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From left: Annie Bulger, Valerie Day and Denise Hurley (all South Bend) were able to enjoy a good view of the eclipse with the help of a telescope brought to work by fellow LaSalle Company employee Doug Beebe.

Craig Lent
Elizabeth Pease
Joan Pingel
Mary Timler
Clem Walters
David Zimmel

Tianzhi Chen, a senior at Trinity School at River Ridge, took this picture of the total solar eclipse on August 21 while on a trip with 84 other students and adults who traveled over 400 miles to get a good view.

Jon Balsbaugh recently took this shot of the railroad tracks not far from his new home in South Bend.

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I n August I left South Bend for a few weeks to help Praise Academy at Lakeside start their 2017-18 school year. Things were going well as we prepared for the school’s third year and an increase in enrollment from 13 to 18 students, but there was one problem. I’d promised the principal, Joan Pingel, that I would get some sort of dry-erase board or whiteboard for her small classroom. I hadn’t managed to do that.

What should have been a simple task had turned complicated. The layout of the room left only one possible spot for the kind of whiteboard we wanted, but none of the standard sizes would fit there.

I had discovered there are three types of whiteboard: melamine, porcelain and glass. Melamine is cheap but it wears out quickly and tends to get permanent shadows. Porcelain is more expensive, longer-lasting and can be magnetized, but tempered glass seemed the best choice because it can be cut to any size, it will last practically forever and you can use any type of marker.

Unfortunately, the glass whiteboard that would work best for us costs $1,200, and my budget for the project was $100. The situation looked bleak.

When I explained things to Paul DeCelles (South Bend), who is school board chairman, he said I should simply beg on behalf of the Lord. He said, “You are presenting people with an opportunity to be generous to the Lord.”

So I contacted several companies, explaining that the school is located in the poorest zip code in the state and describing the school’s mission and nonprofit status. My refrain was, “What’s the best you can do for me?” The companies basically ignored me.

With school about to start, I decided I’d better buy an inexpensive whiteboard just so Joan would have something. Paul encouraged me to hit the phones again. Perhaps a local glass company could cut a piece of glass for us, drill holes for attaching it, and then temper it so it was hard enough. I wasn’t excited about making more calls, but I tried six companies in two hours. One employee suggested I call a Shreveport construction firm that works with architectural glass, encouraging me to speak to “Charles.” I dutifully called Charles and briefly described the school and our needs. I simply stated the facts. Charles said he couldn’t help, but referred me to another firm. While on the phone with that firm (they declined to help), I noticed that Charles was trying to call me.

I called him back. He said he’d been thinking about it and he would “take care of it for me,” even though it wasn’t the type of glass work they typically did. I still wasn’t sure exactly what he meant, so I asked him straight out how much it would cost, and he repeated, “I can take care of the cost for you.” He even promised to deliver it himself.

I was tearing up at that point and told him he was a saint and an answer to prayer. Minutes later, when I told the faculty, they broke into cheers. Before I left town I made sure I met with Charles to thank him in person. He is a delightful man, and we talked about his family, his church, Praise Academy and the People of Praise.

True to his word, Charles delivered the new glass whiteboard. It had taken me 20 phone calls, hours of research and a bit of humility to “beg on behalf of the Lord,” but what was most stunning to me was that I saw close-up how the Lord’s heart is always moved by the poor.
A partial eclipse was visible everywhere in the US, Canada and the Caribbean, where projections of the eclipse could be seen coming through the leaves of trees and household objects like colanders, or by using special eclipse glasses to look at the sun directly. Some members of the community took the opportunity to travel to the path of totality. The senior class from Trinity School at River Ridge, along with numerous parents and faculty members, took a two-day trip to Saint Joseph, Missouri, where they watched the eclipse from an airport alongside people from 5,000 cars. Mission Program Coordinator Nick Holovaty, who traveled to Marion, Kentucky, with other members of the Evansville new start as well as some guests, said, “I’ve been reflecting on how awesome it was, but at the same time it was just so quiet. Except for two minutes and 30 seconds you might not have even noticed. It seems to me that there’s something in it like a parable of how the Lord relates to us. It was this amazing, awe-inspiring thing, but it was very quiet. He doesn’t force himself on you. It seemed like there was something of the Lord’s personality in it.” We hope you’ll enjoy these photos of the glory of God in the sun, the moon, the clouds, the shadows of the trees and the brothers and sisters taking it all in.

Praise Him, Sun and Moon!

On Monday, August 21, a total solar eclipse, in which the moon completely blocks out the light from the sun, was visible for a 70-mile-wide swath of land which cut across the US from Oregon to South Carolina.

A partial eclipse was visible everywhere in the US, Canada and the Caribbean, where projections of the eclipse could be seen coming through the leaves of trees and household objects like colanders, or by using special eclipse glasses to look at the sun directly. Some members of the community took the opportunity to travel to the path of totality. The senior class from Trinity School at River Ridge, along with numerous parents and faculty members, took a two-day trip to Saint Joseph, Missouri, where they watched the eclipse from an airport alongside people from 5,000 cars. Mission Program Coordinator Nick Holovaty, who traveled to Marion, Kentucky, with other members of the Evansville new start as well as some guests, said, “I’ve been reflecting on how awesome it was, but at the same time it was just so quiet. Except for two minutes and 30 seconds you might not have even noticed. It seems to me that there’s something in it like a parable of how the Lord relates to us. It was this amazing, awe-inspiring thing, but it was very quiet. He doesn’t force himself on you. It seemed like there was something of the Lord’s personality in it.” We hope you’ll enjoy these photos of the glory of God in the sun, the moon, the clouds, the shadows of the trees and the brothers and sisters taking it all in.
On a frigid Wednesday last December, hundreds gathered for a funeral at the Cathedral of St. Paul, packing the center section of one of the largest churches in the United States. Some circled the downtown blocks near the cathedral looking for parking, and eventually gave up and went home. Outside, the mailman asked at the rectory what was going on, and the hired motorcycle escort asked the funeral director how he’d gotten such a large event.

As the gospel was read, a man wearing a bandanna and carrying a backpack came in the side door and walked across the front of the cathedral. On a day with a high temperature of 10 degrees Fahrenheit and a wind chill well below zero, he wore sandals with white socks, and white pants. While the crowd stood in their pews, he walked right up to the casket at the front of the church, bent down and kissed it. Then he walked down the center aisle and out the door.

Later, as the casket was carried out of the cathedral, 12th-grade girls from Visitation School wearing white gloves teared up as they lined the aisle. The school declared a day off in his honor.

Who was this man loved by so many?

He was a security guard. He was a realtor who had once fallen deeply into debt. He wasn’t a rich man or a famous personality. He was Bill Kenney and, above all, as his son, Fr. Kevin Kenney, explained in his homily at the cathedral, he had three words that he wanted said at his funeral: “Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.”

* * *

In the early 1970s, Bill Kenney was a hardworking husband and father in the throes of growing a small business. Kenney Realty had three offices in the Twin Cities and 40 licensed realtors. Bill put in long hours showing homes, but he still found time to take his seven kids water-skiing. He bought a beautiful large home for his family near Lake Harriet in South Minneapolis. He loved to talk and meet new people, he loved a good joke, and he loved his wife, Dorothy, often bringing flowers home for her along with the groceries.

He had learned his work ethic early. His father died when Bill was 16, and Bill had taken on two jobs to help support a family of 11, mostly younger siblings. His son Kevin recalls, “From the minute we could walk, we had to have a job of some sort, often times just in his real estate office. I remember as a little kid emptying wastebaskets and vacuuming and cleaning.”

In the fall of 1973, Dorothy’s life changed when she decided...
to attend a weekend introduction to the charismatic renewal put on by their parish. At the retreat, Anna Brombach, a fellow mother Dorothy knew from church, came over to pray with her. Dorothy remembers, “I looked down, and it wasn’t Anna’s hand taking mine. It was Jesus’ hand. I got home the next day, and I was so on fire.”

A full turkey dinner was Bill’s favorite thing to cook, and he had one waiting for Dorothy when she came home from the retreat. As the kids started washing the dishes after the meal, Bill and Dorothy went for a walk around Lake Harriet. Dorothy recalls, “I’m jumping and dancing, and I said, ‘Would you ever go to a prayer meeting with me?’ He said, ‘Oh, Dorothy. You’ve always been joyful. What’s such a big deal about this? You go to the prayer meeting. I sure as heck don’t want to go.’”

For two and a half years, Dorothy went to the prayer meetings alone. Then, in 1976, Jim Cahill caught Bill and Dorothy as they were leaving mass, and mentioned that Bishop Lucker, a friend of Bill’s, would be at the prayer meeting that night. As Dorothy remembers, Jim said, “Bill, why don’t you come?” and Bill said, “Maybe I will.” “I nearly fainted away,” Dorothy recalls. At the end of the prayer meeting that night, Bill greeted Bishop Lucker. Says Dorothy, “The bishop said, ‘Bill Kenney! What are you doing here?’ Bill said, ‘I don’t come to these things. My wife does,’ and Bishop Lucker said, ‘You come back five times, and then decide if you’re ever going to come again.’ Well, Bill obeyed him, and he never stopped coming.”

*   *   *

Bill quickly became involved in the charismatic renewal, attending conferences and praying with people. He and Dorothy joined the growing covenant community in the Twin Cities that would eventually become Servant Branch. Bill insisted that his teenage children attend charismatic conferences, and all seven of them were eventually prayed with for the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Bill started asking for the Lord’s help in the details of his life. Kevin recalls him praying over broken washing machines, as well as his response to car troubles on a road trip. “I think the block cracked in the car. He says, ‘We have to pray over it and it’ll get fixed.’ That was his faith.” Many of Bill’s friends recall him counting how many times priests mentioned the name “Jesus” in their Sunday homilies so that he could encourage them later to get their numbers up.

This shift in Bill’s focus impacted his business life, too. By the late 1970s, with the economy struggling, it became clear that Kenney Realty was overextended. The company, and therefore Bill as its owner, had fallen hundreds of thousands of dollars into debt. Many years later, Bill told the story to the Twin Cities Catholic charismatic renewal: “Because of my finances, I decided I needed help. I received the Holy Spirit in my life, and got serious about getting out of debt. I always made decisions to do things, and then I asked God to bless it, but now I was asking God’s opinion as to what I was doing.” Bill started referring to Kenney Realty as a Christian business and instituted an optional daily morning prayer at the office.

In 1979, Bill brought in some community members with business experience to form a board of directors for Kenney Realty. Robert Regan, who worked in investment counseling and served on the board, recalls Bill asking for help with the administrative side of the business. “He was always gregarious, a great salesman, not as good as an administrator and manager, or financial guy.” Good advice from brothers and a demand for houses that came from groups of brothers and sisters moving to the Twin Cities to join the community (from North Dakota, Iowa and Washington) kept the
business growing for a few years until another economic downturn in the early 1980s.

Also in 1979, Bill and Dorothy began a process of downsizing that would continue into the 1990s. Dorothy remembers, ‘To get out of debt, he never filed for bankruptcy, but he said, ‘We have to sell the big house.’ ‘Dorothy loved their block because they were surrounded by at least eight other large community families, and the Kenneys used their house to host morning prayer for the neighborhood, but they left it behind for a smaller place on Minnehaha Parkway. Bill’s eye for real estate showed in the deal: the new house was more affordable, but still in a lovely spot.

Three years later, Bill told Dorothy that they would need to sell the smaller house and rent something. To Bill’s surprise, the first thing Dorothy asked about was curtains. ‘I said, ‘If you rent a house, you don’t want to put fancy curtains in there.’ Of all the crazy things for me to say, but that’s what was on my heart at the time.” Soon after that, Bill and Dorothy went to look at a condo at the Commodore, an old converted hotel in St. Paul. The owner reported, “We furnished the whole place, and I just spent $10,000 on window treatments.” They moved in and eventually bought the condo. Bill set up a small office downstairs, where he kept Kenney Realty running as a smaller and smaller business until it finally disbanded in the 1990s, when Bill went to work as a realtor for another firm.

Finally, in 1999, a confluence of events ended Bill’s remaining debt for good. Both a community member and a minister Bill had borrowed from separately decided to forgive him those large debts. A year or two earlier, Bill and Dorothy had thought about selling the condo to move into a smaller apartment across the street from the Cathedral of St. Paul, but it hadn’t sold. Then another apartment opened up in the same building, so they put the condo on the market again, and it sold for $20,000 more than the original listing. Dorothy says, “Bill always said, ‘God dumped $20,000 in my lap.’ So, totally, totally, totally out of debt, we started over.”

Robert remembers, “Bill had been living an upper-middle-class life and he made the transition to less money. He had to change dramatically. He made the transition, just no problem at all. He trusted the Lord and never had a depressed day as far as I recall. The Lord let him down very gently, step by step, and gradually out of debt.”

In the midst of all this, Bill was busy for the Lord, too. He was in Christians in Commerce. He was on the board of DeLaSalle High School, his alma mater. He was chairman of the Catholic charismatic renewal in the Twin Cities. He and Dorothy joined the cathedral parish in St. Paul, and Bill volunteered to run the men’s club pancake breakfasts. He was also constantly engaged in his favorite pastime, talking to people about Jesus.

Mark Lauer, Bill’s head, remembers going out to lunch with Bill. “He would get to know the waiter or waitress by name and a little bit about the person’s story. If any need came up, he would say, ‘I’ll pray for you.’” Bill and Robert played golf together regularly, and sometimes they would pair off with a couple of golfers they didn’t know. Robert says, “No matter who we were playing golf with, Bill would somehow bring the Lord into the conversation: ‘Do you know the Lord? Are you going to church?’ A lot of
people would say, ‘I quit going 25 years ago.’ He’d tell them, ‘You gotta get back in touch.’”

* * *

Around the year 2000, Bill took a newly created job as a security guard at Visitation School, a Catholic school of about 600 students in Mendota Heights. Visitation starts with pre-K, and the older students in grades six to twelve are all girls. Bill arrived in the afternoons and stayed to close the building at night, watching the security cameras, greeting visitors, and walking the last few girls to their cars after dark. He discovered that the parking lot was a little chaotic in the afternoon, with students crossing the street at the same time that vehicles needed to leave, so he started coming in earlier to direct traffic, sometimes in a funny winter hat.

Rene Gavic, the head of school at Visitation, remembers, “He was the go-to person. He knew everything. He had keys for everything. He was a good problem-solver, so if someone’s car wouldn’t start, they would go to Bill first. He cared about you and would help you and support you in any way.”

Bill noticed when the students were having difficulties. Mary McClure, who teaches religion at Visitation, recalls, “He would ask, ‘Would you like me to pray with you?’ He waited until he knew there was an opening. Sometimes girls would share a healing: they needed to run, and they’d had an injury, so Bill prayed and they were able to participate the next day.”

Rene adds a story about her own daughter at Visitation. “When she was 12, she fell in a cross-country race, and other runners stepped on her face with their spiked shoes. She needed 22 stitches in her face. As a 12-year-old girl, that was challenging for her. I remember her coming to school the very first day back, and what she wanted to do was have Mr. Kenney pray with her. He prayed with her, and her situation and her self-image—all of that—never bothered her again.”

At Visitation, Bill developed a strategy for generosity. Once a month, the students give one dollar to charity for permission to be out of uniform for the day. Bill dropped by the campus minister’s office on the day she collected the dollars, and exchanged larger bills for her pile of ones. “In one of his pockets, he had a little vial of oil to pray with people, and in the other pocket, he had maybe twenty single ones. That would be for the kids whose dollar got stuck in the vending machines,” Mary remembers. Those ones also often made their way into the hands of the homeless.

There’s no way to know for sure if the man who kissed his casket at the funeral knew Bill, but we can be quite sure that Bill would have cared about him if he had ever met him on the street. In his later years, Bill’s friends remember him always going up to homeless people standing on corners, telling them that Jesus loved them, and giving them one or two dollars for a cup of coffee. That human contact was important to him. Bill’s son Kevin adds that he would also offer a dollar or two when someone at the grocery store didn’t have enough to pay. “I think it was because people had helped him when he was in a time of need. It became a way of life for him,” Kevin recalls.

* * *

On December 4, 2016, Bill stayed after church at the cathedral to play St. Nicholas for the children, while Dorothy went home. As he was leaving, he fell on the sidewalk outside, and a passerby called 911. He’d had a stroke and died within a few days.

For Christmas, Dorothy and the Kenney family gathered at the home of one of her daughters. Bill had dressed as Santa Claus for many years, and Santa Claus wasn’t there that year. Dorothy’s kids coaxed her to the front door of the house. Dorothy recalls, “Out the front door they had all these jars with candles in them spelling out ‘Jesus’ on the front lawn. It was so beautiful, because Bill preached Jesus. I mean, he preached Jesus, preached, preached Jesus.”
SERVANT CAMP TURNED 40 in August as nearly 300 people from seven People of Praise locations came together at Camp Phillippo in Cannon Falls, Minnesota.

What began in 1978 as a day camp for 15 children held in several St. Paul backyards has grown into a camp attended by an estimated 9,000 campers. The original camp was the vision of Alan and Debbie Saunders, a couple in Servants of the Lord community, who were soon joined by fellow leaders Carmen and Gail Lee. Carmen went on to direct Servant Camp for more than 25 years, until Pat Ficker took the reins in 2011. Gail, a covenanted sister, died in 2009.

“My favorite part of camp was the Embers campfire every night as the Butterflies (fifth-grade girls) would learn to talk about where they saw the Lord that day,” said Anna Balsbaugh (South Bend) who served as a junior counselor. Seventh-grader James Oberg fondly remembers his chance to practice riflery for the first time. “It was really fun and satisfying to shoot a real gun,” he says. Sixth-grader Dan Reinhardt enjoyed the climbing tower and added that “the 20-mile bike ride was really fun.”

Lucia Sgroi, a 10th-grader from South Bend, says, “My favorite activity at camp was our trips to the beach, where we went kayaking and played sand volleyball.”

In a camp first, Tom Bowar brought his drone to capture aerial footage of canoeing, games and processions. Camp videos are available at www.servantcamp.org.
In Colorado Springs, this recipe is known as “Kara’s pumpkin bread.” She brings it to everything—community celebration, women’s group, funerals, women’s retreats, children’s birthday parties.
“It’s my go-to recipe. It’s so easy and is practically indestructible,” she says. “I’ve messed it up almost every way you can imagine, and it always still tastes good enough that everyone eats it and there aren’t any leftovers.”

Kara says that after the Hrbaceks moved in next door to Eric and Mary Faith Hall she saw Mary Faith adding chocolate chips to pumpkin bread. “It was a revelation,” she says, and now she always includes them. Kara says that, since she cooks at higher altitude, she typically increases the flour to four cups. The bread is good when warm, but Kara says her kids prefer it the second day. She also recommends storing it in the fridge. Carol Ehemann adapts this recipe to be gluten-free by substituting Pamela’s gluten-free flour for the flour and increasing the baking soda to 2 ¼ teaspoons.

PUMPKIN BREAD
MAKES 2 LOAVES

Ingredients
- Cooking spray
- 3 cups sugar
- 1 cup vegetable oil
- 1 teaspoon cloves
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- up to 1 teaspoon ground ginger, to taste
- 1 ½ teaspoons salt
- 2 teaspoons baking soda
- 2 cups sugar
- 14.5 oz. can pumpkin
- 4 eggs
- ½ cup water
- 3 ½ cups flour
- 1 cup or more semisweet chocolate chips, to taste (optional)

Directions
1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees and use cooking spray to grease two loaf pans.
2. Combine all ingredients in a large bowl and use an electric mixer to beat until smooth.
3. Pour batter into greased pans and bake for one hour, or until a toothpick inserted in the center of the loaf comes out clean.

Have a recipe idea? Contact Elizabeth Grams at egrams@peopleofpraise.org.

Editor’s note: Clem Walters’s book, published in 1983 by Greenlawn Press, is part of the community’s Servant School curriculum.

The Christian who gives his life in service to God and to other people should be normal, not exceptional. Daily decisions to be of service should become second nature, spontaneous responses that spring into action without the ponderous weighing of alternatives. When a Christian sees a cigarette butt on the rug, he needn’t go through a complex series of deliberations: Who threw that there? Wonder if he’ll ever quit smoking! Will anyone else notice it there? Whose job is it to pick that up? Do I have time to take care of it? The Christian servant simply responds to the obvious need, picks it up and throws it away in the proper place.

Remember whom you serve. The sovereign Lord of the universe is free to use his servants as he wills. You are like a member of a corps of chauffeurs assigned to a top-level executive. Imagine that the executive emerges from his downtown office building with sycophants hanging on his every word. He’s on his way out to the airport to clinch a lucrative business transaction. Sitting at the curb is a beautiful, roomy limousine, and lined up on the sidewalk are 10 sharp, well-groomed, intelligent chauffeurs. Each one is trained to drive that car: he can close the door with just the proper touch, shift gears imperceptibly, and control the temperature to the executive’s liking. The executive walks down the line and says, “You.” This chauffeur helps him into the limousine and drives off. The other nine are still standing there at attention, glad they put themselves at the employer’s disposal. Nobody cries and kicks and says, “Hey, how about me? I want to drive it!” If a chauffeur other than the designated one jumped into the car and took off, he would be arrested for car theft. Nor does the chosen chauffeur complain, “Why don’t you pick on somebody else for a change? I have better things to do than hang around the airport waiting for you.” He simply serves as he is directed. For you as a Christian servant, what matters is the disposition to be of service.

To Serve As Jesus Served: A Guide to Servanthood is out of print, but the full text is available as a .pdf file in the People of Praise File Library. To access it, go to https://peopleofpraise.org/file-library/112/ and log in. For directory assistance, email directory@peopleofpraise.org. Used copies are also available on Amazon.com and Abebooks.com.
GEN SHERPA
By Judy Allgeyer

When I think of Gen I think of her smile, her joy and laughter—and her love for Jesus, the foundation of her life. Gen built her life around her love for God, her love for her children and her love for her husband.

When the Sherpas joined the community, they were the oldest couple in our branch. Gen loved her sisters in women’s group and always encouraged them with a smile and a word about how much Jesus loved them. She was a woman of prayer, always praying for her husband, her children, her sisters in the branch and the entire community. In line with Lee’s service as a Roman Catholic deacon, they faithfully prayed the Liturgy of the Hours together every day.

Lee and Gen would invite the children in the branch over for special occasions, such as the city’s Fourth of July fireworks display and the Labor Day weekend Hot Air Balloon Classic, which could be viewed from the Sherpas’ high-rise apartment balcony.

Carol Ehemann and I continued to see Gen when she moved to a nursing home out of town. She was always very happy to see us. She asked how the other members of the branch were doing, because she missed her People of Praise family and especially her sisters in the branch.

Gen’s life was full of love. She used the love she received from her strong love relationship with God to love other people unconditionally. I miss visiting her very much. I especially miss her smile, her joy and the love she gave to all.

facts
• Genevieve Magill was born September 5, 1925, in Jacksonville, Florida, and died April 14, 2017, in Greeley, Colorado.
• She and Lee Sherpa, a professional Big Band drummer and musician, were married March 22, 1943, and raised 10 children. When Lee died in 2014, they had been married for 71 years.
• Lee and Gen joined the People of Praise in Colorado Springs March 29, 1999. On September 15, 2002, they joyously made the covenant together.

KATHY HACKEL
By Meg Ferber

In the early 1970s, Bob and Kathy attended prayer meetings of Servants of the Light. Evelyn Bittner recalls those days: “We both had many small children, and Kathy encouraged me to take it easy, to slow down. She taught me to ask for the Lord’s direction as I was getting out of bed, and to make short prayers throughout the day as I went about my ordinary tasks.”

Kathy and Bob raised a son and six daughters in South Minneapolis, and opened their large home to anyone in need, inviting them to pray, to eat or simply to rest. Kathy’s mother also lived with them, as well as several household members.

In 1986, Bob’s job relocated them to the Tampa area, and life in community continued there. Kathy babysat the Ganther kids, and she and Bob often shared Lord’s Day openings with the family. After retirement, the Hackels alternated six months in Tampa and six months in Servant Branch. Pat Benito (Tampa) says Kathy missed the brothers and sisters in one branch when they were living in the other.

After Bob died in 2009, Kathy stayed in Servant Branch, enjoying the company of her children and grandchildren. She visited with friends from the early days of community, chuckling at amusing incidents from the past. She was able to attend several community meetings in her final years. At one, I saw Pat Wenthe and Kathy sitting side by side, arm in arm, praising and worshipping together. It was a wonderful and poignant picture of the long life we are able to have together in Christ.

facts
• Kathy Lyman was born May 27, 1930, in Aberdeen, South Dakota, and died May 25, 2017, in St. Paul.
• She was raised in Winsted, Minnesota, then moved to Minneapolis and attended business college. She worked as a secretary for Milwaukee Railroad, a job she enjoyed very much.
• Kathy and Bob became engaged on his birthday in July, 1955, and were married November 26, 1955. They made the covenant of the People of Praise January 5, 2003.
Births
Clement Thomas, born August 22 to Sean and Hannah Couch (South Bend).
Benedict Michael, born September 8 to Mark and Aricca Desmarais (northern Virginia).
Hudson Taylor, born September 11 to J-T and Hannah Kelly (Mission, Indianapolis).

Weddings
Best wishes to Michael Janicki and Kathy Stauble (both Servant Branch), who were married August 18 at Saint Peter’s Catholic Church in Mendota Heights, MN.

Anniversaries
Stu and Jennifer Ambrose (Rockford), 50 years on August 12.
Joe and Sharon Frank (Servant Branch), 30 years on August 7.
Dan and Thelma Lindeken (Servant Branch), 55 years on August 11.
Pat and Edna Malone (Mission, Allendale), 40 years on August 17.

Work and Achievements
Congratulations to Liz Loughran (South Bend), who has received her Ph.D. from the University of Notre Dame. Her research in the university’s Integrated Biomedical Sciences program focused on cancer biology. Liz also has begun a one-year position working with enFocus, a local nonprofit that seeks to retain university graduates in the area by giving them the opportunity to use their knowledge in innovative ways to benefit the local community.
Natalie Martinez (Vancouver-Portland) has a new job in the cardiac stepdown ICU unit at Legacy Emanuel Medical Center in Portland.
Pat Clark (Vancouver-Portland) has begun working full-time for Trinity Academy, teaching, taking care of tech service issues, overseeing the facility and managing long-term projects.
Larry Bartek (Servant Branch) is filling some of his retirement with a new position as a part-time counselor/consultant at Saint Thomas Academy, a military high school in Mendota Heights, MN.
Rob Brickweg (Servant Branch) has a new position as a commercial account executive at Dell.
Michael Zusi (South Bend) is now vice-president of business affairs for Trinity Schools, Inc.
Nadia Busekrus (northern Virginia), a senior at George Mason University, spent seven weeks in spring and early summer as an intern at Community of Hope in Portland, OR, learning how such a center operates and helping director Linda Jo Devlaeminck (Vancouver-Portland) with whatever she needed, which often included simply building friendships with the women. Community of Hope offers a safe, supportive environment for homeless single-parent families.
The Web Marketing Association recently chose a website created by members of One:ten communications and the LaSalle Company for RENEW International to receive its 2017 Webaward for Outstanding Achievement in web development. The site, BeMyWitness.org, presents a “program for a Christ-centered, Spirit-led approach to transforming parishes and forming disciples for the New Evangelization.” The award annually goes to the “best faith-based website.”

Death
We’ve received word that a sister in the community has died. We pray for her family and friends in this time of loss: Helen Desmarais (Saskatoon) died August 10, 2017.

Executive Office
Abby Brummer was transferred from the Mission program in the Indianapolis Triangle to the Mission program in Evansville on May 1.
Mary Hagans was transferred from the Action division in Servant Branch to the Mission program in Evansville on June 1.
John Crimmins was transferred from the branch in northern Virginia to the Mission program in Evansville on June 1.
Andrew Pingel was transferred from the Mission program in Evansville to the Indianapolis Triangle on June 1.
Portland-Vancouver:
Eric Shreves was appointed as division coordinator for Christian Life Movement in the Vancouver-Portland branch on July 25, 2017.
Northern Virginia:
Tom Tracy was released from the Covenant of the People of Praise on August 14, 2017.
New Orleans:
Brian Weber was granted tenure as a coordinator of the People of Praise on September 3, 2017.
Servant Branch:
Hugh Springer, Jr., has been assigned to live and work in Bellingham, WA, for two years beginning August 10, 2017.
“Surely there is a future, and your hope will not be cut off” (Prv. 23:18).