as a missionary, I have witnessed many miracles – even physical healings. But that moment of reconciliation was a miracle – a miracle of grace.

(Hubening is a member of the Oblate Parish Mission Team)

Gaturi Dispensary:

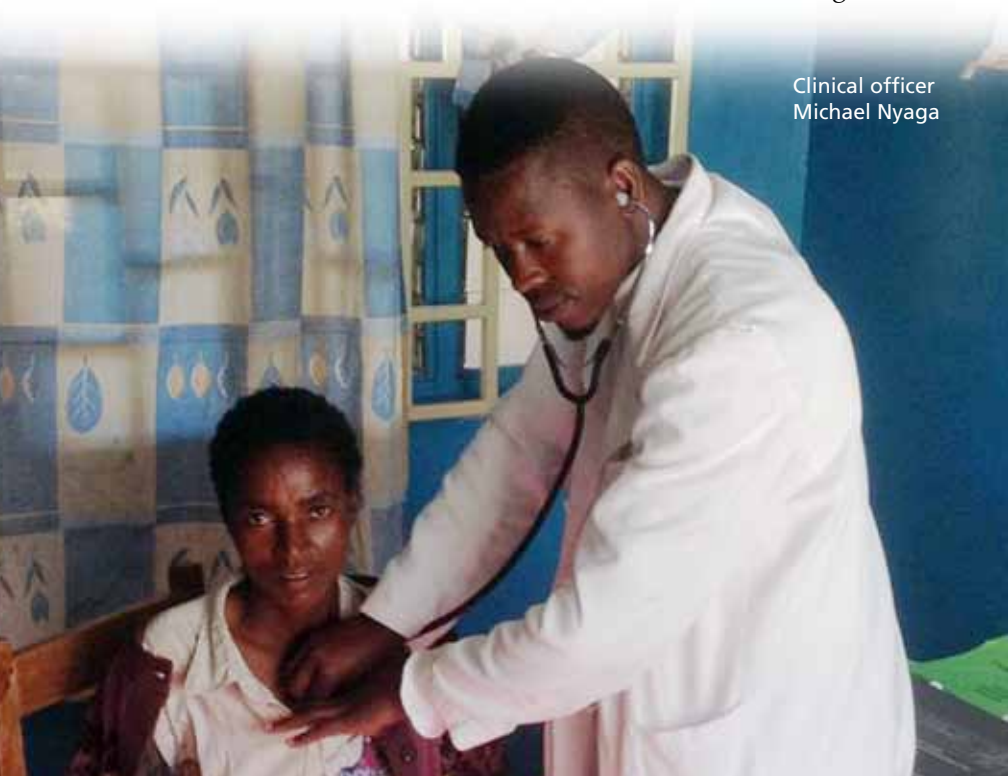
A place of physical healing and emotional refuge

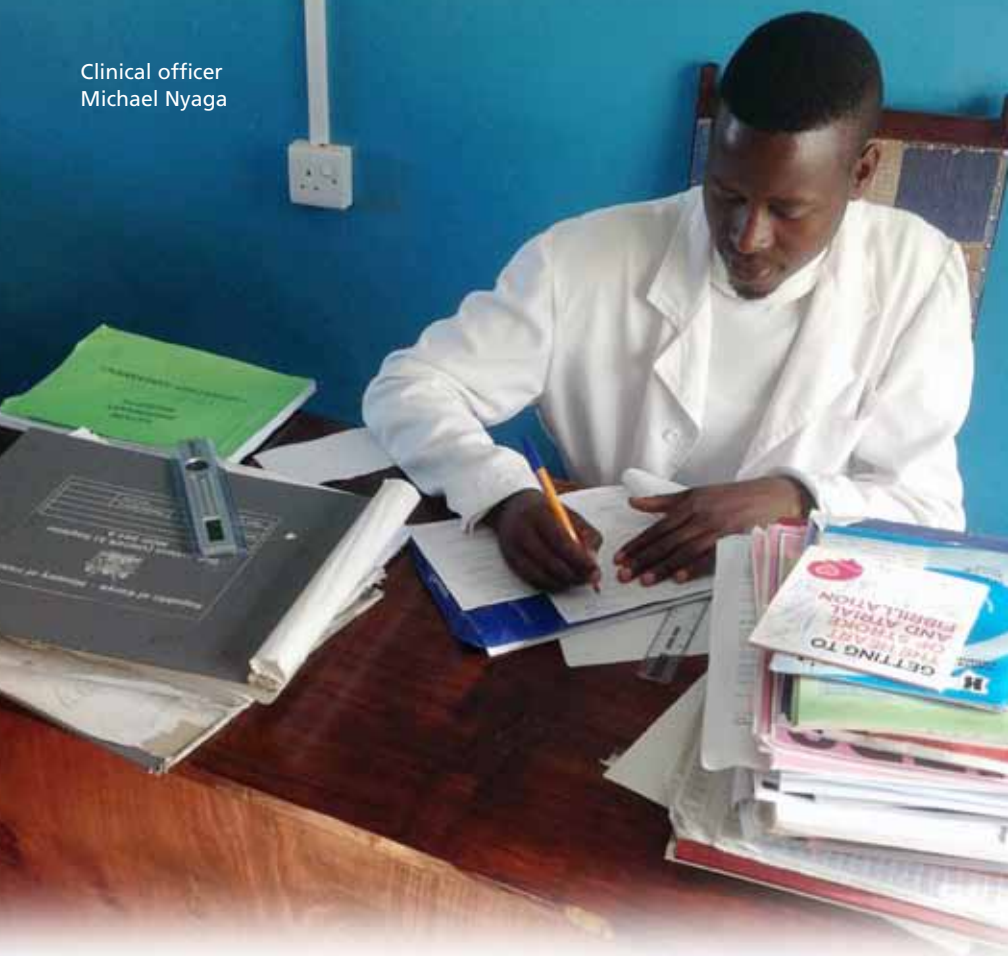
BY STEPHEN MURIUNGI, OMI, AND GERRY CONLAN, OMI

GATURI, KENYA – The Nazareth Sisters helped establish the Gaturi Dispensary in 1985, and three years ago the Kionyo parish, with assistance from our Canadian friends, renovated the building and made a big difference to the look and feel of the place. It is more professional and welcoming, and more respectful to the tasks given our staff. Thank you so much to our dear friends in Canada! Our Catholic Rescue Ship is still floating and ready to help at all hours, and for all people.

The two staff members are Michael Nyaga, the clinical officer who is technically not a nurse, but almost so in practical matters, and Nicholas Mutuma, the lab technician. Although

Clinical officer
Michael Nyaga





they are trained for practical healing, they also give good counsel and guidance to many people who come with various pressures and struggles.

The facility is in an important location because, during the four-month rainy seasons, other medical services are difficult to reach: eight kilometres south to Kinoro; five kilometres north to Igandene; nine kilometres west to Kionyo and five kilometres east to Igoji. Kanyakine hospital is 15 kilometres away for better services. The distances don't seem far by Canadian standards, but when you are walking in the dark, or walking on muddy roads, and you are feeling sick, it is far enough to be a problem and a challenge.

We are fortunate that all the dispensary medicines are

high quality, sourced from a Kenya bishop's organization called MEDS (Mission for Essential Drugs and Supplies). This is important because some dealers will deceive purchasers by selling imitation or poor quality drugs at high prices.

Nicholas processes 50 to 75 tests every week in the laboratory, allowing for timely results to be provided to the clinical officer for proper diagnosis and provision of correct medicines. Michael treats about 100 to 120 people every week.

Our dispensary charges minimal rates, which is important in an area where most are struggling to pay school fees. Every few months the local government hospital at Kanyakine holds special cancer screening events, or inoculations for children. We just began having a nurse come once a week for vaccinations, but it took six months and some persistent follow-up for it all to start. The bureaucracy is amazing.

Following are a few stories the staff shared.

STORY 1: An asthmatic man had a serious attack and was rushed to the clinic by his family at 7 p.m. Michael interrupted his supper to attend to the patient, who after one hour of intervention was breathing easily and smiling broadly! (Not to mention his family members.)

STORY 2: An adolescent was receiving treatment for typhoid and malaria from a new chemist in the market at Gaturi. After a few days he started getting worse and came to our dispensary for assistance. Michael diagnosed the young person and found he was given incorrect medication for typhoid. After two days the young man was feeling much better (and the chemist was shut down by the local authorities!)

STORY 3: A 19-year-old woman went through a difficult time of conflict with her 25-year-old husband. Just before he became violent, she sneaked away and took poison. The husband found her unconscious and she was rushed to the dispensary at 10 p.m. Again, Michael and Nicholas were awakened – they sleep at the dispensary – and immediately

attended to her. After midnight she was discharged without having to go to a bigger hospital. What a stressful few minutes it was for our team! Well done men.

STORY 4: A young man in his 20s got drunk and went into a coma. His friends rushed him to the dispensary and after an injection he regained consciousness and was taken home.

They also provide guidance to girls wanting to have abortions, which are never done at the dispensary. The counselling always encourages the girls to give birth, and much information is given about the harm done to the mother by an abortion.

A new service now being provided is voluntary counselling and testing for HIV/AIDS, and other STI/STDs.

Although the laboratory is fully staffed, it is only used to about 25 per cent of capacity. Still, due to economic pressures it is becoming difficult to keep it running. We are managing for now, with some subsidy from St. Stephen's Catholic Parish in Kionyo. It always serves as a reminder that Canadians are truly blessed with free and fantastic medical services.

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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.

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June 9, 1963, Joe Devlin's ordination

Joseph (Pepe) Devlin, OMI (1937 – 2013)

BY MAURICE SCHROEDER, OMI

PERU – Joe Devlin, OMI, was affectionately called Padre Pepe in Peru, a common nickname for José here. I knew him well. Joe entered Novitiate in Arnprior, Ont., in August of 1955 as I was about to finish there. We would spend the next seven years together in the Scholasticate in Ottawa.

In 1963 he was ordained and selected to go to the new mission in Peru. For the next 50 years, he never left it.

Joe knew from the Baltimore Catechism, which he undoubtedly learned at his mother's knee, why God made us: "To know, love and serve Him in this life and to be happy with Him in the next." Joe never swerved from that true north in his

life. He was unflinchingly focused and coherent in putting his faith into practice.

He served in most of our missions in Peru. In his early years he organized community labour crews to lay pipes for the water project in the homes on the arid mountain communities that surround Lima. He fought for electrification for the poor communities and dickered with authorities and governments for the financing of these projects. He was parish priest and spiritual advisor to countless people. He was a devout leader of the Charismatic movement. He was devoted to the apparitions of the Blessed Virgin and her messages.

He was fundamentalist in his Scripture applications. "When I was hungry you gave me to eat" meant what it said. And the command was clear.

In the post-Vatican II age of critical collective evaluation of pastoral methods, missionary interventions and cultural integrity, Joe adapted but did not flinch.

He began his "obras sociales" (social assistance works) later in his mission life. He assisted many needy people on a one-to-one direct assistance basis, always concerned for their spiritual well-being.

He left a legacy to all his fellow Oblates of the challenge of a radical commitment to the poor. He leaves hundreds of beneficiaries, spiritual and material, who mourn his passing.

We know that Joe unflinchingly knew and loved and served God in this life. That's why we know he is happy with Him in the next.

Sr. Kathleen Devlin of the Grey Nuns of Ottawa, Joe's sister, told me that shortly after he was told on June 28 that he had a massive brain tumor, he penned the following prayer in his personal notes that she found after his death:

"Dear Blessed Mother, take this situation into your Immaculate Heart and make it one with the Divine Will of God. Protect me and grant me Peace."

A good man who couldn't say no

BY BLAISE MACQUARRIE, OMI

PERU – I met Joseph Devlin, OMI, in 1960 when he was studying for the priesthood at Holy Rosary Scholasticate, where I was sent to work after I made my first vows. At that time Pope John XXIII asked the Oblates to send some priests to South America because of the



Joseph Devlin, OMI

Communist threat to raid countries. Fr. Joseph was one of them. In 1967 I, too, was sent to Peru, to the jungle where we have a parish at a place called “Aucayacu”.

In Peru I lived with Fr Joseph in three different parishes, one of which was in Lima. Senor de los Milagros was a huge parish and poor Fr. Joseph helped the people with a number of good projects such as water, light and health. He also helped people with special needs. The only weakness he had was that he did not know the word “no!” Needless to say, he was very generous with the poor.

I also worked with him in Chinca at Fatima parish and at Christ the King in Pueblo Neuro. Because we lived together we had much to laugh about as we both had funny stories to share. Let me end with this:

One weekday morning while the community was at morning prayer – it was 7 a.m. – the doorbell rang and as usual I left the chapel to answer. A few minutes later I returned to the chapel to continue with the prayer. After a while Fr. Joseph asked me not to answer the door when we are in prayer. Anyway, weeks went by until one morning when the doorbell

rang while we were in prayer. As usual, I got up and headed for the door. Halfway there I remembered what Fr. Joseph told me! But, because I was close to the door, I answered it.

Once back in the chapel, while we took a few minutes to ponder or meditate, I spoke. "Do you know who was at the door? It was Jesus Christ, and I told Him that He has to wait because we are praying!"

We were sorry and sad to learn of Fr. Joseph's passing. The parish celebrated a beautiful man for his good soul. Many people cried upon learning that Fr. Joseph will no longer be with them in the flesh, but, yet, in spirit. Fr. Joseph did much good, and he is being missed by us Oblates and of course the parishioners.

May his soul rest in peace.



April 25, 2013, Joe Devlin, OMI,
leaves Peru for Canada

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: lacombemami@sasktel.net



Kenya: The year in review

BY JIM FIORI, OMI

KENYA – With the arrival of Christmas and a new year, it is time to again share the salient moments of our life in Kenya during 2013.

I found it difficult to get into the Christmas spirit, whatever that is, when it was raining. With the rains the grass has never been greener, certainly a contrast to what most Canadians experience. Christmas in Kenya is very much a family feast. Everyone goes home to spend time with family. Commercialism isn't the primary focus, but stores like Nakumatt, the Kenyan

Stephen Muriungi, OMI, with an orphan from the
Srs. of Nazareth Children's home





Version of Wal-Mart, are trying to change that. The need for money of course gives rise to an increase in robberies.

I am mindful that I don't have family anywhere close. On a recent Sunday I attended a Canadian Christmas party sponsored by the Canadian Association of Kenya. While it was principally for families with children, those of us who are old and decrepit can rejoice in the sheer joy of the children. Yes Santa Claus came. He was on his way back to Canada.

The year saw many visitors pass through, including Diane Lepage and Glenn Zimmer, OMI, two directors of our Missionary Association. This was their first visit to Kenya. MAMI has been instrumental in raising significant funds to help the Mission, and the local people were pleased to be able to say thank you for the help given. They toured the water project that has brought fresh water to thousands of people; they visited schools, clinics and prayer houses, all of which received significant funding.

Shortly after our Provincial (John Malazdrewich) visited in January, we received the Oblate Mission Travel group organized by Neysa Finnie that enables people, many of whom have been

supporting the mission, to see what has been accomplished. I accompanied them throughout their stay. Their visit coincided with the Kenya elections so we planned excursions where they would be safe. From Nairobi to a game park at Massa Mara, to Nakuru (famous for its flamingos) to the Samburu Game Park, we certainly managed to see the big five.

From Samburu we travelled to our parish in Kionyo. This was their first encounter with the Kenyan people and it was delightful for both. From Kionyo we returned to Méru where they visited the slums and two orphanages. It was delightful to spend this time, sharing the Kenya Mission with them.

In mid April and again in early September I journeyed to South Africa to attend the inter-provincial council of which I am a member by virtue of my role as Mission Superior. There isn't any time to do the tourist thing but I do spend some time with our novice in the novitiate in Johannesburg and with our scholastics (seminarians) in Cedara.

At the end of June we had the privilege to present our second Kenyan for ordination to the priesthood. Stephen Muriungi, a son of the Oblate parish in Kionyo, has returned home and is now a priest. This marks a significant moment of the mission. We now have Kenyan Oblates. In November, I was privileged to attend the ordination to the diaconate of Dionisius Ananua. This is of course the transitional deacon; he will be ordained a priest some time in 2014, another significant moment in the life of the mission.

On Sept. 21 we experienced the terrorist attack at the Westgate Mall in Nairobi. Seemingly four terrorists entered the mall on a busy Saturday at noon and began throwing grenades and shooting shoppers. Four days later the siege finally ended. A significant part of the complex was collapsed. There is still a significant amount of confusion as to what exactly happened. Various reports would indicate that the whole thing was bungled. Some speculate that in fact the terrorists escaped. The police and military didn't seem to know what



Oblate John Malazdrewich shares a greeting with an orphan at the Nywnbani Children's home

they were doing and didn't have the equipment to do it. Sadly a Canadian diplomat was among the 70 killed. We were never in any danger. I did go to the mall from time to time but never on a Saturday. It is a rather upscale place and I really couldn't afford the merchandise nor did I need it. Security is high; you can't get into the malls without being screened and your car searched. It's a nuisance but a necessary inconvenience. Of course in Canada we are not used to seeing police carrying assault rifles. Sometimes I think their guns are the only thing they know how to use. They have very little other equipment. In spite of the seeming danger I do not feel unsafe. We are more likely to get killed in a traffic accident than by a terrorist attack. One needs to be careful and there are certainly areas where one should not go.

A significant moment for the Oblate Kenya Mission was our move to a new parish in Kisaju. It is just southeast of Nairobi. The place is very poor. There is no infrastructure, no electricity, water, roads, etc. It is a challenge for us because we, like them, are poor. At the moment we are renting a house in the neighbouring parish so we have a place to live that is nearby. This really is starting from scratch. The Ngong diocese is also incredibly poor. The bishop really has nothing to offer us. It is the largest diocese in the country, has few priests and no money. The area is predominately Maasai, a group largely untouched by the Gospel. All this goes to say if there is any place in the country we as Oblates should be, this is it.

My mandate as Superior of the mission ends in January. I am prepared to remain if asked but I'm equally ready to return home. I've been in leadership for a good many years and I am not getting any younger. I am open to doing whatever is asked of me. At this point I am not anxious one way or the other. I belong to a missionary order and I did make a vow of obedience. So I am not about doing my own will.

As I stand at the Altar I will uphold each of you in my prayer. Let us give thanks to God for the many blessings we have received. I pray that your New Year will be one of blessing and favour.

Glenn Zimmer, OMI



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