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Trinity School at Greenlawn’s senior and junior mock trial teams won first and second place, respectively, in the Indiana state finals on March 4. The senior team will advance to compete for the U.S. national championship in May.
Retiree on a Mission

BY ANNE OSTERHOUSE

Editor’s note: With this article on Joe Maguire, who is serving in the Missionary Company in Evansville, we are beginning a series of articles on community members doing interesting things during their retirement. If you have a suggestion for a future story in this series, please contact us at thevine@peopleofpraise.org.

Last spring, Joe Maguire stunned many in the northern Virginia branch when he announced that he would be fully retiring, stepping down from his position as an area coordinator and leaving his branch of nearly 34 years. He would move hundreds of miles away from his children and grandchildren to Evansville to join the Missionary Company.

In the fall of 2016 Joe, who had spent 44 years working in title insurance, had started thinking seriously about moving somewhere new to work for the Lord. His wife, Michele, had died of cancer in 2004, and his four children were all adults. “He was very free,” says Bill Dalgetty, who served with Joe for many years in Christians in Commerce. “He didn’t have the family responsibilities he had once.”

Joe had visited the new starts in Indianapolis, Evansville and Allendale on service trips with other members of the northern Virginia branch as well as on two Action trips. He had enjoyed the physical work on various properties, but says, “What really struck me was what a great need there was to go out and talk to people about the Lord.” He recalls knocking on a door during a trip to Evansville and meeting a middle-aged man with health problems. “When we spoke to him it was apparent that he didn’t know much about God. He had been to church maybe three or four times in his entire life. It really hit me how much that need was out there.”

In November, 2016, Mission program coordinator Nick Holovaty gave the men’s retreat in northern Virginia, and Joe spoke to him about the possibility of joining the Missionary Company. The two of them agreed to pray about it.

Principal Branch Coordinator Bob Magill was Joe’s head at the time. “I’ll really do whatever the Lord wants me to do, but the desire that I have that keeps growing is to be a missionary.” Bob spoke to Craig Lent, the overall coordinator, who agreed that Bob should take Joe through a discernment process, and he eventually approved Joe’s resignation as area coordinator.

Bob says that Joe was “a great coordinator with a lot of pastoral gifts. For us in the branch, we felt like we were giving a lot by giving Joe. He had such a big role here. We were saying, in a sense, take one of our
best. It wasn’t easy. We had to go through a new coordinator nomination. Our reaction was, we really do have something big to give to help with the new starts.”

In June, 2017, Joe retired, handed off his duties as area coordinator and moved to Evansville. He made a one-year commitment to the Missionary Company.

In Evansville, he spends much of his time doing construction work for the properties on the missionaries’ target block, where he has led renovations on three different homes.

“Joe works like a horse. He’s quick to grasp concepts and doesn’t need a lot of direction. He’s never failed to accomplish well whatever project we’ve asked him to do,” says Paul Hommes, who leads the team’s property work. “I also run a lot of ideas about Linwood Construction past him. On any sort of business or finance questions he knows exactly what we’re talking about and has some opinions, as well as just a good head on his shoulders.”

On days when he’s not doing construction work, Joe spends his mornings praying and going through a missionary formation course with the other missionaries, and in the afternoons he’s knocking on doors.

“In some ways Joe is new to mission work,” Nick says, “but he’s got a lot of life experience, so the people we meet respect him. There are a lot of good conversations he’s been able to have because of his age and his experience with marriage and raising kids that the rest of us single missionaries can’t really have.”

Nick adds that Joe’s pastoral gifts come in handy in our new start. He is leading community meetings, leading Servant School, heading two men, and he led the service trip from northern Virginia in February. “I personally really value all his insights,” Nick says. “I consult with him regularly about the decisions we’re making, particularly as regards our community life here.”

Joe says that moving so far away from his family was a challenge. “I was more concerned about the kids than about myself.” Orest Holovaty, who heads Joe’s men’s group in Evansville, says, “Although Joe is far from D.C. and his home, he still cares for his family. He has gone back several times and keeps in touch with them. He has not abandoned them in starting a new life here.”

Reflecting on the past year, Joe adds, “For me it’s been a good change. I feel very fulfilled being here. I feel that the Lord is using me on a daily basis.”
THE SIXTH ANNUAL Indiana service trip brought 22 volunteers together, mostly from northern Virginia and South Bend to accomplish a variety of inside and outdoor projects in Indianapolis and Evansville. Top left, moving clockwise: Mary Dohrmann paints, Bill Sjoberg repairs the foundation of a South Side home, Kevin McShane helps his wife Paula Hubbard drill, Pat Baldwin does some interior repair, Dave Baldwin adjusts a doorknob on an oak door.
That’s what happened at 8:07 Saturday morning, January 13, when the Hawaii Emergency Management Agency (HI-EMA) sent out a statewide alert declaring that North Korea had fired nuclear missiles at Hawaii, a message that meant they could have as few as 12 minutes before disaster struck. As it happened, branch members learned 38 minutes later that the alert was a false alarm, but in the meantime . . .

“The alert sure sent my adrenaline soaring!,” says Joan Hiel, who was already out at a car repair shop. “I called my daughters, told them I loved them and made sure they were in our underground cement bunker. If this was real, I knew I was probably going to die, so I just thanked the Lord for my life, family and friends. I figured I was a winner either way: alive for Christ here, or with him in heaven.”

Her daughter Maria was back at home. “The moment the alarm popped up, my sister and I stopped washing dishes and ran. It occurred to me that Jesus said, ‘Where two or three gather in my name,’ so we raised our arms and danced like Miriam after their salvation at the Red Sea!”

Whit Au, a previous principal branch coordinator, was having breakfast and his wife Dorothy was still asleep when the alert came. In his mind it was an obvious false alarm. He didn’t even bother to wake Dorothy.

“I didn’t take it seriously. It takes a very sophisticated guidance and control system for a ballistic missile—moving faster than a bullet—to impact as required within a mile of its target, plus you need systems to protect.” When Joan got home two hours later, they hugged and swapped stories. “We put on some music and danced like Miriam after their salvation at the Red Sea!”

This Is Not a Drill!

BY CHRIS MEEHAN

What would you do if you got a message on your phone saying that you and everyone around you might have just 12 minutes left?

It took authorities 38 minutes to get the word out that the alert was a mistake.
set the bomb off at the right altitude, etc. Nothing I’ve heard indicates North Korea is capable of that yet. Besides, if it really was a full-out nuclear attack, nothing meaningful could be done at that point.”

Harlan and Julie Klein were on their deck drinking coffee, discussing plans for the weekend, when they heard the alarm go off on their phones. Thinking it was perhaps a flash flood warning, they finished their coffee, wasting five precious minutes. When Harlan checked his phone he could hardly believe it: Not a drill? Julie says, “We were perplexed. No sirens were wailing, but we responded as if it were real. We woke the kids and calmly sent them to the only room without windows.”

Julie spread out a blanket and they sat on the floor. “We held hands, prayed for God’s protection, and waited. I looked into the faces in front of me, thinking that everything was about to change. We were all very, very calm.”

Don and Alana Busekrus were busy organizing the day for their family. Alana was in the kitchen with their daughter Kady, home from college. “Kady’s cell pinged and she said in a serious, calm voice, ‘Mom. The missile alert. It’s headed to Hawaii.’ My first thought was, why aren’t the sirens going off? I called 911, tried to get websites and local news. Everything was overloaded. Maybe the sirens were faulty. I decided we’d better act on the alert.

“Donald and I—surprisingly calmly—woke up our two teenage daughters. We had talked about how to respond, so they knew to grab essentials and head to our shelter spot.”

Two years earlier, Alana had taken a course in disaster nursing that assigned her to make up a disaster plan for her family. “We have a disaster cart with food and supplies to last us two weeks,” she says. Once gathered, they began to pray.

Alana recalls, “We kept thanking God that we were all together, able to have had a blessed life. The biggest takeaway was how peaceful and calm we all were in the face of possible disaster, even death.”

Bev Linczer was over at Yvonne Silva’s for women’s group. “We were talking when the alarm sounded on my phone. We stopped to pray, then I checked in with my husband Bob.”

“Honey, if it’s real, we’re toast!” Bob said, “but we’re going to see the Lord.”

Bev and Octavia Young decided to return home. “I suppose one reason Bob and I took the news so calmly is that we’re getting up there in age and we don’t expect to live that much longer anyway!”

Rod and Fran Macalintal were getting ready for the day when the alert came. Their older kids were out with their grandfather; the youngest was having breakfast. “I couldn’t find confirmation on the radio,” says Rod, “but we decided to do the most we could do and then find out whether it was real. I gathered Fran and Miriam in our innermost room (the bathroom). I prayed with them for peace, and for mercy for our kids who were out. I told Fran that if it’s time to go home, praise God. I suspected it was a false alarm because there wasn’t any chaos at a nearby military base. Soon we heard the all-clear.”

Rod also has some advice: “We can learn something from disasters. Normally someone is worried about their loved ones who survive. So take out some insurance. And when things are out of your control, stop worrying about it. Take out your insurance in God.”

The day ended for many branch members at a previously scheduled Lord’s Day opening at Don and Alana’s. Ron Gouveia, the principal branch coordinator, recalls, “That evening, I was struck by all the sharings of gratitude. We were simply celebrating the goodness of the Lord and his wonderful love for us.”

From left: Octavia Young, Bev Linczer and Yvonne Silva enjoy their women’s group. Right: Don and Alana Busekrus’s well-stocked disaster cart.
It’s 8:25 on a Wednesday morning and Jon Balsbaugh, the new president of Trinity Schools, strides into the junior boys’ Humane Letters Seminar with coffee mug in hand. (He’s filling in for a few weeks for a Greenlawn teacher on parental leave.) Fifteen young men wait for him with their marked-up copies of Plato’s *Phaedo*, the dialogue that contains Socrates’ case for the immortality of the soul. Six narrow tables are arranged in a hexagonal shape beneath the white fluorescent lights, but Jon doesn’t sit down alongside the students or pull out a book, choosing to stand at a green chalkboard.

As the boys summarize the argument, Jon creates a visual map of its logic in a neat, all-caps hand. When the discussion shifts from one-by-one summarizing to pell-mell debating, he lets it run free, jumping in occasionally to help a quiet boy break into the verbal scrum or to pose a question.

Watching the conversation unfold, I realize that his stance outside the hexagon has a purpose. The students face one another and speak to one another as equals, instead of constantly looking to their teacher for approval.

They debate the question of whether the human body is a distraction to the soul’s pursuit of wisdom, as Socrates claims it is. Then a taller student gets up from the table to lower a window blind, but he tugs too hard on the cord and the blind bursts through its brackets and falls to the floor. The students burst into laughter and a little applause.

“Why did you get up to lower those curtains?” Jon asks.

“Because the light was distracting.” There is more laughter and humorous banter.

“Quite seriously,” Jon says, breaking through the noise. “We’re sitting here trying to have a good conversation, the light comes in the window, and you suddenly can’t think!”

“Socrates’ point exactly,” a student says.

Jon began teaching at Trinity School at River Ridge in 1997, fresh from graduate school, where he had earned an M.A. in English. At the time, his wife Jen was pregnant with their first child, and the young father-to-be says he badly needed a job. A west coast native, he had never heard of Trinity Schools, but a friend showed him the list of books students read and an article about the school, and he knew he had to teach there.

He stayed on for 20 years, teaching art history, earth science and Scripture, among other things, and says that his only regret is that he never taught math. But he was most at home in the Humane Letters classroom, teaching the 12th grade seminar 18 times. Standing among the students, he felt that he was doing what he had been born to do—like Eric Liddell, the Scottish sprinter and hero of the movie *Chariots of Fire*, who would toss his head back as he ran down the homestretch. “I believe God made me for a purpose,” says Liddell’s character in the movie, “and when I run, I feel his pleasure.”

“What I am at heart is a teacher,” Jon says. And so his two great transitions—from teacher to head of school at River Ridge in 2010, and then from head of school to president of Trinity Schools, Inc. in 2017—each meant a kind of death: he would be doing less often the one thing that he loved most. He explains these decisions in simple terms. “There was some recognition, in listening to the Lord, that somebody has to do this, and the Lord might be calling me to do it.”

The jobs would create new ways for him to teach and learn.

Dr. John Vogel, a retired River Ridge math teacher, knows Jon well as a colleague, fellow men’s group member, and Jon’s head for many years. He recalls how, soon after becoming head of school at River Ridge, Jon rearranged the desks in the faculty room, altering the pattern from pods of four to six desks to two long rows facing each other, a new spatial geometry that allowed the faculty to see one another more clearly. He kept a desk of his own there, working there often, using his private office when he needed to meet with faculty, parents and students.

“He explained that the faculty room should not be a library or a place where people go to work quietly,” John says. Instead, it should feel like “a newsroom from the 1950s or ’60s, full of noise, of people yelling out to each other, talking, clacking on typewriters, a very lively place.”
In a 2010 talk to River Ridge students, Jon described the diverse kinds of conversations that break out among the faculty: “Within a few days I have been in conversations . . . about agribusiness, the medieval worldview and whether or not the novel ever died as an art form. I’ve listened to Vivaldi with Mrs. Amundson and to a Punjabi musician with Mr. Showalter. I read an article Dr. O’Hanley gave me on the man who discovered penicillin . . . discussed Walker Percy with Ms. Adams and talked about the [ancient] Greek view of Egyptian antiquity with Ms. Radtke.”

He wanted the students to have this same kind of frolicking wonder, and so he announced one day that regular classes would be cancelled in favor of what he called Das Lernvergnügenfest or “Free Learning Day.” The students could spend the day pursuing their interests in special classes taught by Trinity teachers, covering everything from poetry to Italian cooking to advanced math. A new tradition was born.

Jon’s wife, Jen, is cut from the same cloth. She tells me that her own love of learning flourished in a book club she participated in with other women. Over the course of 12 years, “We worked our way through a substantial portion of the Trinity curriculum.” The group wanted to read Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, but felt that to really understand the book they had to start with Homer’s *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Virgil’s *Aeneid* and Dante’s *Divine Comedy*, which they read before finally getting to Milton. The Balsbaughs have five children including one Trinity graduate (Dietrich) and three current students (Anna, Emily, Nora), as well as a fifth child, Charis. Jen says she and Jon are united in their love and support of Trinity.

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During his 20 years at River Ridge, Jon’s sense of wonder and his eclectic interests (photography, poetry, Japanese aesthetics, Cambodian food, Bob Dylan, old buildings, etc.) became known to the school community, as did his personality—his willingness, like the gadfly Socrates, to incite conversation with questions and stick around for a couple of hours as the issues got sorted out.

When he came to South Bend last summer to take the job of president, veteran teachers at Greenlawn knew him, but not the students, so he asked to address them at a morning prayer last fall. After some opening pleasantries, he began to incite:

“It’s funny, honestly, that I should have become the president of a nationwide school system . . . because, frankly, I really dislike school. I mean, think about it for a minute. The bells, the grades, the uniforms, homework. Really?”

Understanding what he was getting at—the difference between “school” and real learning—requires a trip back to his childhood.

He grew up in Adair Village, Oregon, a town of about 500, the son of a machinist
father and a stay-at-home mother. Though neither of his parents attended college, both very much valued education. Dissatisfied with the local schools, they chose to homeschool at a time (the early 1980s) when homeschooling was, as he says, “barely legal.” Jon says he didn’t care much for the regular subjects, but when he was 12 he picked up a copy of Homer’s *Iliad* and read it cover to cover on a camping trip.

He later attended a Christian middle/high school, where he read *Great Expectations* by Charles Dickens and had a profound experience: finding his own thoughts mirrored in those of the main character, Pip. (Pip felt a tension between staying true to his working class background and the possibilities education could open up for him.)

Though he was a National Merit commended scholar and the valedictorian of his class, Jon didn’t want to go to college, hoping instead to ride his bicycle across the country with a friend. When the road trip plans fell through, he reluctantly applied to the Master’s College, a nondenominational Christian school in Santa Clarita, California, majoring first in youth ministry, then in English. By the end of his sophomore year he was ready to quit. He spent that summer working in a machine shop, hoping to understand more intimately the work his father had excelled at. He liked to pass his evenings with a fishing rod in one hand and a Jane Austen novel in the other. He longed for friends who shared his growing interests in literature and in theology, but he hadn’t found those kind of friends at school. He wanted to quit and asked the manager of the machine shop for a full-time job. The manager refused, telling Jon that he had never finished college himself and that he wasn’t going to be a party to Jon’s dropping out.

The next year, several new students transferred into the college, and Jon found what he had been looking for. They formed a debating club, the Dead Prophets’ Society, and met on Friday nights to discuss short papers. “My life would have been quite different had it not been for that group of friends,” he says. “They were serious intellectuals and serious Christians.”

One of those friends gave Jon a definition of education that has stuck with him over the years: “Education is composed of long periods of dignified confusion punctuated by moments of pristine coherence that endear the soul to learning.”

“I dislike school, but I love learning,” he told the students at Greenlawn. “And here’s an insight for you about Trinity Schools. Most of your Trinity teachers are exactly the same way. And we want you to be the same way.”

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I take Jon on a driving tour of the northwest side of South Bend, through a landscape of vacant lots, dilapidated houses and winter grit. It’s a part of town that many local residents avoid and have long since moved away from, myself included. Ever since he arrived in South Bend, Jon has made a habit of wandering the city and the surrounding countryside, following the roads wherever they take him. He
brings his camera and takes pictures of the things he finds, not just the local landmarks but oddities that locals like me have stopped noticing: an abandoned trailer, the underside of a bridge, a man crossing a snowy street, an old cemetery or church. He set a goal for himself of posting a picture a day for a year, the first year of his new life in South Bend.

He learned photography while teaching a colloquium at River Ridge, getting as much out of the course as any of the students. He began deliberately taking his camera with him, until eventually he carried it most of the time. He loved going to the Minnesota State Fair and taking pictures of the human carnival he found there. “I like the choices involved in presenting an image or looking at something,” he says.

I tell him that I’ll gladly stop the car if he sees something he wants to photograph, and sure enough he notices something I hadn’t seen, a roadside memorial that consists of a shaggy pink stuffed bear strapped to a street light, surrounded by empty vodka bottles.

“To me, gritty realism is not at odds with the power of beauty to move the human soul,” he said later.

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Back in the Humane Letters classroom, the students are talking about Socrates’ statement that the purpose of philosophy is to practice for death. Jon decides to stop the conversation to tell them about Dr. David O’Hanley, a River Ridge faculty member and community member who died on Feb. 16. He uses his smartphone to play an audio recording of a morning prayer talk David gave to River Ridge students not long before he learned of his own cancer diagnosis.

In the reflection, David, a geologist by training, a man well-versed in the importance of accurate measurements, said that it’s foolish to measure the value of life based on the number of times you have gone around the sun. “I think you should count your life based on playing a soccer game, or building something, or visiting relatives, defending a friend, attending weddings and funerals, and having thought-provoking conversations in public places where they kick you out because they’re closing. Forget you have a watch. Forget that there’s a clock on the wall. And be surprised when the bell rings ending class.”

After the recording ends, Jon turns to the boys. “Can you see him practicing for his own death . . . ? A week later he found out he had cancer . . . He didn’t have a bucket list. He wanted to keep teaching.” Jon pauses, choking up for a moment. “This practice for death, this is real, real stuff.”

He ends the class on that note, wrapping up a few minutes before the bell rings, their learning for the day accomplished. The rhythms of “school” haven’t quite overtaken them.

Later he tells me that next semester he hopes to get out of the president’s office and teach a class. “The whole mission of this place is education, and I cannot be in touch with that unless I’m actively doing it.”
Eileen Pizer’s cakes have graced many tables in the northern Virginia branch. She serves them to guests, gives them as Christmas gifts to families with small children and brings them to many branch gatherings. About 20 years ago, Eileen found a chocolate cake recipe in an old *Silver Palate Cookbook* and developed her own raspberry variation. The result is now a branch favorite.
Her dark, dense and elegant chocolate raspberry cake is often requested for birthdays, Lord’s Day openings and women’s events because of its rich, fudgy flavor and its striking presentation.

**CHOCOLATE RASPBERRY CAKE**  
SERVES 12

**Cake**
1 cup boiling water  
3 ounces unsweetened chocolate, chopped  
8 tablespoons unsalted butter, chopped  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
2 cups sugar  
2 eggs, separated  
2 tablespoons raspberry liqueur (optional), or substitute 2 teaspoons raspberry extract  
1 teaspoon baking soda  
½ cup sour cream  
2 cups less 2 tablespoons flour  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
Seedless raspberry preserves or fruit spread

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease a 10” springform pan. Pour boiling water over chocolate and butter; let stand until melted.
2. Stir in vanilla and sugar, then whisk in egg yolks, one at a time, until well blended. Mix in raspberry liqueur if desired.
3. Mix baking soda with sour cream and whisk into chocolate mixture.
4. Sift flour with baking powder and add to batter, mixing thoroughly.
5. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; set mixer on low to medium-low speed until the whites get foamy, then increase the speed to medium-high and continue beating until no longer foamy and the whites hold a stiff peak. Stir a quarter of the egg whites into the batter thoroughly. Scoop the remaining egg whites on top of the batter and gently fold in.
6. Pour batter into prepared pan. Set on the middle rack of the oven and bake for 40 to 50 minutes, or until the edges have pulled away from the pan and a toothpick inserted into the center comes out clean. Cool in pan for 10 minutes; unmold and cool completely before frosting.
7. Spread a generous layer of seedless raspberry preserves over the top of the cake. If desired, first slice cake horizontally to spread an additional layer of preserves in the middle of the cake.

**Frosting**
2 tablespoons unsalted butter  
¾ cup semisweet chocolate chips  
6 tablespoons heavy cream  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 ¼ cup confectioner’s sugar  
2 tablespoons raspberry liqueur (optional)  
fresh raspberries for garnish

Place butter and chocolate chips in a heavy saucepan and stir until chocolate is melted. Stir in cream and vanilla, then add sugar and whisk until smooth over low heat. Cool slightly. Spread frosting on cake while it is still slightly warm. Garnish the frosted cake with fresh raspberries.

The People of Praise website now contains a collection of all published *Vine & Branches* recipes.

peopleofpraise.org/recipes
TRIBUTES

TOM RUDD
By Tom Noe

Tom was a natural salesman, traveling for Widener Pickles, and he thrived at it, personally and financially. After one sales trip in 1974 he landed at the South Bend airport and decided he’d go to one of the prayer meetings Helen had started attending. That night, he gave his life completely to the Lord and was prayed over. From then on, God was number one in his life, above everything.

The Rudds moved from Plymouth, IN, to South Bend and joined the community. Tom became a deacon at Calvary Temple, then an elder, and helped the church start another congregation.

At Tom’s memorial service at Coalbush United Methodist Church, Stan Chambers said members of their men’s group (who met together for decades) always wanted to hear what Tom said when they needed advice and discernment. “Tom played a major role in my Christian faith. He was a man of God, a completely devoted family man and a businessman—and he had the wisdom of all three together. I could absolutely depend on him, every day, every place.”

As intense as Tom was about God, he still had a lighthearted, peaceful demeanor that wasn’t dimmed by severe arthritis in his last five years. He collected model cars and eagerly followed Notre Dame football and Cubs baseball. He often shared spiritual insights and poems on Facebook, and recently told family members, “If I take a nap and don’t wake up, I don’t want anybody to be too upset.” The day before he died, he posted “my very last rhyme.” He wanted it read at his funeral. The next morning he died in his sleep at home.

facts

• Tom Rudd was born January 20, 1936, in Plymouth, Indiana, and graduated from high school there.
• He married Helen Jeffirs October 31, 1953, and they raised four children. Their family has now grown to include 12 grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren.
• After working as a store manager for Kroger, Tom went into sales. Then he founded his own company, Hoosier Van and Truck, hiring Amish craftsmen to make components for van conversions. He retired at the end of 2010.
• Tom and Helen made the covenant of the People of Praise April 18, 1976. Tom died at home in Mishawaka, Indiana, December 19, 2017.

DALE SCOTT
By Mary Duddy

Whit Au describes Dale in three words: “faithfulness, dedication and commitment.” Soon after attending the 1977 Kansas City conference, Dale and Pat were founding members of the Light of Christ community here on Oahu. (In 1983 the Light of Christ became the Oahu branch.) Dale was a committed family man. Bob Badham says, “Dale adored his children and grandchildren, supported them in many ways, particularly in athletics.”

Many of us benefited from Dale’s help as a realtor. Carrie Gouveia dreamed of owning a home, and Dale knew a widow with a home that she couldn’t keep up. He convinced the widow to downsize, then took Carrie to see the house. “Carrie cried,” her husband Ron remembers. “The house was a wreck!” But Dale had a vision. He and Pat spent hundreds of hours helping fix it up, and it became a blessing to many.

Ethel Fragas will always remember what Dale did at her husband Tom’s funeral. When the church service ended, there was no food for the reception. The caterers had lost the order. Dale came to the rescue by driving to the caterer’s storefront. He bought everything they had, and brought it back to the church’s lanai.

Whit says, “Dale was like a steadfast warrior, fighting the enemy. When he died, I felt like a faithful comrade in arms had fallen.”

facts

• Dale Scott was born March 19, 1938, in Cairo, Nebraska, and moved to Michigan at a young age. He died January 9, 2018, in Kailua, HI.
• On September 6, 1958, Dale married Patricia Swaban. They had six children, one of whom died a few days after birth, and have nine grandchildren.
• In 1967 Dale moved his family to Hawaii for the health of their daughter. He worked as an accountant before becoming a realtor.
• Dale was a leader in Serra International, which fosters vocations to the Catholic priesthood and religious orders.
• Dale and Pat made the covenant December 9, 1984.
Left: Ed and Josette Konczeski (Tampa) made the covenant of the People of Praise on February 18. John Zwerneman (South Bend) represented the board of governors. Right: While Kevin and Dorothy Ranaghan (South Bend) were conducting the annual branch visitation in Muncie in February, the women of the branch hosted Dorothy (center, seated) at a luncheon at Jim and Rozann Schenkel’s home.

**LIFENOTES**

**Birth and Anniversaries:**
Congratulations to Peter and Sheila Timler (South Bend) on the birth of their daughter Zoe Grace on February 21.

Best wishes to John and Katherine Brophy (Colorado Springs), who celebrated 25 years of marriage December 12.

Congratulations to Elliott and Rebecca Brubaker (Servant Branch), who celebrated their 30th wedding anniversary February 27.

**Work and Achievements:**
David Frank (Mission, Indianapolis) has started a new business, 215 Remodeling, which will offer a wide range of carpentry and remodeling services: whole home remodeling, kitchens, bathrooms, painting and general repairs.

Jon Grams (Colorado Springs) graduated in December with an M.A. in historic preservation from the University of Colorado Denver’s College of Architecture and Planning. He is currently doing preservation work for Rocky Mountain National Park.

Over 110 people came to the Indianapolis branch’s 15th annual Action fundraiser February 15, which raised $5,200: a chili cookoff tailgate featuring 11 different people preparing their favorite chili recipes, plus a variety of homemade desserts. Guests included nine people from the Muncie branch and more than 20 people from northern Virginia and South Bend who were in the area for service projects on the south side of Indy and in Evansville.

The Evansville People of Praise received an urban conservation award for its fruit and vegetable farm from the Vanderburgh County Soil and Water Conservation District for the 2017 growing season. Farm manager Peter Putzier accepted it on their behalf on February 20.

On January 27-28, Annie Bulger, Jeremy Osterhouse and David Salmon (all South Bend) attended a hackathon (a programming competition) in Nashville sponsored by Acumatica, the business software system used by the LaSalle Company to manage orders, inventory, accounting, etc. They have only worked with the software for a little over a year, but the group of programmers they were in worked late into the night to win an on-the-spot competition to create a new function for the software.

The Thomas MacLaren School, a sixth-through twelfth-grade charter public school in Colorado Springs, recently received approval for the extension of its charter to open K-5 classes this fall, which will add over 300 new students. Eric and Mary Faith Hall and Katherine Brophy (all Colorado Springs) have been instrumental in the school’s development since its creation. Given its expansion, MacLaren School now needs to hire lots of elementary school teachers and staff. Interested applicants should go to the school’s website, www.MacLarenSchool.org/about_us/employment.

On February 1 Bren Triplett (Colorado Springs) began a full-time position with Colorado Christian University as an assistant professor and the director of the degree programs in computer information systems, information systems management and project management.

Eric Bomkamp (South Bend) has been promoted to director of central laboratory operations at South Bend Medical Foundation.

Amy DeCelles (South Bend) will be granted tenure at the University of St. Thomas in Minnesota and promoted to associate professor, effective September 1, 2018.

The Vancouver-based M.J. Murdock Charitable Trust recently granted $200,500 over a three-year period to Trinity Academy in Portland to hire a new executive director.

Congratulations to the three teams of Trinity School at Greenlawn students who were among the 24 teams representing their schools in the state finals of Indiana High School Mock Trial the weekend of March 4 in Indianapolis. The senior team (aka Poultry Geist) took first place in the state, and the junior team (aka Bill of Frights) took second place. In May, Poultry Geist will compete in the national finals in Reno, Nevada.

**Deaths:**
We’re received word of the deaths of three members of the community since the last issue. We pray for their family and friends in this time of loss.

David O’Hanley (Servant Branch) died February 16.

Anne Miller (Servant Branch) died February 16.

Fred Gedemer (Appleton) died March 11.

**Executive Office:**
South Bend:
John Lee was granted tenure as a coordinator of the People of Praise February 23, 2018.
“And they said among themselves, ‘Who will roll away the stone . . . ?’”
(Mk. 16:3).