

The **TRIPOD** *Piety Study Action*

June

Newsletter of the Seattle Archdiocese Cursillo Movement

2005

A Walk with the Holy Spirit

By Andrew Krieger

The call from my father in St. Louis was not unexpected. Trouble had been brewing for years. My eldest brother John (not his real name) had been sinking lower and lower into his Alcoholism for many years. Now he was in the hospital in intensive care.

When you consume alcohol like John over a long period, your body becomes dependent upon it. Having been jailed for failing to appear before a judge concerning his unpaid child support prevented him from being able to supply his body with the alcohol it needed. The inevitable withdrawal resulted in seizure this time and he was rushed to the hospital for testing and care.

We had all seen it coming as he was jailed, some were surprised by how quickly it set in and how horrible it could get. Most people don't realize that alcohol withdrawal is deadly. More than with any other drug.

The first thing I did after the call was to make a call of my own, to inform my wife. "You need to get out there" was her instant reply. It was the last thing I wanted to hear. I know a lot about what he was going through,

alcohol had wreaked its devastation upon my life for years until God spared me six years ago. One good way to stay sober is to help another alcoholic. This had made me the "go to guy" when he had his first seizure almost exactly a year before. At that time he had managed to stay sober for three weeks but, as with most alcoholics, relapse came. I did not want to be responsible now. I had stopped my life for a week last year and spent the money to fly out there to help get him sober. He had little hope now no matter who was going to help and I didn't want to be bothered again.

At my Cursillo six months ago I learned that Jesus was counting on me. I knew what I was supposed to do. I was not supposed to be selfish like this, to turn away those in need. I felt the urging in my head and in my heart instantly when Dad had called but it wasn't until my wife put it into words that I knew I could not deny the calling. But I still tried to get out of it. I called a friend hoping to plead my case; "you know that you *have to go*" was all he would say.

Desperate for relief from the obvious responsibility, I tried to pawn it off on God, to make it his fault if I did not go. Staring out my window I prayed "OK God I know I am supposed to do this and I promise not to lose faith even if you don't respond but if I am really supposed to do this then I want a sign." I asked that God let me see a hawk or an eagle in the back yard and I waited. So I waited. The waiting gave me the time to realize that I would have to go, that God would not let me off the hook so easily.

Off to the computer to schedule a flight I went. My wife had reminded me that we still had a credit on one airline from a trip we had cancelled earlier that year. The logo for that company was the American Eagle. I guess I could look at that as a sign, I thought, but I still was fighting it. My prayer became more feverish and desperate now. I am going and I know it but what am I supposed to do? What help could I be? The answer **A**

(Continued on page 4)

Inside This Issue

From the Lay Director	2
Upcoming Events	2
Most Recent Cursillistas	2
Heavenly Football	3
St. Vincent De Paul	3
Cursillo Website	3
Secretariat Phone Numbers & e-mail ads.	4
Ultreyas: Day, Time, and Contacts	4
NEW-- Spanish Ultreya	4
Keeping Our Cursillo Lives on Track	6
Application Form	7

From the Lay Director Pete Jancola

Our God says, in Exodus 20:5, “For I, the Lord, your God, am a jealous God...” But I think He is an impatient God as well. How many prophets did He send, and continues to send, so that we might get it right? God’s so anxious for us to be perfect human beings He created that He even sent Jesus to show us how to live and how to love. Best of all, God cannot wait for us to be one with Him. We, God and I, don’t have to wait til my life on earth passes away, or until the Last Judgement. Every time I go to Communion, We are one!

Jesus said this in many ways and some examples may serve as reminders. “You are clean already, thanks to the word I have spoken to you. Live on in me, as I do in you.” (John 15:3-4) “The man who feeds on my flesh and drinks my blood remains in me, and I in him.” (John 6:56) “...And know that I am with you always, until the end of the world!” (Matthew 28:20)

This is why I feel so honored whenever I meet with you, at Ultreya, meetings, Closuras... God in me is encountering God in you! My challenge is to be aware of that when I meet people I don’t know, or know superficially. And that includes potential candidates. If I make an effort to look at these people and see God really present within them, I may learn to love as God loves. “Come, Holy Spirit, fill the hearts of your faithful, and kindle in us the fire of your love.” That fire should make it easy to find candidates, or make it unnecessary. See you at Ultreya! God is with us!

UPCOMING EVENTS

Region XII Meeting: Cursillo leaders in the Archdiocese of Seattle have agreed to host the next Regional meeting, which will be the weekend of September 30 through October 2, Friday evening to noon Sunday. The meeting will be at Our Lady of the Lake Parish. We plan to find host homes as sleeping quarters for attendees from other north-west dioceses (about thirty persons), and we will need a kitchen team to serve four meals and provide snacks. Please prayerfully discern your anticipated availability to:

- a. attend the meeting
- b. provide sleeping space
- c. work on the kitchen team

You may notify John George (425-775-1247) or Pete Jancola (206-780-5813) of your availability, or notify Barbara Levich (206-248-2266, blevich@comcast.net) for hosting out-of-town attendees overnight.

Cursillo Weekends: The next Cursillo Weekends, both at Camp Don Bosco in Carnation, are scheduled as follows:

Men October 13-16

Team Coordinator: Michael Hartmann

Women October 20-23

Team Coordinator: Darlene George

It is not too early to submit applications, but be sure to “talk to God about your candidate before you talk to your candidate about God” or about Cursillo.

Our Most Recent Cursillistas:

Linda Walsh	Donna Motland	Jack Bradbury	St. Cecilia, Stanwood	Ernest Luna	St. Louise
Diana Dunsire	Renee Myrick	Paul Blair	St. Brendan, Bothell	Steve Robbins	St. Mary’s
Kimberly	Julie Nicol	Manuel Estrada	St. Cecilia, Stanwood	Dan Walsh	Holy Rosary
Daviscourt	Angela Northquist	Eric Ganz	St. Cecilia, Stanwood		
Kendra Carlton	Bliss Ogilvie	Mark Grumbine	St. Cecilia, Stanwood		
Andrea Collard	Debbie Olson	Larry Holt	St. Michael’s, Snohomish		
Jackie Conkey	Miriam Robinson	Don Jackson	Sacred Heart, Seattle		
Arthelia	Mary Starost	Christopher Konnerup	St. Cecilia, Stanwood		
Coverson		Douglas Kuhn			
Shannon Dow		Cameron Nicol	St. Thomas More, Lynnwood		
Sheila Crofut		Patrick Rooney	St. Cecilia, Bainbridge Island		
Gisele Maheu		Gregory Schuler	St. Madeleine Sophie, Bellevue		
Carmen Merrill		Steve Stebing	St. Cecilia, Stanwood		
Mary Minjares		Fr. Gary Sumpter	St. Mary Star of the Sea		

HEAVENLY FOOTBALL *By Dave Hallek*

We all know that in scoring football, the ball must be appropriately moved within designated time frames. How would this work if there were football in heaven? The Father, as center, initiates the ball, passes it to His Son, the point man, who places the ball, and the Spirit punts the ball over the goal crossbars. Three points every time, provided the ball does only what a ball is supposed to do, nothing. Let go, let God! Instead of using a football, God's mission is to move humans through holy experiences within their designated time frames, or lifetimes. The tricky part is that humans have free will. Because of that, there are three ways humans can opt out, or foul the play. The first is to inflate oneself greater than he is and refuse to believe, or be initiated. Second is refusing to follow Jesus, to be reformed or converted. The third is to deflate ourselves and veer off course from the punt, therefore, rejecting the Spirit's evangelization. Instead, one should be enjoying the Father's invitation to the divine life, cuddled by Jesus' example of righteous living, and preparing for the experience of a lifetime when being kicked in the butt by the Holy Spirit into a whole new life of saintly living. Sometimes we don't go willingly and need that extra "kick" to wake us up, to enliven us, and keep temptations from overpowering our resolve to being 100% human.

Over 200 Cursillistas Registered for Online Delivery of TRIPOD

Since the Web site was launched last year over 200 of you registered to receive the Tripod via Internet. Thank you. That saves significant printing and postage dollars. We invite the rest of you to register, too, so we can save even more. There are other benefits from signing up: you get the Tripod before those using regular, a printable version of the the little group reunion booklet with the prayers and format for sharing our Holiness, Formation, and Evangelization, the dates and places of the upcoming Cursillo Weekends, and contact info (phone/email) for those you need to contact. Website. www.seattlecursillo.org

He that doth a base thing in zeal for his friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together." *Jeremy Taylor, English Bishop (1613 – 1667)*

St. Vincent DePaul, A Worthy**Cause** *By Larry Pomada*

Since 1929 the Saint Vincent de Paul, at Sacred Heart, Seattle, has been serving the needy. Over the years the program has grown from serving the few families of the parish during the depression, to serving those who come for one of nearly 400 hot lunches served on Thursday by a dozen volunteers. Besides hot lunches, today this local chapter provides thousands of dollars in food, clothes bags, help with rent and utilities, and making about 150 sack-lunches four days a week. Donations from local restaurants and grocery stores and Sacred Heart parishioners through donations of food and money make this effort possible which is very important to a few thousand individuals and families each year.

This short article can't begin to convey all the help that this S.V.D.P. council has provided since the late 20's. Unfortunately its services may come to a close. The council is losing its director, Jim Foskin, he's retiring. To keep this vital mission going we need a replacement for Jim and for other volunteers who are in their senior years and getting to the point where they are no longer physically able to do the work which consists of making lunches, serving them, and picking up the food from local stores and restaurants.

I have been the administrator at Sacred Heart Parish for over 4 years and have watched the invaluable service that this mission provides. Many times during my lunch hour I have helped to serve these people and at other times I have broken bread with them. I've heard stories of both hardship and joy. I've even helped a few men make decisions to seek help, to start a new. Some of these people are just down at the bottom of their lives and need a supportive word and a helping hand. I've been blessed, beyond words, by serving these folks.

It would be a terrible loss if this mission were to close. Would you prayerfully consider taking Jim's position or helping in some way? Please call Jim at 206-283-2104 or take a tour of the facility and to talk with him.

Walk with the Holy Spirit (Continued)

was clear. I was to pray and pray and do what I was A supposed to do and let God take care of the results. This was not about my worthiness, it never is.

”OK God,” I thought, “here we go.” I guess that’s a hint I thought as I spent several hours on a plane in a row just behind a bulkhead. And on that bulkhead directly in front of my face I stared at a large plaque of that company’s logo, the eagle. By the time I was able to get in town John had recovered enough to go before the judge and had been released. He had been bailed out the day before by the woman at whose home he had been staying after being unable to pay rent on his little apartment. He could not pay rent because his disease had kept him out of work for well over a year and at the age of thirty-nine my parents had finally stopped supporting him. It was just too painful to let him continue down in the spiral that was his life under their watch. He had been living at the home of an ex-girl-friend, the mother of his third child out of wedlock.

He had not contacted my parents and we assumed the worst, was he drinking again? Mercifully he called the next morning and finding out that I was in town allowed me to come see him. In the 90-minute drive to him I prayed like I have never prayed before. I couldn’t come up with the whole prayer that I was looking for so I kept repeating “Come Holy Spirit, guide the hearts of your faithful”, praying the Rosary and begging the

Lord, “please let him be sober, please help me say the right things to get him out of there”.

He was working on a glass of straight vodka when I got there. I had no idea what to say or do but I opened my mouth and the Holy Spirit gave me the right words. To this day I do not know exactly what I said but within the hour he had agreed to quit drinking (again) and I was loading up all his stuff to move him back to my parents’ home so he could get treatment. That was the first Miracle. Never would I have guessed that he would do what I suggested, let alone move back home. On the drive back he nursed his drink much to my chagrin. He told me several disjointed parts of his incarceration and hospitalization story. Intoxication followed by acute withdrawal does horrible things to your memory so that was how he remembered it, in a haze. He was covered in bruises. He did not know if he had been beaten or had just hurt himself falling all over the place before his seizure which had left him unable to balance or talk well and the vodka was not helping.

One part of the story stood out. He had been fighting back against one or more of his jailers. He really didn’t know if he was being abused or if he just kept falling all over the place and the officers were just trying to steady him, which we both strongly suspected. In telling of this struggle he said “I was fighting and fighting and I finally stood up and standing right in front of

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Ultreyas

Bothell “Northend” St. Brendan	2 nd Saturday	8:00 PM	Contact: Sam Affronte,	425-481-5296
Bremerton Holy Trinity	4 th Thursday	7:00 PM	Contact: Jerry Hyde,	360-377-9335
Des Moines St. Philomena	3 rd Tuesday	7:00 PM	Contact: Marilyn Soderquist,	206-248-2063
Lacey Sacred Heart	3 rd Sunday	1:30 PM	Contact: Bill Hine,	360-923-0244
Montesano St. John’s Mission	2 nd Sunday	2:00 PM	Contact: Helen Pellegrino,	360-249-5535
Poulsbo St. Olaf	3 rd Monday	7:00 PM	Contact: Noreen Millbauer,	360-437-7649
Tacoma St. John of the Woods	1 st Wednesday	7:00 PM	Contact: Earl Ducote,	253-845-0112

There will be a Spanish Ultreya at Christ the King, Seattle the 3rd Sunday of the month , 2:30. For June only, the ultreya will be held the 2nd Sunday (Father’s Day). For information call John George (425-775-1247)

A Walk with the Holy Spirit *(Continued)*

me was your wife, Tammy. She called out my name and was clearly worried about me.” At that point he stopped struggling. He says that when the officers saw her they told her she was not allowed to be there and escorted her out. He goes blank from there. “She wasn’t in town last week was she?” he asked. I assured him that she was not; she was in Seattle.

As we drove I continued to pray for guidance. How was I going to get rid of the bottle of vodka that he figured he would finish before quitting for good later that night? And then what? Without the proper medication it was probable that his system would rebel again if he cut off the alcohol intake and who knew if he would survive it this time. There are medications that can be administered to prevent the side effects but I was sure that he would refuse treatment until it was too late to prevent another seizure.

As we exited the highway to get some dinner I came up with a way to solve part of the problem. I told him I was going to get gas (even though I didn’t really need to) and would dump out the rest of his bottle before he knew what was happening. He got out of the car as I did though I asked him to stay in the car. This guy who could hardly walk was insisting that I let him clean the windshield! As he made his way to do that I went the other way with his bottle and dumped it. Turning around I saw he was still trying to get the squeegee out of the bucket. I quickly found out that that was not the problem. His balance had gotten so bad that he could not stand up again after he bent over to get the tool. I helped him up and insisted he get back in the car. Still he insisted on cleaning the windshield, to show that he could do something positive. I couldn’t believe it but I let him go so I could hang the pump back up and close the gas cap. I then hurried around to his side of the car to help him but I was too late. He had lost his balance again and was slowly walking/falling backwards. He fell over as I got within three paces of him.

I have never seen a human skull hit the ground or anything else that hard. I rushed to his side and his eyes were open wide and he was unresponsive. I thought he was dead but he came to after what seemed like an eternity but was probably more like ten seconds. Its OK I told him as he feebly attempted to sit up. You are going to be fine. Somebody brought me a handful of paper towels to soak up the quickly growing puddle of blood and apply pressure to the wound. He wouldn’t listen, he didn’t remember falling and he said he felt

fine. This terrified me, this was bad. Eventually I had to show him the wad of bloody towels to convince him he was really hurt. And even then he was sure that we didn’t need the ambulance that was en route; in fact, he still wanted to get a hamburger.

As I knelt beside him I had a realization. I had been begging God to take over his care because I had no idea what to do and He had. We were going to a hospital which is exactly what we needed in the first place. I was still worried about the head wound but I was glad we could get him treatment for the inevitable withdrawal. I called my parents to keep them informed; my father would meet us at the hospital. I also called my wife. I told her about the fall and moving his stuff. I related to her his story about seeing her at the jail and when I finished she was sobbing. Then she hung up on me. What was that I wondered? A minute later she called me back. “Did you just call me?” she asked, “and did you say that John saw me?” She was crying and by now so was I. She told me about her incident the week before, at the time John would have seen her. When she found out John had been jailed she was so upset that she had become physically sick and went to bed. There she prayed to our Blessed Mother asking her to intercede on John’s behalf. “Go to him” she begged, “comfort him in this darkest of hours”.

She prayed and prayed begging, sending Our Lady to comfort him as a mother would until she fell asleep. Upon waking she thought no more of it. In what I believe was a direct answer to her prayers Mary sent him a vision of Tammy crying out on his behalf and that had been exactly what John needed, a second Miracle. When John spoke of his vision of my wife her experience seemed curious. Then we realized, John wouldn’t have recognized Mary. He’s fallen away from the church. But he did recognize Tammy. She was crying again, so hard that she had to hang up on me again. I sobbed too. I sobbed and praised Jesus. “Praise You, Praise You, Praise You Lord” I prayed.

The cut only required a few stitches and there was no damage to the skull. That was great news but it meant we would be leaving the hospital before John would need medical help for withdrawal. Another minor miracle occurred when I was able to convince the doctor to prescribe the medication for John that we both knew he would need before the night was through. John was still not in touch with reality. He still wanted to go to a restaurant reasoning that nobody would care

(Continued on page 6)

A Walk with the Holy Spirit *(continued)*

about the still oozing wound on the back of his head or the scary, blood-soaked white sweater. Surprisingly he slept well that night and his mind began to return. He was getting better and still was willing to stay sober.

For the rest of the week that I was there I prayed continually for John's sobriety and continued care. I stayed by his side and took him to AA meetings. My spirits had been buoyed by the direct way in which God had been acting in my life. The day before I left we stood on my parents back porch talking and gazing out when I saw it. It was a large bird's nest in my parents' back yard. A hawk's nest! The message I got when I got it was more clearly a voice from God than anything I have ever received. He forgave me for my having demanded a sign. He provided the signs for me when I needed them but only after I stepped forward in faith. He didn't seem to give me a sign to go but when I took the first step it was clear he was with me. The hawk was in the backyard the whole time but I would have never known it if I hadn't made choices that put my brother and my God first.

It's been a few months now and John is still sober, the third miracle! He is getting better and walks and talks normally now. I bought him a medal with the Blessed Mother on it to help him remember what happened and he has yet to take it off. Alcoholism is a tough disease. You are never cured and relapse could always be around the next corner. This does not diminish the miracle in any way. I pray the Rosary every day in thanks to Mary for her intercession. And if dark times threaten me again I pray that I have the faith to take the first step.

Keeping Our Cursillo Lives on Track *By Erik Garvey*

I have heard the metaphor that what we learn on our Cursillo weekend are tools for our toolbox. This is great if you use tools to fix things at work or at home. On the other hand, if you are not a handyman or you only use tools a few times each year; this is a bad comparison to what we learned on our Cursillo weekend. For those of us in this second group, I have a different; hopefully more useful, metaphor.

We're all on a journey. Hopefully, we all see the final destination as eternal life with God. For Cursillistas, Cursillo is the car we drive down the road of life. However, cars breakdown if not maintained. Even if we do it less often than suggested by manufacturers; cars need oil changes, tune-ups, new tires, etc. To keep your car running smooth, Cursillo offers two most important concepts: Friendship Groups and Ultreyas. These provide for our spiritual needs and keep us from reverting to our "fallen nature". Without aids of this kind our cars breakdown and we find ourselves on the side of the road.

Friendship Groups keep us focused on living the Cursillo method. We express our lives in terms of Holiness, Formation, and Evangelization. Some weeks we may not have much to share. That's when our friends pick us up and encourage us by direct word or by sharing an accomplishment of their own. Cursillo is not all we talk about. I see my Friendship Group as "me" time, it helps me to be a better person, to see my world with refreshed eyes.

Ultreya reminds us that this movement is composed of many Friendship Groups. In our friendship groups we share mini witness talks. However, at Ultreya we get to hear a witness talk from new people, people who may not be friends, but they are not usually strangers either. We get to share with people we do not see between Ultreyas.

Working a weekend is also good maintenance. It lets us see how the Holy Spirit works with candidates. I have worked on Rollo, Palanca and Kitchen teams. I learned more from the Rollos given by team mates and especially from mine than when I was a candidate. Working on the Palanca team taught me that it provides more than prayer. It offers the hard labor of clean up which is a humble but fruitful contribution. Of course we prayed for the team, the candidates and for our prayer partner. This is in addition to the normal prayers each Cursillista should offer. Whether laboring for another (preparing, serving, cooking) or ourselves, we can offer the experience to God. I was placed on the Palanca team even though I wanted to be on Rollo team. The following year I got my wish, but both were great experiences. I advise you to let the Holy Spirit guide you to the team you need.

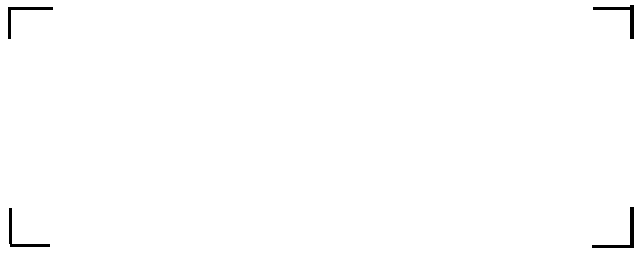
As Cursillistas we drive our cars down life's road. It's up to us to use the maintenance concepts provided.

CURSILLO APPLICATION FORM SHOULD APPEAR ON THIS PAGE

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CURSILLO = Short Course, Long Commitment

Your Feedback, Please

What kind of information and articles would you like to read. We want your ideas on how we can make the TRIPOD more interesting and useful. Also, would you consider writing an article for the TRIPOD? Have you read a book lately that you would like to recommend? Do you have a witness story you'd like to share? Have you had a close moment that was especially inspiring? Do you know of some coming events that other cursillistas might be interested in? Please take the time to send us your comments and recommendations.

Send your comments to: Ron Fernandes, 13832 119 Ave. NE, Kirkland, WA. 98034, or call 425-821-3599, e-mail: Ferpl@AOL.com

Let us hear from you...

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- My address/phone has changed.
- I no longer wish to receive the TRIPOD.
- I would like to work the next Cursillo.
- Call me, I am interested in finding out more about the School of Leaders.
- Call me, I have a witness of an environment changed that I'd like to share in the TRIPOD.

Reply to: Seattle Cursillo Movement, P.O. Box 68803, Seattle, WA. 98168-0803