

THE WORKER SISTERS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT



BULLETIN



THE WORKER BROTHERS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT



SEEKING GOD/OUR JOURNEYS
May 2025

Bulletin Cover ~ Gathering In Community

It's in moments of being present to one another that the Holy Spirit moves.

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Community Communication Contacts:

Prayer Requests and Thankgivings for the monthly Bulletin - email Erin Diericx, WSHS, emdeerx@gmail.com, or see green sheets for her mailing address.

Changes of address, phone numbers, email addresses - email Sr. Shirley Evangeline at sr.shirleyevangelinpace@gmail.com or Marilyn Propp at proppjones@gmail.com or see green sheets for mailing addresses.

Urgent Community Prayer Requests for email distribution – email or call Sr. Kathleen Rachel (srkathleenrachel@gmail.com) or Sr. Wendy Samuel (srwendysamuel@gmail.com)

Financial Contributions –

Members residing in the U.S., make checks payable to WSHS/WBHS and mail to:
Sr. Nancy Teresa, WSHS, Treasurer, United States, 12900 Glenwood Street, Apt. 108, Overland Park, KS 66209

If you pay any bills through your bank, you can easily send your contributions to WSHS the same way. Use the address above to send your check. You can make a one-time payment or a recurring payment. If you have questions, your bank will be happy to help you. And - you don't need any postage!

Members residing in Canada, make cheques payable to WSHS/WBHS and mail to Br. David, WBHS, Treasurer, Canada. 2170 Preston Road, Cavan Monaghan, Ontario, K9J 0G5 Canada

Contributions to Haiti Clean Water Project – This project has been discontinued until the situation in Haiti is resolved.

Problems Receiving your Bulletin - If you are not receiving the monthly Bulletin (by regular mail or by email), please email or **call Sr. Christine, not Trina.** Thank you.

If a friend expresses interest in WSHS/WBHS, remember to direct them to our website, www.workersisters.org, www.workerbrothers.org

Web Addresses: workersisters.org workerbrothers.org	
THE WORKER SISTERS AND BROTHERS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT	
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CALENDAR

**CORPORATE COMMUNIONS
REGIONAL GATHERINGS
May 2025**

Below is a list of the monthly Regional Gatherings and Corporate Communion. Meetings are open to all members (Sisters, Brothers, Workers, Companions, Friends and Applicants). If you are interested in attending an online Regional Gathering, please contact the Zoom Host and she/he will add you to the group's email list.

Regional Zoom Gatherings

Eastern Regional USA & Southern Regional USA	Br. David, WBHS, brdavidwbhs1@gmail.com	May 17, 2025 1:00 PM ET
Central Regional USA	Sr. Catherine Marie, WSHS, sr.catherine.marie@gmail.com	2:00 PM CT
Western Regional USA	Sr. Wendy Martha, WSHS, wguyton17@gmail.com	10:00 AM Arizona Time

In-person Corporate Communion

Pleasant Hill, Tennessee	Sr. Janeen Julian, WSHS	TBD
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REGIONAL GATHERING/CORPORATE COMMUNION DATES

*****NOTE DATE CHANGE from 4th Saturday to 3rd Saturday in May & Dec 2025
***May 17 • June 28 • July 26 • August 23
September 27 • October 25 • November 22 • ***December 20**

Chapter Meets Online: May 14, 2025 @ 1pm EST

Call to Prayer. Please remember our Community in prayer twice a day 8:00 AM and 5:00 PM in your time zone and pray for World Peace at Noon.



**8:00 AM - Prayer for our Community
12:00 Noon - Prayer for World Peace
5:00 PM - Prayer for our Community**



COMMUNITY CHANGES

Please make the following alterations to your Green Sheets:

Reminder to Sisters, Brothers and Workers

1. Please email your entire "Yellow" letter to your Cluster Leader including Prayer Requests, Recommendations and News Notes.
2. Email a copy of only your Prayer Requests, Thanksgivings and News Notes to:

Erin Diericx, WSHS emdeerx@gmail.com

Her mailing address is: 1204 North Prospect Avenue, Lecanto, Florida 34461

Reminder to Companions and Friends

Send your responses to the Friends and Companions Corner to:

Marya Pohlmeier, Companion, maryalovestravel@gmail.com

1677 Mount Vernon Drive, St. Charles, MO 63303

To view the online Green Sheets:

- Go to www.workersisters.org
- Centered above the group photo are the words:
HOME WHO WE ARE COMMUNITY LIFE MORE
- Click on MORE. That will show another list of options. Click on MEMBER PAGES.
- When it says to sign into your account, REMEMBER to Sign in as: wshs.wbhs@gmail.com
- If you don't remember the password, please contact Sr. Christine.



COMPANIONS AND FRIENDS CORNER

**Let us Companions and Friends pray for our Community.
*Holy Spirit, may your Breath be breathed into every member of
The Worker Sisters and Brothers of the Holy Spirit. Amen***

Our Theme for 2025 is SEEKING GOD – OUR JOURNEYS

We are taking this year to open our hearts, recognize our own journeys letting God lead us to be open to others' journeys, though they be the same/similar as mine or perhaps very different.

Each of us Friends and Companions are asked to ponder how God has led each of us on our journey to God and to share a bit of that with one another through this quarterly column and our Pentecost Letter so that we might grow in knowing, loving, caring, respecting, valuing one another. This is especially valuable since we are not in much direct contact with face-to-face sharing other than our annual Retreat. Hopefully you were able to attend the retreat this year. If not, make plans for next year!

Send YOUR JOURNEY STORY to Marya Pohlmeier maryalovestravel@gmail.com
1677 Mount Vernon Drive, St. Charles, MO 63376
To chat about something: Cell 636-284-9784

Companions, please begin thinking about your past year to send a few of your spiritual highlights, lowlights, or combo in our Pentecost Letter due to Sr. Betty-Lou Shirley in May/June.

Sr. Betty-Lou Shirley, WSHS Coordinator
1528 Dwight Beach Road
Huntsville, Ontario, P1H 2J6 CANADA or durr@vianet.ca

We welcome PETER BROOK from Tucker, GA who shares with us part of HIS JOURNEY.

My Journey
A tribute to the late Fr John T Russell
By Peter Brook, Companion

Although I was baptized in a historic Episcopal church in Duanesburg, New York and attended a small Episcopal church in North Grafton, Massachusetts with my family, my real experience as a functional Episcopalian was the genesis of my journey.

In 1953, when I was thirteen, we moved into a new development, Azalea Park, in Orlando. Obviously there were no churches at first but, with time, three churches were established: Baptist, Roman Catholic and Episcopal. The rector who was assigned by the Orlando Diocese to establish the new Christ the King was John T Russell. Our new church began with twelve people which included my mom, step-dad, my sister Deborah and myself.

The process of moving, getting established in a new home and working with Fr Russell to move ahead with setting up a temporary church in an old sales office kept us quite busy. Fr Russell, being such a wonderful and well-organized leader, made the process as free from stress as possible under the circumstances. I don't know who was more surprised about my growing interest and excitement about being a member of a new church; my mom, Fr Russell or myself. I have to make myself clear, I wasn't exactly a religious childhood prodigy, I was just excited to be a part of something quite important to my family and to me. The worship of God and His son Jesus I had to grow into later on.

As Christ the King started to grow with the word getting out and new people moving into Azalea Park, we were obviously in need of a place of our own in which to worship. We were fortunate to find a building that housed a defunct non-denominational church not far away. We got money together to rent it while we were building a chapel in the neighborhood. According to my mom, Fr Russell was quite the go-getter when it came to raising money for the new chapel because within 6 months, construction was well under way and we celebrated our first Christmas in our own chapel. Glory be to God!

Azalea Park grew quite quickly and, with no other Episcopal churches east of Orlando at that time, we grew quite rapidly. Within two years we built a gorgeous modern church designed by an upcoming young architect in Orlando seating 250. After the main church was built, since I lived there, a parochial school has been added to the church campus. You can go online to see Christ the King church at 26 Willow Drive, Orlando, FL 32087. My brother David and his wife, Wendy, were married at Christ the King on May 15, 1965, just three months after I got out of the Army.

As I left Orlando in 1968 to attend Florida State University, I couldn't have known that I would not be entering another Episcopal church for forty-six years! I often thought about returning to church but you get involved in your life without church being a part of it and time goes by so fast.

Finally, in 2014 I made the decision to return to church. I looked for Episcopal churches in my area. I visited two fairly close to my home but didn't feel comfortable in either one. Then it dawned on me that there was a church right near the western entrance to Stone Mountain Park. One day I drove over and I liked the look of the church, it looked like an Episcopal church. I gathered my courage and drove over there again on Sunday morning. I was nervous but as soon as I walked in the door I felt like I was at home. There was a warmth that was unmistakable. I have now been a congregant for almost eleven years, was on the Vestry, and am quite active in the church. I know God is with me always, he has been there for me during difficult times and, thanks be to God, I was, indeed, home.

As a result of being a member of St. Michael and All Angels Episcopal Church, I was fortunate to meet Mary Gronde who was a Companion with WSHS. We became very good friends and then, through Mary, I met our beloved prioress emeritus, Sr. Laverne Peter. The rest, so they say, is history.

I think of Fr John Russell frequently. Several years ago I decided to check and see where he was with the possibility of getting in touch with him. He would be older but there was a chance that he was still around. I checked his biography with the National Cathedral in Washington learning that his last position was rector of St Mary's Episcopal Church in Kinston, North Carolina. I called and a friend of Fr Russell answered. He told me that Fr Russell had passed away from a massive heart

attack just three months prior. It was so hard to receive this news but his friend and I talked for a long-time exchanging experiences which helped me to deal with his loss.

People come into our lives from time to time, who change us for the better, John Russell was one of those people - rest in peace, my friend.



SPIRITUAL SHARING

Growing up in the Greek faith as a child and learning the language and faith was spiritual to me. Our Greek Priest and our tutor came to our town twice weekly to teach us. We learned to read and write in the Greek language, which is not easy to learn. There were several of us Greek kids, so we had our lessons from one house to another. Father Raptelli didn't just teach us the language, he also taught us our faith and to understand our religion. He instilled in us the meaning of God and our beliefs. Through him I began my faith journey and it has stayed with me throughout my lifetime. It matters not which faith or church you attend, but that you keep your faith going strong. I didn't become an Episcopalian until my mid 30s. There wasn't a Greek church in Roswell, New Mexico so we attended the Episcopal Church, which was the closest to our faith. And that's how I became an Episcopalian.

I gave a presentation at our church on how I teach English as a Second Language to adults. I mentioned my use of children's picture books and the lyrics of songs from the 1950s and 60s. I like children's picture books since they have illustrations which can be helpful if my students don't understand what the words are saying. I like song lyrics because in addition to reading them, students can also hear them being sung.

I have been enjoying my Lenten discipline so much this year. I write in a journal every day and it doesn't feel forced. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THIS HAS HAPPENED. I usually do not like to write but the way I am doing it is so refreshing. I am trying to learn how to respond and not react. So needed at this time in our rude country. I am continually surprised that the meditations end up blending so well despite coming from different years, sources, and publications. I spend about 1 hr. 45 min

in the mornings (except Sundays are 30 min) and the time just flies and hasn't felt laborious or burdensome. It has really helped. I am also trying contemplative prayer group once a week. This is difficult for monkeys to brain me, but I am giving myself permission to do what I need.

My parish includes prayers for Haiti every week. We will have an intensive effort to support the Haiti Micah Project during Lent. The Rev. Joseph Constant is a Haitian-American in the Diocese of Washington (DC). The Project name is founded on Micah: "What does the Lord require – To do justice, to love kindness, and to walk humbly with God." Rev. Constant knows our Br. Frantz Benedict, WBHS.

I find Sister Deborah's story displays her great strength and openness to follow God's call for her. Like her, my faith strengthens during difficult times. The scarier times become, the more I find myself looking to God and heaven, the more I make God the center of my life as it should be. I am always yearning to grow closer to God.

Marilyn has such a beautiful way of putting her thoughts into words. I struggle with that; however, I seem to find just the right words when sharing with others. Curious how that works.

I was kneeling and praying in Church and asking God if I should just pack it all in and leave the Community. I heard God speak to me clearly and tell me to just try one more Corporate Communion and he would look after everything. Unfortunately (or fortunately?) the day of the Corporate Communion began with a freezing rain storm and the gathering was canceled. But the next month as I drove to the Corporate Communion, I was singing to God all the way. Although this Corporate Communion was the darkest and most depressing Corporate Communion that I think I ever attended, it didn't bother me at all, as I sang to God all the way home and from that day until Covid, I never missed a Retreat and I became much more active in the Community.

The most significant part of your sharing was the comment: "I heard God speak to Me and he would look after everything." You heard, and you believed. You trusted that God was in charge. And you allowed yourself to be led as the Spirit directed. For me, that was the victory. And I'm very glad that your decision brought you joy.

Prayer for our nation and other nations, it is something we can do. And we need to do it... hearing others' viewpoints is important, whether we agree with them or not. And of course, the bottom line is that God loves everyone and wants the best for each of us. Without that trust, life becomes so much more difficult.

I don't mind getting your sharing in whatever form you are able to use. I also don't use the online form, I just write something and attach to my email. Whatever works!

I'm rather in awe that through everything that has happened and continues to happen, I am always sure that God is here. I was seriously sleep deprived and often felt guilty about all the obligations that were falling through the cracks, but I never felt forsaken. I knew and I know that God takes care of me, and everything will turn out all right. To quote from Sr. Angela's breath prayers: "God of patience, sustain me." Yes, God does.

You have found that God is with us in all circumstances. And to quote one of my favorite songs from The Secret Garden – "it's the storm, not you, that's bound to go away." Ideally, your "storm" will be over soon. I hope you can get more sleep now that some of your tasks are completed.



FORMATION AND TRAINING

Seeking God: Our Journeys

By
Sr. Lucia, WSHS



Sr. Lucia, WSHS, lives in Meridian, Idaho. She was admitted as a Lay Worker in 1982. Sr. Lucia currently serves as our Admissions Coordinator.

Spiritual journey is a life journey. I saw a video the other day that was talking about God's name. YHWH is an intake of your breath (YH) and exhale (WH). So, do we say God's name with

our first intake of breath at birth and our last breathing out at death? Something to think about. That is how I think about my spiritual journey.

I was born into a family that believed in God and Christ and was brought up going to church, Sunday school and Vacation Bible School. Sunrise service at Easter was the norm for my family and extended family. Baptist, Methodist, and a variety of chaplains with influences of my Roman Catholic aunt. I was always allowed to seek and read about other faiths. My parents were open to discussions.

At the age of fourteen, I was very disillusioned with the church we attended and the teachers there. My next-door neighbor was my Sunday school teacher and very much a "my way is the only way" person. One day, the lesson was on divorce and he commented that anyone divorced would go to hell. I disagreed and stated my aunts and uncles were good people but divorced. He said they would go to hell. I talked to my parents and said I couldn't go back, but would attend a church.

Our best friends were Episcopalian and we knew them since I was five and I had attended church with them. When we lived on Okinawa, we went to Christmas Eve service with them and the priest later became the Presiding Bishop who sent my son an award in Scouting. My boyfriend also was Episcopalian and we had gone to many of his youth activities. So it was agreed that I would go there to church. The priest was my counselor when I was given a secret I couldn't share with my parents (about my older brother possibly being a father to a child). My parents were happy that I attended church faithfully.

That summer I decided to read the whole Bible and I did it by myself. I don't remember if I had any questions but if I did, my parents were available. We moved from California to Alabama right after I turned sixteen. My parents talked to me and wanted all of us to go to the same church and it was agreed we all had to be comfortable. We went to a few churches that were a big "no" with all of us. Then we tried the Episcopal Church. We all felt at home and were in the same confirmation class in the evening. I wasn't in the youth class but in the adult class. A couple years later when my brother came back from South East Asia, he was confirmed. The priest was open to questions and we had him and his family over for brunch several times. My friends would have sleep-overs and we would attend each other's churches.

I became friends with a guy from school and we attended church together. When I went away to college, I became close friends with another guy who was into

church. We had a lot of lively discussions and his home church priest took us to an All Saints Day celebration in Atlanta to experience the Pentecostal movement that was beginning in the Episcopal Church (1972). We remained friends and when I moved to different schools; we still discussed religion.

In February 1973 my world was turned upside down when my Dad died. My belief in God was my savior. A week to the minute after Dad died, I was headed back to school in a driving rainstorm. Water all over the road as only in the southeast. I was in my 1970 Pinto on a backroad when I hydroplaned. I was spinning and the last thing I saw was a telephone pole just feet from the car and I was about to hit it. I let go and prayed it's ok God, since I wasn't to come home and see Dad again. A deep voice said NO NOT NOW. I opened my eyes and I was 10 feet from the telephone pole at a 45-degree angle, in a 6-foot-deep ditch. I popped the car in first and the car miraculously climbed out and I went on to school. No shakes or nerves and no damage to my Pinto (you know the one that exploded if the gas tank got bumped.) I continued to lean on my faith as the first year after his death passed with me in denial. I pretended that my Dad was away on temporary assignment until I thought I could deal with his death, but what else would an eighteen-year-old do? I was a faithful attendee at church and later discovered this was the church Sr. Jane Barnabas, WSHS attended at the same time.

After graduating from college, I moved to Texas with my Mom and brother. We attended church when I wasn't working, as I worked the night shift. I met my husband and he went to church with us, although he belonged to First Christian Church. That's when I knew we would marry. Which we did and ended up in North Carolina in December 1978. In February 1979, I gave birth and was ready to go back to church and get my son baptized. Well the Episcopal priest at that church was rather curt and not accommodating. He didn't like it that we hadn't been attending. I was miserable the last trimester; didn't like our Godparents; I just was unpleasant to deal with.

So we contacted the nearest local congregation and guess who was there, Sr. LaVerne Peter, WSHS and Br. William, WBHS (also known as Fr. Brown) was the priest! We loved the congregation and priest. I became involved and Dave was confirmed. I was invited to learn more about WSHS and the rest is history, or is it?

I began my journey with WSHS in a large local group at church. We worshiped, played, prayed, and partied together. I was nourished about five years in this at-

mosphere. Then Fr. Brown and Sr. LaVerne moved, but our group was still strong. Then we moved and I had to be on my own. It was different and not easy, but I stayed connected with WSHS and became a Lay Sister.

When I moved to Kansas, I was able to occasionally attend the in-person Corporate Communion. I didn't miss an annual Retreat and was nourished well. So from 1982-1994, I went to Retreat and then we moved to Idaho and I got a full-time job as a school nurse. This job was most intense in April when we did school screenings and subs were few and far between. I lost myself. But WSHS did not lose me. I got letters along with the Bulletin. Especially from my cluster leader, Sr. Brenda, Sr. LaVerne, Sr. Angela and Sr. Margie. Still, I became depressed and withdrew from everything. I went one year without opening the Bulletin; except for Christmas cards I didn't communicate. Then I asked my boss, who was understanding of the religious call, if I could take off two days and she said yes. I went to the spring Retreat and spent most of the time crying. Sr. Angela held me and prayed with me as I asked for forgiveness and reintegration. I have missed only a couple of Retreats since then (due to unforeseen circumstances).

When I retired, I was finally able to take EFM, and the study surely fed my soul. Now it's been ten years, and I am ready to let that go. I just need to refill myself as I walk this last journey with my brother. I have let go of things and allow others to do them in church.

The older I get, the more I lean into my faith and study. Luckily, we have a good group at church and our Wednesday Bible study is more than just the Bible. We read other books and different books on the Bible. I see God everywhere and have a better understanding than when I was younger but sometimes I feel like I am still a baby in faith, i.e. as Paul says, sometimes I need milk still.

Thank you so much Sr. Lucia, for sharing your views and very personal journey with your Community on this month's theme.

Questions for Reflection

***Please remember it is not necessary to answer all of the questions
Choose one or two that speak to you and perhaps you would like to share.***

1. Sr. Lucia says the spiritual journey is a life journey. In the journeys shared by our community members in the past Bulletins, can you find some similarities though each path is unique? Please reflect and share.

2. You may have noticed that in many cases there were glimmerings of what was to come, traditions that were passed on from parents and mentors, usually some life experiences that were challenging or frightening or just life altering. An example of a life-altering moment in Sr. Lucia's story was her "almost accident" in her car years ago. These life altering moments are remembered long after they occur. Reflect on the movements in your own life story leading to now.

3. All spiritual journeys are unique; reflect on your particular story and how your faith has evolved along the way. Maybe you have noticed a deepening of faith, a more inclusive faith, a growing faith that does not need every question answered. Please share in what way your faith might be different than what you experienced when you first began. Or even how it might be different from what it was just a month or so ago. Journaling might help you see more clearly the Spirit's movement in your life.

4. Sr. Lucia, along the way, met those who were supportive and helpful and others, who maybe turned her away from one religious view or another. Share from your life, those who may have turned you off in some way? Maybe it was the way in which the person shared their belief or maybe in the way you were treated. Ponder what kind of an influence you have been in the lives of others, in a positive or negative way.