



# Cursillo

ROCKFORD DIOCESE  
CURSILLO MOVEMENT

# THE ROOSTER

JUNE 2026



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## *A Life of Palanca:* Remembering Lois Wright



By *Tommy Lachat,*  
*Diocesan Cursillo Coordinator*

**O**n May 9th, the evening before Mother's Day, Lois Mae Wright passed from this earth surrounded by family at the age of 99.

Based on the records I have, Lois worked at least 41 weekends. The last time she worked a Cursillo weekend was in the Fall of 2014, so many of you probably never got a chance to know her very well. That being said, you have certainly felt the effects of her and her husband Bob's initial YES to Cursillo back in 1972. At least 25 of her children, grandchildren, and other family members have made their own weekends as a result of that yes, and that is just counting relatives.

To me, though, Lois was much more than numbers of weekends worked or candidates brought to Cursillo; she was my Grandma.

My Grandma gave me a love for games: Pick-Up Sticks, puzzles, Seven-Up, and, of course, stone teacher during treasure hunts while on vacation in Arkansas. She didn't always get my humor, but she would definitely find laughter if she got you with a prank on April Fool's Day—tying up the sprayer at the sink with a rubber band from time to time.



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But the most important thing my Grandma gave me was my faith, and that came in large part through Cursillo.

I remember many times as a kid riding in the rear-facing seat of my grandparents' station wagon (how cool was that seat as a kid?) up to Bishop Lane and later Oregon for a Clausura and to pick up my mom or dad.

Both when I made my own weekend and every weekend after, I would receive a palanca letter telling me she loved me and that she was praying for me. It was heartbreaking this past weekend not getting a letter from her, but I know the love and prayers were still there.

As anyone who has been on Liaison can attest to after getting badgered by a Wright or Lachat for a **physical copy of the roster** for Grandma, she still cared deeply about Cursillo to the end of her life.

After becoming a member of the Secretariat, she was always interested in updates from me on what was happening regardless of the fact that she usually didn't recognize the names of the people I was talking about.

The last time I talked to her, she told me how proud she was of me and my continued involvement in Cursillo, but more importantly, how much she loved me.

*I love you, and I will miss you, Grandma.*

De Colores



**Fr. Richard  
Kramer:  
Priest, Cursillista,  
and Friend**

*By: Deacon Ron Abramowicz*

**O**n May 1, 2026, Reverend Father Richard Kramer left us to be with his Lord and Savior and with his Mother Mary on the other side of the veil.

Those of us who knew him will miss him dearly as he was a good pastor, devoted servant of God, but mostly because he was our dear friend. While he has so many accolades attached to him that can be brought up, we in the Cursillo Movement know him best for all that he did for us as a true Cursillista.

I met Father Kramer when he became the Pastor of St. Mary Parish in Oregon. I found

**UPCOMING  
WEEKENDS**

**118<sup>th</sup>  
Men's Fall  
Weekend**



November 5-8, 2026

**108<sup>th</sup>  
Women's Fall  
Weekend**



November 12-15, 2026

“  
*She still cared  
deeply about Cursillo  
to the end  
of her life.*

”



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**H**e was so easy to talk to because he truly loved people and loved what he did in his role as a priest. He never walked above us but was one of us, always taking a personal interest in our parish and our lives.

He had an uncanny way of remembering almost anyone—their names, their families, and their relationships. No matter where he was assigned, he quickly came to know the local people, businesses, and communities he served.

**Aside from that, I was privileged to call him a close friend.**

Like so many others, Father Kramer helped me grow and expand in my faith and prayer life. He saw potential in me that I was not aware of, and he had a way of guiding people without being too pushy. I know that I am not the first man he helped discern the diaconate, and I doubt I will be the last.

Going to Cursillo was one of the best things that ever happened to me. Father Kramer was there on my weekend, and I had one of the best confessions of my life. Anyone who has seen Father K's confession line at Cursillo knows it was always the longest and slowest moving. He was an extraordinary confessor.

Father Kramer loved Cursillo, believed in the movement, and loved all those involved in it. He did everything he could to attend weekends, even if only for a short visit or to hear confessions.

Many of us were blessed by his presence at the Spring Men's Weekend this year. Though his health was declining, he still made the effort to be there.

Father Kramer touched countless lives through his priesthood, friendship, and witness of faith.

*To our Father Kramer— De Colores!*



## *Don't Wait Until Next Time*

*By: Mark Powell, Pre-Cursillo Chair*



Memorial Day has a way of reminding us that life is fragile, time moves fast, and "next time" is never guaranteed. Many of us know what it feels like to think we'll make the call later, have the conversation another day, or invite that friend next weekend. Then suddenly, the opportunity is gone.



That perspective matters deeply in Pre-Cursillo because most men and women do not wake up one morning and decide on their own to attend a Cursillo weekend. Someone cared enough to invite them. Someone took the risk of asking.



Pre-Cursillo does not happen because of committees or structures alone. It happens because ordinary people decide not to wait until "next time."



Somewhere right now is a man or woman who needs this weekend more than we realize—someone carrying burdens quietly, searching for deeper purpose, friendship, and Christ. Their life could be changed forever by one invitation.



So as we remember on Memorial Day how quickly time passes, maybe the question for each of us is simple: Who have I been meaning to invite?

*And why am I waiting? | De Colores!*

“

*Make a  
friend,  
be a  
friend,  
bring a  
friend to  
Christ.*

”



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“Here I  
am  
Lord!”



# The Candles

By: Donna Herrmann, Spring 2026 Rectora

**M**y Cursillo experience as Rectora can be paralleled to the candles lit for each speaker on the weekend. As Rectora, I decided to make the candles used for the speakers as a thank-you for sharing their flame of love with our candidates.



## THE FOUNDATION

In doing this, I collected the empty plastic containers from our parish sanctuary candles, the previous year's Easter candle, and misshapen candles once used for Easter Vigils. I melted all these down and reused the wicks and wax.

These items represent the outlines provided by the Cursillo Secretariat as well as my knowledge as a Catholic.



## THE COMMUNITY

I also used some materials from our local food pantry and clothing exchange where church members donate what they cannot use and take what they can use. These represent the Christian people in my life who made helpful suggestions, supported me, and prayed for me and our weekend.



## THE SACRIFICE

I still didn't have all I needed, so I purchased additional wax and supplies from the store. This represents my time and effort to prepare for the weekend.



## THE PLAN

Putting together the candles, like my weekend preparation, was labor intensive but lovingly completed through prayer and effort.

**I MADE A PLAN!**



The candles were to be lit at the beginning of each Cursillista's talk and continue burning throughout the weekend, signifying each speaker's presentation sparking a flame in the lives of the candidates and hopefully continuing beyond the weekend.

Imperfect as these candles looked because of the changes in color based on the mix of wax I used, I brought them to the weekend and accepted that, like me, they were imperfect but made with love.

## — THAT WAS MY PLAN. —

### MY PLAN WAS NOT GOD'S PLAN.

After the first two candles were lit, we noticed the flames became abnormally large and even began burning the plastic containers they were in.

God's plan was to have the flame of each speaker's presentation burn so brightly that it could not be contained.

Everyone in the conference room felt the speakers' love of God and absorbed the message the Holy Spirit intended them to hear.

There was no need for the flames to remain lit because His message had already been conveyed and received.

I learned that you apparently cannot mix beeswax with paraffin wax because they burn at different temperatures.

*“ I also learned that as imperfect as I am, if I surrender to God and allow Him to take control, the outcome is so much better than I could have imagined. ”*

I am so grateful to Our Dear Lord and to all who helped make this weekend so amazing.


*De Colores!*



“  
Send  
me.”

*God's plan was  
to have the flame  
of each speaker's  
presentation  
burn so brightly  
that it could not  
be contained.*



  
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# Reflections from the Rector

By: Ken Meeker, Spring 2026 Rector



**W**hat a fantastic weekend! Our theme was asking the Holy Spirit to watch over us and walk with us. And did He deliver.

Regardless of what was thrown at us over the weekend to stop this faith-filled journey, the Holy Spirit was right there to hold our hands.

Not only did we withstand nearby tornadoes, a power outage, no water, and no toilets, we also had to deal with a bat in the building.

There are always high points every weekend, but this one had so many more.

## A couple of examples:



All the men on the weekend—from the conference room team to all the service teams—sat in the main hallway in the dark and prayed a Rosary as if it were the most normal thing to do at 10:00 p.m.



Watching the candidates remain fully committed while working under temporary lights and using portable toilets.



Watching Deacon Ron successfully trap a bat with a broom handle and a sheet.

But the most exciting thing happened at Clausura. Witness after witness spoke about the life-changing impact the weekend had on their faith. Nothing was said about the struggles or the unusual events. It was about receiving the Holy Spirit and journeying with faithful Catholic men.

These men not only heard the message, they saw it in every worker who attended the weekend, in the prayers and palanca, and in the presence of family and friends.

My prayer for every Cursillista is simple: Live your Fourth Day... every day.

*De Colores!*



“  
“...Lord,  
make  
our  
hearts  
burn  
while  
you  
speak to  
us...”

”



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# Who's Who in the Rockford Cursillo



**Spiritual Director**  
*Fr. Godwin Asuquo*



**Diocesan Cursillo Coordinator**  
*Tommy Lachat*



**Assistant Diocesan Cursillo Coordinator**  
*Nick Valenti*



**Secretary**  
*Candace Marsh*



**Treasurer**  
*Sandy Ondrla*



**School of Leaders**  
*Laura Greer*



**Pre-Cursillo**  
*Mark Powell*



**Cursillo**  
*Vicki Skull*



**Post-Cursillo**  
*Beth Lachat*



*Bloom  
where  
you are  
planted*



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