

Summer 2010

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Vine & Branches

THE PEOPLE OF PRAISE

YOU, THE HOPE OF GLORY."

**Absorbed
& Learning**
in Allendale



Communications Update:

Now Appearing in Your Inbox (and Your Mailbox, Too)

Way back in 1997, in the calm before blogs, smart phones, YouTube and social networking web sites took much of the world by storm, *Vine & Branches* dedicated two “For the Record” columns to discussing “the next 25 years” of life in the People of Praise. “People in all circumstances—in their kitchens as well as in their offices—are using the internet to send e-mail to people all over the world,” overall coordinator Paul DeCelles noted in the first column. “I think that that’s a huge new factor in society and it’s bound to affect our life in the community. I don’t know what it will look like, but better communication can only help us as we try to put more of our lives in common.”

Recently, we’ve made some strides in the area of communication, with the launch of an e-mail news service to broadcast announcements, videos and Holy Spirit sightings to everyone in the community who has an e-mail address listed in our online directory. I knew this tool was going to be fun to use when I clicked the “send” button for the first time around midnight and had two e-mail replies from Jamaica by 11:30 the next morning. We have a new vehicle for rapidly sharing information among our 21 branches.

Since March, when we launched the e-mail service and the accompanying People of Praise news web site (peopleofpraise.org/news), we’ve been able to announce everything from the arrival of our missionaries in Evansville, to the election of three new members of our board

The staff of the Communications office. Back row, L to R, Joe Gleason, Gretchen Connolly, Sean Connolly. Front row, Chris Meehan, Elizabeth Grams. Not pictured: Jennifer Kenning, Tom Noe.



Anne Swan

of governors, to the eruption of a violent crisis in Jamaica. But the value of these tools hit home for me when Alex Maslow, the 16-year-old son of Mike and Kathy Maslow (Servant Branch), was in a terrible car crash early in the morning on July 4. We were able to get a message out that same day, and many of us were able to pray for Alex and leave notes for Mike and Kathy on a web site dedicated to him.

What does the launch of this new service mean for *Vine & Branches*? Following their June meeting, the board of governors asked my office to begin producing four issues of the magazine each year, one for spring, summer, fall and winter, issues that will be longer than what was normal in the past.

Though the roles of these tools are evolving, I expect that we will continue to use the news service for short announcements and stories, reserving *Vine & Branches* for timely reflections on matters of importance to the community. We’ll all have the benefits of keeping up with the news as it breaks, and the pleasures of paging through a thoughtful and colorful print magazine. With this combination of old and new communications tools, I pray that we can continue to serve you very well. Don’t hesitate to contact us with your thoughts and ideas.

Sean Connolly
Program Coordinator for Communications

What do I need to do to receive the People of Praise news e-mails?

It’s simple. Just add your e-mail address to the People of Praise directory and mark it as your primary address. Your branch’s local site administrator or any tech-savvy brother or sister can help you do this, or you can call your branch office and ask the administrator to do it for you.

I want to receive the updates at a different e-mail address. What should I do?

Log into the People of Praise directory and enter the new address, then mark it as your primary e-mail address.

I’d like to unsubscribe and just read the news on the People of Praise news web site. Will I miss anything?

Yes. Most of the time our stories are distributed simultaneously on the web and by e-mail. However, sometimes the sensitive nature of a story leads us to distribute it only by e-mail and not on the public People of Praise news site.

How can I leave a comment on a news story?

On the People of Praise news web site, click on a story and scroll to the bottom of the page. Look for the words “Leave a response,” then type your comment into the field, along with your name and e-mail address.

We’re eager to read your comments!

peopleofpraise.org/news

Surviving a Dangerous Heart Surgery

By Chris Meehan

After surviving risky 15-hour open-heart surgery and three weeks in an induced coma, Dick Shirey appeared at a Muncie branch meeting in May, his first meeting in six months. It was anything but ordinary.

In March, doctors had given Dick a 20% chance of surviving the surgery, his third heart procedure in three years. After the operation, a nurse started calling him “the miracle man.”

He needed the surgery to save his life. A staph infection had eaten away the tissue surrounding a mechanical heart valve installed during a previous procedure, and the valve was barely connected. He had massive internal bleeding and blood in his lungs. Doctors hoped to reconstruct the upper part of his heart and install a new valve taken from a pig.

But there was a good chance that the surgery would kill him. One surgeon said that Dick could die early in the surgery if his bleeding didn't stop. “If you see me again in 15 minutes, it won't be good,” he told Dick's wife Sandy.

Dick stayed alive, bleeding continuously, on the operating table. Then the surgeon said that he would probably die during the final part of the operation. There was still “one more thing” he could try. He asked Sandy for permission to leave Dick on a heart-lung machine, which she granted.

The surgeon's “one more thing” worked. After three more hours on the operating table, doctors sent Dick to intensive care. Still, they suggested that Sandy gather their family and friends to say their goodbyes in case Dick didn't pull through. The surgeons left Dick's chest open for three days to relieve pressure and they induced a coma to help relieve pain.

“There were several times when



Don Yarvice

After his third heart operation, Muncie's Dick Shirey had to relearn how to walk. His next goal is to ride his bike.

it would have been easier for the doctors to just let me go,” Dick says. “When I asked one surgeon why they kept at it, he said, ‘One reason—your family.’”

For Sandy, the coma was three weeks of uncertainty. “We didn't know if he'd had a stroke or suffered brain damage,” she says. “Our family had to make many important decisions for him: we resigned him from his job as Muncie's deputy mayor, for example.”

Dick came out of the coma and began making slow but steady progress. He spent about three weeks at a rehab hospital. His muscles had atrophied and he had to relearn how to walk.

“We were advised he might not return home until September, after extensive rehabilitation, but he's been home for a few weeks already, walking and talking,” Sandy said in early June. A full recovery could take until

March of next year, but Dick is already ahead of schedule.

“I just want God to be glorified as I tell the story to as many people as possible,” Dick says. “I'm hoping their faith will grow as a result of hearing it so they'll turn to the Lord and be saved.”

“We felt supported by the prayers of many people around the country,” says Sandy. Muncie branch members regularly accompanied Sandy on the hour-long drive to the hospital in Indianapolis, and many visitors laid hands on Dick. When he arrived at the branch meeting, branch members greeted him with cheers and a standing ovation.

“What Dick does with his precious gift of time will give more glory to God than even his miraculous recovery,” Sandy adds. ■



Bill and Tucky Argus's new house in New Orleans.

A House Fit for an Architect

By Sean Connolly and Chris Meehan

The fate of the shoemaker's children is to go barefoot, the car mechanic usually drives a beater, and the architect's family . . . well, they live for three decades in a cookie-cutter home, with every day a frustrating tribute to just how unimaginatively walls and a roof can be arranged.

Those days are finally over for the Argus family (New Orleans). After Hurricane Katrina wrecked two homes his family owned, Bill Argus, an architect for 43 years, saw his moment to make up for all those years of "boring."

He spent two years designing a long and narrow home that is really three cottages back to back to back, connected by covered walkways. They stand on a narrow strip of land—like a median—between two streets in western New Orleans, on a lot that is 260 feet long but just 34 feet across at its widest point. Drivers on Catina and Wuerpel Streets sometimes slow down to gawk, or park and drop in for a tour.

Years ago, Bill and Tucky had

both noticed the odd-shaped parcel. When they finally had their chance to build, it was the only spot they could agree on. "I relished the challenge of creating a house in that space that didn't look monolithic," Bill explains. By designing their new home as three cottages, Bill avoided what would have been a very long and probably unworkable dwelling, and the odd-shaped parcel became a usable spot

for a home.

The front cottage is for eating and sitting, the middle cottage is for sleeping, and the back cottage is for guests. This means that you have to walk outdoors from the bedroom to the front cottage for a morning cup of coffee, but only briefly. The whole house rests five feet off the ground on piers. There are decks on three sides (an oak tree is growing through



Right: The combination living room and rec room features exposed rafters, pine floors and windows on three sides.



Bill and Tucky

the front deck).

Bill is a firm believer in natural light, and this belief determined the size and placement of the 36 windows. All the rooms have windows on at least two sides, and the loft in the sleeping cottage has windows on all four sides. It's possible—if you can spare the time—to chart the path of the sun from rising to setting through the living room windows. "It's wonderful to sit in the living room with its 180-degree view of the

The dining room has an open and airy feel, but low-hanging lamps provide a more intimate ambience during dinner.



sky," Tucky says.

Just in case there's another hurricane, all the windowpanes are built to survive wind gusts of 130 m.p.h.

The front cottage contains a seating area, a dining area with a table for 10 and a kitchen with an island. Across a 13-foot covered deck, the middle cottage includes a study, seating area, master bedroom and laundry area on the first floor. A spiral staircase leads to a loft with four beds for guests and grandkids, a bathroom and a closet. The back cottage includes a bedroom, bath

and kitchenette, with a carport and tool shed behind it.

Outside, gravel paths wind through a spacious garden that is Tucky's playground. (Their old house had little space for gardening.) Camellia bushes bloom in winter, crepe myrtle blooms in the summer and there are three fruit trees (fig, avocado and lemon).

"Now I can set aside a place just for my fall bulbs, the sweet peas and the pears," Tucky says.

A walkway between two of the three cottages that comprise the house.



It might come as a surprise that Bill has designed only a few houses during his time as an architect. (He's designed about 15, including our row of houses in Allendale.) Instead, he's focused his efforts on churches, schools and other buildings for large group gatherings. Still, he sees a connection between this relatively small job and his larger designs. "A church is basically a house—a home for the body of Christ," he says. "Similarly, a house of committed Christians is something like a church."

His creation continues to evolve. For example, he has plans to add privacy shutters to the walkways between the cottages. He also imagines adding a model railroad—a G scale miniature train with cars 30 inches long, 8 inches wide and 10 inches high—running on a track that will pass through Tucky's elaborate gardens, and loop from the back of the house to the front. "It'll add to the whimsy of the place," he says with a laugh.

Tucky adds, "I'll often stand on the deck and look up and down the yard, overwhelmed at the generosity of God and the talent he gave my husband. It's a trip, watching people drive by very slowly and then calling out 'I love it.'" ■

Bill used pickets on outdoor deck rails to provide privacy but still allow people in the house to see the street.



photos by Bill Argus, John Meehan and Angela Pingel

Measuring the Mass of the Earth

By Tom Noe

If you want to measure the mass of our planet, you don't have to reach for an 8,000-mile-wide superscale. In 1797-98, British scientist Henry Cavendish was the first to do it, and fairly simply, by using a wooden rod, telescopes and a shed in his garden. Nowadays, Trinity School at Greenlawn students can do it with four metal balls, a laser, a digital camera, a computer program and a basement built like a bomb shelter.

Sir Isaac Newton's Law of Universal Gravitation says, in part, that any two objects—no matter how small—exert a gravitational pull on each other. When you're standing next to a glass of tomato juice that's resting on the kitchen counter, there is a very tiny gravitational pull between you and the glass. If you can measure that pull—and compare it to the pull that the earth exerts on the glass—you can calculate the earth's mass.

Junior physics students from the Greenlawn campus put this principle to work in May. In fact, they replicated Cavendish's original experiment, with help from Craig Lent, Notre

Dame's Freimann Professor of Electrical Engineering, and their teachers, Pat Malone and Katy McShane, along with a few modern tools that weren't available to Cavendish.

To calculate gravitational pull accurately, the class needed a place without vibrations, not even rumbles from passing trucks. They had the perfect spot available in the basement of the Greenlawn mansion, shielded from exterior vibrations by thick concrete walls.

Their apparatus consisted of several components. First, there was a thin metal rod with two small spherical masses attached on the ends—think of it like a tiny dumbbell. This dumbbell was suspended on a metal ribbon and balanced, so that it was free to rotate. Second, on a separate platform, were two larger balls; this platform could be rotated in order to move the larger balls to a new position near the smaller ones. The smaller balls were enclosed in a container to protect them from vibrations caused by bumps and shuffled feet.

Craig set up the apparatus and

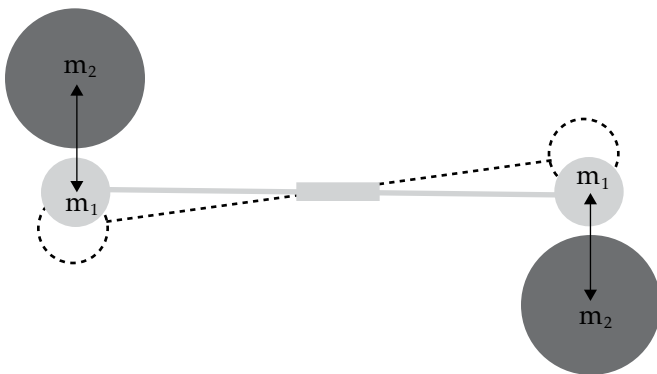
waited a full day for any residual movement to come to a stop. Then the students came in to run the experiment. "We had to be very careful not to walk too heavily," notes junior Allison Keenan. "Little motions could have thrown the whole thing off."

When the larger balls were moved closer to the smaller balls, an amazing thing happened. Ever so slightly, the smaller balls began moving toward the larger balls. They didn't move because of hidden magnets or minuscule vibrations. Gravitational attraction moved them. This gravitational pull caused the rod to start oscillating slowly back and forth, something like a pendulum in motion.

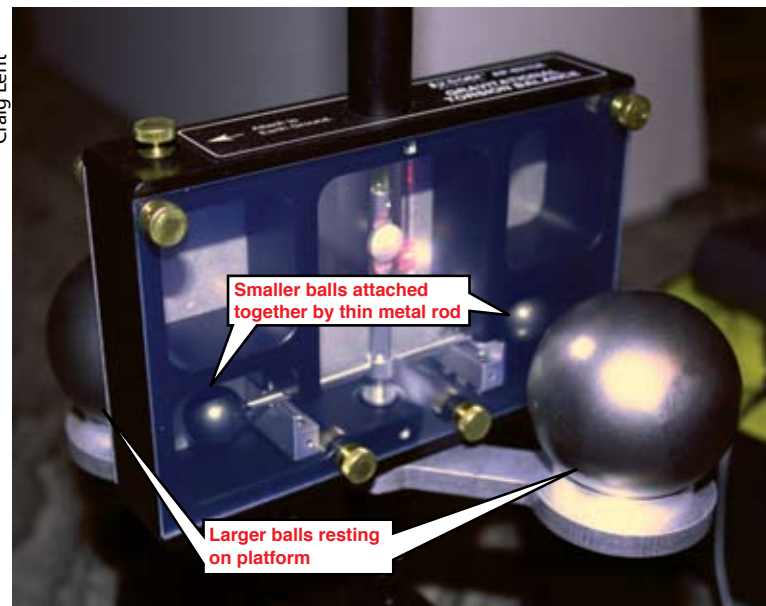
The students needed to measure this tiny gravitational effect, and for this they used a mirror attached to the dumbbell rod. They aimed a laser beam onto this mirror, which reflected the beam onto a wall five meters away. This magnified the tiny motion. As the rod slowly oscillated, the reflected laser beam moved back and forth on the wall.

"We watched the laser move,"

Below: An overhead view. Gravitational attraction draws the smaller balls (m_1) toward the larger balls (m_2). Right: a photo of the apparatus Trinity students used in their recreation of the original Cavendish experiment.



Craig Lent





South Bend Tribune

A mirror attached to the apparatus in the foreground reflects a laser beam onto the wall in the background. The digital camera on the left takes pictures of the reflected laser beam.

said junior Ben Adey, “and we used a digital camera to take an image every thirty seconds for an hour.”

Back in the classroom, the students examined the images to determine the extreme positions of the

“They couldn’t believe we were doing this in high school!” —Ben Adey

laser reflection (farthest left and farthest right). Then they could calculate the center point that the reflection was oscillating around (the equilibrium point). Success! They could measure how far the pull of gravity had moved the rod. They repeated the experiment with the larger balls moved to the opposite sides of the smaller balls.

After this they knew some significant hard facts: equilibrium points, the masses of the balls, the distance

from the mirror to the wall, the distance between the large balls and the small ones, etc., plus more data like the distance from the balls to the center of the earth.

“We analyzed the images for changes in position, and then plugged the data into a Matlab computer program that Professor Lent wrote,”

Ben explains. “It was a new program, so we needed to change a few things as we went along, but Dr. Malone helped us make the changes.”

They were relying on the same principle that lay behind Cavendish’s original experiment: if you can measure the precise gravitational pull between two objects whose masses and distance apart you already know, and if you can measure the precise gravitational pull between one of those objects and the earth, then you

can calculate the mass of the earth.

How accurate were their results? “The value we determined from our data was only 6% off the accepted value for the mass of the earth,” says Katy. “We all cheered when we found out that our results were such a relatively close approximation.”

“The biggest surprise for me was that it worked,” says Allison. “We couldn’t believe that we were that close to the real mass of the earth.”

Ben adds, “I work at the QuarkNet Center at Notre Dame. It was fun describing the experiment to the college students, because they didn’t know what I was talking about, but some of the professors were really interested. They couldn’t believe we were doing this in high school!”

Just in case you were wondering, the mass of our home planet comes in at approximately 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 kilograms. ■

Tom Evans: Man on the Phone



Angela Pingel

Tom and Diane Evans

Editor's Note: Tom Evans, the coordinator responsible for the Biloxi, Mobile and Shreveport branches, stepped down from his position on July 1. Mike Coney, principal branch coordinator for New Orleans and a member of the community's board of governors, will assume Tom's responsibilities. We are pleased to publish this letter from the Biloxi, Mobile and Shreveport branches, honoring Tom for all his years of service to the People of Praise in the Gulf Coast region. Tom continues to serve as the branch administrator for New Orleans.

Dear Tom,

When Katrina hit, of course you were the one we all wanted to talk to—sometimes all of us at the same time. There you were, in Shreveport, standing outside Teresa Lynch's place with your cell phone pressed up against your ear. Then Diane's cell phone rang, and Teresa got calls on her house phone and on her cell phone—all of them for you. That's just the way it was. You were so cool and calm. It's no wonder you're so popular in a crisis.

Then, while you were sitting at Teresa's kitchen table, the oak tree in her back yard just fell over with a crack. Fortunately it was dry rot that did it, not another hurricane, but Teresa still teased you, saying disaster must have followed you up from New Orleans.

Truth is, there was at least one disaster you and Diane were regularly driving away from in those days—your own flooded house. As the weeks and months rolled on, how did you manage to keep up that schedule,

driving off to Shreveport, to Biloxi, to Mobile, then back to New Orleans, all while you and Diane were stuck in temporary quarters down the street from your old house?

And how many trips to Shreveport have you made these last 23 years? Two, three, sometimes even four a year, and every one of them so loaded with meetings—meetings with the branch leaders and with the whole branch together, meetings over lunch and dinner and coffee.

Some of those trips were so hard: when Jim Minto died, when that horrible plane crash took Pat O'Connor's life. Cliff Vaughan says you always had the right words because you know the Lord and you know the People of Praise, the perfect combination for a coordinator.

Mert Minto still talks about the time she and Jim came from Shreveport to stay with you and Diane. You came home beat from a Fellow-

ship in the Holy Spirit weekend and flipped the TV on to some old black and white movie, *The Alligator People*. Mert went to bed, but you and Jim stayed up until the end. It was the perfect set-up for years of jokes about "staying up all night" watching some man walk around in a fake-looking, rubber alligator suit!

Manny Ganzarain thanks you for the many times you helped him fix things around the house while you were staying with him in Mobile. Donna Ganzarain can still smell the biscuits you woke up early to cook years ago. Phil Ehemann says the

"If Tom says he's going to do something, he surely will. You can set your watch by it." —Clem Walters

cold coffee you and Diane taught him to brew during your trips to Biloxi is still his favorite drink. Tom, there's more than wisdom that we're going to miss about your branch visits.

Clem Walters says you were brought on as a mission coordinator

back in 1987 because—among other reasons—you are dependable. “If Tom says he’s going to do something, he surely will. You can set your watch by it.”

David Sklorenko remembers the two years it took to organize the 1987 Congress on the Holy Spirit and World Evangelization in New Orleans. He says he couldn’t have done it without you.

Kevin Ranaghan knows many of the things you’ve done, but he can never tell all the stories. So many of the storms you led us through are hidden: storms marital and financial, storms brought on by our children’s decisions, storms that rolled in suddenly after midnight. We agree with Kevin: You are a fine pastoral leader who has performed brilliantly in any number of difficult situations. We’re counting on a Father who sees in secret to pay you back.

Phil Slattery (New Orleans) remembers that he was in his thirties when you walked away from your job as a mechanical engineer to begin your years as a full-time worker for the community. He says that he didn’t appreciate then what it meant for a father of two sons in his 40s to leave behind a steady job with a retirement plan in which he was just a couple of years away from being fully vested. Now that Phil has grown kids, he can see what a great sacrifice you made.

Mike Coney (New Orleans) says the “yes” that you and Diane both gave to the Lord was foundational to the life of all the Gulf Coast branches, from their beginning years right up until today.

You used to say in the early days that you would lead until someone better came along. But there you were, several decades later, talking on that cell phone outside Teresa’s, helping us through Katrina, the greatest storm of them all. Diane was there at your side for all those years, serving us, too,—thank you, Diane. And thank you, Tom, for never looking back, for never hesitating to lead us.

*Your brothers and sisters
in the Biloxi, Mobile and
Shreveport branches. ■*

Absorbed and Learning in Allendale

By V&B staff

This year’s Allendale camp has swollen in size, with 40 boys and girls arriving for activities in mid-July. The children range from preschool to middle school, and in every age group the campers are focusing on learning.

Step up onto the screened-in porch at 1434 Yale Avenue and you’ll find the preschool campers kneeling on carpet squares and honing their fine motor skills. They’re busy threading bolts into nuts, using tweezers to move lentils into small bowls, and slicing bananas (with a safe knife). They use alphabet cards to learn basic sounds, and their counselors read to them.

“The second day of camp, someone carried a load of groceries through the porch, and the preschoolers hardly looked up from their work,” says Claire Holovaty. “I’m astounded at how engaged and engrossed they are.”

The older boys fashioned their own fishing poles from bamboo shoots, and took them to nearby Cross Lake, where they landed a couple of fish and a snapping turtle. Kevin McShane led the younger boys in a dramatic reading of “Casey at the Bat.” The boys also enjoyed some simple chemistry experiments, mixing milk, soap and food coloring to create a colorful display.

Sometimes the learning comes on the heels of a bumpy ride. One morning, the older boys took a bike ride, but the group separated after the chain fell off one of their counselor’s bikes. The boys rode off by themselves and a second counselor had to chase them down. Boys and counselors alike were disgruntled by the end of the day,

but Allendale project manager Nathan Barrett called a meeting, gave everyone a chance to ask forgiveness and then led a discussion about how things might go better the next day.

“For the boys, it was the best day of camp we’ve had this year,” he said later, “better than if we had just had a peaceful time, because there was a problem and we were able to forgive and to work out a solution.”

Jeanette Zimmer, the camp’s director, is leading the older girls’ group. The girls have been cooking snacks for the other campers, learning how to play chess, and writing in their journals. “I asked the girls what they wanted to learn this summer,” she says. “One said she wanted to learn how to make guacamole, and another wanted to learn chess, so we have been doing both.

“We’re focusing a lot more on learning than we’ve done at past camps. We’re finding that the campers are having a ton of fun, and that they’re not even aware of how much they are learning.

Nathan adds, “This is our best year yet for camp. Things are going astonishingly well.” ■



Cathy Grill

Evansville Journal

By Chris Meehan



Liz Loughran

Evansville, Indiana, a city of about 120,000 with a metro area that includes another 220,000 people, sits on the Ohio River across from Kentucky.

It's my worst fear as a Christian—preaching on an oven-hot beach wearing a long-sleeved white shirt, black pants and a tie. I saw someone do this once on the shore of Lake Michigan and felt compelled to stand nearby for moral support, nervously looking on in my swim trunks and towel.

Street evangelism was my second worst fear. Yet there I was in Evansville, knocking on doors alongside missionaries Ryan Hardin and Claire Mysliwiec, on assignment to gather stories and write about my experiences of missionary life for *Vine & Branches*.

I'd arrived the previous evening about 5:30. When I walked into the

rental house on Willow Street, 12 of the 14 missionaries were seated in a circle for their debriefing, a chance to report on that day's encounters on the streets. The front room that held our circle of metal folding chairs contained no other furniture or decoration. A light gray wallpaper barely concealed uneven plaster patches on the walls, while a bland carpet attempted to mask squeaky floorboards. Still, the place was clean and bright, and for the next six days it was home.

I often heard children in the schoolyard behind their houses, their cheerful play punctuated by hourly chimes from the bells at Saint Benedict's Cathedral around the corner.

Sirens blared as fire trucks raced from the station down the block, but thankfully the Islamic Center on the same block did not regularly blare the call to prayer.

Our own call to prayer followed the debriefing. Joe Bulger, a Notre Dame student on a two-year leave, led us in the chanting of a few psalms. One day he and another

missionary rapped on a woman's door, cheerfully announcing a word they'd received in prayer that morning: "The Lord wants you to change your ways!" The astonished woman invited them in, poured out her troubles, and has since become a regular at prayer meetings the missionaries host.

Dinner came next. It took a while for the 15 of us to pass the serving bowls around. I'd heard tales of unending streams of rice and beans, and those dishes made their appearance, but variations in the recipes, plus fruits and vegetables, made all the meals quite pleasant. Even the unfortunate—to me—appearance of beets was tolerable.

Men's group that evening involved some free fun, a walk along the Ohio riverfront in downtown Evansville. We saw just one other pedestrian during our 90-minute jaunt, but no doubt there were plenty of folks gathered inside the riverboat casino we saw.

To my surprise the guys were mostly in bed by 10. One brother explained: "5:30 comes like a freight train." I stayed up to write in my journal and noticed another brother watching the NCAA basketball tournament on his laptop, one of the very few times mass media flowed into the house that week. (As far as I could tell, *Vine & Branches* is the only publication they receive, though they do



keep up with the world on the internet.) As I drifted off to sleep, I could hear a garbled voice over a PA system, the dispatcher from the fire station calling out orders.

Five-thirty did hit like a train but, eager to participate in everything, I roused myself to chant the psalms during morning prayer. We had time for personal prayer until 7:30, when the women arrived for breakfast. The missionaries live in two adjacent houses, but use just one kitchen—in the men’s house—for the sake of simplicity and unity.

At 11 everyone stopped for an hour-long prayer time aimed at discerning what the Lord wanted to say to those we would meet during missionary work later on that day. We gathered to share the words we’d received, and then Nick Holovaty divided us into mission teams of two or three, each headed to a different neighborhood. I joined Ryan and Claire.

Ryan is a recent college graduate who joined the community as a result of the missionaries’ efforts in Indianapolis. I immediately learned one thing about him—he is persistent. We were speaking to a very pleasant man who said little, though in a very

friendly way. Ryan tried everything to eke out a conversation, telling stories, offering Scripture quotes, asking questions about the neighborhood, but the man didn’t really talk. I was exhausted just watching Ryan at work.

Later, in the middle of a vexing debate with another man, Ryan paused—I assumed to think and pray for a minute—so I jumped into the conversation with a few comments and questions.

After a bit I pulled back, hoping that I hadn’t muddied the waters and that Ryan had regrouped. He had, and soon we ended the conversation.

As we were walking to the next house, Ryan casually mentioned that I should feel free to go back to the house early if I needed to work on my stories. I read between the lines and figured that he was sending me home because I had really botched the last conversation. But that interpretation didn’t sit right with me, so I decided to keep speaking freely until I could mention it to Ryan. When I did bring it up, he laughed at the thought of it. Satan’s plan to divide and silence us

was foiled.

We ended up spending a chunk of time in the living room of an 89-year-old housebound woman who shared her life story and apologized for not having cake to give us. We prayed with her and she wished us well. Claire really shone in another conversation with four girls on a front porch.

As we headed home, Ryan said

Ryan tried everything to eke out a conversation, telling stories, offering Scripture quotes, asking questions about the neighborhood.

something Claire and I had been thinking—it had been a long afternoon. Then we saw a man standing in the doorway of a two-story apartment building. He didn’t appear to want to talk, but he kept responding to what Ryan said, so Ryan kept talking, too. Several times the man said something or made a gesture indicating he was about to end the discussion, but he never did. Ryan urged him to read the book of Acts. He agreed to read one chapter, and he said it seriously. I marveled at Ryan’s endurance and ingenuity as



Liz Loughran



Above: Missionaries Ellen Reed and Joe Bulger. Right: At a prayer meeting in the living room, Nick Holovaty (center) refers to a Scripture passage.



Claire Mysliwec and Ryan Hardin meet neighbors in Evansville.

we walked away, and also at his habit of pausing to pray during conversations. I got the impression that these pauses happen a lot with the missionaries. Neighbors comment about it.

When a Christian answers the door, the missionaries often bring up unity in the body of Christ.

During the debriefing afterward there was laughter as I admitted that I couldn't remember what any of the houses looked like. As a reporter for *Vine & Branches*, I often grill the missionaries for details, inevitably asking, "Now, what did that house look like?"

Each missionary shared stories from the day's encounters. When a Christian answers the door, the missionaries often bring up unity in the body of Christ. To many they also mention a vision one of their first

friends in Evansville had. In his vision, a man saw all the houses on his block rise up into the air, leaving all the inhabitants on the ground. As he looked around, he saw people he

didn't recognize, and others he recognized but didn't know by name. The missionaries see this as a word from the Lord for everyone in the Mississippi Valley. Evansville and so many other places are filled with people who don't know their neighbors well enough to help, work, play or pray with them.

The normal routine followed the debriefing: we prayed before dinner, had some sort of evening gathering, went to bed early, etc. One night the missionaries practiced choral singing,

leaving the front door open. I hoped their neighbors would hear them. All week, I tried to keep up with the missionaries, sometimes skipping events so I could write up my notes. It's impressive to see how focused they are and how much they are in love with their Lord.

In the end, I decided that my second worst fear was a bit like bees—not as bad as I had expected. It was a humbling honor to share the Good News with strangers, to knock on doors alongside Ryan, Claire and the others, missionaries who are making the most of this chance to serve God, for the glory of his kingdom, manifested in Evansville among these People of Praise. ■



A Sign from God Saves a Life

Editor's Note: Rosa, a 21-year-old college student from Lakeland, Florida, describes meeting Linda Scrofani (Tampa) in May, 2009, when Linda and fellow branch member Pat Benito were working as sidewalk counselors at a Tampa abortion facility. This story originally appeared on the People of Praise News web site. An update follows.

On May 12, 2009, I found out I was pregnant. I was living alone and going to college. My father is a strict man. I was afraid.

I was considering an abortion, and I called a clinic to make an appointment. I told the lady on the phone that I was spotting every day. She said, "We'll check it out, then you can consider your options." I made an appointment, and two close friends drove me from Lakeland, Florida, to Tampa.

We were walking toward the clinic, when a woman [Linda] called out, "A pretty flower for a pretty girl." Then she looked at all of us and said, "Three pretty flowers for three girls!" That drew me toward her. She gave us the flowers—pink carnations—and then she asked, "What brings you here today?" I lied at first and said I had an appointment to see a doctor. She followed up, asking what was happening. I told her I had found out I was pregnant.

She asked, "Honey, do you know that this is an abortion clinic?"

I started to cry, "Yes, I do know."

She asked if she could hold my hand and pray.

I said, "Please." Afterward I said, "You are what I was waiting for. I

have been praying every day to God to show me a sign and let me know if I was doing the right thing for myself."

After that, I saw a lady walk out of the clinic. She looked so dead. The man with her had his hands over her shoulders. He looked relieved, but you could see from the way the woman walked that she had no more purpose. She was gone.

I decided to keep the child, and it was like a big heavy weight lifted off my shoulders. Linda gave me a great big hug. After listing several centers that I should call, she asked if she could call me. She said I could call her if I needed any help—that she would be there for me.

The sun shone the whole day after that. It was beautiful, gorgeous. I

father loves his first grandson and comes to kiss him when he comes home from work. Jowell is a happy baby.

I believe God acted in Linda's actions. She was like an angel.

.....

Update: Rosa reports that Jowell Anthony was baptized in Plant City, Florida, in early June. He is a strong and healthy baby who, at six months, already displays an eagerness to walk.

In May, Rosa finished an associate's degree in mass communications. She plans to pursue a bachelor's degree in public relations and journalism at the University of Tampa. She says she has high hopes and faith for a bright future. ■

"Honey, do you know that this is an abortion clinic?" —Linda Scrofani

sat down on the curb and cried. It was the hardest decision of my life.

After that, every month Linda called me and talked to me on the phone. I gave her my address and she mailed me a laminated list of baby names and a journal to write in. She also came to the hospital and gave me a painting of Mary holding Jesus.

My son Jowell Anthony was born on Christmas Day. He weighed 6 pounds, 13 ounces.

I live at home with my family now. Jowell is getting big. He wakes up smiling, which makes my day. My



Kevin Weilbacher

Pat Benito (left), Linda Scrofani

TRIBUTES

Editor's note: Beginning with this issue, we're changing our approach to tribute articles for brothers and sisters who have died. The brief tributes on these pages are all excerpts from longer articles that can now be found on the People of Praise News web site, at peopleofpraise.org/news/branches/tributes.



Dick Berg

A long-time covenanted brother in Servant Branch, Dick Berg, went to be with his Lord on December 9, 2009, at the age of 70. We all join in our heartfelt prayers for his wife Jackie and their family at this time of loss. Tom Beckley shares his appreciation for Dick as a husband, father, friend and brother in the Lord.

"Dick had a lifelong affinity for the arts. He did beautiful things with ceramics, designed gardens, and had a special love of photography. He and Jackie attended many theatrical events and classical music concerts. With his keen photographic eye, Dick volunteered a lot of time to document the

Festival of Nations celebration in St. Paul. In his last years, even as Alzheimer's robbed him of the words he desired to share at his weekly men's group meeting, he could still come up with all the words to the songs and hymns we sang.

"Aging with gentleness and great love, 'Pop' Berg embraced and drew in an ever-growing number of kids and grandkids. Dick and grandson Kenny had a special connection. A few months after Dick's death, Kenny, a special needs teen, placed dandelions in Minnehaha Creek to send on their way to Pop, 'because I miss him so much in my heart.'"



Gail Lee

Gail Lee was a long-time member of Servant Branch who died September 14, 2009, at the age of 63. Mary Lee recalls the impact that her mother-in-law had in their family life, as wife, mother and grandmother.

"Gail sometimes came across as a quiet woman, but the women in her area and women's group knew her as a leader. During the years that Carmen served as a coordinator, she was his right hand, freeing him to serve by making sure their home life was working well. She was a sister and friend to the women who lived in household with them, and she did untold hours of work every summer preparing for Servant Camp (which Carmen led): organizing fundraising events, arranging tent-mates, preparing medical forms and much more.

"In many ways, Gail was willing to sacrifice everything so that her family and others would not have to do without. For her, people and relationships came first. And her sacrifice for others didn't end when she found out that her cancer had returned. Gail and Carmen made a firm decision not to live or act as if she had a terminal illness. They continued to live as normally as they could, spending Thursdays with their grandchildren, and watching my kids every day at our house while I taught a class at Trinity School."

Dave Temeles



Dave Temeles, father, grandfather and beloved husband, brother and friend, was a founding member of the northern Virginia branch of the People of Praise, where he served for many years as a coordinator, teacher and head. Dave was born September 5, 1938, and died July 21, 2009.

At the wake, Charlie Fraga said, "Without Dave, the People of Praise would not be what it is today in the D.C. area. I will go even further: There would not be the People of Praise here today were it not for Dave Temeles. Dave (with his close partner, Kathy, of course) had an absolute passion for Christian community. A loose network of Christian relationships was not enough, a prayer group was not enough, a strong evangelistic outreach was not enough. He wanted full-blown Christian community life and he would not settle for anything short of that. . . ."

Bill Crimmins added, "I would always come away from a talk with Dave a little less frazzled, a little more intact, a little more hopeful, a bit of my life's tension defused. My step was always a little lighter, and I'd laugh again, thinking about the laughter that had punctuated our conversation, and feel more confidence about the curious challenges of riding herd over the complex relationships of a full and busy household. . . ."

Paul Korkowski

To honor the memory of Paul Korkowski, a beloved brother, nephew and friend in Servant Branch who died tragically in a car accident on October 14, 2009, Jerry Wind provides a glimpse into his life.

“Paul was a faith-filled, generous and intelligent brother in the Lord. We miss him and will remember him for his deep love of family and his dedication to life in the People of Praise. Often he had a twinkle in his eye. Usually rather quiet in a group, he still gave you the impression that he had a better grasp of what was happening than he let on. His gentle smile indicated that he’d definitely have something to say if prodded, and you would learn a lot if you listened to what it was. The shock of his sudden death was tempered by our celebration of his heroic and loving life.

“Paul attended the College of St. Thomas and then graduated from the University of Minnesota with a Ph.D. in organic chemistry. Normally a reserved man, Paul could comfortably talk chemistry to a group of 100 people. John Zimmel, a friend of Paul’s and a member of his men’s group who is also a chemist, recalls how he and Paul would sit at a Bruegger’s bagel shop discussing things like urethane catalysts and drawing chemical structures on napkins.”



even had a dream of opening a home for unwed mothers.

“She made the covenant January 27, 1985. Before she was married, she led a single women’s group. After her marriage to Joe, she expended most of her considerable energy raising kids for 25 years and working full-time. She was always interested in world events and liked to discuss big issues.

“In early 2008, Bonnie was diagnosed with a stage-four brain tumor. One result of the cancer was a deepening of the romance between Joe and Bonnie. She often commented that she had never felt so much in love and loved as she did in the last couple of years. During one women’s group meeting at her house, Bonnie wryly noted, ‘Some guy keeps giving me roses and telling me that he loves me.’ When the women teased her about having ‘a secret admirer,’ from the next room Joe called out, ‘There’s no secret about it!’”

Gen Ficker touched lives for 90 years. Her large family and many brothers and sisters in Servant Branch laughed with her and always relished her fascinating stories. Elizabeth Kaiser shares some of her appreciation for our sister, who died October 30, 2009.

“Gen was an avid card player, cook, gardener and seamstress, and she loved to crochet. One day Gen was talking to a social worker at Regina Assisted Living, where she spent her last few years. She told stories about the many 12-hour days she had worked in the beauty shop and how much she enjoyed those years. The social worker listened to Gen for over an hour nonstop. Gen had so many great stories—stories that brought us to laughter and sometimes to the point of tears.

“John Fasbender attended grade school with Gen’s son Pat, and admits to being a frequent visitor at the Ficker home. John and Pat were Minnesota Twins fans from a young age, and Gen would graciously drive them and their friends to ballgames in her convertible. John credits her prayers for their eventual coming to Christ years later.” ■

Bonnie Klein

Bonnie Klein was born in 1950 and died last year on October 30, 2009. Servant Branch brothers and sisters knew her as a helpful and family-oriented wife, mother and friend. Colin Lavergne pays tribute to our sister in the Lord.

“Bonnie’s heart always went out to people in need. She taught her children to pray for people whenever they heard the sirens of emergency vehicles. She held strong beliefs about prolife issues and

Gen Ficker



Read more about these brothers and sisters at

peopleofpraise.org/news/branches/tributes

After a Violent Crisis, Kingston Is Calm

By V&B staff



Foam containers for carrying rice and minced beef to Kingston's homeless.

Life in Kingston, Jamaica, is quieter following the arrest and extradition to the US of Christopher Coke, a gang leader now facing gun and drug trafficking charges in a New York courtroom. A month-long manhunt for Coke brought government forces into Kingston neighborhoods, shut down sections of the city and disrupted life for many.

The state of emergency in Kingston is over, but signs of the turmoil remain. "We still have curfews in parts of the city and we still see many heavily armed police officers and soldiers," says Vince Keaveny, leader of the Kingston branch, who called the crisis the worst he's ever seen.

The day the conflict boiled over, Sunday, May 23, members of the Kingston branch unwittingly came close to the fighting. Branch mem-

Right: Kevin Rodriguez (right) offers food to a hungry man. Far right: Akieba opens a pot of minced beef.



bers delivering meals to residents near the Tivoli Gardens neighborhood encountered barricades and saw black smoke rising in the distance from a burning police station.

"We knew there was a risk of trouble when we set out to deliver food, but we saw other cars driving into the area, so we decided to go ahead," explains Joseph Mutidjo, a

member of the feeding team.

Branch member Sam Davis offers this account of the feeding team's activities that day:

"The first sign that this was going to be an extraordinary day came when we met to prepare our food. When the pots we'd used to cook the food were empty, we had packaged a record 320 meals! (We normally distribute 250 meals.)

"We held hands in a circle and prayed that God would provide a special cloak of security for us and that he would lead us to the 320 brothers and sisters most in need. We worried that many of the homeless would not be in their usual spots and that there would be meals left over.

Nevertheless, we set out on Kingston's emptier-than-usual streets in search of the hungry.

"In downtown Kingston we were happy to see familiar faces emerge to greet our vehicle. The homeless formed a line, said grace and collected their meals.

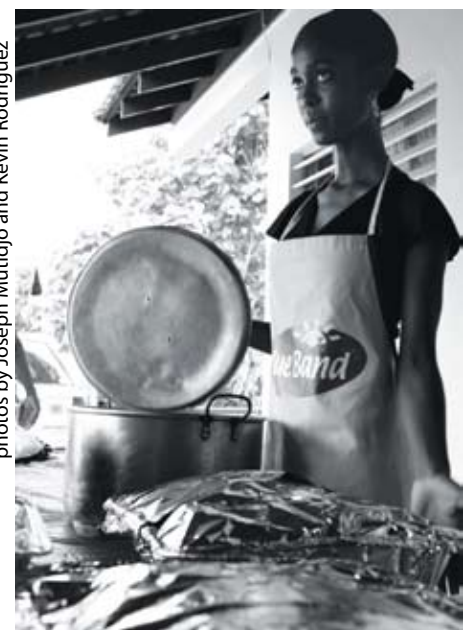
"We haven't seen the others [from other feeding programs],' one lamented, as he requested a second meal to have later in the evening. Suddenly, the purpose of the additional meals became clear. With the civil unrest, there was no guarantee of when and where the next meal would come from. Many received a second meal until they all were gone!

"Soon after we left, the government sealed off the downtown area. From television we learned that there were gunfights that day on the very streets on which we stood handing out meals.

"That day reminded us that if we are willing and obedient, our God is faithful and we need not fear any ill."

.....

The feeding program continues. On June 29, under rainy skies and far less dangerous conditions, branch members delivered 350 meals to homeless men and women, setting a new record. ■



photos by Joseph Mutidjo and Kevin Rodriguez

Meet Jim Mysliwicz

By Elizabeth Grams

“**S**teady, unflappable, sold out, wise—in short, a real Christian man.” That’s how Paul Kane (South Bend) describes Jim Mysliwicz, one of three men recently elected to the community’s board of governors. (See “LifeNotes.”)

Jim is also a respected leader in the IBM corporation, a triathlete, a father of four, a proven fundraiser for Action divisions and for Trinity Schools, a commercial property manager, a basketball coach and a loyal friend. He has led the northern Virginia Action division since 2003 and he presently serves on the LaSalle Company’s board of directors.

“He can do an incredible number of things,” says longtime friend Mike Zusi (South Bend). “He’s perhaps the most organized man I know. Everyone comes to rely on him because of it.”

In 1978, Jim arrived at Notre Dame an accomplished scholar-athlete—the salutatorian of his Grand Rapids, MI, high school, and the captain and quarterback of a football team he led two times to the state championship. Midway through his freshman year, Jim’s brother Dan brought him to a church service where he was baptized in the Holy Spirit. Afterward, he wanted to have some friends who could speak in tongues, so he sought out and joined the People of Praise.

Joel Kibler (Servant Branch), then living in South Bend, encouraged him to work on his relationship with his father, an alcoholic. In 1980, Jim went on a vacation with his father and, on January 13, a year from the day when Jim was baptized in the Spirit, he challenged his father to give up drinking. His father agreed to stop. “Every January 13 until he died, my dad would write me a letter



roots and joined the Fraga household in northern Virginia the summer after his graduation.

“He was pretty green,” recalls Charlie Fraga (Vancouver/Portland). “He hardly knew what household life was, but he was serious about the People of Praise and very service-oriented. He began befriending the teenage boys in the branch, playing basketball with them.” Two of those boys, John Brophy (Colorado Springs) and Dave Temeles, Jr. (northern Virginia), are now community members.

Jim and his wife Margherite met at a charismatic conference in 1984 and married in 1986. Today, they live in the northern Virginia branch. Jim is the Action division coordinator and Margherite is a handmaid. They have twin daughters, Claire and Brigitte, both members of the South Bend branch. Their son John (northern Virginia) is at Johns Hopkins University and their youngest, Ben, attends Trinity School at Meadow View.

Jim is an around-the-clock evangelist, always looking for opportunities to spread the gospel, on airplanes, in the Action division and with co-workers. In the 1980s and 1990s, Jim and Margherite worked with other branch

“I love praying for people to be baptized in the Spirit.” —Jim Mysliwicz

thanking me,” Jim says. “He always included his anniversary chip from Alcoholics Anonymous commemorating one more year of sobriety.”

During his senior year, Jim’s only serious job offer came from IBM in the Washington, DC, area. He was poised to reject the offer, stay in South Bend, teach math, coach football and remain in the People of Praise. Then he learned that the community would be starting a new branch in northern Virginia. Jim pulled up his Midwest



Bruce Brand (northern Virginia, left) and Walt Seale play guitars during an Action trip this summer.

members on an outreach to college students that resulted in 125 people being baptized in the Holy Spirit. Eighteen of those men and women are part of the community today.

"I love praying for people to be baptized in the Spirit," Jim says. "One of our missions while we can still breathe is to create opportunities for people to accept Jesus as Lord and Savior and to take on the whole Spirit of God."

Jim has worked at IBM for 28 years, first as a programmer and now as a certified executive project manager for software development projects. Just three years after becoming a manager, he was rated in the top 1% of IBM leaders for his technical innovation and project management expertise. He currently manages 135 software developers working on three projects that are part of a 10-year contract between IBM and the US Customs and Border Protection Department.

But he has not been afraid to turn down opportunities at IBM that would interfere with his work in the community, or to risk standing up for his employees. When one demanding IBM executive began verbally harassing Jim's team members, Jim requested a meeting and confronted the executive. The executive began to change his behavior, and later not only thanked Jim, but thanked God for letting Jim's path cross his own.

Jim has coordinated numerous Action trips and fundraisers and helped Action students hold prayer meetings, run Pentecost Seminars and put on parking-lot evangelistic

events. When a sudden winter storm prevented the division from holding their silent auction last year, Jim led the charge to do a phonathon and e-auction to sell items and request donations despite the weather. It was a success. "He has a quiet tenacity," says Matt Harris, a leader in the northern Virginia Action division.

Chris Walker, a recent Trinity School at Meadow View graduate who participated in Action the last four years, appreciates how Jim encourages Action students to take the lead in planning division activities. "He brought a lot of order and wisdom to the division, and he got us to get up early for meetings. He was also good about respecting our ideas."

Jim's tenacity also applies in the area of friendship. For several years, he and Chuck Wood (Vancouver/Portland) made a commitment to call each other every month, which Jim remained faithful to despite mounting responsibilities. "Friendship means a lot to Jim," observes branch member Frank Bassett. "He'd do anything for a friend and anything to help the community." One night Andrew Zwerner found Jim outside his house surreptitiously slapping some new hubcaps onto his minivan. "That's just what he does," Andrew says.

"People ask me what Jim likes to do to relax," says Margherite, laughing. "I tell them, 'work!' He never misses an Action workday. He really loves to do manual labor—but he also really likes to work with people."

"He has a huge heart," adds his longtime friend Walt Seale. ■

LifeNotes

■ **Jerome and Heather Allen** (Fairfax, VA) are spreading the good news that they welcomed **Sarah Therese** into their family on March 24.

■ Congratulations to **Jeff Doffing** (Servant Branch) and Katia Santistevan, who were married at Capilla Nuestra Señora del Libano in Guayaquil, Ecuador, on May 29. They ask our prayers for a quick approval for Katia's immigration to the US.

■ Congratulations to **Ron Mixell and Sandy Benkeser** (both Muncie), who were married at St. Mary Church in Muncie on May 22.

■ Congratulations to **Ricky Thomas and Allesha Lattimer** (both South Bend), who were married May 29 at Holy Cross Church in South Bend.

■ Best wishes to **Ken and Pam Peterson** (South Bend), whose son Brian (a Greenlawn faculty member) and numerous smiling branch members surprised them with an early celebration of their 40th wedding anniversary (May 31) at the branch center on May 14.

■ **Steve Walker** (northern Virginia) was recently appointed as Deputy Assistant Secretary of the Air Force for Science, Technology and Engineering. He prepares policy and guidance for the Air Force's \$1.8 billion Science and Technology portfolio, among other duties. Congratulations!

■ At a court of honor on February 21 in South Bend, three young men achieved the rank of Eagle Scout: Eddie Linczer, son of **Ron and Anne Linczer**, Andrew Staffelbach, son of **Dennis and Alice Staffelbach**, and Josh Thomas, son of **Dan and Shari Thomas**.

■ **John Barnitz** (New Orleans) has published a guest book chapter entitled "Linguistic Perspectives on Literacy Instruction for English Language Learners," in *Multiple Paths to Literacy: Assessment and Differentiated Instruction*

for *Diverse Learners, K-12 (7th ed.)*.

■ Congratulations to **Gus Zuehlke** and **Tom Loughran** (both South Bend). Their communications organization, BOSCO, has received the first annual Breaking Borders Award in technology. Beginning in 2007, BOSCO set up internet access for refugees in displaced person camps in northern Uganda, and has now expanded with a long-term vision of providing internet access in rural communities across northern Uganda.

■ A recent book by **David Sklorenko** (South Bend), *Don't Worry: "I'll Be All Right,"* tells the story of him growing up in New Jersey, marrying Sharon, living in Hawaii and coming to know the Lord personally. It's available from the LaSalle Company. Call 800-348-2227 for details.

■ The whole community joins in offering our heartfelt condolences and prayers for **Mike and Kathy Maslow** (Servant Branch), whose son Alex died as the result of an automobile accident on July 4. Alex was also the grandson of **Bob and Claire Pin-tozzi** (Servant Branch). He recently completed his sophomore year at Trinity School at River Ridge.

■ Since our last issue, we've received word of the deaths of four covenanted members of the People of Praise: **Leonard Kadera**, Servant Branch, January 5, 2010.

Areta Thomas, Servant Branch, January 16, 2010.

Terry Schneider, Servant Branch, February 10, 2010.

Lucy Henneberger, Biloxi, May 22, 2010.

Tribute articles for these brothers and sisters will appear in an upcoming issue.

From the Executive Office:

The board of governors convened an electoral assembly during their meeting from May 11 to 15, 2010, and elected three new head coordinators: Phil

Monaco from Corvallis, Jim Mysliwiec from northern Virginia and Mike Zusi from South Bend. The six-year terms start August 1, 2010.

Sean Connolly has been appointed as program coordinator for the Publications program office, effective June 27, 2010. Since the work of this program office encompasses more than print media, it will generally be referred to as the Communications program office from now on.

Appleton:

Peter Radosevich is no longer covenanted, as of January 27, 2010.

Buffalo:

Tim Hammer was granted tenure as a coordinator on March 10, 2010. Tim has also been appointed to a third three-year term of office as area coordinator, effective March 10, 2010.

Muncie:

Larry Spangler has been appointed to a three-year term of office as area coordinator, effective March 1, 2010.

New Orleans:

Lee Glaeser was released from the covenant of the People of Praise on April 29, 2010.

David and Claire Waldo were released from the covenant of the People of Praise on April 29, 2010.

Northern Virginia:

Rick Ridenour has been appointed to a three-year term of office as area coordinator, effective June 19, 2010.

Terry Cassell has been granted tenure as a coordinator, effective July 2, 2010, and has also been appointed to a third three-year term of office as area coordinator, effective May 11, 2010.

South Bend:

Mary Pajor was released from the covenant of the People of Praise on May 19, 2010.

Gene Stowe was released from the covenant of the People of Praise on April 23, 2010.

Correction: In the last *V&B*, the story on the Meadow View Blue Ribbon Award should have said that the student quoted was Justin Young, not Andrew Young, and the school is in its 12th year, not 13th.

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“I will fill this house with splendor, says the Lord of hosts” (Hag. 2:7) .



In the triangle area of Indianapolis, workers moved a house the community owns to an empty lot closer to the duplex where Walt and Pam Seale live.