Finding Christ

In a Band of Brothers

Trinity Academy
Growing in Portland

Buffalo Camp
Celebrates 25 Years

Appleton Branch
Love Takes on Cerebral Palsy
This September, Trinity School at Greenlawn earned its fourth Blue Ribbon award from the US Department of Education. Trinity joined a group of only nine high schools in the entire United States who are four-time winners. (Read more at peopleofpraise.org/news.)

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Dear Brothers and Sisters,

The best stories are often the ones you never go searching for. When I sat down to interview Joe Cassell (Campus Division, Indianapolis) late last summer, I planned to ask him about his experiences on the Company Summer Institute (CSI). For a few weeks I had been surreptitiously and enviously watching Joe and the other young men on the CSI landscaping crew as they hacked away at small trees and shrubs. They ripped out yews and, with dirt thick on their arms and faces, hauled away their gnarly prizes in wheelbarrows.

To ease into the interview, I asked Joe to tell me how he had wound up at the CSI. He spoke for almost 80 minutes, with a furious intensity, recounting how he had ignored the warnings of his parents, quit high school and taken on a variety of tough blue collar jobs. (See “You Need to Get Out of Here,” p. 15.) When he had finished, I had no doubt that Joe, like so many young men before him, had been netted in the course of his wanderings by a living Christ who is still out fishing for men.

I would like to thank Joe for allowing his personal testimony to be printed in V&B, so that many can marvel at God’s saving power.

In Christ,

SEAN CONNOLLY, Editor
Trinity Academy is temporarily located on the lower level of Northminster Presbyterian Church, a simple, white-sided building in a quiet residential area of Portland. Sunlight floods the classrooms most of the school day. One day in September, beeps, dings, twangs and chimes resounded as Pat Clark’s eleventh-grade physics class made four computerized beetles play musical notes and move around in a virtual environment, part of a lesson in basic computer programming.

This pairing of learning with excitement comes up often when students and faculty at Trinity Academy describe their school. “Our teachers bring energy and passion to class,” says junior Peter Kabele. He points to his teacher Jon Robertson as an example. “We’re studying T.S. Eliot, and Dr. Robertson is passionate about learning all aspects of his work. He has the same attitude towards the Iliad.”

Junior Carlos Castro sees the individual attention that comes with small classes as an advantage. “I was worried at first, but I learned more this way. My calculus teacher Dr. Clark doesn’t mind when you ask her questions more than once.” He is referring to Jo Clark, the head of school, and, along with her husband Pat, a faculty member at the school. (Jo has a Ph.D. in pharmacology from Georgetown University and previously taught chemistry at the University of Portland.)

Trinity Academy hopes to grow large enough to become a full-fledged campus of Trinity Schools, but for now its smaller size provides “the advantage of mobility,” as Jo calls it. The whole school has taken trips to Cape Disappointment on the Washington

In Portland, Trinity Academy Is Growing

BY ELIZABETH PEASE AND CHRIS MEEHAN

Enrollment at Trinity Academy, one of Portland’s newest Christian schools, has risen to 17 students in grades seven through twelve—seven students more than last year. The school was launched in 2011 with just five students, four of them children of Vancouver-Portland branch members. This year, more than half the students come from families outside the community.

For their first fall field day, Trinity Academy students learned to sail.

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Trinity Academy hopes to grow large enough to become a full-fledged campus of Trinity Schools, but for now its smaller size provides “the advantage of mobility,” as Jo calls it. The whole school has taken trips to Cape Disappointment on the Washington
coast, where explorers Lewis and Clark spent a miserable winter in 1805, to the Portland Art Museum to see ancient Roman art, and to a wastewater treatment plant to study the biological and chemical processes of turning wastewater into clean water. They’ve also met the 90-year-old master calligrapher who taught art teacher Connie Hackenbruck (Corvallis) in college 45 years ago, and they’ve sailed together on the Willamette River.

Francie Longshore, a Humane Letters teacher, says she has been impressed by her students. “If one of them was particularly quiet during a discussion, another student would take the initiative and ask, ‘What do you think of this?’” She credits God with helping her find her job at the school. During her job search, she had discovered Trinity School at River Ridge online and applied to teach there. River Ridge decided not to hire anyone, but referred her to Trinity Academy. “I had applied for jobs all over the country and finally got one in my hometown of Portland.”

To accommodate its growth, Trinity Academy is planning to move to a larger facility. They began a building search in January of 2012, but legislation requiring school buildings to be resistant to earthquakes made the search difficult. Then, after a party for one of her children, Jo struck up a conversation with the father of one of the guests. It turned out that he had just purchased a three-story building that he wanted to remodel. The building is just half a mile from the Kenton neighborhood, where a number of People of Praise members (including several with students at Trinity Academy) are living. Trinity Academy will rent the third floor of the building, and Charlie Fraga’s company, Direct Development, will rent the second floor. Jo is amazed that the landlord was willing to do all the structural upgrading necessary for a school. “He could have rented it out to a business and avoided all that work, but he really wanted us there.”

As Trinity Academy grows and moves forward, Pat Clark sees the school already living out the vision its leaders have for it. “The vision will only get brighter and stronger as more students arrive.”
This year marks the 25th anniversary of Buffalo Camp, and there is cause to celebrate. There have been races of homemade rafts, bugs and campfires, pirates, prayer meetings, baptism in the Holy Spirit, skit nights, gaga ball games, service, canoeing, archery, new friends, dirt,
skinned knees and breathtaking high-ropes courses. It started small, as directors Tom and Theresa Shriver can testify. “Our kids didn’t know each other when we joined the People of Praise,” says Tom. “So we threw them together for a three-day weekend in 1988 and called it camp.”

Left: Scenic Camp Li-Lo-Li in Randolph, NY, near the Allegheny Mountains, has been the home of Buffalo Camp since 2006.

Below: Paradox Lake, 1995. Trying to contain dozens of campers for the all-camp photo shoot is always a challenge.
From 1991 to 1995, Buffalo Camp was held at various sites in the Adirondack Mountains.

Upper left: Campers enjoyed the craft house.

Upper right: Eagle Cove, 1992. On one overnight camping trip, some squeamish teenage girls canoed a portable toilet to their campsite.

Lower left and right: Paradox Lake, 1995. “When camp is over, some of the kids start counting the days to the next camp. There is a tremendous enthusiasm,” says camp veteran Tim Hammer.
Early on, the Buffalo branch invited the northern Virginia branch to send their kids to camp, too. Then a dozen more branches caught the drift and came along.

Upper left: The 1992 Eagle Cove kitchen crew, from left to right: Andrea Gleason (Buffalo), Carol Ruch (northern Virginia), Jon Cassady (northern Virginia), Bud and Marilyn Northway (Buffalo), Michelle Walker (Muncie).

Upper right: From 1996 to 2003, Buffalo Camp was held at St. Vincent de Paul Camp. In those years the Jesus Jam prayer meeting became a regular part of camp. Here, everyone enjoyed a sunset relay race on the Lake Erie beach.

Lower left: Traditional morning exercises at Buffalo Camp include flag-raising. Says Tom Shriver (who stands in the far right of this 1989 photo), “I’ve always wanted to have a couple of marines come and show them how to fold it properly, but we manage!”
Lower right: In 1996, campers made an excursion to Niagara Falls. You may be able to pick out some familiar faces:

Jim Mysliwiec, Joe Adamson, Rick Ridenour and Pat Baldwin (all northern Virginia); John Meehan (then northern Virginia, now New Orleans);

Michelle Lattimer and Allesha (Lattimer) Thomas (then Indianapolis, now South Bend); Peggy Peters (Buffalo); Lisa Roth (Indianapolis); Claire Mysliwiec (then northern Virginia, now South Bend); Colleen Murray and Brigette Mysliwiec (then northern Virginia, now Mission Division, Shreveport).
Upper left: An admiring camper gets instructions from Bob Pawlosky (northern Virginia). Bob is the mastermind and engine of the campwide evening activities.

Upper middle: Campers practiced teamwork at Paradox Lake.

Right: Skit night is another Buffalo Camp staple. The back of this 1995 photo from the Hammer family album reads, “Fifth and sixth grade girls are ready for a shootin’, shootin’ good time!”

Far right: For the last 10 years, high school-aged participants in Buffalo Camp’s Formation/Action/Recreation (FAR) program have spent time working to improve the campground. Here, Tim Hammer wields a chop saw as he leads a FAR project.
Right: Two young FAR men hard at work laying cement for a new patio at Camp Li-Lo-Li.

Below: In the spirit of the Hawaiian theme at Buffalo Camp 2013, Joan Heil (Oahu) presented Tom and Theresa Shriver with leis, in honor of their years of service. “Everyone in the branch participates in some way,” says Tom, “whether they’re praying for camp or running it or providing transportation and housing to the out-of-town kids.”

Buffalo Camp has drawn brothers and sisters from many branches, including northern Virginia, Tampa, Indianapolis, Kingston, Grenada, Muncie, New Orleans, Vancouver-Portland, Oahu, Servant, South Bend, Shreveport and Colorado Springs. Martha Delaney remembers an observer at Camp Regis Applejack (1993) expressing amazement at how well everyone in the People of Praise worked together. Martha says, “We understand—we have the community in common!”

It’s been a rich, scrappy and Spirit-filled 25 years of life together at Buffalo Camp.
Joe Cassell, 20, the son of Terry and Alicia Cassell, grew up in a family of seven in the northern Virginia branch. This summer, he was part of a cadre of 17 young men who came to South Bend for the Company Summer Institute (CSI), a training program sponsored by the Mission program office. (For more on the CSI see the photo essay starting on page 18.) Late last summer, Joe sat down and told me his testimony. For close to 80 minutes, he spoke with a furious intensity. His story is that of a young man, restless, tough and lost. And yet he is always at least obliquely aware of the Father he knew as a boy. This constant but oblique awareness reminds me of the character in Flannery O’Connor’s novel Wiseblood who “saw Jesus move from tree to tree in the back of his mind, a wild ragged figure motioning him to turn around.” After our conversation, Joe and I worked from a transcript to prepare his testimony for publication. What follows are his words.
My story starts in ninth grade when I left Trinity at Meadow View. I had gone to Trinity for seventh and eighth grades. I played baseball, but Trinity doesn’t have a baseball team, so I went to the private high school near my home in Fairfax, Virginia.

When I got to high school I thought, I know so much about the Lord and I want to show people what he’s all about. But I was alone. I didn’t have anyone else who had that same goal. So instead I became who I was hanging out with. I picked up the ways my friends treated their parents and the ways they talked about their parents. They said, “What’s so wrong about drinking? I’m just having fun. What’s the big deal?” My relationship with my family, my mom and dad, got very bad.

Playing baseball did not go well. I was good and I was told that I could continue and do very well, but eventually I hated it. You play year-round—travel ball, the season, you’re always working out. I did not have the desire to put that much time into it. People who were putting in time started excelling. My junior year I hit a point where I told my dad I didn’t want to play baseball anymore. After I quit, my whole reason for being in school was gone. I couldn’t bring myself to do homework anymore. I stopped applying myself. I started drinking, partying and having fun. I thought, as long as I’m here, I might as well have a good time!

I had been a good kid up to then, pretty straight-edged with good morals and a lot of potential in both school and sports. It was rough on my dad—to see your son completely one-eighty. My dad and I had lots of late-night conversations. I told him over and over again that I wanted to quit school. My mom and dad did everything to help me—praying a lot for me, trying to get me extra help and have me talk to people. But I just wasn’t having it. After winter break, I left school—I didn’t tell anyone. After that, I tried Trinity again for two or three months. I told my dad, “You can keep sending me to school but I’m not going to do any work.” After Easter break, my parents reluctantly agreed to let me leave school. I was 17, two months away from my 18th birthday. The deal was, I had to get my GED, which I did when I turned 18.

I was living at home, paying rent and working full-time at a garden center. I worked with a bunch of punks. Their lives were consumed by drugs, alcohol and women. They were older than I was and they had it way worse than I did. I worked at the loading dock, loading bags into people’s cars, also plants, mulch, topsoil, fertilizer—and trees into the back of trucks. The managers called me to do something, and I’d have to go and do it. I did that job for seven months, then I got a job as a waiter at a pizza restaurant and worked there for four months. I couldn’t stand that job!

I had met a few guys who would have parties all the time. I would drink and go to work hung over sometimes. But then I would realize, this just doesn’t feel right—this is not right. I’m sure my dad knew.

When I worked at the garden center, a position opened up in the city water department. It took six months, but I got the job. We were responsible for everything from the meter box to the water main—fixing, maintaining, installing, all that jazz. I did a lot of digging, and got really dirty. I loved that job! I cut back on drinking—a lot of it had to do with the schedule. It was a 7 to 3:30 job and I had to be
on call. If a water main broke at midnight I could get called. The guys that I worked with were older—guys who had been in and out of prison, guys who were divorced. One of the guys had five kids from five different women and was paying child support for every single one. I worked with 13 guys, and out of 13 five were going through a divorce. Other guys would get wasted every night. Their lives were a mess! They were 40, 50 or 60 years old, but they were still living like they were 18. I thought, that’s what I’m going to become if I keep doing what I’m doing now. I want people to look up to me. I don’t want to act like a kid my whole life.

There was this African guy named Ben who’d had a conversion. He had been a complete alcoholic, but somehow he had found the Lord and become completely free from his addiction. I wasn’t on his work crew, but every Saturday I would work with him. I told him about my background in the POP and how my dad works for Christians in Commerce. Often he would tell me, “Oh, your dad is a good man. You need to get out of here!”

Ben didn’t care what people thought of him. He would tell guys who were being complete alcoholics or womanizing that they were wrong, that they were messing up their lives, straight to their faces. That was awesome.

I had been with the water department for about six months and I didn’t know what my next step was going to be. Like a lot of people in my position, I started looking at the military. I found out that the military does not accept a GED anymore—you have to have 15 college credits to join. My plan was to take two classes and work full-time, so I could get 15 credits gradually and then join.

One Saturday I worked up a ton of courage and said to Ben, “I don’t know what I’m doing right now. Can you just say a prayer for me?” At that time I wasn’t going to church a lot and I wasn’t praying. Ben said, “Oh yeah, sure, I would love to do that for you, man,” and I believe that he did.

Another Saturday we were working in a subdivision. It was really hot and there were no trees. I had been up at four in the morning to be at work by five. I was tired and sitting next to Ben. I asked him to pray for me again. I remember we broke for lunch and I was sitting in the truck eating. It was the first time I had ever heard the Lord, although at the time I didn’t know it was the Lord. The thought just came to me: Go back to school full-time. I remember texting my best friend Chris Horneman—we call him Budgie. I said, “Hey, do you think it would be a bad idea if I went back to school full-time?” He said, “Yeah, do it.” That day I brought the idea up to my dad. Of course he was all for it. I think he was holding in some excitement.

The timing was just perfect. School was starting in three weeks. Within three days I had put in my notice at the water department. I had a week to sign up for classes and get my materials. I went to a community college right near my house. I made a promise to myself: I was not going to do school like I did last time. I was going to do this the right way and just shoot for the best I could do.

Soon after I left the water department, Andrea DeLee and Kathryn Elliott (both northern Virginia) moved into our house. They were just an awesome witness to the faith and the life of the People of Praise. Their friends came over and we had more Lord’s Days. We had household life. We all had our jobs and duties. I started going to church more often. I knew I needed to be on my best behavior.

About halfway through my first semester, Mike Wacker (Servant Branch) came to northern Virginia to visit. I had first met Mike at Buffalo camp when I was in eighth grade. I remember taking a walk with (continued on page 20)
SEVENTEEN YOUNG MEN CAME TO SOUTH BEND this summer to be part of the Company Summer Institute (CSI), a training program the Mission program office sponsors. They slept in triple bunks, rose early for push-ups and personal prayer, ate their meals together, chanted the psalms, operated chainsaws and angle grinders, ripped out yews, preached and sang in a local mall, studied community teachings and made quite an impression one Friday evening, when, after fasting all day, they arrived together at a you-pick blueberry patch with a fortuitous rule: blueberries eaten on site are free.

The CSI men earned money by working on the property crew at Greenlawn. They tackled two major projects: landscaping and repainting a portion of the wrought iron fence that surrounds the block.
Far left: Hauling massive tree trunks was all in a day’s work for Tim Pingel. (Of course, Tim pointed out that the huge section of trunk was mostly hollow and not as heavy as it looks.)

Middle left: Before they could begin painting, the crew used metal grinders to remove rust and flaking paint.

Lower left: John Loughran cleared out scrub trees with a chainsaw. “It’s a great feeling to use a chainsaw,” John said.

Top middle: On a workday when temperatures reached the upper 90s, the work crew cooled off with some well-earned shade and surprise Powerade.

Far right: Thomas Brophy touched up the fence with gray primer before applying the black paint.

Middle right: Jon Willard and Joe Cassell got hydrated before returning to grind rust off the fence.

Lower right: At the beginning of the summer, Patrick Gaffney’s (Servant) work boot was shiny.
Mike and saying, “This is where I’m at—I want to follow the Lord now and I just don’t know how to do it. I don’t know how to have a prayer time. I’ve never really felt the Lord’s presence.” He decided that we’d call each other once a week, and that really really helped me.

In November, I got invited to go on the branch men’s retreat. Me and Budgie both went. Before the retreat I was reading Matthew, because Mike suggested it, and I remember there were three Scriptures that stood out to me. One was Matthew 5 where it says that you have this light, so don’t hide it under a basket but spread it to the world. Those three passages all came up in the retreat talks. The retreat was all about mission. It confirmed for me that I don’t want to be part of the problem. You can’t fix the problem when you are part of the problem. I made a decision to change my life, to go to the Lord.

I started visiting men’s groups. I was showing my face a little more, seeing more community families and being around Lord’s Days. The more I saw, I thought, this looks good. These community guys are doing it right. Compared to what I was seeing and doing before, the way they are living is awesome. I wanted to follow the Lord, and the only way I could see myself really excelling at that was to join the community. It helps a lot to be surrounded by other brothers and sisters and people who have the same goal as you do.

At the Easter community meeting, they announced that I had come underway. The decision took me out of my comfort zone, and it was hard, but the results were awesome. I was so much happier. Tons of people came up to me and said, “Joe, you look so much happier.” I am happier.

I was doing well in school—the past two semesters I have gotten all A’s—but there was still something missing. I wanted more. The Company guys had come to visit us in Virginia and I had talked to Peter Coleman about coming to visit the college guys’ household in the Triangle.

When I visited I thought, this is what I need. These guys work out together and have personal prayer times every morning. They live a life in common. They really challenge each other to be Christians and to be disciplined students. I wanted Christian brothers.

I was also invited to the CSI, and I thought, yeah, sure, I’ll try it out.

But I had a lot of fear before going to the CSI. My first week was rough. I had always thought that the men in the Company were kind of pompous. That first week I was really working hard at not complaining and talking bad about the people running the CSI. I had a conversation with Peter Coleman that week, and after that all those fears were gone. I remember one thing he said to me about complaining. I was telling him I was trying to do all these things, and he laughed and said, “Complaining is a cheap way to make friends.” That is so true! It’s just been awesome to get to know the leaders of the CSI like George Kane and Peter and Isaac Willard and Kevin McShane, to know that they are strong men of the Lord who really want to do his work.

After the first week the CSI was completely enjoyable. Every minute of the day is planned out, but I love it. I haven’t had too much of a hard time with the schedule because I’ve been used to working. I do find it challenging to build friendships that are based only on the Lord. In my adult life, I had never chosen to do that before. We all have different interests and desires and things we want to do. It can be tough sometimes, but our friendships are working because we all love the Lord.

One Saturday George told Zach Busekrus and...
me that we had an hour to plan a kingdom drill for all the guys to do. I had never done a kingdom drill before—I wasn’t part of Action. We had this awesome idea to do a scavenger hunt. We made a checklist: talk to a homeless man and buy him food, go to a place and pray for five minutes and be led by the Spirit, go up to someone and tell them that the Lord loves them, do a prayer walk, and sing praise songs in public—that was the best one.

We divided into three teams. One team went to the Eddy Street Commons (a commercial area near Notre Dame). The other one went to the mall, and another one went to downtown South Bend. My team did this huge prayer walk around the perimeter of the mall. It was awesome. We had eight guys and we all had our hands raised, praying over each store. I was completely out of my comfort zone.

Later we split into pairs. I was with Nate Bolka. One of the things on our checklist was to talk with a homeless man. Me and Nate went into a Barnes and Noble, and we prayed for five minutes, looked over and saw a homeless man. We explained to him that the Lord wanted us to come and pray with him and talk with him. He wasn’t having it at first, but he eventually said, “Okay, let’s do it.” He got on both knees and we started praying in tongues. He was telling us about how God had taken away his best friend, his uncle, and now he just drinks. We prayed against the addiction of alcoholism and he started tearing up. We told him we would buy him some food, so Nate went and got him a pizza. I remember praying, Lord, this guy needs a miracle to change. He has nothing. He is completely lost. The Lord just told me, Thank you for spending the day with my son. I said to the Lord, Thank you for the opportunity to do that for you.

The best part of the day came when our whole group started singing songs in the food court of the mall. We had brought a guitar with us and we sang two praise songs. The people there were loving it. There were smiles on their faces. They were clapping. I was shocked to see how many people were enjoying themselves. When we started singing “Great Is He,” the security guard came and broke it off. He asked us to leave. Then this guy came up to the guard, a big guy with tattoos and pierced ears and said, “Are you kicking these guys out?” The guard said, “Yes, we are.” The guy said, “That’s ridiculous.” He stormed out and was super upset that they were kicking us out. So we got to be a witness to the Lord and to the People of Praise. People came up to us and asked us who we were and what our mission was. Then we all decided to go to Eddy Street Commons. We sang 10 songs there. We raised our hands, just belting out songs and praising the Lord.

When I started the CSI I thought that after four weeks it would be good to make a decision about living in household in the Triangle next year. I have never lived in a men’s household before, and I wanted to experience that on the CSI. I wanted to learn the structure: cooking on this day, laundry, living with other guys. And I loved it. I’m loving it. After four weeks, I called up Walt Seale (Campus Division, Indianapolis) and I said, “Count me in for next semester.” So I’ll be living in Indianapolis next semester and going to school at Ivy Tech. My plan is to transfer to IUPUI. And then who knows what the Lord has for me in the future?

When I decided to leave school, I remember telling my friend that I just want to have an adventure. I sure got it. I thank the Lord for the position that I’m in now, and I’m so sorry for everything I’ve done before now. I have this awesome appreciation for the Lord and what he has done for me. A lot of the talks we were having on the CSI—I just know they’re true because I have experienced the opposite.

This is what I’ve been searching for.

“Tons of people came up to me and said, ‘Joe, you look so much happier.’ I am happier.”
Top left: Putting fun in common. When they weren’t working and learning together, the CSI men relaxed together — going for walks, jamming on guitar, playing foosball, and battling it out over the Ping-Pong table. “On Friday nights, Joe Cassell and I would roll the Ping-Pong table into the living room, and we would play Ping-Pong until two in the morning. One time Joe and I played six sets of three games each,” said John Loughran. “We definitely made it hard on the laundry guys. Each night we sweated through our clothes and had to change them.”
Top middle: Mike O’Korn at an end-of-the-summer bonfire on the Greenlawn property.

Top right: Hitting the ground running. Mornings on the CSI came bright and early with physical training at 6:00 a.m. PT typically began with a 1.5-mile run around the neighborhood and occasionally included an early soccer game on the south lawn.

Middle: On weeknights after dinner, the men listened to talks on topics like spiritual formation, pop culture and living together in household. “I got a lot out of the talk on personal prayer,” said John Crimmins. “It just clicked for me.”

Lower left: George Kane and Joe Cassell worked together to repair the rear wheel on Joe’s new road bike.

Lower right: Everyone on the CSI took turns cooking breakfast and dinner each day for 17 men. Crowd favorite dinners included creamy chicken over rice and, for a Lord’s Day dinner, homemade Juicy Lucy cheeseburgers that had cheese inside the beef patties. Lower right: “Beans and rice was the least favorite,” admitted John Feeks, who planned the meals.
In 2009, the South Bend branch celebrated the community’s anniversary with a baking contest. A panel of judges tested dozens of pies before branch members were let loose to feast on them. Rising above rows of pumpkin pies, fruit pies, lemon meringue pies, gluten-free pies and cream pies, Jen Havard’s sweet and nutty Coconut Caramel Pecan Cream Pie stole the grand prize.
COCONUT CARAMEL PECAN CREAM PIE
(RECIPE MAKES TWO PIES)

Ingredients
2 (9”) pie shells, baked ahead of time until light brown
1 (8 oz.) package (approximately 3 cups) flaked coconut (use sweetened or unsweetened coconut as desired)
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1 cup chopped pecans
1 (8 oz.) package cream cheese, softened
1 (14 oz.) can sweetened condensed milk
1 (16 oz.) container frozen whipped topping, thawed
6 oz. caramel ice cream topping (from jar)

Directions
1. In a medium skillet, melt butter or margarine over medium heat. Add coconut and pecans. Toss well, and sauté until coconut is lightly browned. Set aside to cool.

2. In a large mixing bowl, beat cream cheese until fluffy. Add condensed milk and mix until smooth. Fold in whipped topping.

3. Spread ¼ of cream cheese mixture into each pie shell. Sprinkle ¼ of coconut mixture over each pie.

4. Repeat with remaining cream cheese mixture, then remaining coconut mixture. Drizzle caramel sauce over the top of each pie. (Tip: warm the sauce for 15 seconds in microwave to make it easy to drizzle.) Pies should be chilled for several hours or overnight before serving.

YOUR FUTURE, YOUR CHOICE: Setting Financial Goals

By Kerry J. Koller

As you budget, you will begin to control where your money is spent, and with whom you spend it. Then you will be freer to spend your money on your real needs, to plan ahead and to meet your financial commitments. Sound money management is more than good record-keeping; it is a key to living responsibly.

Making and keeping to a budget is an essential part of sound money management, but a budget is only a schedule of how you will spend your money during any given pay period. It is not a complete program for managing money. You also need to set realistic goals to indicate in general terms what you want to do with your money. If you don’t have goals, there is no reasonable way for you to adjust your budget to new circumstances. Without goals you cannot know why you decided to spend your money the way you did in the past or why you plan to spend it the way you do in the future.

Any “why” question is a question about goals. Why do I spend my money the way I do? Why do I save a certain portion of my paycheck? Why do I give more to help the poor? Why do I continue to buy things on credit? Such questions help us recognize the guiding principles which lie behind the way we handle our resources.

There are four goals which, I think, have to be part of any worthwhile approach to economic and financial matters. The first and most basic goal is to use our money to promote the kingdom of God. This goal is essential for any Christian, an automatic part of his economic behavior. Supporting the kingdom means contributing to the Lord’s work and giving out of our substance for the relief of the poor.

Second, we should do what is necessary now to maintain our lives under changing economic circumstances. As provident people we need to be prepared to provide for the necessities of life when the world cannot, or will not, provide them.

The third goal is to live a full human life. We should move our lives in the direction of quality rather than quantity, simplicity rather than complexity, reality rather than illusion, and sobriety rather than flashiness. God enriches our lives through sports, music, the arts, hobbies and the like. We should receive these with a thankful heart and use some of our resources to enjoy these gifts.

The fourth goal has to do with conservation of natural resources. God made the resources of the earth to provide for the needs of all mankind. We should be good stewards rather than wasteful consumers.

Used copies of Your Future, Your Choice and The Resourceful Christian can be purchased on Amazon.com. To find a copy, go to Amazon.com and search for “Kerry Koller.”

Have a recipe idea? Contact Elizabeth Grams at egrams@peopleofpraise.org.
Making the Covenant
Congratulations to the community members who recently made the covenant of the People of Praise.

Colorado Springs, October 12, 2013: Abby Olson.

New Orleans, October 6, 2013: John Meehan.

Northern Virginia, October 13, 2013: Connie Eng, John Whelpley and Patty Whelpley.

Servant Branch, September 8, 2013: Laura Brickweg, Rob Brickweg and Christine Luzar.

Shreveport, October 24, 2013: Brigette Mysliwiec, Nick Raway.

South Bend, October 20, 2013: Joe Bowar, Catherine Ficker, Tom Saverine.

Births
Justin and Cathy Walters (Mission Division, Indianapolis) are grateful that they were able to adopt their son Dominic Jacob a couple of days after he was born on July 2.

John and Jeanne Stauble (Servant Branch) are rejoicing at the arrival of their son, Joseph Leo, born July 5.

Congratulations to John and Mary Lee (South Bend) on the birth of their daughter, Elspeth Zoe, born July 31.

Andrew and Jenny Ridenour (Vancouver-Portland) are celebrating the birth of Jack Rowan on August 29.

David and Laura Salmon (South Bend) happily announce the birth of Jack Francis on September 27.

John and Claire Kurdelak (South Bend) welcomed newborn Francis Martin on October 4.

Weddings and Anniversaries
Congratulations to Cliff Vaughan and Jackie Bertrand (both Shreveport) who were married June 1 at St. Joseph Church in Shreveport. Between them, they have 10 grown children.

Congratulations to Matt Brickweg and Mary Reinhardt (both Servant Branch), who were married at Church of the Holy Family in St. Louis Park, MN, on June 22.

Congratulations to Joseph Mutidjo (Kingston) and Maria Robinson, who were married July 6 at Holy Cross Church in Kingston.

Congratulations to Joe Bowar and Sarah Engles (both South Bend), who were married at Saint Matthew’s Cathedral in South Bend on July 20.

Congratulations to jonathan Gapp and Amy Rice (both Servant Branch), who were married July 27 at St. Peter’s Church in Mendota, MN.

Congratulations to Jeremy Osterhouse and Anne Swan (both South Bend), who were married at St. Joseph’s Church in South Bend on August 3.

Congratulations to Michael Coney and Naomi Caneff (both Mission Division, Indianapolis), who were married on August 17 at Sacred Heart Church in Indianapolis.

Congratulations to David Smidberg and Cathy McAlee (both northern Virginia) who were married September 10 at St. Peter’s Church in Washington, DC.

Congratulations to Thomas Duddy and Jeanette Zimmel (both Mission Division, Shreveport) who were married on October 12 at Holy Trinity Church in Shreveport.

Mark and Ginny Timler (South Bend) celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary on July 28. The Timlers were married at a church in San Juan, TX, where Ginny’s father was pastor. They have five children and 11 grandchildren.

Congratulations to John and Maria Elliott (northern Virginia), who were married 25 years ago on July 9. They are the proud parents of three daughters and two sons.

Jim and Laurie Gapp (Servant Branch) celebrated their 30th wedding anniversary on July 23. The Gapps have six children and one granddaughter.

Congratulations to Kevin and Susan Weilbacher (Tampa), who celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary on July 28. Kevin and Susan have two daughters.

Fifty years ago on August 4, Bill and Elena Flynn (South Bend) were married in Sacramento, CA. Sharing in the anniversary celebration are their three daughters and seven grandsons.

Congratulations to Jim and Lois Grill (Servant Branch), who celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary on June 29. The Grills...
have three children and four grandchildren.

Congratulations to Paul and Andrea Kane (South Bend), who celebrated the 25th anniversary of their wedding on August 6. Married in Allentown, PA, the Kanes have eight children.

Work and Achievements

The Tampa branch is celebrating 30 years in the People of Praise. In 1983, 12 men and women from the Nazareth Community in Tampa became a mission branch.

Congratulations to André Magill, 18, and Joe Walker, 17, who achieved the rank of Eagle Scout August 30. André is the son of Bob and Laurie Magill (northern Virginia), and Joe is the son of Steve and Carrie Walker (northern Virginia).

Congratulations to Reverend Ken Peterson (South Bend), who retired at the end of August after serving 41 years as a Lutheran pastor in the area. He hopes to spend a good part of his time restoring his 1952 Studebaker Champion.

In July Mike Yohe (northern Virginia) was appointed principal of Falls Church High School. Mike has worked in the Fairfax County school system for over 25 years and served as assistant principal at three high schools.

Sue Smith (northern Virginia) has a new position as a language arts teacher for seventh and eighth grades at St. James Elementary School in Falls Church, VA. After their recent transfer to northern Virginia, Mike Busekru took a job as headmaster at St. John Academy in McLean and his wife Malia was hired to teach fifth-graders at St. Thomas More Cathedral School in Arlington.

The following members of the community recently made two-year commitments to the Missionary Company and moved to Evansville: Kevin P. McShane, George Kane, Kaitlyn Raway and John Earhart.

Nine community members from Appleton spent three weeks in Africa this summer on a vacation which included an 11-day fact-finding tour of Burundi on behalf of the Burundi Education Fund, a nonprofit organization founded by Egide Nimubona (Appleton), who is from Burundi.


Graduations

Mary Grams, B.G.S. in general studies, Indiana University South Bend.

Deaths

We’ve received word of the deaths of these members of the People of Praise. We pray for their families and friends in this time of loss. Tribute articles will follow in an upcoming issue.

Mary Hinkle, Biloxi branch, died February 24, 2013.
Don Ferber, Servant Branch, died July 25, 2013.

Florence Kline, Buffalo branch, died August 7, 2013.
Ken Haen, Appleton branch, died August 10, 2013.
Dolores Roland, Servant branch, died October 23, 2013.

Correction: There are several corrections to the tribute article for Rosie Cedergren in the last issue. Don and Rosie moved to the northern Virginia branch in 1995, not 1994; the year of Rosie’s death should have been 2013; and we neglected to mention that Don and Rosie’s daughter Karen Young is a member of the People of Praise in northern Virginia. We apologize for the errors.

Executive Office Announcements

Indianapolis:
Karl Horlander was released from the covenant of the People of Praise on June 16, 2013.

Mission:
Walt Seale was appointed to the position of Mission coordinator on August 21, 2013, for an indefinite term of office.

Rockford:
Greg and Erin Kladar are no longer covenanted, effective September 5, 2013.
John and Bonnie Olesen are no longer covenanted, effective September 5, 2013.

Servant Branch:
Doug Lauer was released from the covenant of the People of Praise on August 27, 2013.
ANN WHEAT

By Ruthanne Seitz

At the beginning of 2013, Ann was once again looking forward to the summer, when she could host Action students and staff serving in Allendale—and feed them, one of her favorite activities. Action volunteers loved her gumbo.

She worked at a Catholic mission house in one of the lowliest parts of Shreveport. She fed and cared for those in need, whether at her table for dinner or in her home for a length of time. In the eyes of the world, she was not polished and never put on a facade, which made it easy for the outcasts and the unloved to respond to her warmth.

Her sister, Mary Childers (Shreveport), pictured above to the left of Ann, relates that Ann's spirit was creative and often downright funny.

A generous woman, she thought of other people's needs before her own. One time she gave me a lovely necklace adorned with a purple-stoned dragonfly. Her reason for gifting me? “Because you look good in purple.”

Ann evangelized everyone whose path she crossed—especially at the grocery store, where she spent hours listening to people's troubles and telling them about Jesus.

While she was Ann's head, Teresa Lynch says she came to see, just a little, how precious Ann was in God's eyes. Ann laughed often, seeing the humorous side of life.

How greatly she was loved by the Lord! She had experienced physical and emotional challenges all through her life, yet she stayed steadfast in trusting God. She was never bitter, but loving. Ann loved the Lord, her family, her siblings and her three dogs. She also loved the community and the people in it.

GINI CHAPUT

By Pat Benito

In 1980, when a desire for more of the Lord led her to seek out others committed to living a Spirit-filled life, Gini moved to South Bend and joined the community. She lived in a household with Bob and Jane Fesler, and Jane shares this story: "It was April Fool's Day, and Bob and Gini decided to fool me. Gini started to pull a thread from Bob's shirt pocket, and she pulled and pulled, as though the shirt was going to unravel! Actually, they had hidden a spool of thread in his pocket and had threaded it through the seam. Fun times!"

Gini loved the Lord and was an encourager to every person she met. She was also a classy lady, fond of the finer things in life, such as good music and good food. She became a member of the Tampa branch in 1987, when she returned to Tampa to be closer to her aunt.

As her health gradually declined, she relied on the Lord's love and that of her brothers and sisters. In her last few years, she was confined to bed and unable to talk much. One song which she embraced includes the line: “Don’t spare me any pain that would glorify your name, for to serve you there’s no price I wouldn't pay.”

She was a woman filled with God's Holy Spirit, and on fire for the Lord every day of her life, right to her last breath. Several of us were blessed to be able to share that last breath with her, as we surrounded her with prayer on February 18, 2013.
THOMAS ILAE FRAGAS, SR.

By Mary L. Duddy
“Aloha ke Akua!” Our faith- 
ful brother Tom Fragas, who 
exemplified the aloha spirit 
of love and welcome, never 
tired of proclaiming these Hawaiian 
words, meaning “God is love.” 
He grew up in Kalihi, 
Hawaii. When he was 12, he 
watched the bombing of Pearl 
Harbor from a tree ... until 
his mother called him into 
the house! Later he served his 
country in Korea for 18 months, 
in Vietnam for a year, and then 
in Laos as an undercover intel-
ligence officer.

Tom met Ethel, his wife of 60 years, when he was home from 
college and coaching her baseball team. Family was always impor-
tant. Even today, Tom’s daughter, granddaughter and her four 
children live with Ethel.

Tom was baptized in the Spirit in the early 1970s and served the 
charismatic renewal the rest of his life. He chaired general sessions 
for several Hawaii Catholic charismatic conferences, two large healing 
services and four ecumenical conferences, one of which drew 
5,500 people. He promoted and worked on hundreds of Life in the 
Spirit Seminars, blessing thousands of people in Hawaii. The Bible 
was often in his hands, and he knew Scripture exceptionally well.

Dale Scott recalls the time when his income from real estate 
sales was very low. “I was going to borrow from my credit line to 
make all the family payments on time, but Tom stopped by and 
loaned me $10,000, without interest!”

People loved Tom, our “Aloha ke Akua” brother. He was an 
inspirational presence, full of joy, humility and great love.

KAY KELLER

By Ruth Schmelzer
After spending essentially all of 
her 72 years unable to walk, Kay 
Keller walked into the kingdom 
of her beloved Lord and Savior 
on March 7, 2013. In her final 
days, she glowed with excite-
ment, exclaiming, “I’m gonna 
walk! I’m gonna walk!”

Kay faced numerous physi-

cal challenges because of cere-

bral palsy, but she was indepen-
dent, responsible and caring.

After graduating from high school, she attended the University 
of Wisconsin-Fox Valley, and for many years worked at Goodwill 
Industries and the YMCA. She delighted in being treated just like 
everyone else.

We came to know and appreciate her as an extremely intel-
ligent woman with a keen wit and insatiable curiosity. Kay loved 
the Lord and she loved being with people. She really loved to 
pray, and especially enjoyed the singing.

As her health deteriorated, she used a letter board to com-
municate, but eventually even the coordination needed to point 
to the letters was gone. Yet her spirit remained strong to the end 
... that is, until the beginning, because that’s how Kay perceived 
the end of her life.

Facts

Ellen Kay Keller was born 
March 14, 1941, in Appleton. 
She died March 7, 2013.

She began attending prayer 
meetings in the mid-1970s.

She was thrilled to make the 
covenant of the People of 
Praise in Appleton in 1990.

With her amazing memory, 
she constantly interceded for 
the needs of the people she 
knew.

Facts

Born December 24, 1929, in 
Honolulu, Hawaii. Died May 15, 
2013.

Tom married Ethel Haaseritter 
in 1953 and they had five chil-
dren, nine grandchildren and 
eight great-grandchildren.

Retired from the Army as a 
lieutenant colonel, worked 
at the state’s Occupational & 
Safety Division and at Hardware 
Hawaii, and was also the sole 
 personality on Mr. Fixit, a home-
repair TV show.

He made the covenant of the 
People of Praise April 14, 1986.
Kay Keller wasn’t supposed to live beyond her thirties, says her younger sister and close companion Judy Keller. But when Kay died on March 7, 2013, she was just a few days shy of 72.

Kay had severe cerebral palsy. Her mind was bright, but her body was stiff, twisted and tied to a wheelchair. For much of her adult life, she couldn’t feed herself.

As a young woman in the early 1970s, Kay found the charismatic renewal and Christian community. With 13 others in the newly formed Appleton branch, she made the covenant of the People of Praise in 1990.

Judy attributes Kay’s long life to one thing: friendship. “I think it was mostly the People of Praise that accounted for her longevity.”

“To live our lives together”

“Kay wanted to be everywhere we were,” says Kathy Hippert. “Whether we were camping or going to the park, Kay was determined to be part of it.”

Week after week and year after year, branch members lifted Kay into their cars, threw the wheelchair into the back, and drove her to and from branch meetings, women’s group, retreats or Lord’s Day meals. When she moved from a regular wheelchair to an electric one, Michael and Ruth Schmelzer bought a minivan that could carry it. They drove her to branch functions and often lent the van out to other branch members or to Kay’s friends or family so they could drive her.

“It’s just like a family,” explains Dave Sier. “You don’t think anything of it. You never say, ‘It’ll cost an awful lot of money.’ No, it’s just what you’re going to do.”

Kay often visited the homes of branch families and spent holidays with them. She stayed with the Hipperts at their cabin so often that she suggested that they build a wheelchair ramp, which she funded and Norm built with other brothers in the branch. Kay loved competitive card games, but since she couldn’t hold on to cards with her hands Norm built a board for her to place them on. Kathy also remembers Kay buying treats for the family: “She would let me know, ‘Let’s have shrimp’—or steak, or pasta—and she would give me a little money for it. I was happy to cook it up! So we had a lot of grand times.”

Kay liked to travel with community members. She and Jane Buch used to take a day off to go sightseeing. She used to vacation in Florida, always taking a companion who, in turn, would care for her basic needs—usually a sister in the branch. She visited other branches and even flew to the communitywide singles’ conference in northern Virginia one year, boarding the airplane via a hydraulic lift. “That’s her sense of adventure!”, says Jane, who accompanied Kay to northern Virginia. “She didn’t just say, ‘No, I can’t do that.’ Her enthusiasm spread to the whole group on that conference.”

“Mutual care, concern and ministry”

Caring for Kay was always a prime concern during Appleton branch gatherings. Getting her into the building sometimes meant carrying her and her chair up flights of stairs. Kay needed to be fed when they ate together; her nose and chin had to be wiped, her songbook held up. It was normal for someone talking with Kay to need to request someone else’s interpretation of her garbled speech, or for Kay to have to spell words that were not coming out clearly.

“A conversation with her wouldn’t be any less than 15 to 20 minutes, and you had to be in a quiet place,” says Ruth.

Yet Kay participated actively in the gatherings. When the group cheered or applauded, Kay’s trademark cry of joy could be heard above the crowd. Though her muscles were stiff, she was constantly offering her hand to hold or her open arms to embrace. She often came prepared to...
give a word or personal sharing. A sister who could understand her speech would stand next to her at the microphone, and the two would take turns: Kay would speak, and the sister would repeat Kay’s words so that everyone could understand.

Kay made up for her limited ability to speak in the way she listened. She had a habit of asking penetrating questions, which, coupled with her strong memory, kept her in the thick of community life. Her sincere interest in the lives of her brothers and sisters and their families—they knew she prayed persistently for them all—earned her the close confidence of many. She was a bridesmaid in Jane Buch’s wedding.

Beth Mueller remembers how, during Kay’s final weeks in hospice care, which coincided with a difficult pregnancy for Beth, it was Kay who encouraged her with assurance of the Lord’s care. “You couldn’t be around Kay and not mention the Lord. She had a Bible on her lap almost all the time. She always displayed cards from branch members and friends in her room; every wall had a cross or a picture of Jesus.’

David Sklorenko (South Bend), the coordinator responsible for the Appleton branch, noticed that on his visits Kay never failed to ask him about his son (also David), who had a brain tumor. She strained to say each word: “How is your son David?”

“I think it was mostly the People of Praise that accounted for her longevity.” — Judy Keller

Sisters in the branch visited her often—almost daily in Kay’s final weeks, when she could no longer leave her room. Jane would spend long hours with Kay trying to have what was in content a short conversation, using a word board on which Kay could spell out the words she could no longer speak. “It was frustrating for both of us!” Jane admits. Kathy boasts about Barb Oestreich: “Up to the day Kay died, Barb would go to Kay’s place, fold her clothes like Kay wanted, write letters for her, read things to her. She was truly a servant.”

When Kay did get “blue,” as she put it, she would often take the initiative to call on someone to visit her. Kay shared openly about her trials at community meetings, and the branch would gather around to pray with her.

“Kay was going to fight to do everything possible to be a sister to us,” reflects Joan Sier, adding, “The sisters in the branch fiercely held her to themselves as a sister.’

David Sklorenko honored the Appleton branch at a memorial service for Kay after her death. “The word that best expresses Kay’s life with us is ‘love’,” he said, “a love that passed back and forth as you cared for her. Love overcame the wretchedness of her body.”

Kay’s earthly life was more than just long; it was full to the brim. Her life was found in Christ, who is alive in all the brothers and sisters in Appleton. Each day, she participated in the trials and joys of that covenant life, a life that lasts.
“I lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help” (Psalm 121:1)