

POLICE PADRE



CHAPLAIN MICHAEL
McCULLOUGH

FORWARDS

Police Padre is an autobiography by Father Michael McCullough, a retired Catholic Priest who spent the majority of his 47-year career serving law enforcement and the military as his “parish.” ***Police Padre*** chronicles his difficult childhood with an alcoholic father and his reconnection after he became sober. It tells of his journey in becoming a Priest, his interest in the Navy, and eventually serving law enforcement.

Fr. Mike understands the law enforcement culture and he includes many “war stories” based on his ride-alongs, training and counseling of officers, victims and criminals. The Clergy, Police chaplains, law enforcement personnel, its leaders, anyone interested in spirituality, or who is interested in the stress and trauma that sworn protectors face will benefit from reading this fascinating and inspiring work.

Dan Watson, Commander, Los Angeles Police Dept. (retired),
Chief of Police, South Pasadena Police Dept. (retired)
Chief of Police, Mammoth Lakes Police Dept. (retired)

AS A COMBAT MARINE OF 30 YEARS OF SERVICE, WHEN I PUT DOWN FATHER MIKE’S BOOK, SOMEHOW HE MADE ME FEEL CLOSER TO GOD IN WORDS I CANNOT EXPLAIN. EVERYONE WHO READS THIS STORY WILL BENEFIT FROM IT.

C. J. HORN, COLONEL, U.S.M.C. (RET.)

In my 50+ years as a career Law Enforcement Senior Chaplain; including being a fellow F.B.I. Chaplain alongside Father Mike McCullough for over 10 years, I’ve watched his journey as a Roman Catholic Priest in the Los Angeles area as well as his Chaplaincy service to Police Departments. In my opinion, his ministry is unmatched to Law Enforcement Families anywhere.

He is my personal hero due to his unwavering commitment to his faith and to the Los Angeles Police Department. Father Mike’s compassion and character, as well as his conviction to serve the Officers, Staff and Families of the L.A.P.D., throughout the over 50 years of service, is unrivaled.

The explanations in this “Police Padre” treatise will keep you enthralled as you gain insight into his life, career and his service to God. In my estimation, if there would ever be a “Mount Rushmore” of Law Enforcement Chaplains, his likeness would be featured among the best to be admired on that edifice.

Master Chaplain Mark O’Sullivan, M.M.P.S.
Past President, International Conference of Police Chaplains,
Placer County California Law Enforcement Chaplaincy

FATHER MIKE BEGINS THIS MEMOIR WITH A SIMPLE INVITATION: PAY ATTENTION. BE AMAZED. TELL SOMEONE ABOUT IT.

MAY EVERY READER WHO ENTERS THESE PAGES WITH AN OPEN HEART COME AWAY WITH A RENEWED CONVICTION THAT NO LIFE IS TOO COMPLICATED FOR GRACE, NO WOUND IS BEYOND THE REACH OF GOD'S MERCY, AND NO ACT OF FAITHFUL PRESENCE IS EVER INSIGNIFICANT. MAY WE LEARN TO SEEK CHRIST NOT ONLY IN THE CHAPEL AND IN SILENCE, BUT ALSO IN THE WOUNDED PERSON BEFORE US.

SOME BOOKS TELL US WHAT HAPPENED. OTHERS TELL US WHAT SOMETHING MEANT. *POLICE PADRE* DOES BOTH. PERHAPS THE GREATEST GIFT OF *POLICE PADRE* IS NOT THAT FATHER MIKE TELLS US HIS STORY. IT IS THAT, IN TELLING IT HONESTLY, HE REMINDS US TO LOOK FOR GOD IN OUR OWN.

**SISTER TERESA MARGARET, O.C.D.,
MARYCREST MANOR. CULVER CITY, CA.**

FATHER MIKE'S WRITINGS ARE A GRIPPING CORRELATION OF ACUITY AND EMPATHY, WISDOM AND FAITH. HIS UNIQUE STYLE OF COMMUNICATING IS FORTHRIGHT AND REAL, AND VERY MOVING . . . A MAN IN THE TRUE LIKENESS OF GOD.

**RUTH WAGNER, MANAGER, U.S. AIR VIP EXECUTIVE LOUNGE
TERMINAL 1, LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT**

AS YOU READ THESE PAGES, YOU WILL ENCOUNTER THE STORY OF A PRIEST WHO BELIEVES THAT GOD, NOT FATHER MIKE, IS THE TRUE HERO. FATHER MIKE BECAME ONE OF THE PRINCIPLE REASONS I BECAME A CHAPLAIN IN 2001. THE CHILD WHO ONCE NEEDED THEIR [POLICE] PROTECTION WOULD GROW INTO THE PRIEST WHO SPENT A LIFETIME PROTECTING THEIR SPIRITS. . . . WHEN ONE PERSON ENTERS DANGER, THE OTHERS PROVIDE BACKUP. HE CONCLUDED THAT PRIESTS AND PEOPLE OF FAITH SHOULD STAND BY ONE ANOTHER WITH THE SAME LOYALTY. THAT LESSON BECAME A DEFINING PATTERN OF HIS MINISTRY. FATHER MIKE DOES NOT ASK TO BE MADE INTO A FLAWLESS FIGURE, AND THIS FORWARD SHOULD NOT ATTEMPT TO MAKE HIM ONE. THE MAN REVEALED HERE IS MORE CREDIBLE AND MORE COMPELLING: WOUNDED YET FAITHFUL; HUMOROUS YET SERIOUS ABOUT HIS RESPONSIBILITIES; STRONG ENOUGH TO SERVE AND HUMBLE ENOUGH TO SEEK HELP; SOMETIMES STUBBORN, SOMETIMES TIRED, BUT REPEATEDLY WILLING TO RETURN TO THE PEOPLE ENTRUSTED TO HIS CARE. IT IS MY PROFOUND HONOR TO INTRODUCE MY FRIEND AND MENTOR, FATHER MICHAEL PATRIC McCULLOUGH, THE *POLICE PADRE*.

CHAPLAIN BENJAMIN WARREN, LAPD SERGEANT WITH 23 - YEARS OFFICER/SUPERVISOR ASSIGNMENTS, CHAPLAIN, SOUTHEAST DIVISION, ELECTED PRESIDENT, CHAPLAIN ADVISORY BOARD, CHIEF CHAPLAIN AND TRAINING COORDINATOR FOR THE CHAPLAIN CORPS.

“A REAL PAGE TURNER! FR. MIKE TAKES YOU FOR A WILD RIDE THROUGH THE STREETS OF LA AND BEYOND, FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF A POLICE CHAPLAIN. HIS LIFE LESSONS ARE TIMELESS PEARLS OF WISDOM, ROOTED IN DEEP FAITH IN GOD AND LOVE FOR PEOPLE. FULL OF HOPE FOR TOMORROW. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED!”

MARK MILLER, GUNNERY SERGEANT, USMC (RETIRED), THREE COMBAT TOURS IN IRAQ AS A TANK COMMANDER, CATHOLIC DEACON.

In my five decades of having the honor to call Fr. Mike McCullough a dear friend, I cannot recall a single of our hundreds of conversations that did not involve a spiritual component. This great manuscript is a story of self-reflection, growth, sacrifices, comfort, healing, forgiveness, and the warmest thoughts and wishes in all directions. From the scores of law enforcement deaths, broken and resurrected families to the horrors of his time at “Ground Zero”, his story is remarkable, inspirational and something that should be shared far beyond his family and dear friends. Fr. Mike stands tall among the tallest and most remarkable servants of God.

Commander (LAPD) and Colonel (USMC), Keith Bushey.

DEDICATION;

MAY THE LORD BE IN MY HEART AND ON THESE PAGES THAT I MAY PROCLAIM MY GRATITUDE FOR SO MANY GIFTS RECEIVED IN MY LIFETIME. MAY THE LORD ALSO ANOINT YOU, THE READER OF THESE PAGES THAT IF SOMETHING HEREIN SPURS YOU ON TO GREATER GOODNESS, YOU MAY PURSUE IT WITH ALL YOUR HEART AND ACHIEVE IT.

AT MY 25TH ANNIVERSARY LUNCHEON HELD AT THE LOS ANGELES POLICE ACADEMY, I ASKED THOSE PRESENT TO STAND IF THEY HAD EVER BLED THEIR BLOOD FOR A GOSPEL VALUE. OF THE APPROXIMATE 150 ATTENDEES, I WOULD GUESS ABOUT 75 STOOD. I GRATEFULLY DEDICATE THESE PAGES TO ALL WHO HAVE EVER SO SHED THEIR BLOOD.

INTRODUCTION;

PAY ATTENTION

BE AMAZED

TELL ABOUT IT.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR LIVING A LIFE
EXCERPTED FROM POEM, “SOMETIMES.”

MARY OLIVER

MY GOAL WITH **POLICE PADRE** IS TO SPEAK & SHARE EXPERIENCE, STRENGTH, FAILURES & HOPE WITH YOU SIMILAR TO WHAT HAPPENS AT AL-ANON MEETINGS, WHERE WITHOUT JUDGING, WE TRY TO DISCOVER SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS CAUSED BY LIVING WITH AN ALCOHOLIC. WRITING THIS WAS A LABOR, BUT IT WAS FUN AND EXCITING THINKING THAT SOMETHING SAID HERE MIGHT BE HELPFUL TO YOU, THE READER. MY SHADOW SIDE IS ALSO PART OF MY STORY. TO BORROW AN EXPRESSION FROM MY SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR, FR. JIM CLARKE, IT IS A STORY OF “**GRIME AND GLORY.**” THE OTHER PERSON WHO KNOWS ME BEST IN THIS WORLD IS DR. STEPHANIE BARONE McKENNY. HER EXPRESSION SUMS UP THIS MEMOIR PERFECTLY IN TWO WORDS; A “**PSYCHOLOGICAL EXCAVATION.**”

THE GROUP OF SPECIFIC AUDIENCES I HAVE IN MIND ARE; **MY OWN FAMILY, A FEW FRIENDS, POLICE AND MILITARY CHAPLAINS AND THOSE ASPIRING IN THAT DIRECTION.** I STRUGGLED WITH WHAT TO SHARE AND HOW TO SHARE IT. TO MAKE ONESELF LOOK GOOD IS A WASTE OF INK. TO SHOW GOD’S GOODNESS TO ME OVER THE DECADES MIGHT INSPIRE OTHERS TO FOLLOW HIM MORE CLOSELY. IN THE END, IT IS ONLY THE HOLY SPIRIT WHO WILL GUIDE MY PEN AND SPARK YOU, MY AUDIENCE.

**“WHO HAS A MORE FIERCE STRUGGLE THAN THE PERSON
WHO STRIVES TO MASTER HIMSELF?
AND THIS MUST BE OUR OCCUPATION:
TO STRIVE TO MASTER OURSELVES AND
DAILY TO GROW STRONGER AND TO ADVANCE
FROM GOOD TO BETTER.”**

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST
THOMAS A’KEMPIS

POLICE PADRE



Logo by Fr. Mike.*

***SEE APPENDIX, COVER PAGE , LOGO (page 211).**

CONTENTS.

PART 1. THE MISSION EMERGES

	PAGE
CHAPTER 1. HERITAGE, PARENTS AND BIRTH	12
CHAPTER 2. TRAUMA . . . WHAT HAPPENED.	13
CHAPTER 3. THE DEVELOPMENT OF NEURONS.	14
CHAPTER 4. MY QUESTION TO 30 POLICE CHAPLAINS.	16
CHAPTER 5. GOAL-SETTING.	16
CHAPTER 6. THE PATH TO MINISTRY.	18
CHAPTER 7. A COUPLE DEFINING MOMENTS IN THE HOME.	22
CHAPTER 8. <u>EL CID</u> A DEPICTION OF LOVE.	25
CHAPTER 9. THE GREEN ONION INCIDENT.	27
CHAPTER 10. THE LIVES OF A FEW INFLUENTIAL SAINTS.	28
CHAPTER 11. DIACONATE ASSIGNMENT AT ST. HILARY.	29
CHAPTER 12. PRIESTHOOD.	30
CHAPTER 13. PRIESTHOOD CONTINUED.	33
CHAPTER 14. PSYCHOLOGICAL MENTORS AND SPIRITUAL GIANTS.	35
CHAPTER 15. ANOTHER GREAT INSPIRATION – ST. JOAN OF ARC.	39
CHAPTER 16. FRIENDS (AND ENEMIES).	40
CHAPTER 17. FAMILY.	67

PART 2. THE LAPD WAS MY PARISH.

CHAPTER 18. THE FOUR YEARS PRIOR TO LAPD.	84
CHAPTER 19. A LITTLE DIGRESSION.	93
CHAPTER 20. TWO LETTERS THAT OPENED DOORS.	96
CHAPTER 21. MORE PATROL IN WILSHIRE.	102
CHAPTER 22. POEM, “SUICIDE IN THE TRENCHES.”	109
CHAPTER 23. SOON – TO – BE – HIGHEST RANKING FEMALE.	111
CHAPTER 24. IT WASN’T ALL TEARS AND FEARS.	112
CHAPTER 25. 77TH DIVISION – HIGHEST CRIME RATE.	114
CHAPTER 26. THE BEAT GOES ON – 77TH.	116
CHAPTER 27. HOLLENBECK DIVISION – HOUSING PROJECTS APLENTY.	117
CHAPTER 28. TWO CAREER – ENDING CALLS.	119
CHAPTER 29. EXPANSION OF DUTIES.	120
CHAPTER 30. “RIOT IMAGES.”	125
CHAPTER 31. “IT OOZED OUT OF HOLLYWOOD.”	128
CHAPTER 32. “THURSDAY MORNING AFTER - FLIGHT #261.”	131
CHAPTER 33. “GROUND ZERO.”	140
CHAPTER 34. A SPECIAL PRIVELEGE – OFFERING TWO PRAYERS.	149
CHAPTER 35. “CARDIAC MONITOR.”	153
CHAPTER 36. “LISTEN, THESE ARE YOUR GUTS SPEAKING.”	154
CHAPTER 37. ATLANTA OLYMPIC GAMES.	156
CHAPTER 38. AMONG THE FIRST CISD TEAMS IN THE U.S.	158
CHAPTER 39. TOOLS OF THE TRADE.	163

PART 3. GRACES FROM HEAVEN; EIGHTY YEARS' WORTH.

CHAPTER 40.	LISTENING WITH YOUR HEART – CONTEMPLATION.	165
CHAPTER 41.	MOM’S LIFE, LAST TWO YEARS AND DEATH.	166
CHAPTER 42.	THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF ST. IGNATIUS.	168
CHAPTER 43.	DAD’S LIFE, LAST YEARS AND PASSING.	173
CHAPTER 44.	YOU KNOW YOU’RE GETTING OLDER WHEN	179
CHAPTER 45.	A COUPLE REFLECTIONS ON SCIENCE AND FAITH.	179
CHAPTER 46.	MY PHILOSOPHY REGARDING MOVIES.	180
CHAPTER 47.	A FEW FAVORITE SONGS AND SYMPHONIES.	181
CHAPTER 48.	I HAD TO TAKE TIME TO PRAY.	182
CHAPTER 49.	ENCOUNTERS WITH THE OCCULT.	185
CHAPTER 50.	ATTITUDE - IT WILL MAKE OR BREAK A COMPANY . . .	188
CHAPTER 51.	THE WISEST PARAGRAPH IN <u>THE BIG BOOK OF A.A.</u>	189
CHAPTER 52.	CELIBACY.	190
CHAPTER 53.	TRANSITIONS AND TRANSFORMATIONS.	196
CHAPTER 54.	YOUR CROSS.	199
CHAPTER 55.	CRITICS.	199
CHAPTER 56.	“I HAVE LIVED.”	200
CHAPTER 57.	“AN OLD PAIR OF BOOTS.”	203
CHAPTER 58.	THE MOST POWERFUL PRAYER.	205

CHAPTER 59. THE MOST POWERFUL WORDS.	208
CHAPTER 60. POSTSCRIPT.	208
CHAPTER 61. “DIGESTIF” – THE AFTER -DINNER CORDIAL.	209
CHAPTER 62. BIOGRAPHY, METAPHOR OF “APOSTOLIC ZEAL,” AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.	266

PART 4. APPENDIX.

COVER PAGE, LOGO.	211
CHAPTER 5 TIMES I ALMOST DIED.	211
CHAPTER 5. CONTINUED; SHIPS I TOURED, SAILED ABOARD; THE GREAT ADVENTURE.	214
CHAPTER 7. A COUPLE DEFINING MOMENTS IN THE HOME.	216
CHAPTER 8. SEE KOHLBERG’S STAGES OF MORAL DEVELOPMENT.	216
CHAPTER 12. PRIESTHOOD. ST. AUG. PRIESTLY LOG.	216
CHAPTER 17. “DADDY’S GIRL;” POEM, “DELTOID THRUST, EARTHBOUND.”	218
CHAPTER 19. MARINE CORPS AIR GROUND COMBAT CENTER; I.H.M. CHAPEL.	222
CHAPTER 29. EXPANSION OF “DUTIES,”	223
L.A. POLICE ACADEMY CHAPEL,	223
POLICE CHAPLAIN SCHOOL,	230
U.S. AIR CRASH,	237
BIRTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE DESERT REFUGE	239
POLICE ACADEMY GRADUATION.	121 & ff

CHAPTER 30. TIDINGS ARTICLE.	249
CHAPTER 36. POSTSCRIPTS TO POEM, “LISTEN THESE ARE YOUR GUTS SPEAKING.”	251
CHAPTER 38. RESOLUTION, COMMENDATIONS, LETTERS, AWARDS, AHMANSON TRAINING CENTER, PROJECTS INITIATED AND CLASSES TAUGHT.	251
CHAPTER 62. BIOGRAPHY, COPYRIGHT STATEMENTS, METAPHOR ON ZEAL, AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.	266

DAY 31.

PART 1. THE MISSION EMERGES.

CHAPTER 1. HERITAGE, PARENTS AND BIRTH.

**“WE ARE BORN IN ANOTHER’S PAIN
AND PERISH IN OUR OWN.”**

ARCHBISHOP FULTON SHEEN

**“HAPPY THE HUSBAND OF A GOOD WIFE, TWICE LENGTHENED
ARE HIS DAYS; A GOOD WIFE IS A GENEROUS GIFT,
BESTOWED UPON HIM WHO FEARS THE LORD.”**

SIRACH 26: 1, 3

MY MOTHER WAS **PATRICIA FRANCIS DOLMAGE**, BORN ON JULY 21, 1925, IN LOS ANGELES, CA. HER OCCUPATION WAS HOMEMAKER, OCCASIONAL SECRETARY AND FINALLY A CLERK IN THE LOS ANGELES COUNTY COURTS. HER DAD, MY MATERNAL GRANDFATHER, COLLIS BUSLEY DOLMAGE WAS A TILE SETTER WHO MIGRATED TO LOS ANGELES FROM CANADA, VIA NEW YORK, IN THE EARLY PART OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. HIS FATHER, VASEY J. DOLMAGE, WAS FROM CANADA AND HIS MOTHER WAS FROM IRELAND, BEING HONORA (O’) SHEEHAN. MY MATERNAL GRANDMOTHER WAS NELLIE CECILIA NOLEMAN, THE DAUGHTER OF ROBERT P. NOLEMAN AND JULIA HICKEY.

MY FATHER WAS **RICHARD JOSEPH McCULLOUGH**, BORN ON DECEMBER 2, 1924, IN LINCOLN, NEBRASKA. HE SERVED IN THE U.S. NAVY DURING WORLD WAR II, DID HIS BOOT TRAINING AT FARRAGUT, IDAHO AND SPENT THE WAR ON FORD ISLAND IN PEARL HARBOR, OAHU, HAWAII FROM 1943 TO 45 AND ENDED HIS SERVICE IN LOS ANGELES WHERE HE MET MY MOM. HIS DAD, MY PATERNAL GRANDFATHER, JOHN CHARLES McCULLOUGH WAS THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE CATHOLIC CEMETERY IN LINCOLN, NEBRASKA. HE MIGRATED FROM IRELAND IN THE EARLY PART OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AND MARRIED A FRENCH WOMAN, STEPHANIE LaPORTE. HIS DAD, MY GREAT GRANDFATHER MICHAEL McCULLAGH SPENT HIS ENTIRE LIFE IN COOKSTOWN, COUNTY TYRONE, NORTHERN IRELAND. HE MARRIED MATILDA QUINN AND THEY ARE BURIED IN A CEMETARY NEAR COOKSTOWN. MICHAEL DIED ON JULY 8, 1929 AT THE AGE OF 83 AND MATILDA DIED ON APRIL 13, 1935 AGE 84. THEIR SON FELIX DIED ON NOVEMBER 23, 1910 AT THE AGE OF 19 AND WAS BURIED WITH THEM. I VISITED THEIR GRAVE IN JULY 2012. OF THE OTHER 12 OR SO CHILDREN, MY GRANDFATHER JOHN CHARLES WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO MIGRATED TO AMERICA DURING THAT PERIOD. DAD’S CHILDHOOD MUST HAVE BEEN MORE TRAUMATIC THAN MINE. HIS ALCOHOLIC DAD DIED TRAUMATICALLY WHEN HE WAS 14. HIS OLDER BROTHERS THREW HIM INTO THE HUDSON RIVER TO TEACH HIM TO SWIM AND MANY OTHER FORMS OF MEAN-SPIRITEDNESS.

THERE ARE TWO TYPES OF ALCOHOLICS, BASED ON THEIR RESPONSE TO ALCOHOL THAT I AM AWARE OF—A HAPPY DRUNK AND A VIOLENT DRUNK. DAD WAS DEFINITELY THE LATTER.

ONE OF DAD’S NOTABLE EXPERIENCES WAS TO PROJECT MOVIES FOR ADMIRAL CHESTER NIMITZ.



"IF A SON IS NOT GREATER THAN HIS FATHER, BOTH FAILED."
GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

CHAPTER 2. TRAUMA . . .WHAT HAPPENED.

**"... ARE MY TEARS NOT STORED IN YOUR VIAL,
RECORDED IN YOUR BOOK? "**

PSALM 56:7

CURRENTLY, (2026) **FELONIOUS ABUSE OF A CHILD** IS DEFINED IN **CALIFORNIA PENAL CODE SECTION 273**. PERPETRATING PHYSICAL OR EMOTIONAL SPOUSAL ABUSE IN THE PRESENCE OF A MINOR WOULD ALSO BE CONSIDERED **FELONIOUS CHILD ABUSE** ACCORDING TO CALIFORNIA PENAL LAW. HEARING REPEATEDLY EVERY PEJORATIVE WORD A MAN COULD CALL A WOMAN, "TERRIBLE WIFE, BITCH, WHORE, BASTARD, TO NAME A FEW" AND WORST OF ALL, 'THE OL' LADY" BEFORE I WAS ONE YEAR OLD, LEFT QUITE CONFLICTING IMAGES IN MY MIND AND VOCABULARY. THIS KIND OF ABUSE WOULD GO ON FOR AT LEAST 13 YEARS. I DON'T BELIEVE I WAS UNIQUE IN THAT EXPERIENCE. THERE WAS A WHOLE GENERATION OF YOUNG SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF VETERAN WARRIORS ALL OVER THE WORLD AND CERTAINLY IN AMERICA EXPERIENCING THE SAME SYMPTOMS THAT COULD CERTAINLY BE ASSOCIATED WITH THE TRAUMAS OF WAR, "SHELL SHOCK," "BATTLE FATIGUE," "POST TRAUMATIC STRESS SYNDROME," PTSD, AND "MORAL WOUNDS". THE FALLOUT OF WAR HAS BEEN CLINICALLY DOCUMENTED TO LAST FOR GENERATIONS AFTER ANY GIVEN WAR. IT WOULD TAKE TIME FOR SUCH NEGATIVE BEHAVIOR TO BE CLASSIFIED AS CRIMINAL BEHAVIOR IN AMERICA. AS OF 2026, IT IS.

I AM NEITHER A LAWYER NOR A PROSECUTOR., NOR AM I TRYING TO BE. IT WAS A POLICE PSYCHOLOGIST WHO MADE ME AWARE OF THE FACT THAT THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO MY SIBLINGS AND I EARLY ON, WOULD BE CONSIDERED CRIMINAL TODAY.

AGE 5. WE'RE LIVING IN THE HILLS EAST OF CASTRO VALLEY, CALIFORNIA. OUR SMALL, RENTED COTTAGE IS NESTLED AMONG SYCAMORES AND ORANGE TREES. I REMEMBER STANDING ALONE BETWEEN MOM AND DAD WHO WERE YELLING AT EACH OTHER, HAVING DECIDED TO SEPARATE (ONE OF ABOUT 10 SIMILAR OCCURANCES). MOM LOOKED DOWN AT ME AND SAID, "WHO DO YOU WANT TO GO WITH? ME OR DAD." I THOUGHT FOR A SECOND AND SAID, "DAD." SHE LOOKED AT ME THROUGH HURT EYES PLEADING, "BUT HE WON'T FEED YOU, HE WON'T TAKE CARE OF YOU, HE WON'T TAKE YOU TO SCHOOL!"

I'M THINKING, "YA, BUT HE'LL TAKE ME FISHING." ANYWAY, THE DECISION HAD BEEN MADE LONG BEFORE MY ANSWER. I'D GO WITH MOM TO LIVE WITH MY UNCLE BOB IN PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE NEXT DAY, I WAS PLAYING WITH A TINY, BLACK KITTEN AMONG THE LEAVES. THE KITTEN'S MOTHER WAS NOWHERE NEARBY. IN AN OUTBURST, I THREW THE HELPLESS CREATURE AGAINST A STUCCO WALL OF THE CABIN UNTIL IT'S LITTLE MOUTH WAS BLEEDING. IT WASN'T PREMEDITATED... IT WAS JUST A 5-YEAR OLD'S RAW OUTBURST. THOUGH SHE WAS BLEEDING, SHE LET ME PICK HER UP AND OFFER MUCH-NEEDED AFFECTION. I DEEPLY REGRETTED MY BEHAVIOR.

I REPLAYED THAT SCENE MANY TIMES OVER THE YEARS AND WEPT REAL TEARS PONDERING THAT MEMORY OF CRUELTY COMMON TO ANIMALS IN OUR CITIES. **WHAT WOULD MAKE AN INNOCENT-LOOKING 5-YEAR-OLD BOY DO SUCH A CRUEL, VIOLENT ACT?** COULD IT BE FOR A MOMENTARY FEELING OF BEING IN CONTROL?



Me at age five-black kitten incident. "If a son is not greater than his father ... "

First Communion.

Art work by Ann Thompson.

ANOTHER BEHAVIOR I WAS CONSCIOUS OF FROM AGES 5 THROUGH 13 WAS WHENEVER A CAR WOULD GO BY AND I WAS IN THE YARD; I'D HIDE BEHIND A TREE OR DUCK INTO THE GARAGE. I DIDN'T WANT TO BE SEEN BY PASSERSBY.

LESSONS: FORGIVE YOUR PARENTS—THEY WERE DOING THE BEST THEY COULD. THEY WERE FOCUSED SO MUCH ON EACH OTHER THAT SOME PARENTING SKILLS WOULD HAVE TO COME LATER. TREASURE GOD'S HELPLESS CREATURES

**"WE MAY WELL BE ASTONISHED THAT GOD WAS OBLIGED TO MAKE A
COMMANDMENT TO FORBID US TO TAKE HIS NAME IN VAIN."**

SERMON ON THE SECOND COMMANDMENT, THE CURE' OF
ARS

CHAPTER 3. THE DEVELOPMENT OF NEURONS FROM BIRTH TO 2-YEARS.

"IT'S NOT WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?" SHAME

“IT’S WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? GUILT

EVERY PRIEST OR ELEMENTARY TEACHER WHO EVER GOT UP IN FRONT OF A CLASS AND HAS BEEN CONFRONTED WITH A KID “ACTING OUT” KNOWS THE RESULT OF WHAT I TRIED TO POINT OUT IN THE LAST CHAPTER. SOME KIDS DISRUPT THE CLASS TO GET ATTENTION—ANY ATTENTION—EVEN IF IT’S NEGATIVE. OR ONE MIGHT HIDE IN THE SHADOWS TO NOT RECEIVE ATTENTION—FOR FEAR IT WILL BE NEGATIVE. I’M NOT TRYING TO PLAY PSYCHOLOGIST HERE, I’M JUST POINTING OUT A BASIC, COMMON PHENOMENA AMONG ELEMENTARY-AGE CHILDREN. THE BEST, MOST USEFUL INFORMATION I EVER RECEIVED CAME IN THE FORM OF A BOOK RECOMMENDED BY DR. STEPHANIE BARONE MCKENNY, PhD. LAPD PSYCHOLOGIST THE BOOK WAS ENTITLED, **“WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?” BY OPRAH WINFREY AND DR BRUCE PERRY, M.D., PhD.** OPRAH IS AN EXCELLENT INTERVIEWER. IN THE BOOK, SHE POSES SCENARIOS AND QUESTIONS FROM HER OWN CHAOTIC CHILDHOOD TO DR. PERRY, ONE OF THE WORLD’S LEADING EXPERTS ON CHILDHOOD TRAUMA. HERE IS ONE EXCHANGE FROM THE BOOK:

OPRAH: FOR YEARS, YOU’VE BEEN TELLING ME THAT THE EARLIEST EXPERIENCES HAVE THE BIGGEST IMPACT BECAUSE THAT IS WHEN THE BRAIN IS MOST RAPIDLY GROWING.

DR. PERRY: NOT ONLY IS “WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?” THE KEY QUESTION IF YOU WANT TO UNDERSTAND SOMEONE, IT IS THE KEY QUESTION IF YOU WANT TO UNDERSTAND THE BRAIN. . . OUR LIFE EXPERIENCES SHAPE THE WAY KEY SYSTEMS IN OUR BRAIN ORGANIZE AND FUNCTION. SO EACH OF US SEES AND UNDERSTANDS THE WORLD IN A UNIQUE WAY.

... IF THESE EXPERIENCES CHANGED THE BRAIN OF A TWENTY-FOUR YEAR-OLD, IMAGINE THE IMPACT OF TRAUMA ON THE BRAIN OF AN INFANT OR TODDLER—HOW MUCH MORE PERVASIVE THE EFFECTS WOULD BE.

STARTING IN THE WOMB, THE DEVELOPING BRAIN BEGINS TO STORE PARTS OF OUR LIFE EXPERIENCE. FETAL BRAIN DEVELOPMENT CAN BE INFLUENCED BY A HOST OF FACTORS INCLUDING THE MOTHER’S STRESS; DRUG, ALCOHOL, AND NICOTINE INTAKE; DIET; AND PATTERNS OF ACTIVITY. DURING THE FIRST NINE MONTHS, THE DEVELOPMENT IS EXPLOSIVE, AT TIMES REACHING A RATE OF TWENTY THOUSAND NEW NEURONS “BORN” EACH SECOND. (IN COMPARISON, AN ADULT MAY, ON A GOOD DAY, CREATE SEVEN HUNDRED NEW NEURONS.) BY BIRTH, THE NEW-BORN HAS 86 BILLION NEURONS; THESE WILL CONTINUE TO GROW AND CONNECT TO CREATE COMPLEX NETWORKS THAT WILL ALLOW THE NEWBORN TO BEGIN MAKING SENSE OF THEIR WORLD.

OPRAH: . . . PEOPLE FEEL LIKE THEY CAN CURSE IN FRONT OF YOUNG CHILDREN. THEY BELIEVE THEY CAN BE VIOLENT IN FRONT OF YOUNG CHILDREN. I’VE DONE HUNDREDS OF SHOWS WHEN MOTHERS SAID, “WELL, WHEN HE GETS OLDER, I’LL LEAVE THE ABUSIVE FATHER”—THINKING, *MY CHILD’S TOO YOUNG TO UNDERSTAND*, WHEN IN FACT, IT’S EXACTLY THE OPPOSITE.

DR. PERRY: YES, IT’S EXACTLY THE OPPOSITE.

LESSON: WITH THIS KNOWLEDGE, I WAS ABLE TO FORGIVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME PHYSICALLY AND EMOTIONALLY AND WAS ABLE TO FORGIVE MYSELF BEING ME AND AT TIMES, MY CRAZINESS AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, MY BAD LANGUAGE THIS HAPPENED WHEN I

WAS ABOUT 70. WHAT A RELIEF THESE INSIGHTS BECAME. AND WHAT A GREAT TOOL AND RESOURCE FOR HELPING OTHERS. ONCE I COULD FORGIVE MYSELF FOR BEING ME, IT WAS MUCH EASIER TO FORGIVE OTHERS FOR BEING WHO THEY WERE.

“IF IT’S HYSTERICAL, IT’S HISTORICAL.”

FR. JIM CLARKE

“FOR THE LORD TAKES DELIGHT IN YOU . . .”

ISAIAH 62:4

**“LET NOT YOUR MOUTH FORM THE HABIT OF SWEARING
OR BECOMING TOO FAMILIAR WITH THE HOLY NAME.”**

SIRACH 23:9

CHAPTER 4. MY QUESTION TO 30 POLICE CHAPLAINS.

**“ . . . THE LORD DREW ME OUT OF THE PIT OF
OF DESTRUCTION, OUT OF THE MUD OF THE SWAMP,
SET MY FEET UPON ROCK, STEADIED MY STEPS . . .”**

PSALM 40: 1-2

BY 2005, I HAD BEEN A POLICE CHAPLAIN FOR 32 YEARS WITH 4 AGENCIES. AS A CERTIFIED MASTER CHAPLAIN, I HAD BEEN IN CHARGE OF TRAINING FOR THE LAPD CHAPLAIN CORPS FOR 16 YEARS, WORKING CLOSELY WITH **OFFICER MICHAEL McCARTY**, DEPARTMENT CHAPLAIN COORDINATOR, DEVELOPING AND CONDUCTING MONTHLY AND QUARTERLY TRAINING SESSIONS. IN ONE SESSION, I DID A SIX-HOUR POWER POINT PRESENTATION ON DISASTERS I HAD WORKED. I BEGAN BY ASKING THE 30 OR SO ASSEMBLED CHAPLAINS **“IF THEY HAD EXPERIENCED ANYTHING IN THEIR EARLIER LIFE THAT THEY BELIEVE LED THEM TO A CAREER IN POLICE MINISTRY OR LAW ENFORCEMENT?”** NEARLY EVERY HAND WENT UP AND AS THE DISCUSSION CONTINUED, MANY CHAPLAINS ELABORATED THAT **TRAUMAS** WERE OFTEN THE EVENT OR EVENTS THAT URGED THEM ON TO THEIR PRESENT STATUS.

THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION VERIFIED FOR ME WHAT I HAD EXPERIENCED. WITHOUT REGRET, MY CHILDHOOD TRAUMAS DID A LOT TO DETERMINE THE COURSE MY LIFE WOULD FOLLOW.

**“AN OF ATTITUDE OF GRATITUDE
YIELDS A PLENITUDE OF CONTENTITUDE.”**

MICHAEL McCULLOUGH

MY SHORTEST POEM

**“AS THE DEER LONGS FOR RUNNING STREAMS,
SO LONGS MY SOUL FOR YOU, O LORD.”**

PSALM 42:1

CHAPTER 5. GOAL-SETTING.

DREAMS

**“HOLD FAST TO DREAMS
FOR WHEN DREAMS DIE,
LIFE IS A BROKEN WINGED
BIRD THAT CANNOT FLY.
HOLD FAST TO DREAMS,
FOR WHEN DREAMS DIE,**

**LIFE IS A BARREN FIELD
FROZEN WITH SNOW.”**
LANGSTON HUGHES

FROM THE TIME I WAS ABOUT 11 YEARS OLD, I WANTED TO BE AN **OFFICER IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY**. MY 5TH GRADE BUDDY, GETTY BULLETT, WAS BUILDING PLASTIC SHIP & PLANE MODELS AND I GOT HOOKED. UNCLE BILL HAD BUILT SHIP MODELS HE HAD IN HIS GARAGE ON DISPLAY (LIKE THE USS FRANKLIN AND THE BATTLESHIP MISSOURI) AND I WAS FASCINATED WITH THEM.

I BUILT AT LEAST 13 BOAT AND SHIP MODELS FROM VIKING LONG BOATS TO 2-MASTED SCHOONERS, TO PATROL TORPEDO BOATS, AND COLD WAR AIRCRAFT CARRIERS LIKE THE USS FORRESTAL. I KNEW WHAT SHIPS LOOKED LIKE ABOVE AND BELOW WATER. AND ENJOYED PAINTING THEM IN GREAT DETAIL. I ALSO BUILT AT LEAST 15 NAVY AND AIR FORCE MODEL PLANES, 7 MILITARY VEHICLES AND ARTILLERY PIECES LIKE THE 155MM LONG TOM AND TRACTOR AND THE BRITISH CENTURION TANK.

SHIPS AND PLANES AND THOSE WHO MANNED THEM WERE A PASSION. FOR SOPHMORE HISTORY CLASS IN HIGH SCHOOL, I SUBMITTED A 57-PAGE TERM PAPER, ENTITLED “AIRCRAFT CARRIERS AND MECHANISMS ASSOCIATED WITH THEM.” THE ASSIGNMENT WAS A 10-PAGE PAPER.

IN 8TH GRADE, MOM GAVE ME A TRILOGY OF BOOKS UNDER THE TITLE, **YOUNG HORNBLOWER**. THE FICTIONAL CHARACTER OF HORATIO HORNBLOWER WAS BASED LOOSELY ON THE LIFE OF ADMIRAL LORD HORATIO NELSON, THE BRITISH NAVY’S BRIGHTEST, DEARLY BELOVED OFFICER. THAT BOOK AND THAT CHARACTER WOULD TRANSFORM MY WORLD.

HORNBLOWER WOULD BECOME THE MODEL LEADER I ASPIRED TO BE. HE WAS AN INCREDIBLE STUDENT OF THE NAVAL ARTS FROM NAVIGATION TO BATTLE TACTICS IN THE AGE OF SAIL. MOST IMPORTANTLY, HE KNEW HOW TO WIN MEN AND TO INSPIRE THEM TO FOLLOW HIM ANYWHERE. HE WAS FAIR, ALWAYS WILLING TO EMBODY MORAL CHARACTER. A GREAT MODEL TO EMULATE. HE GAVE CREDIT TO HIS SUBORDINATES, WHEN THE MISSION WAS A SUCCESS AND ASSUMED FULL RESPONSIBILITY IF A MISSION FELL SHORT. HE DESPISED THE LASH (CAT OF NINE TAILS) AS A SUBHUMAN FORM OF PUNISHMENT, COMMONLY USED IN THE BRITISH NAVY OF HIS DAY. ONLY POOR LEADERS USED IT OFTEN BECAUSE IT ONLY INFLICTED PAIN AND HARDLY EVER INSPIRED MEN TO BETTER BEHAVIOR OR RESPECT FOR THEIR LEADERS. HIS INTEGRITY WAS IMPECCABLE. HIS AFTER-ACTION REPORTS MADE HIS SUPERIORS LOOK GOOD, EVEN WHEN THEIR PLANS HAD NOT ACHIEVED ALL THEIR OBJECTIVES.

C.S. FORESTER CREATED A GREAT MODEL FOR A 13-YEAR-OLD TO EMMULATE. TOGETHER, **HORNBLOWER, RODRIGO DE BOVAR**, KNOWN AS **EL CID**, THE GREATEST KNIGHT OF SPANISH HISTORY, AND **ST. JOAN OF ARC** PRESENTED THE GOLD STANDARD, MORAL BARS THAT I COULD EMBRACE AND STRIVE TO CLEAR. **JESUS CHRIST, OF COURSE, IS THE DIAMOND STANDARD.**

LESSONS: FOR MOST OF US FROM THE TIME WE ARE 13, THE DECISION(S) WE MAKE FOR THE NEXT 5 YEARS WILL PROBABLY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT DECISIONS OF OUR LIVES AND OUR CHOICE OF FRIENDS WILL BE PARAMOUNT!

“WHATEVER YOU ARE, BE A GOOD ONE,”
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

“THE DEFINITION OF A TRUE FRIEND IS ANYONE WHO LEADS YOU CLOSER TO JESUS CHRIST.

THE DEFINITION OF A TRUE ENEMY IS ANYONE WHO LEADS YOU AWAY FROM JESUS CHRIST.”

ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO

SEE **APPENDIX, CHAPTER 5.** TIMES I ALMOST DIED. (page 211
SEE **APPENDIX, CHAPTER 5. CONTINUED,** SHIPS I TOURED AND THE RONCADOR
“GREAT ADVENTURE” STORY. (page 213 & ff).

CHAPTER 6. THE PATH TO MINISTRY.

“IF GOD WANTS YOU [TO BE A PRIEST], HE’S GOING TO GET YOU.”

FR. JERRY THOMPSON

AS A 13-YEAR-OLD ONE MORNING AFTER FISHING OFF THE PIER, I WAS PASSING THE NAVAL RECRUITING STATION IN REDONDO BEACH. PEERING IN THE WINDOW, I WAS ADMIRING THE SHIP MODELS ON DISPLAY. THE RECRUITING OFFICER CAME BY TO OPEN UP SHOP. HE SAID, “WANT TO TAKE THE NAVY ENTRANCE EXAM?” I SAID, “SURE.” I PASSED!

HE SAID, “HOW’D YOU KNOW SO MANY OF THOSE ANSWERS?”

“I READ **THE BLUEJACKET’S MANUAL.**” HE INDICATED I SHOULD COME BACK IN 4 YEARS AND HE’D SIGN ME UP. I SAID, “WELL, I REALLY WANT TO GO TO THE NAVAL ACADEMY.” HIS EYES WIDENED AND HE SAID, WELL THEN, WRITE TO YOUR CONGRESSMAN, INTRODUCE YOURSELF AND TELL HIM YOU’D LIKE AN APPOINTMENT TO THE ACADEMY.”

I DID EXACTLY THAT AND RECEIVED A WONDERFUL REPOSE, DATED 16 MAY, 1961. MY LOCAL **HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES MEMBER, CECIL R. KING**, 17TH DISTRICT, CALIFORNIA, COMMITTEE OF WAYS AND MEANS TOLD ME TO CONTACT HIM WHEN I WAS A SENIOR. THAT LETTER HAS HUNG ON MY WALL AND IN MY HEART EVER SINCE.

CECIL R. KING
SEVENTEENTH DISTRICT
CALIFORNIA

WASHINGTON ADDRESS:
1125 HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING

ERWIN L. (BUD) PUMMER
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

COMMITTEE ON
WAYS AND MEANS

JOINT COMMITTEE ON
INTERNAL REVENUE TAXATION

JOINT COMMITTEE ON
REDUCTION OF NONESSENTIAL
FEDERAL EXPENDITURES

May 16, 1961

Mr. Michael McCullough
229 South Pacific Coast Highway
Redondo Beach, California

Dear Michael:

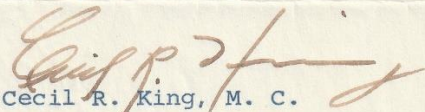
I wish to acknowledge your recent letter
advising of your interest in the United
States Naval Academy.

I am indeed pleased to enclose the Catalog
and Regulations governing admission of
candidates into the Academy, which will be
helpful with your preparation.

I would suggest you write me again, remind-
ing me of your continuing interest, approx-
imately a year before you reach the minimum
age for consideration.

With all good wishes.

Very sincerely,


Cecil R. King, M. C.

CRK:lc
Encl.



**Me and Tecumseh, U.S. Naval Academy
Visit, 1989.**

THE OTHER SIGNIFICANT LETTER THAT HELPED SHAPE MY FUTURE WAS FROM THE PUBLIC INFORMATION OFFICER OF THE USS KEARSARGE. IT REALLY HELPED MOTIVATE ME TOWARD THE FUTURE.

U.S.S. KEARSARGE CVS-33
C/O FLEET POST OFFICE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

September 28, 1960

Mr. Michael P. McCullough
229 So. Pacific Coast Highway
Redondo Beach, California

Dear Michael:

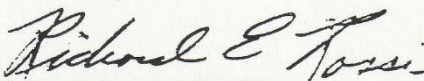
I am glad that you enjoyed your tour of the Anti-submarine aircraft carrier KEARSARGE on Armed Forces Day. The Navy has many talented young men, such as Henry Piper, who are extremely interested in their work and do a good job for the Navy. These men are the foundation of our modern Navy for I am sure you must realize that any organization must depend on the dedication and interest of each of its "team members" to really be a success.

The challenge that faces today's Navy requires each one of our "team members" to do the best job they possibly can. It is very important to study just as hard as you can and learn as much about all the subjects throughout your time in school as you can. You may not think every subject is important for a naval career, but Navy men are called upon to do many varied and unusual types of work -- a broad education is very important. I urge you to study hard because a good record is very important for any career you might choose.

When it comes time for you to decide on a course for furthering your education, I sincerely hope you will consider the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, and a naval career. The Navy is an interesting and important life -- command of the seas will always be important to our American way of life.

Michael, I have enclosed a picture of the KEARSARGE and an autographed picture of Rear Admiral Robert L. Townsend. I sincerely hope your interest in your Navy continues.

Sincerely,


RICHARD E. ROSSI, ENS
Public Information Officer

I WORKED HARD AT MY STUDIES, PLAYED SPORTS AND WAS INVOLVED IN MANY ACTIVITIES. IN THE MIDDLE OF MY JUNIOR YEAR, MY ENGLISH TEACHER, FRANCISCAN FR. LEO GABRIEL,

APPROACHED ME IN THE HALLWAY AT LUNCH AND SAID, “DID YOU EVER THINK ABOUT BEING A PRIEST?” STUNNED, I SAID, WELL I **THOUGHT** ABOUT IT!” AND I CONTINUED TO THINK ABOUT IT.

SOMETIME LATER, WHEN THE VOCATION DIRECTOR, FR. LARRY GIBSON, CAME BY OUR SCHOOL I MADE AN APPOINTMENT WITH HIM. HE SAID I DIDN’T HAVE TO DECIDE TO BE A PRIEST. I JUST NEEDED TO DECIDE TO TRY THE SEMINARY. I DID. AND I LIKED IT--A LOT.

BUT I ALSO DIDN’T GIVE UP ON THE IDEA OF THE NAVY. I COULD BE A CHAPLAIN. AND THAT STAYED WITH ME FOR THE NEXT 17 YEARS. IN 1991, I JOINED THE UNITED STATES NAVY LEAGUE, THE CIVILIAN ARM OF THE NAVY. I’VE TOURED NO LESS THAN 40 SHIPS AND SPENT 10 DAYS AT SEA ABOARD U. S. NAVY SHIPS.

THE PINACLE AND PEAK OF MY CAREER WAS THE PRIVILEGE AND HONOR OF BUTTONING THE LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BOARD ON THE UNIFORM OF LIEUTENANT VICTORIA SELKIRK, U.S.N., AT MARINE CORPS AIR GROUND COMBAT CENTER, 29 PALMS, CA. THIS OCCURRED AT THE MAST IN FRONT OF THE BUSH NAVAL HOSPITAL

“A GOOD NAVY IS NOT A PROVOCATION TO WAR. IT IS THE SUREST GUARANTY OF PEACE.”
GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON

“ANY MAN [*OR WOMAN*] WHO MAY BE ASKED IN THIS CENTURY WHAT HE DID TO MAKE HIS LIFE WORTHWHILE, I THINK CAN RESPOND WITH A GOOD DEAL OF PRIDE AND SATISFACTION: ‘I SERVED IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY.’”
PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY [*ITALICS, MINE*]

CHAPTER 7. A COUPLE DEFINING MOMENTS IN THE HOME.

“A BABY IS GOD’S OPINION THAT THE WORLD SHOULD GO ON.”
CARL SANDBURG

IT’S 1954. MOM AND I JOINED DAD WITH HIS MOM IN LINCOLN, NEBRASKA. THEN, WE’D RETURNED FROM NEBRASKA WITH DAD AND NOW WERE LIVING IN OUR 1-BEDROOM APARTMENT IN REDONDO BEACH, CA. DAD HAD BEEN DRINKING HEAVILY AND WAS IN A TERRIFYING RAGE. MOM WAS PREGNANT WITH MY LITTLE SISTER, KATHLEEN THERESA.

THERE’S A LOT OF YELLING AND SCREAMING. AT 7 YEARS, I’M HUNKERED DOWN, CURLED UP IN MY BED IN A CORNER BEHIND A FOLDING, ACCORDIAN-LIKE PARTITION. I’M FEELING VERY FRIGHTENED AND VERY HELPLESS. I DON’T DARE LOOK OUT FOR FEAR OF WHAT I’LL SEE. MOM IS SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER. **“DON’T HIT ME ANYMORE, YOU’LL KILL THE BABY.”**

THAT WAS A DEFINING MOMENT. COMING FROM ONE OF THE TWO MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN MY WORLD, MOM. I KNEW THAT LITTLE BULGE IN HER TUMMY WAS A CHILD. FROM THAT MOMENT, I WOULD ALWAYS BELIEVE THAT WAS MY SISTER—A CHILD, A PERSON. NOT A FETUS OR AN EMBRIO, OR PROTOPLASM OR AN ANIMAL LIKE A GIRAFFE OR A RHINOCEROS. ABORTION WOULD ALWAYS BE WRONG IN MY FUTURE WORLD. IT WOULD BE THE ULTIMATE CRIME—MURDER. THERE COULD BE EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES. MITIGATING MOTIVES COULD ALWAYS BE PRESENTED AND ARGUED, BUT IT WAS A VERY SERIOUS AFFAIR. I DIDN’T LEARN THAT FROM A BOOK OR A CATECHISM. I LEARNED THAT FROM **MOM** IN A MOMENT OF TRUTH. **A DEFINING MOMENT.**

IT'S NOW ABOUT 1956. WE ARE LIVING IN A LITTLE COTTAGE IN REDONDO BEACH ON GATES AVE. IT'S PROBABLY A FRIDAY NIGHT. DAD'S BEEN DRINKING HEAVILY, LAMPS ARE FLYING AND HE'S BEEN HITTING MOM. I'M ABOUT 10. I'M HUNKERED DOWN IN BED BEHIND THE ACCORDIAN PARTITION FEELING HELPLESS AND FRIGHTENED TO HEAR MY LITTLE BROTHER, CHRISTOPHER ROBERT, 6-MONTHS OLD, CRYING IN THE BEDLAM OF OUR 3-ROOM HOUSE.

I MUSTER THE STRENGTH TO PEEK OUTSIDE MY CORNER OF THE TERRAIN. DAD IS LEANED OVER THE CRIB, SPANKING CHRIS' LITTLE BARE BOTTOM -- **HARD! VERY HARD, NOT WITH A FIST, BUT THE SMACKS ARE VERY REAL, OVER AND OVER AND OVER, MAYBE 10-15 TIMES,** ACCOMPANIED BY THE WORDS, "SHUT UP, QUIT CRYING, YOU G---DAMMED LITTLE SHIT." APPARENTLY, A NEIGHBOR HAS SUMMONED THE POLICE.

TWO VERY TALL, REDONDO COPS, ENTER THE ROOM AND TRY TO HAND-CUFF DAD. AT 5'8," 150 POUNDS, MY DAD WOULD ALWAYS HAVE THE MINDSET THAT HE COULD TAKE ON ANYONE, ESPECIALLY WHEN DRINKING. TONIGHT WAS NO EXCEPTION. THE ROOM WAS FULL OF ACTION AND NOW I WAS GLUED TO IT. FROM MY SLIT LOOKING OUT, I SAW ALL THREE OF THEM GO DOWN ONTO THE COUCH-MADE-INTO-A-BED FOLDING UNDER 550+ POUNDS OF WEIGHT. ALL THE METAL FRAMING OF THE BED COLLAPSED. I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING ANY BLOOD, BUT I DO REMEMBER SEEING MY DAD ESCORTED FROM THE PREMESIS IN CUFFS. DAD WOULD BE SENTENCED TO 180 DAYS AT MINIMUM-SECURITY WAYSIDE HONOR RANCH FOR NON-SUPPORT; NOT FOR CHILD OR SPOUSAL ABUSE.

IT WAS QUIET. IT WAS PEACEFUL. CHRIS WASN'T CRYING. MOM WAS, BUT THEY WERE MUFFLED SOBS. WEEKS OF PEACEFUL NIGHTS FOLLOWED. COPS WERE MY HEROES. **IT WAS A DEFINING MOMENT.**

YES, WE LIVED ON GATES AVE. DARYL GATES WOULD ONE DAY BE A VERY DEAR FRIEND AND CHIEF OF ONE OF THE FINEST POLICE DEPARTMENTS IN AMERICA. I WOULD HEAR FORMER CALIFORNIA STATE GOVERNOR GREY DAVIS SAY OF DARYL IN HIS FUNERAL EULOGY, "DARYL GATES WAS ARGUABLY THE GREATEST POLICE CHIEF IN AMERICAN HISTORY." HE ENVISIONED **SWAT**, "SPECIAL WEAPONS AND TACTICS," **AIR SUPPORT** (HELICOPTERS), **PEER SUPPORT** FOR DEPARTMENT PERSONNEL, **HIRED THE FIRST POLICE PSYCHOLOGIST** IN THE UNITED STATES, DR. MARTY REISER, WHO CREATED **CIRT**, PROBABLY THE FIRST CRITICAL INCIDENT RESPONSE TEAM IN AMERICAN LAW ENFORCEMENT AND **ALWAYS SHOWED UP FOR OFFICERS WHEN IT MATTERED.**

IT'S NOW 1961. I'M 14, 5'8," 145 POUNDS. I'M ON THE JV FOOTBALL TEAM AT BISHOP MONTGOMERY H. S. IT'S SATURDAY MORNING. MY DAD AND I ARE STANDING ON THE STREET CORNER ACROSS FROM OUR APARTMENT AT CATALINA AND PEARL STS. IN REDONDO. DAD HAS BEEN DRINKING. A MAJOR DEFINING MOMENT IS UNFOLDING.

FOR YEARS, DAD LOVED TO BRING ME WITH HIM INTO BARS, SET ME ON A STOOL, BRAG ABOUT ME AND THEN PLAY THE ACCORDIAN. THIS HAPPENED OVER THE COURSE OF YEARS—I LOST TRACK OF HOW MANY TIMES.

WE WERE STANDING ABOUT ONE FOOT APART. THE CONVERSATION BEGAN, "COM'ON WITH ME TO THE LORELI BAR." I GAVE HIM A VERY LONG, QUIET STARE. HIS TEETH TIGHTENED, FACE TURNED RED. HE COCKED HIS FIST AT ME. IT WAS 18 INCHES FROM MY FACE. I KNEW FROM FOOTBALL AND BIOLOGY CLASS THAT THE CARTILAGE IN YOUR NOSE COULD BE RAMMED INTO YOUR BRAIN WITH A PUNCH AND YOU COULD DIE. I HAD SEEN MY DAD PUT THAT FIST THROUGH A WALL TWICE. THIS WAS A "DECLARATION-OF-INDEPENDENCE" MOMENT. I HAD

TUNNEL VISION ON THAT FIST. I SAID “NO.” THERE WAS A PAUSE THAT SEEMED BEYOND TIME. FIST COCKED, THEN UNCOCKED. HIS TEETH WRENCHED FREE. HE LOWERED HIS FIST AND WALKED OFF TO THE BAR OR SOMEWHERE. I HAD FACED DEATH AND SURVIVED. THAT WAS ONE OF THE TWO MOST MEANINGFUL MOMENTS OF MY LIFE. **I HAD PROVEN MY COURAGE TO ME.**

“Your right to swing your fist ends where the other guy’s nose begins.”

Mr. Short, sociology teacher at Bishop Montgomery H.S.

“IF YOU DON’T KNOW WHAT YOU’LL DIE FOR, I’M NOT CERTAIN YOUR LIFE IS WORTH LIVING.”

MIKE McCULLOUGH

” HOW MUCH IS A MAN WORTH?

AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER COSTS \$218,000,000.

A MODERN JET PLANE IS WORTH \$428,000.

AN ATOMIC SUBMARINE COSTS \$60,000,000.

LAST YEAR, THE DEFENSE BUDGET FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA WAS \$33,100,000,000.

HOW MUCH IS A MAN WORTH?”

U.S. NAVY RECRUITING PAMPHLET, CIRCA 1964

I’M 14 AND I’VE PASSED BEYOND THE AGE OF COWERING BEHIND THE ACCORDIAN PARTITION. I’M PLAYING FOOTBALL, RUNNING TRACK AND SHOT PUT. I’VE **DECIDED** I’M GOING TO **TAKE HIM OUT.** IF I SEE HIM HIT MOM ONE MORE TIME, I’M GOING TO KILL MY DAD. I HAVE MOTIVE. I KNOW IT WILL BE IN THE KITCHEN. IT WILL BE FROM BEHIND. IT WON’T BE A FAIR FIGHT. IT WON’T EVEN BE A FIGHT. IT WILL BE ONE FATAL BLOW IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD WITH A CASTE IRON FRYING PAN.

THERE WERE SEVERAL THINGS **I HADN’T** THOUGHT THROUGH, THAT OCCURED TO ME LATER. IF MOM SAW ME APPROACHING, SHE’D HAVE SCREAMED, DAD WOULD HAVE TURNED AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A ONE-ON-ONE DONYBROOK. I HADN’T CONSIDERED PRISON FOR AT LEAST MANSLAUGHTER OR WORSE. I HADN’T CONSIDERED NAVY DREAMS OVER, ETC, ETC, ETC. I WAS SCARED. AFTER ALL, I LOVED MY DAD **A LOT.** I DIDN’T KNOW WHAT TO DO. GOD INTERVENED.

I HAD BEEN CONFIRMED THE YEAR BEFORE. THE HOLY SPIRIT WAS WITH ME. “THAT’S WHAT I’LL DO,” I THOUGHT. “I’LL MAKE AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE NEW PARISH PRIEST.”

FR. JERRY THOMPSON WAS ABOUT 10 YEARS ORDAINED. HE WAS CARING, SENSITIVE AND HE KNEW A **LOT** ABOUT ALCOHOL. OVER TIME, HE INTRODUCED ME TO **THE 12-STEPS OF AA,** A GREAT MODEL FOR SPIRITUAL GROWTH. HE HELPED ME SEE, “IF YOU KILL HIM, YOU’LL ALWAYS BE KNOWN AS THE KID WHO KILLED HIS DAD. IF I DIDN’T KILL HIM, I COULD TURN THAT NEGATIVE ENERGY INTO SOMETHING POSITIVE AND FULFILL MY DREAMS, TOO. “

NEEDLESS TO SAY, I HAD DODGED A BULLET AND DAD HAD DODGED AN UNTIMELY DEATH. I NEVER TOLD HIM OF THAT EXPERIENCE. MOM PICKED UP ON MY GROWING ANGER AND STARTING FILING RESTRAINING ORDERS ON HIM SO THAT HIS VISITS BECAME RARER. DAD WOULD SPEND ABOUT 15 YEARS LIVING ON SKID ROW IN REDONDO AND LOS ANGELES.

FR. JERRY WOULD BE MY SPIRITUAL GUIDE FOR THE NEXT 20 YEARS. ONLY THEN WOULD I LEARN THAT HE HAD GROWN UP IN A HOME EXACTLY LIKE MINE, EXCEPT HE HAD **TWO ALCOHOLIC PARENTS!** A DEAR, DEAR FRIEND UNTIL I WAS 78 WHEN HE PASSED.

**“SOMETHING APPROCHING 60% OF BOYS WHO COMMIT MURDER
DO SO AGAINST MEN WHO ARE ABUSING THEIR MOTHER.”
A STATISTIC I RECALL REFERRING TO THE TIME FRAME IN QUESTION.**

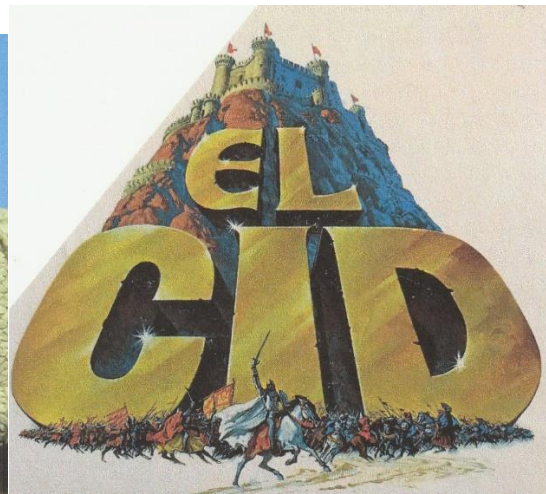
SEE: APPENDIX, CHAPTER 7. A COUPLE DEFINING MOMENTS. [PAGE 216].

CHAPTER 8. EL CID. A DEPICTION OF LOVE THAT CHANGED MY LIFE.

**“YOU CAN’T SAVE MY LIFE. YOU HAVE TO HELP ME GIVE IT UP.”
WORDS OF RODRIGO DE BOVAR TO HIS WIFE, THE LADY CHEMENE FROM HIS
DEATHBED.**

I’M STILL 14. ONE SATURDAY, I ATTENDED A DOUBLE FEATURE MOVIE AT THE THEATER. THE MOVIE WAS **EL CID**. I WATCHED IT ONCE—IT WAS A DOUBLE FEATURE; I WATCHED THE OTHER MOVIE—THEN WATCHED IT AGAIN. I WAS **REALLY** CAPTURED BY THE CHARACTERS RODRIGO DE BOVAR, KNOWN AS “**THE CID**” PLAYED BY CHARLETON HESTON AND **THE LADY CHIMENE** PLAYED BY SOPHIA LOREN.

THE YEAR IS 1961. THE MOVIE DEPICTED A CATEGORY OF LOVE VERY SELDOM CAPTURED BY HOLLYWOOD. IT’S THE STORY OF THE GREATEST KNIGHT OF SPANISH HISTORY AND HE IS STILL HONORED AS SUCH.



The statue of El Cid in the city center of Burgos, Spain.

**More than one renowned movie critic
have said it is the greatest movie of all time.**

I BELIEVE THE SEEDS OF CELIBACY AND THE POWER THAT CELIBACY CAN HAVE IN ONE’S LIFE TOUCHED ME IN THIS MOVIE. EVEN THOUGH RODRIGO WAS MARRIED AND IT WAS A MARRIAGE OF DEEP, DEEP LOVE, YET ONE WITH PRACTICALLY NO INTIMACY OR SENSUAL SATISFACTION. THERE WAS ALWAYS THE NATION THAT NEEDED A LEADER AND RODRIGO WAS THAT LEADER. HE LOVED HIS WOMAN WITH ALL HIS HEART, BUT HIS DUTY TO THE NATION WAS A HIGHER CALLING. AND CHIMENE WAS EVENTUALLY ABLE TO RISE TO THAT LEVEL OF GIVING AND BECAME HIS EQUAL IN LOVE FOR THE PEOPLE HE WAS CALLED TO SERVE.

THIS STORY OF SELFLESS LOVE AND INCREDIBLE COURAGE, DEDICATION TO DUTY AND NATIONAL VISION CAME TO A RATHER SURPRISING HEAD FOR ME ONE DAY IN SPAIN, IN 1980, TWENTY YEARS AFTER SEEING THE MOVIE. HAVING DONE A LOT OF HISTORICAL READING ON THE SUBJECT OF **THE CID**, I WAS ON A TWO-WEEK VACATION TO SPAIN WITH TWO OF MY BEST FRIENDS, FR. DAN LANER AND JERRY BELLAMY.

THERE WERE THREE THINGS THAT I INSISTED WE SEE ON THE TRIP. WE ALL HAD OUR FAVORITES. JERRY WANTED TO GO TO TANGIER, MOROCCO, SHOPPING, DAN WANTED TO GET A RUG (NOT), I WANTED TO SEE FLAMENCO DANCING, A BULLFIGHT AND BURGOS, WHERE **EL CID** WAS BORN. OUT OF MADRID, WE DROVE 100 MILES NORTH TO THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF BURGOS. A MAGNIFICENT STATUE OF **EL CID** ON HORSEBACK WITH HIS SWORD DRAWN GREETED YOU AS YOU APPROACH BY CAR. WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO THE CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS. WE ARRIVED AT 12:05 PM. NOON MASS HAD JUST BEGUN AND WE STOOD IN THE BACK AS A CROWD OF ABOUT 100 HUDDLED IN THE VERY CENTER (TRANSEPTS) OF THE CHURCH WHERE A WALL ENCLOSED THE CHAPEL AREA. IT WAS INCREDIBLY MOVING FOR ME TO BE IN THIS PLACE, WHERE MY FAITH AND HISTORY AND THE MEMORY OF MY GREATEST HERO WERE ALL COMING TOGETHER. I PROCEEDED TO COMMUNION AT THE APPROPRIATE TIME AND RETURNED TO OUR PLACE STANDING IN THE REAR OF THE CONGREGATION. I WAS STANDING ON THE PRECISE POINT OF THE TRANSEPTS OF THE CATHEDRAL. I WAS DEEP IN PRAYER, FILLED WITH JOY. I WAS LOOKING DOWN AS I OPENED MY EYES. THERE BEFORE MY EYES WAS A BEAUTIFUL CIRCLE OF INLAID MARBLE. MY SPANISH IS NOT VERY GOOD, BUT I COULD RECOGNIZE THE SIGNIFICANCE OF PLACE ON WHICH I WAS STANDING. IT READ IN BEAUTIFUL LETTERING—"HERE LIES RODRIGO DE BOVAR AND THE LADY CHIMENE." I WAS STANDING ON THE VERY POINT OVER WHICH THIS CATHEDRAL HAD BEEN BUILT TO HONOR GOD AND THE MEMORY OF **EL CID AND HIS WIFE**. I WAS SEVEN YEARS ORDAINED WHEN THIS EVENT HAPPENED, AND IT WAS THE MOST PROFOUND EMOTIONAL AND RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE I HAD HAD IN LIFE TO THIS POINT. I WAS OVERWHELMED WITH GOOSEBUMPS AND FELT AN INCREDIBLE SPIRITUAL WARMTH THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO PUT INTO WORDS. I KNEW GOD HAD BLESSED ME WITH A REAL ENCOUNTER, NOT ONLY OF THE DIVINE, BUT WITH MY TRUE-LIFE HERO AND HIS LADY.

THIS IS STILL, **46 YEARS LATER, AN AWESOME MEMORY.**

AROUND 2020, I HAD ANOTHER INCREDIBLE EXPERIENCE RELATING TO **EL CID**. **SOPHIA LOREN** WAS THE GUEST AT THE CERRITOS PERFORMING ARTS CENTER FOR AN EVENT ENTITLED, "AN EVENING WITH SOPHIA LOREN." SHE WAS 85 YEARS OLD. SHE WAS INTERVIEWED ON-STAGE BY A CELEBRITY SHOW HOST WITH A GREAT SENSE OF HUMOR. SHE MATCHED HIM WIT FOR WIT. HER SENSE OF HUMOR WAS CAPTIVATING. SHE WAS SHARP AS A TACK AND THE DEPTH OF HER CATHOLIC FAITH BECAME APPARENT AS THE INTERVIEW PROGRESSED. SHE INTRODUCED HER TWO GROWN SONS AND TOLD OF HER ONE MARRIAGE TO HER NOW-DECEASED HUSBAND.

THERE WAS THE OPPORTUNITY TO GREET HER AFTER THE SHOW.

HER AGENT HAD CONSENTED TO ALLOW ME TO MAKE A PRESENTATION. WHEN I WAS STANDING NEXT TO HER, I TOLD HER THAT HER PERSONIFICATION OF THE HIGHEST FORM OF LOVE IN **EL CID** HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MAIN REASONS FOR MY ENTERING THE SEMINARY, EMBRACING CELIBACY AND BEING ORDAINED. I PRESENTED HER WITH ONE DOZEN RED ROSES, A LETTER AND AN LAPD CHAPLAIN CHALLENGE COIN. I WAS WEARING MY COMMAND STAFF UNIFORM AND TOLD HER I HAD BEEN A PRIEST FOR 48 YEARS. HER AGENT LOOKED AT HER AND SAID, WOULD YOU LIKE FR. MIKE'S BLESSING. SOPHIA LOOKED ME RIGHT IN THE EYE AND SAID, "OF

COURSE I WOULD LIKE FR. MIKE'S BLESSING" WHICH I IMPARTED, FOLLOWED BY A KISS ON HER CHEEK. SHE SENT ME THE KINDEST HAND-WRITTEN NOTE WHICH READ,

**"DEAREST REV. M. P. MCCULLOUGH, "THANK YOU, THANK YOU
FOR THE LOVELY LOVELY LETTER. IT WILL ALWAYS BE WITH
ME IN APUELA, A BIG HUG, SOPHIA."**

LESSON: SEE, APPENDIX, CHAPTER 8, KHOLBERG'S STAGES OF MORAL DEVELOPMENT. (page 216).

CHAPTER 9. THE GREEN ONION INCIDENT.

"... NOR SHALL YOU STAND BY IDLY WHEN YOUR NEIGHBOR'S LIFE IS AT STAKE"
LEVITICUS 19:16

THE YEAR, 1971. I AM ASSIGNED AS A DEACON TO ST. HILARY CHURCH, PICO RIVERA FOR A YEAR AND A HALF HITCH AND REALLY GETTING TO SINK MY TEETH INTO MINISTRY. I ALWAYS CONSIDERED THAT MINISTRY IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH SHOULD INCLUDE MINISTRY IN THE LOCAL COMMUNITY. SO I REACHED OUT TO THE L. A. COUNTY SHERIFF FOR A RIDE-ALONG IN THE PICO RIVERA AREA. ONE FRIDAY NIGHT, I ROLLED OUT OF THE FIRESTONE STATION FOR A SHIFT IN A SHERIFF'S BLACK AND WHITE WITH DEPUTY KEEF AT THE WHEEL.

WE WERE DRIVING SOUTHBOUND ON PASSONS AVE. WHEN A CALL CAME OUT, "MAN WITH A GUN, SHOTS FIRED AT THE GREEN ONION!" WE HAD THE CALL! I WAS RIDING IN THE FRONT PASSENGER SEAT. WE HIT THE RAILROAD TRACKS ON PASSONS AT 90 MPH AND WERE BRIEFLY AIRBORNE. DEPUTY KEEF SAID, "YOU BETTER STAY IN THE CAR ON THIS ONE, DEACON" AS WE SKIDDED TO A STOP.

HE RELEASED THE SHOT GUN FROM THE CONSOLE AS THE SUSPECT CAME WALKING OUT THE SIDE DOOR OF THE RESTAURANT BRANDISHING A .308 DEER RIFLE. I SLUMPED DOWN IN MY SEAT TO JUST VIEW THE SCENE FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE WINDOW. THE DEPUTY LEANED ACROSS THE HOOD OF OUR VEHICLE AS HE SHOUTED IN HIS OUTDOOR VOICE, "DROP THE WEAPON!" THEN HE CRANKED A SLUG INTO THE CHAMBER AS HE YELLED AGAIN, "**I SAID DROP THE WEAPON!**" THIS TIME THE INDIVIDUAL COMPLIED.

WHAT MADE THIS **A LIFE-CHANGING MOMENT** FOR ME WAS WHAT WAS HAPPENING **BEHIND US**. WITHIN ONE MINUTE OF MY DEPUTY'S FIRST COMMAND, THREE BLACK AND WHITES HAMMERED TO A STOP AND HAD BACKED US UP. WITHIN 5 MINUTES, THERE WERE 9 UNITS IN ARRAY ALL OVER THE INTERSECTION.

I SAID TO MYSELF, "DEAR GOD, THIS IS THE WAY MINISTRY SHOULD BE—THIS WAS THE WAY PRIESTS SHOULD BACK EACH OTHER UP!" REDONDO BEACH COPS SAVED OUR FAMILY ON GATES AVENUE WHEN I WAS 10. NOW I WAS WITNESSING THIS. I WAS HOOKED FOR LIFE.

FIREFIGHTERS SAY TO EACH OTHER, "YOU GO, WE GO!" SOLDIERS SAY, "NO ONE LEFT BEHIND." MARINES CLAIM TO BE, "NO BETTER FRIEND, NO WORSE ENEMY." LAW ENFORCEMENT SAYS, "I'VE GOT YOU BACK!" AND THEY MEAN IT. **I WAS HOOKED FOR LIFE!**

"TO PROTECT AND SERVE,"
MOTTO OF THE LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT

I'VE CONDUCTED AND PARTICIPATED IN THE FUNERALS OF AT LEAST 40 L.A. POLICE MEN AND WOMEN **WHO LIVED THOSE WORDS TO THEIR LAST BREATH.**

CHAPTER 10. THE LIVES OF A FEW INFLUENTIAL SAINTS.

**"LIFE IS GIVEN US THAT WE MAY LEARN TO DIE WELL AND WE NEVER THINK OF IT!
TO DIE WELL WE MUST LIVE WELL."
ON DEATH, THE CURE' OF ARS.**

BY THE TIME I WAS A DEACON, I HAD BEEN TOUCHED BY THE LIVES OF A NUMBER OF JESUIT PRIESTS, NAMELY ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA, FR. ISAAC JOGUES, JOHN BREBEUF, AMERICAN MARTYRS, AND PIERRE DE CLORIVIERE,

ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA, FOUNDER OF THE JESUITS, HAD BEEN AN ITALIAN KNIGHT OF ROYAL LINEAGE BORN IN 1491. NARROWLY MISSING THE LOSS OF HIS LEG TO A CANNONBALL IN BATTLE, HE RECOUPERATES IN A MOUNTAIN CAVE IN MANRESA. HIS MILITARY CAREER OVER, HAVING ONLY RECENTLY CONVERTED TO CHRIST, HE APPLIES HIS KNOWLEDGE OF MILITARY TACTICS AND ORGANIZATION TO THE PURSUIT OF A RELATIONSHIP WITH JESUS CHRIST. THE RESULT WAS **THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES.** THIS IS THE BASIS OF AN INCREDIBLE PROCESS OF COMING CLOSER TO GOD. OVER THE YEARS, HE FOUNDED THE SOCIETY OF JESUS WHICH STILL FLOURISHES TODAY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. HE WOULD PRAY, **"LORD, ...GIVE ME THY LOVE AND THY GRACE, FOR THIS IS SUFFICIENT FOR ME."**

ST. ISAAC JOGUES, A FRENCH, "BLACKROBE" MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERED TO TRAVEL TO NORTH AMERICA IN 1636 TO BRING THE FAITH TO WARRING INDIAN TRIBES. THEY WERE RECEIVED WELL BY THE HURONS, BUT NOT BY THE IRIQUOIS AND MOHAWKS. HE WAS CAPTURED, ENSLAVED FOR YEARS AND TORTURED HAVING SEVERAL FINGERS CUT OFF, BUT EVENTUALLY HE ESCAPED BACK TO FRANCE. HONORED AS A HERO IN FRANCE, HE LONGED TO RETURN TO THE MISSIONS. ISAAC'S MOTHER PLEADED WITH HIM NOT TO RETURN. "I MAY NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN," SHE ARGUED. HIS RESPONSE TOUCHED ME DEEPLY. **"YOU AND I RECEIVE JESUS CHRIST IN COMMUNION EVERYDAY AT MASS. I CAN NEVER BE CLOSER TO YOU THAN THAT."** EVENTUALLY UPON HIS RETURN TO THE MISSIONS, HE WOULD BE MARTYRED. THE FIRST CONVERT TO CATHOLICISM FROM HIS EFFORTS WAS THE MOTHER OF THE IRIQUOIS CHIEF, FOR WHOM ISAAC HAD BEEN A SLAVE CHAINED LIKE A DOG FOR YEARS.

PERE DE CLORIVIERE WAS A JESUIT PRIEST DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. SINCE THE CHURCH, AND ESPECIALLY THE JESUITS WERE SUPPRESSED IN FRANCE DURING THAT TIME, PERE CELEBRATED MASSES IN HOMES, DODGING NAPOLEAN'S TROOPS AND BOLSTERING THE SPIRITS OF LOCAL DIOCESAN CLERGY. EVENTUALLY, HE WOULD FOUND WHAT CAME TO BE KNOWN AS **THE INSTITUTE OF THE HEART OF JESUS.** THIS WOULD BE A **SECULAR INSTITUTE FOLLOWING THE SPIRITUALITY OF ST. IGNATIUS, FOR DIOCESAN PRIESTS.** I FOUND ENCOURAGEMENT FROM THIS GROUP. WE WERE KNOWN LOCALLY IN LOS ANGELES AS **"COR UNUM,"** ONE HEART. AT ONE TIME THERE WERE 7 OF US IN LOS ANGELES WHO WOULD GATHER MONTHLY, FAITHFULLY, FOR MORE THAN 50 YEARS. MY BROTHERS IN COR UNUM PROVIDED STABILITY MONTH AFTER MONTH, NO MATTER WHERE WE WERE ASSIGNED GEOGRAPHICALLY. IT WASN'T WHAT WE WOULD CALL IN THOSE DAYS A "SENSITIVITY SESSION." IT WAS A MONTHLY GATHERING OF PRIESTS, ENGAGED IN A VARIETY OF ASSIGNMENTS, MOSTLY PARISH, THAT WANTED TO SERIOUSLY EXPLORE THE PURSUIT OF SPIRITUAL GROWTH. WE WERE COMMITTED TO BEING THERE FOR EACH OTHER AND WE TOOK THAT COMMITMENT SERIOUSLY.

FOR ME, IT WAS A **PRIESTLY COMMITMENT THAT MIRRORED “THE GREEN ONION SHERIFF RESPONSE”** BETTER THAN JUST BEING ORDAINED TOGETHER AS “THE CLASS OF XXXX.”

OUR MONTHLY GATHERING FOLLOWED A FAIRLY CONSISTENT FORMAT, SO THAT WE DIDN’T JUST BECOME A MONTHLY GRIPE SESSION. A FEW GENTLEMEN CAME AND WENT, BUT THE CORE GROUP WHO ALL REMAINED FAITHFUL TO THE END OF THEIR LIVES INCLUDED FR. ENRIQUE SERA, ALLAN ROBERTS, GREG KING, DENNIS BRENNAN (LATER JOSEPH BRENNAN, OSB), DENNIS YOUNG, JOSHUA LEE AND ME. AS THE LAST MEMBER STANDING ALIVE IN THE LOS ANGELES AREA, I CAN ONLY SPEAK FOR MYSELF, BUT THE ROAD OF THE PRIESTHOOD WOULD HAVE BEEN NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT THESE BROTHER PRIESTS. THE MONTHLY GATHERING, THE VOWS, THE ANNUAL RETREAT, THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES (A 30-DAY SILENT RETREAT) EVERY TEN YEARS AND FRATERAL ACCOUNTABILITY WERE INVALUABLE.

ONE OF THE LEGACIES LEFT TO US BY **PERE DE CLORIVIERE** WAS HIS “CIRCULAR LETTERS” PUBLISHED IN FRANCE BETWEEN 1799 AND 1808. THESE LETTERS, CIRCULATED TO PARISH PRIESTS IN FRANCE, WERE PERE’S WAY OF BOLSTERING THE DIOCESAN CLERGY IN A TIME OF SEVERE PERSECUTION. ONE OF HIS REFLECTIONS, ESPECIALLY, TOUCHED ME, SINCE IT SPEAKS SO POIGNANTLY TO THE EPIDEMIC HAUNTING AMERICA TODAY—SUICIDE. IN LAW ENFORCEMENT, OUR MILITARY AND ESPECIALLY OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, THE NUMBERS ARE STAGGERING. OF THE 200 OR SO POLICE PERSONNEL I BURIED, 14 WERE VICTIMS OF SELF-IMPOSED FATAL WOUNDS. AND IT HAS GROWN EXPONENTIALLY EVERY YEAR SINCE I RETIRED IN 2019.

SEE **APPENDIX, CHAPTER 29. The 8th Circular Letter, (page 245).**

THOSE WORDS HAVE PROVIDED POWER AND TRUTH TO ANY NUMBER OF RETREATS AND HOMILIES THAT HAVE GIVEN A GLIMMER OF HOPE TO PEOPLE WHO HAVE AT TIMES FELT HOPELESS. ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT GIFTS A PRIEST CAN GIVE TO HIS FLOCK IS HOPE.

“THE SOLUTION OF ALL DIFFICULTIES IS CHRIST.”

JOURNAL OF A SOUL,
POPE JOHN, XXIII

“A SAINT IS A SINNER WHO KEEPS TRYING.”

CHAPTER 11. DIACONATE ASSIGNMENT AT ST. HILARY.

“OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES . . .”

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS WERE TIMES I LOOKED FORWARD TO AT THE PARISH. THE CHURCH WAS NESTLED IN A QUIET, FAMILY-DWELLING PICO RIVERA NEIGHBORHOOD. SUNDAYS TENDED TO BE QUIET. BUT OCCASIONALLY THEY PRESENTED SURPRISES. I WAS ON CALL FOR THE PHONE AND FRONT DOOR. ONE SUNDAY, A LITTLE GIRL ABOUT 8 RANG THE FRONT DOORBELL. I OPENED THE DOOR WHERE SHE STOOD FLANKED BY TWO 4-YEAR-OLD BOYS. SHE WAS HOLDING A SMALL BIRDNEST WITH A COUPLE BLUE EGGS. THE BOYS EACH HELD AN EGG ALSO. “WOULD YOU BLESS OUR EGGS?” THE INNOCENCE OF THE MOMENT WAS DISARMING.

“LIFE IS FRAGILE”

ONE OF THE EARLY TRAUMATIC MINISTERIAL EXPERIENCES I RECALL WAS AGAIN A QUIET SUNDAY AFTERNOON WHEN ALL THE PRIESTS WERE OUT AND UNAVAILABLE. I RECEIVED A CALL AT THE RECTORY TO COME TO THE MORTUARY TO BE WITH A FAMILY WHILE THEY IDENTIFIED THE BODY OF A FAMILY MEMBER. HE HAD BEEN RIDING HIS MOTORCYCLE AT 60 MPH WHEN HE HIT A 1937 PICKUP TRUCK HEAD-ON WHICH WAS ALSO DOING 60. THE MORTICIAN ADVISED ME BEFORE WE WENT IN TO SEE THE REMAINS THAT THE YOUNG MAN WAS PRETTY BADLY TORN UP. HIS ANKLE HAD BEEN TWISTED AROUND HIS NECK WHEN THE AMBULANCE CREW FOUND HIM.

THE AUTOPSY ROOM WAS STUFFY AND SMELLED OF FORMALDEHYDE. WE ENTERED AND VIEWED THE BODY. I HAD HIS MOM IN ARM. I THOUGHT I WOULD FAINT BUT DIDN'T. I PRAYED THE PRAYERS OF THE DEAD WITH THEM AND FINALLY LEFT. I WAS GLAD TO BREATHE THE FRESH AIR, BUT I WAS ALSO GLAD I HAD BEEN THERE WITH THEM FOR THAT MOMENT. I KNOW IT MADE A DIFFERENCE TO THEM. AND I COULD ONLY IMAGINE HOW **THEY** FELT.

ON THE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND ONE DAY, WHERE I'D FREQUENTLY MAKE MYSELF PRESENT, A FIRSTGRADER FLEW BY, HIS HAND RAISED IN MY DIRECTION. "HI GOD," HE YELLED. IT TOOK ME 20 YARDS TO CATCH HIM, BUT WE HAD A BRIEF, FRIENDLY DISCUSSION ABOUT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DEACON AND GOD. ONE OF THE TYKES ALWAYS CALLED ME "DINKON."

ST. HILARY WAS REALLY A FUN RECTORY. FR. JOHN KILLEEN, FR. MIKE BUNNY, FR. JIM KOSSLER AND OCCASIONALLY, PASTOR EMERITUS, MSGR. PERCY BELL WERE THE PRIESTS. THERE WAS ALWAYS JOY, LAUGHTER, LOTS OF HARD WORK, A GREAT SCHOOL AND **PERPETUAL ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT SINCE 1957. THERE WERE NO LOCKS ON THE CHURCH DOORS AND OVER 500 PARISHIONERS TOOK TURNS IN PRAYER AND ADORATION, 24 HOURS A DAY, 7 DAYS A WEEK.**

CHAPTER 12. PRIESTHOOD.

The Effects of the Sacrament of Holy Orders.

"A PRIEST IS SENT TO COMFORT THE DISTURBED AND DISTURB THE COMFORTABLE."
FR. PHIL CAVANAUGH, ORDINATION CLASS OF 1973

ORDINATION CAME ON MAY 26, 1973, AT ST. VIBIANA CATHEDRAL. MY MOST POIGNANT EMOTIONAL MEMORY WAS DRIVING NORTH ON THE 110 FREEWAY. BARBRA STRISAND WAS SINGING "PEOPLE."

"PEOPLE, PEOPLE WHO NEED PEOPLE, ARE THE LUCKIEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD." I CRIED MY BRAINS OUT. LUCKY, I DIDN'T CRASH.

11 JUNE, 1973, TWO WEEKS ORDAINED, I REPORTED TO ST. AUGUSTINE PARISH IN CULVER CITY. 4,000 CATHOLIC FAMILIES. THE PASTOR, FR. REGIS COMBS HAD BEEN APPOINTED THE MONTH BEFORE AND WAS ALREADY MOVED IN. I GOT MOVING BOXES INTO MY NEW QUARTERS AS I WAS INFORMED THAT I WAS ON DUTY. ANY EMERGENCIES OR PEOPLE REQUIRING A PRIEST WOULD BE MY RESPONSIBILITY. AS I PONDERED WHERE MY BELONGINGS SHOULD BE SET IN PLACE, THE SECRETARY BUZZED. "FATHER, THERE'S A WOMAN IN THE FRONT PARLOR WHO WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO A PRIEST." "I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN."

IN THE FRONT OFFICE, HUDDLED IN A CORNER CHAIR SAT A FRIGHTENED, YOUNG-LOOKING WOMAN OF MAYBE 45 YEARS. SHE WAS CLUTCHING HER KNEE-LENGTH COAT. I GREETED HER AND SAT DOWN.

“FATHER, I NEED TO GO TO CONFESSION.” **[THIS WOULD BE MY FIRST.]**

SHE BEGAN BY SAYING, “IT’S BEEN OVER 30 YEARS, I DON’T KNOW HOW TO BEGIN.”

I SAID, “LET’S BEGIN BY MY GIVING YOU A BLESSING + AND ASKING GOD TO BE WITH YOU. YOU MIGHT WANT TO BEGIN BY KEEPING IT GENERAL—CAN YOU NAME A FEW AREAS WHERE YOU HAVE STRUGGLED WITH DOING THE RIGHT THING?”

SHE REPLIED, “I HAD AN ABORTION. THAT WAS 30 YEARS AGO. IT HAS BOTHERED ME, **REALLY BOTHERED ME**, ALL THESE YEARS.” SHE BEGAN TO WEEP UNCONTROLLABLY. I HANDED HER TISSUES. SHE SOBBED FOR 5 MINUTES.

I WAS GATHERING MY THOUGHTS CAREFULLY. MY RESPONSE MIGHT BE THE MOST IMPORTANT WORDS SHE WOULD EVER HEAR IN HER LIFE AND I KNEW IT.

“YOU KNOW, GOD LOVES YOU **VERY** MUCH. HE’S GLAD YOU ARE HERE. HE KNOWS HOW HARD IT WAS FOR YOU TO COME AND HUMBLE YOURSELF BEFORE A PRIEST. I FOR ONE AM VERY GRATEFUL THAT YOU CAME BECAUSE GOD WANTS TO OFFER YOU HIS LOVE AND LIFT THIS BURDEN. “CAN YOU RECALL THE CIRCUMSTANCES GOING ON AT THAT TIME IN YOUR LIFE?” SHE FILLED IN THE DETAILS, AS THE TEARS WERE SUBSIDING A BIT.

“DID YOU EVER NAME YOUR CHILD?” I ASKED.

“I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT. I DON’T KNOW IF IT WAS A BOY OR A GIRL.”

I SAID, “YOU KNOW, YOU HAVE A SAINT IN HEAVEN. THERE IS A SOUL THERE WHO PRAYS FOR YOU EVERY DAY.”

SHE BROKE DOWN IN AN EVEN LARGER TORRENT OF TEARS, BUT THESE SEEMED MORE TEARS OF JOY THAN SORROW.

WE SPOKE AWHILE LONGER ABOUT WHAT SHE FELT GOD WAS CALLING HER TO AT THIS TIME, THEN I GAVE HER PENANCE THAT WOULD RESTORE HER TO THE CIRCLE OF GOD’S BELOVED FLOCK.

“WHY DON’T YOU PRAY THAT GOD WILL HELP YOU CHOOSE A NAME FOR YOUR CHILD, THEN PRAY **FOR** AND **TO** THAT CHILD OFTEN.” SHE NODDED IN THE AFFIRMATIVE. MY HAND EXTENDED ABOVE HER HEAD, I PRAYED,

“GOD, THE FATHER OF MERCIES, THROUGH THE DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF HIS SON, HAS RECONCILED THE WORLD TO HIMSELF AND SENT THE HOLY SPIRIT AMONG US FOR THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS; THROUGH THE MINISTRY OF THE CHURCH MAY GOD GIVE YOU PARDON AND PEACE, AND I ABSOLVE YOU FROM YOUR SINS IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, + AND OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.”

I ESCORTED HER SLOWLY TO THE DOOR.

THERE WAS AN AIRE ABOUT HER THAT HAD NOT BEEN THERE WHEN SHE ARRIVED. SHE WAS WALKING STRAIGHT AND UPRIGHT, AS IF A 120 POUND ANVIL HAD BEEN LIFTED FROM HER SHOULDERS. I WAS WATCHING THE POWER OF THE BLOOD OF JESUS DRIPPING FROM HIS CRUCIFIED HANDS, TRANSFORM ONE HELD IN THE GRIP OF SATAN AND HIS POWER TO MAKE ONE FEEL UNFORGIVEABLE TO ONE WHO WAS FREE TO WALK AS A DELIGHTFUL DAUGHTER OF GOD.

MY MOTHER'S WORDS WHEN I WAS SEVEN WERE PROVEN TRUE AS THEY WOULD BE TIME AND TIME AND TIME AGAIN IN MY LIVED EXPERIENCE. **THESE WERE CHILDREN! I WAS WHERE I BELONGED!**

ANOTHER NOTABLE EXPERIENCE OCCURRED THAT FIRST WEEK IN THE PARISH. IT WAS SATURDAY NIGHT, AFTER DARK. I WAS HEARING CONFESSIONS IN THE CHURCH FOR MY FIRST TIME WITH THE OTHER THREE PRIESTS. THE PASTOR HADN'T NOTICED I WAS STILL IN THE CONFESSIONAL. HE FINISHED, TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS IN THE LARGE, GOTHIC BUILDING, LOCKED ALL THE DOORS AND DEPARTED TO THE RECTORY. I WAS FINISHING ONE PENITENT, SLID THE SCREEN, CLOSED AND OPENED THE SCREEN FOR MY LAST PENITENT. THE FIRST WORDS I HEARD WERE, "I'VE HAD TEMPTATIONS TO KILL A PRIEST."
[THAT WAS ONE WE HADN'T REVIEWED IN SEMINARY SACRAMENT OF Penance CLASS.]

I RECOGNIZED THE VOICE. HE WAS A BIG GUY, 6'2", ABOUT 230 POUNDS. THE PRIEST I HAD REPLACED WARNED ME ABOUT HIM. HE HAD ONCE CHASED FR. JOHN MORETTA AROUND THE PARKING LOT WITH A KNIFE, SO THIS THREAT WAS CREDIBLE. I REMAINED COOL [I WAS LOCKED IN TO MY PORTION OF THE CONFESSIONAL.] THE CONFESSION CONTINUED, "I ATTACKED A STATUE OF THE BLESSED MOTHER WITH A HAMMER," AND A FEW OTHER SINS I DON'T REMEMBER. HE WAS SORRY.

I GAVE HIM Penance AND ABSOLUTION AND WAITED TO HEAR HIS CONFESSIONAL DOOR CLOSE. I DIDN'T HEAR THAT REASSURING SOUND. I WAITED IN SILENCE FOR ABOUT 5 MINUTES. I HEARD NO SOUNDS. I CAREFULLY UNDOED THE DEADBOLT TO MY SPACE. THE CHURCH WAS PITCH DARK. IF HE WAS IN THERE, I HOPED HE COULDN'T HEAR MY HEART POUNDING. I SURE COULD. I HAD NO IDEA WHERE ANY LIGHT SWITCH WAS IN THE SPACE THAT SAT 1,000 PLUS PEOPLE. I INCHED MY WAY TO THE BACK VESTIBULE WHERE I FELT EVERY INCH FOR A LIGHT SWITCH. ALL THE LIGHTS IN THE CHURCH WERE CONTROLLED FROM THE SACRISTY. FINALLY, I INCHED MY WAY UP THE CENTER AISLE WITH THE FLAME OF ONE SINGLE RED VIGIL LIGHT IN THE SANCTUARY TO GUIDE ME. I FUMBLINGLY THROUGH THE 20 OR SO KEYS ON MY CHAIN TO OPEN THE SACRISTY DOOR. ONCE INSIDE, OUT OF PENT-UP FEAR AND FRUSTRATION, I SLAMMED THE SACRISTY DOOR SO HARD, I PULLED ALL FOUR SCREWS OUT OF THE MECHANISM THAT CONTROLLED THE DOOR.

I LEFT THE MANGLED ASSEMBLY AS IT WAS AS. I MADE MY WAY TO THE PASTOR'S QUARTERS WHERE I CONFESSED THE PREVIOUS HALF HOUR EVENTS. IN HIS COMPASSION, HE SAID, "DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE DOOR," WITH AN EVER-SO-SLIGHT SMILE.

MY RESPONSIBILITIES INCLUDED ON-CALL FOR 700-BED HOSPITAL, 3 BLOCKS AWAY, 9 REST HOMES WITH CATHOLICS AND 100 SHUT-INS FOR COMMUNION EACH MONTH, THE TEEN CLUB, TEACHING 2 CLASSES OF 8TH-GRADERS RELIGION ONE DAY A WEEK, BEING ON THE CATECHIST-FORMATION TEAM, THE USUAL ORDER OF FUNERALS, SATURDAY WEDDINGS, SATURDAY, SUNDAY AND DAILY MASSES, CONFESSIONS, STAFF MEETINGS AND THE LIKE. A CANADIAN PRIEST AT THAT TIME IDENTIFIED 67 AREAS ABOUT WHICH A PARISH PRIEST SHOULD BE PROFICIENT. I HAD A LONG WAY TO GO TO PROFICIENCY.

ONE GREAT JOY AT ST. AUGUSTINE WAS THAT OCCASIONALLY, MOM WOULD BRING MY LITTLE 4-YEAR-OLD NIECE, REGINA, TO MASS. AT THE SIGN OF PEACE, SHE'D COME RUNNING UP THE MIDDLE AISLE YELLING, "FR MIKE!" THE PRISONERS LOVED IT, AS DID I! IT MAY NOT HAVE BEEN GREAT LITURGY, BUT IT WAS GREAT AFFIRMATION.

TWICE A MONTH, I SPENT THE NIGHT BEFORE MY DAY OFF RIDING ALONG IN A BLACK AND WHITE WITH CULVER CITY P.D. I'D CHECK IN FOR ROLL CALL AT 11 PM, HIT THE STREETS AN HOUR LATER FOR AN 8-HOUR RIDE-A-LONG AND SEE THE PARISH FROM A WHOLE DIFFERENT

PERSPECTIVE. I'D COUNSEL OFFICERS, CRIME VICTIMS, OCCASIONALLY PARISHIONERS OR SUSPECTS AND HEAD HOME AT 0800.

THAT WAS EVERYTHING ABOVE—ON STEROIDS!,

ONE OTHER NOTABLE FIRST WAS MY FIRST WEDDING AS A PRIEST. THE BRIDE FAINTED--OUT COLD!

THERE WOULD BE MANY WONDERFUL, LONG DAYS THERE AT ST. AUGUSTINE, OFTEN 16-19 HOURS. I WAS NEVER HAPPIER IN MY LIFE.

“The Effects of the Sacrament of Holy Orders.

**. . . . By ordination one is enabled to act as a representative of Christ,
head of the Church, in his triple office of
priest, prophet and king.**

**As in the case of Baptism and Confirmation
this share in Christ's office is granted once for all.**

**The Sacrament of Holy Orders,
like the other two, confers an
indelible spiritual character . . .”**

Catechism of the Catholic Church,
#1581, #1582.

**“TO LIVE IN THE MIDST OF THE WORLD
WITHOUT DESIRING ITS PLEASURES;
TO BE A MEMBER OF EACH FAMILY,
YET BELONGING TO NONE;
TO SHARE IN ALL SUFFERINGS;
TO PENETRATE ALL SECRETS;
TO HEAL ALL WOUNDS;
TO GO FROM MEN TO GOD AND OFFER
HIM THEIR PRAYERS;
TO RETURN FROM GOD TO MEN TO
BRING PARDON AND HOPE;
TO HAVE A HEART OF FIRE FOR CHARITY
AND A HEART OF BRONZE FOR CHASTITY.
TO TEACH AND TO PARDON, TO
CONSOLE AND TO BLESS ALWAYS,
MY GOD, WHAT A LIFE!
AND IT IS YOURS, O PRIEST OF JESUS CHRIST!”
JEAN-BAPTISTE HENRI LACORDAIRE, O.P. (CIRCA 1850)**

SEE: APPENDIX, CHAPTER 12. MY ST. AUGUSTINE PRIESTLY LOG. (page 216).

CHAPTER 13. PRIESTHOOD CONTINUED.

**“YOU KNOW WHY GOD CREATED WHISKY?
SO THE IRISH WOULDN'T RULE THE WORLD.”**

IN MY FIRST FOUR RECTORY ASSIGNMENTS, THERE LIVED 5 ALCOHOLIC PRIESTS. THIS WAS A SIGN OF THE TIMES IN RECTORIES. **THE NATIONAL CLERGY COUNCIL ON ALCOHOLISM** REPORTED THAT STUDIES SHOWED 13% OF PRIESTS IN AMERICA WERE ALCOHOLIC. THAT WAS ALSO A SIGN OF THE TIMES IN OTHER PROFESSIONS. ALCOHOLISM WAS A FACT OF LIFE IN LAW ENFORCEMENT AND THE LEGAL PROFESSION. MY COUSIN, DEAR MICHAEL MITCHELL, A VERY PROMINENT LAWYER, DIED A HORRIBLE, PAINFUL DEATH FROM THE DISEASE. TO MANY INDIVIDUALS, LIKE MY DAD, IT WAS AS COMMON AS SMOKING IN PUBLIC.

IT WAS BAD ENOUGH IF ONE OF THE OTHER PRIESTS IN THE HOUSE HAD THE ADDICTION. IT WAS REALLY TOUGH IF YOU WERE IN A RECTORY WITH AN ALCOHOLIC PASTOR. AND FOR PASTORS, I SUPPOSE THE SAME WAS TRUE FOR HAVING AN ALCOHOLIC ASSOCIATE. I COULD CITE NUMEROUS OCCASIONS OF FOUL-UPS IN SCHEDULING, MISSED APPOINTMENTS, EMBARRASMENT FOR FRIENDS, PRIESTS AND PARISHIONERS, ETC.

THE DEFINITION OF AN ALCOHOLIC HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH HOW MUCH ONE CONSUMES. IT'S ABOUT WHAT HAPPENDS WHEN YOU DRINK. AN ALCOHOLIC CAN BE SOBER FOR DAYS, WEEKS, MONTHS OR YEARS, BUT THE NEXT DRINK WILL PUT THEM RIGHT BACK WHERE THEY WERE IN THE PAST WHEN THEY STOPPED. THAT COULD INCLUDE, CONFUSION, STUPOR, IRREGULAR BREATHING, VOMITING, SEIZURES, DTs, DELIRIUM TREMENS, BLUE LIPS, FINGERNAILS, BLACKOUTS, HALUCINATIONS, DUIS, MISSED ASSIGNMENTS AND ANY OR ALL OF THE ABOVE.

MY POINT HERE IS: HELP IS AVAILABLE FOR THE ADDICT, THEIR FAMILY AND ANYONE AFFECTED BY AN ALCOHOLIC. **ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS (AA)** HAS BEEN DESCRIBED BY **FR. RICHARD ROHR, OFM**, AS **THE GREATEST CONTRIBUTION OF AMERICA TO SPIRITUALITY IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD**. I WAS INTRODUCED TO THE 12-STEPS WHEN I WAS 14. THEY WERE A PERFECT PREPARATION FOR THE SEMINARY INVOLVING A PROGRAM OF SPIRITUAL AND EMOTIONAL GROWTH.

AL-ANON IS FOR THE FAMILY AND PEOPLE AFFECTED BY AN ALCOHOLIC (INCLUDING A CATEGORY CALLED **ADULT CHILDREN OF ALCOHOLICS, ACOA OR ACA**). THESE ARE BASED ON THE SAME 12-STEPS. THE BEAUTY OF **AA**, **AL-ANON** AND **ACA** IS THAT THEY GIVE YOU THE TOOLS TO COPE WITH THE UNCOPEABLE. **AL-ATEEN** IS ANOTHER OFFSHOOT.

I COULD NOT HAVE SURVIVED THOSE FIRST ASSIGNMENTS WITHOUT THE 12-STEPS. BUT THE ASSIGNMENTS TOOK A TOLL. AFTER LIVING IN A HOUSEHOLD OF RAGING ALCOHOLISM FOR 18 YEARS (TWICE HAVING TO COME HOME FOR A LEAVE-OF-ABSENCE FROM THE SEMINARY FOR A WEEK OR SO TO HELP MOM PICK UP THE PIECES AFTER AN ESPECIALLY VIOLENT EPISODE), THEN SEVEN YEARS IN MINISTRY, I HAD TO SUBMIT MY REQUEST TO THE CARDINAL AND PLACEMENT BOARD, "PLEASE DON'T SEND ME TO ANY MORE ALCOHOLICS." THEY DID BETTER THAN THAT. THEY NEXT SENT ME TO AN ALCOHOLIC **IN RECOVERY**. **HE BECAME ONE OF THE GREAT BLESSINGS IN MY LIFE.**



During my 9 years in the seminary, Dad was able to drive the family up to see me twice. He had a couple very serious alcoholic slips after that, which cost him/us everything - literally, marriage, job, car, house and we as a Family tried to hold it together. Mom had to get us on welfare and he would spend the next 13 years trying to recover on skid row.

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF PRIESTHOOD, I HATED BEING IRISH. I HATED MY IRISH NAME. I WAS ASHAMED TO BE IRISH. UPON ARRIVAL AT A NEW PARISH, WHEN ASKED, “ARE YOU IRISH? I’D RESPOND, “NO, I’M AMERICAN.” THAT WOULD SHUT UP THE IRISH ONES.

THAT ALL CHANGED WITH MY DAD FINDING SOBRIETY. THE LAST 24 YEARS OF HIS LIFE WERE CHARACTERIZED BY THE ACCORDIAN MUSIC, HIS GREAT TENOR VOICE AND LOVING PERSONALITY. IRISH STORIES MADE IRELAND AND BEING IRISH COME ALIVE FOR ME.

OVER THE YEARS, I THINK RECTORIES HAVE GOTTEN MORE SOBER. THERE ARE LOTS OF WAYS TO ABUSE SUBSTANCES, OTHER FORMS OF “**MOOD ELEVATION THERAPY**“ NOW PREVAIL. THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT THERE ARE AN EQUAL NUMBER OF 12-STEP PROGRAMS LIKE **NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS (NA)** AND **SEXAHOLICS ANONYMOUS (SA)**. THE 12-STEPS WORK FOR THEM, TOO. LET’S LEAVE IT AT THAT.

SEE CHAPTER 51, “ACCEPTANCE,” FROM THE BIG BOOK. (page 189).

“AH, QUIT YOUR BITCHING!”

MSGR. CHRIS VAN LIEFDE

**“A HUMBLE KNOWLEDGE OF YOURSELF IS
A SURER WAY TO GOD THAN A DEEP SEARCH FOR MEANING”**

THOMAS ‘A KEMPIS

CHAPTER 14. PSYCHOLOGICAL MENTORS AND SPIRITUAL GIANTS.

**“JUST BECAUSE YOU’RE PARANOID, DOESN’T MEAN WE’RE NOT OUT
TO GET YOU!”**

MSGR. JOE GREELEY

**A SEMINARIAN CANDIDATE REPORTS TO A PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION CENTER.
THE PSYCHOLOGICAL EXAMINER ADMINISTERS THE RORSCHACH “INK BLOT” TEST.**

SHE HOLDS UP THE FIRST CARDED IMAGE, “WHAT DO YOU SEE?”

YOUNG MAN ANSWERS, “THAT LOOKS LIKE TWO PEOPLE HAVING SEX.”

SHE HOLDS UP THE SECOND CARD. “WHAT DO YOU SEE HERE?”

HE RESPONDS, “THAT LOOKS LIKE THREE PEOPLE HAVING SEX.”

SHE HOLDS UP A THIRD IMAGE. “WHAT DO YOU SEE HERE?”

HE SAYS, “THAT LOOKS LIKE A WHOLE BUNCH OF PEOPLE HAVING SEX.”

SHE OBSERVES, “WELL, YOU REALLY SEEM TO BE THINKING A LOT ABOUT SEX!”

HE ANSWERS, “WELL, YOU’RE THE ONE WITH THE DIRTY PICTURES!”

OVER THE YEARS, THERE WAS A CADRE OF WONDERFUL PSYCHOLOGICAL COUNSELORS, DOCTORS AND PhDs THAT HELPED ME MAINTAIN SOME DEGREE OF NORMALCY. MY CHILDHOOD HAD BEEN SEVERELY TRAUMATIC BY ANY NUMBER OF OBJECTIVE STANDARDS. BUT AS ISSUES AROSE IN MY ABILITY TO COPE WITH LIFE’S SITUATIONS, GOD ALWAYS BLESSED ME WITH WONDERFUL PEOPLE. I ALWAYS PRAYED TO HAVE THE BEST, AND GOD NEVER DISAPPOINTED.

DR. DON CORTUM WAS MY MEDICAL DOCTOR FROM MY BROTHER CHRIS’ BIRTH IN 1956 FOR 37 YEARS. HE WAS INCREDIBLY COMPASSIONATE AND KNOWLEDGIBLE ABOUT ALCOHOL ADDICTION (NOT TRUE OF MANY MEDICAL DOCTORS). ONE TIME, WHEN I WAS EXHIBITING SYMPTOMS OF SEVERE EXHAUSTION AFTER 9 YEARS OF MINISTRY, HE OFFERED TO WRITE A LETTER TO CARDINAL MANNING SUGGESTING THAT I GET MEDICAL TIME OFF. IT WORKED.

IN THE SEMINARY THEOLOGATE, (1969) I WAS BLESSED TO BE REFERRED TO THE PRIEST WHO TAUGHT US PASTORAL COUNSELING FOR FOLLOW-UP TESTING. CLARETIAN **FATHER RON HULBERT** GUIDED ME THROUGH A BATTERY OF TESTS THAT HELPED ME UNDERSTAND HOW MY CHILDHOOD WAS AFFECTING MY ADULT BEHAVIOR. ONE RESULT I FOUND USEFUL AND AN AREA THAT I SHOULD WORK ON WAS THIS: “ON A SCALE OF 1-100, IF 100 WAS AN EXHIBITIONIST, YOU, MIKE, WOULD BE A 3.”

THE FOLLOWING YEAR, **DR. ANDREE’ EMERY** WAS OUR **PASTORAL COUNSELING PROFESSOR**. SHE HAD BEEN A PIONEERING WOMAN IN THE FIELD OF PSYCHOLOGY IN HUNGARY UNDER COMMUNIST RULE IN THE 1950s. SHE ESCAPED TO FREEDOM IN THE WEST ACROSS A HUGE MINE-FIELD. SHE WOULD BECOME A FRIEND FOR LIFE. TEACHING US WHEN SHE WAS WELL INTO HER EIGHTIES, WITH A PhD IN PSCHOLOGY, SHE WAS A WELL-SPRING OF WISDOM. SHE HAD FOUNDED A SECULAR INSTITUTE FOR CONSECRATED WOMEN CALLED “THE SOCIETY OF OUR LADY OF THE WAY.” **IT WAS SHE WHO GATHERED A NUMBER OF US, HER STUDENTS, THAT BECAME “THE COR UNUM GROUP.”**

MRS. PAT BAKER WAS ANOTHER STANDOUT AS A MARRIAGE AND FAMILY COUNSELOR. BEING MARRIED TO A CATHOLIC DEACON, SHE REALLY HELPED ME NAVIGATE CHURCH AND RELATIONSHIP ISSUES. IT WAS SHE WHO POINTED OUT TO ME AN INTERESTING INSIGHT. **WHEN THE LAMPS WERE FLYING AND THERE WAS SCREAMING GOING ON, THAT WAS REALLY EXCITING FOR LITTLE MICHAEL! THAT WAS AN ADRENOLINE RUSH! SCARY AS IT MIGHT BE, IT WAS ALSO FUN.**

FRANK CLAYMAN-COOK. A PRINCE AMONG THEM ALL WAS A JEWISH DOCTOR, **FRANK CLAYMAN-COOK.** HE HELD 3 PhDs IN PSYCHO-THERAPY AND WAS A SPIRITUAL AND EMOTIONAL GUIDE FOR MORE THAN 30 YEARS. HIS PARENTS WERE HOLOCAUST CONCENTRATION CAMP SURVIVORS. HE HIMSELF WAS AN ALCOHOLIC WITH MANY DECADES OF SOBRIETY. HE REALLY HELPED ME WEATHER THE STORM OF PRIESTS THAT I LIVED WITH THAT HAD ALCOHOLIC ISSUES. OUR RELATIONSHIP CAME TO BE LIKE AN UNCLE AND FAVORITE NEPHEW. HE UNDERSTOOD THE CHURCH AND HELPED MANY PRIESTS. I WAS MOST SADDENED AT HIS PASSING.

FR. JOHN McANULTY, S. J., WAS THE SPIRITUAL FATHER THAT I SO DESPERATELY NEEDED FOR NEARLY 4 DECADES. JOHN WAS A DIRECTOR OF NOVICES IN THE CALIFORNIA PROVINCE OF THE JESUITS AND HELD A NUMBER OF OTHER LEADERSHIP ROLES FOR THE ORDER. HE WAS A SCRIPTURE SCHOLAR, WITH A SPECIALTY IN THE GOSPEL OF JOHN.

PRIOR TO ORDINATION, JOHN WAS A STAR ATHLETE IN TENNIS AND BASKETBALL EARNING A SCHOLARSHIP TO UCLA IN 1941. WHEN WWII BROKE OUT, HE PUT ALL THAT ON HOLD TO BECOME AN OFFICER IN THE U.S. ARMY. HE PARTICIPATED IN THE LIBERATION OF GUAM AND AS A COMMANDER LED 7 TANKS ASHORE ON 1 APRIL 1945, ON THE ISLAND OF OKINAWA, JAPAN, WHICH WOULD CLAIM MORE AMERICAN LIVES THAN ANY OTHER BATTLE OF THE PACIFIC WAR. AT WAR'S END, HE AND HIS TANK FORCE WERE SENT TO KOREA WHERE HE LIBERATED THE PRISON CAMP THAT HELD WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE BATAAN DEATH MARCH PRISONERS.



FR. JOHN MCANULTY, SJ AND FR. JACK STOEGER

SO, WHEN JOHN SAID TO ME ONE DAY AROUND 1976, “**MIKE, YOU HAVE A CHARISM (GIFT) FOR POLICE AND MILITARY MINISTRY,**” I TOOK HIM SERIOUSLY. IT AFFIRMED WHAT I WAS FEELING. IT WOULD BE MY PRIVILEGE TO INTRODUCE HIM TO DR. FRANK CLAYMAN-COOK. I WAS GRATEFUL TO BE CLOSE TO JOHN IN THE FINAL YEARS OF HIS LIFE, BEING ABLE TO FILL IN FACTS ABOUT HIS WAR EXPERIENCES SOME OF WHICH HIS PRIEST COLLEAGUES WERE NOT AWARE.

THROUGH JOHN'S TIRELESS EFFORTS OF SPIRITUALLY DIRECTING HUNDREDS OF PRIESTS OVER MANY YEARS, THE NEED EMERGED FOR **THE HOUSE OF PRAYER** TO BE EXPANDED. FROM A LITTLE 4-ROOM STRUCTURE, IT GREW TO A 21-ROOM STATE-OF THE ART **SPIRITUAL REFUGE FOR PRIESTS.** KITCHEN FACILITIES, MEETING ROOMS, DINING AND LITURGY AREAS WERE PROVIDED. OF COURSE, JOHN WAS IN ATTENDANCE AT ALL THE CONSTRUCTION PLANNING MEETINGS. IT WAS LATER RELATED THAT AT ONE SUCH MEETING REGARDING THE NEW CHAPEL

THAT WAS TO BE BUILT, THE ARCHDIOCESAN **LITURGICAL PRIEST CONSULTANT** WAS INSISTING VEHEMENTLY THAT THE CHAPEL NEEDED A BAPTISMAL FONT. JOHN, IN HIS INFINITE WISDOM COUNTERED WITH THIS STATEMENT: "IT'S BEEN MY EXPERIENCE THAT WHEN A PRIEST LEAVES ACTIVE MINISTRY AND REQUESTS LAICIZATION, HE GENERALLY **DOESN'T** COME TO THE HOUSE OF PRAYER FOR PRIESTS TO BAPTIZE HIS CHILDREN." CASE CLOSED.

AT JOHN'S FUNERAL, I COUNTED 125 PRIESTS AND 25 BISHOPS. **HE FOUNDED AND DIRECTED THE HOUSE OF PRAYER FOR PRIESTS IN LOS ANGELES.** HIS STYLE OF HOSPITALITY AND LOVE FOR HIS PRIEST-DIRECTEES WAS THE MODEL I TRIED TO EMUNULATE WHEN I FOUNDED **THE DESERT REFUGE FOR PEACE OFFICERS AND MILITARY PERSONNEL** IN 1999. OTHER THAN DAD, HE WAS THE MOST INFLUENTIAL MAN OF MY LIFE.

I THINK I MET **DR. STEPHANIE BARON McKENNY, PhD**, IN 2004. SHE CAME ON BOARD AS AN LAPD PSYCHOLOGIST. HER INTEGRATION OF FAITH AND PSYCHOLOGY HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AN INSPIRATION. HER INSIGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ARE REALLY QUITE REMARKABLE. SHE HAS WRITTEN NUMEROUS ARTICLES FOR NATIONAL PUBLICATIONS SUCH AS **POLICE CHIEF MAGAZINE.** HER MEMBERSHIP IN PROFESSIONAL AND SERVICE ORGANZATIONS INCLUDE THE ORDER OF MALTA, LOURDES MEDICAL TEAM AND EQUESTRIAN ORDER OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE OF JERUSALEM ALL OF WHICH, I'M CERTAIN, PROVIDE THE FOUNDATION FOR AN INCREDIBLE WORLD VISION AND MICROCOSMIC VIEW OF SPIRITUALITY.



DR. STEPHANIE BARONE MCKENNY-POLICE PSYCHOLOGIST.

OTHER WONDERFUL MENTORS, OF COURSE, MUST INCLUDE **FR. JERRY THOMPSON, FR. BERNARD J. McCOY, C.M** ("DO WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DOIN,") **FR. CHARLES BARR, C.M., MSGR. CHARLIE HILL AND DR. SANDEEP KAPOOR.**

HAVING THESE WONDERFUL, HAPPY, COLORFUL PEOPLE IN MY LIFE HAS ENRICHED ME IMMENSELY. I BELIEVED FOR THE SAKE OF THOSE WHO DEPENDED ON ME AS A PRIEST, I

ALWAYS NEEDED TO BE AT THE TOP OF MY GAME. I ASKED GOD TO LEAD ME TO THE BEST WHEN IT CAME TO SPIRITUAL AND EMOTIONAL DIRECTION. HE NEVER FAILED TO DELIVER.

LESSON: “YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A LITURGIST AND A TERRORIST?
YOU CAN NEGOTIATE WITH A TERRORIST!”

“YOU CAN BE RIGHT. THEN YOU CAN BE TOO RIGHT!”
DR. ANDREE’ EMERY

**“THERE’S A NEW BRANCH OF PSYCHOLOGY OUT NOW CALLED ‘PSYCHO-CERAMICS.
IT DEALS WITH CRACK-POTS.”**
FR. CHARLES MILLER, C.M.



ST. JOHN PAUL II, 1998 ROME, FR. MIKE AND CARDINAL MAHONY.

CHAPTER 15. ANOTHER GREAT INSPIRATION FROM HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

SAINT JOAN OF ARC.

“CONSIDER THIS UNIQUE AND IMPOSING DISTINCTION. SINCE THE WRITING OF HUMAN HISTORY BEGAN, JOAN OF ARC IS THE ONLY PERSON OF EITHER SEX, WHO HAS EVER HELD SUPREME COMMAND OF THE MILITARY FORCES OF A NATION, *AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.*”.

LOIUS KOSSUTH

IN PARIS I WAS TO LEARN IN A PERSONAL CONVERSATION WITH A DOCENT OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL LIBRARY THAT THEY HOLD 20,000 BOOKS WRITTEN ABOUT HER.



**JOAN OF ARC MEDALLION I PURCHASED FROM THE BASILICA
IN ORLEANS, FRANCE, THE FIRST CITY SHE LIBERATED FROM THE ENGLISH.**

“TAKING INTO ACCOUNT, AS I HAVE SUGGESTED BEFORE, ALL THE CIRCUMSTANCES—HER ORIGIN, YOUTH, SEX, ILLITERACY, EARLY ENVIRONMENT, AND THE OBSTRUCTIVE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH SHE EXPLOITED HER HIGH GIFTS AND MADE HER CONQUESTS IN THE FIELD AND BEFORE THE COURTS THAT TRIED HER FOR HER LIFE—SHE IS EASILY AND BY FAR THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY PERSON THE HUMAN RACE HAS EVER PRODUCED.”

JOAN OF ARC, MARK TWAIN, 1904

LESSON: I LEARNED FROM THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SAINT JOAN THAT A NATION HAS A RIGHT TO ITS OWN SOVEREIGNTY AND BORDERS. OTHERS ARE WELCOME, BUT WHEN YOU INVADE WITH INTENT TO TAKE OVER THE NATION, A NATION AND ITS PEOPLE HAVE A RIGHT TO FIGHT TO DEFEND THEMSELVES. INVITING IMMIGRANTS TO JOIN OUR WAY OF LIFE AND CONTRIBUTE TO THE BETTERMENT OF THE COUNTRY IS ONE THING, MALICIOUS INTENT TO OVERTHROW A COUNTRY IS SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY. THE WATERS GET VERY MURKY HERE.

CHAPTER 16. FRIENDS (AND ENEMIES).

ON FRIENDSHIP

**... AND LET YOUR BEST BE FOR YOUR FRIEND.
IF HE MUST KNOW THE EBB OF YOUR TIME,
LET HIM KNOW ITS FLOOD ALSO.
FOR WHAT IS YOUR FRIEND
THAT YOU SHOULD SEEK HIM
WITH HOURS TO KILL?
SEEK HIM ALWAYS WITH HOURS TO LIVE.
FOR IT IS HIS TO FILL YOUR NEED,
BUT NOT YOUR EMPTINESS.
AND IN THE SWEETNESS OF FRIENDSHIP
LET THERE BE LAUGHTER,
AND SHARING OF PLEASURES.
FOR IN THE DEW OF LITTLE THINGS
THE HEART FINDS ITS MORNING**

AND IS REFRESHED.

THE PROPHET, KHLIL GIBRAN

“LET YOUR ACQUAINTANCES BE MANY, BUT ONE IN A THOUSAND YOUR CONFIDANT.”

SIRACH 6:6

IN HIS LECTURE SERIES ON THE WISDOM LITERATURE, **JEFF CAVINS** CITES A STUDY THAT WAS DONE AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY CALLED “THE GRANT STUDY.” IT WAS CONDUCTED OVER THE COURSE OF 7 DECADES WITH THE SAME INDIVIDUALS BEING INTERVIEWED EVERY 10 YEARS MONITORING HEALTH, EMOTIONAL & SPIRITUAL ISSUES, HABITS, FAMILY LIFE AND THE LIKE. THE CONCLUSION OF THE STUDY WAS THE TWO MOST IMPORTANT ELEMENTS OF A HAPPY LIFE WERE: #1. **GOOD, SOLID, LIFE-LONG FRIENDS** AND #2. **AVOIDANCE OF EXCESSIVE ALCOHOL.**

I MUST SAY, GOD HAS BLESSED ME WITH AN EXTRAORDINARY ARRAY OF WONDERFUL, FAITHFUL FRIENDS. NO ACCOUNT OF MY HAPPY LIFE WOULD BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A MENTION OF SOME OF THE STANDOUTS. SOME WERE ONLY THERE FOR A BRIEF GLIMMER OF TIME. OTHERS WERE THERE, MONTH AFTER MONTH, YEAR AFTER YEAR, DECADE AFTER DECADE. BUT EVERYONE WAS A GIFT BEYOND TELLING. **LOVE CAN’T BE QUANTIFIED, SO THESE ARE ONLY IN APPROXIMATED CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.**

MURRY FISHER—4TH GRADE BUDDY, TAUGHT ME TO BOWL. TAUGHT ME THAT JEWISH PEOPLE ARE NICE.

MARY KAY LEATHERS—I HAD A 5TH GRADER’S CRUSH ON HER. SHE WAS A MATH WIZ IN CLASS AND SHE WAS CUTE. SHE INVITED ME TO HER BACKYARD WITH 6 OTHER KIDS ONE DAY TO PLAY “SPIN THE BOTTLE.” I HAD NO IDEA OF WHAT THAT WAS, BUT I PICKED UP ON IT QUICKLY. WHEN I SPUN THE BOTTLE, IT POINTED TO MARY KAY! I STOOD RAPIDLY, GENTLY GRABBED HER HAND AND KISSED THE BACK OF IT, THEN I RAN THROUGH HER HOUSE AND HOME NEVER LOOKING BACK. WHAT MARY KAY DIDN’T KNOW WAS THAT SHE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR MY LIFELONG PASSION FOR ASTRONOMY. THE FIRST CONSTELLATION I WAS ABLE TO RECOGNIZE IN THE HEAVENS WAS **ORION, THE HUNTER**. IT’S ONE OF THE EASIEST TO FIND. ORION’S BELT AND SWORD FORM A **PERFECT “L” SHAPE**. I COULD ALWAYS FIND IT QUICKLY ON A CLEAR NIGHT. AND I ALWAYS LOOKED FOR IT, BECAUSE IT ALWAYS LED ME TO SAY A PRAYER FOR **LEATHERS**, AS IN MARY KAY.

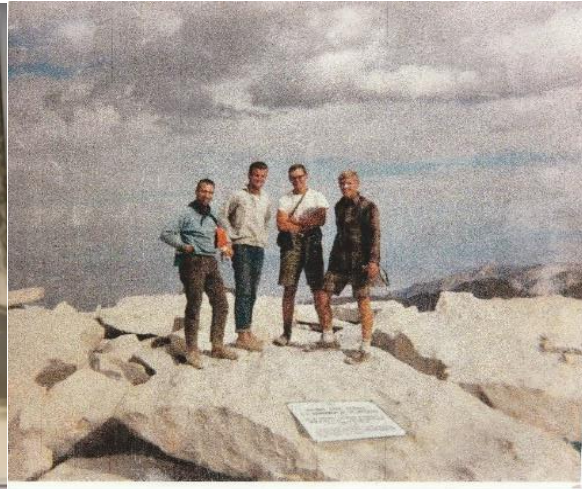
GETTY BULLET—6TH GRADE BUDDY FROM LITHUANIA, TAUGHT ME HOW TO BUILD SHIP MODELS.

KENN MILLER—BEST FRIEND FROM 8TH GRADE AT HILLCREST ELEMENTARY. LOVED THE NAVY. HONORS STUDENT IN HIGH SCHOOL MATH. WE DECIDED WE’D GO TOGETHER TO THE U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY AFTER HIGH SCHOOL. HE WAS JUST ABOUT THE ONLY FRIEND I HAD THAT EVER RISKED COMING TO OUR HOME ON 229 PCH. WE NEVER KNEW IF WWII WOULD BE RAGING BECAUSE OF DAD. WHEN I DECIDED TO GO TO THE SEMINARY, KENN JOINED THE U.S. NAVY. THEY **REALLY** TREATED HIM SHITTY. HE AND HIS FAMILY WERE SO DISGUSTED, THEY ALL IMMIGRATED BACK TO AUSTRALIA FROM WHENCE THEY HAD COME. HE IS THE ONLY FRIEND I CAN RECALL THAT ATTENDED MY SEMINARY COLLEGE GRADUATION. WE COULD SIT AND LAUGH FOR HOURS TOGETHER. A GOOD, GOOD, FRIEND.



KENN MILLER

STEVE PRICE--HIGH SCHOOL BUDDY, FOUR YEARS TOGETHER AT BISHOP MONTOMERY H.S. PLAYED FOOTBALL TOGETHER. HE HAD A CAR, WE DIDN'T, SO HE DROVE ME AROUND A LOT. WE DOUBLE-DATED TO THE JUNIOR. AND SENIOR PROMS TOGETHER (THE ONLY TWO DATES OF MY LIFE). HE TRIED THE SEMINARY FOR A SEMESTER. WE PARTED WAYS FOR THE MOST PART OF 45 YEARS, THEN RECONNECTED WHEN I WENT TO MARYCREST MANOR. A FINE GENTLE MAN AND LONGEST LIFE-LONG FRIEND. MARRIED TO **GWEN**.



STEVE PRICE, ME, JERRY BELLAMY & DAN LANER. The four of us on top of Mt. Whitney, 14,495', 1968.
85-mile hike, Giant Forest to Mt. Whitney.

(FR.) DAN LANER MY BEST FRIEND OF 23 YEARS. WE BACK PACKED AND HIKE AT LEAST 800--1000 MILES TOGETHER, HAWAII TWICE, SPAIN ONCE, MEXICO ONCE AND MORE. DAN LEFT ACTIVE MINISTRY AND WAS LAICISED. HE RAISED 3 INCREDIBLE CHILDREN. WE LOST TOUCH FOR SEVERAL DECADES, BUT WE WERE ALWAYS IN EACH OTHERS' THOUGHTS AND. PRAYERS. DAN WAS SECRETARY TO TWO CARDINALS, ONE OF THE TOUGHEST ASSIGNMENTS IN THE ARCHDIOCESE AND DID IT SPLENDIDLY. **HE IS THE ONLY MAN I HAVE EVER KNOWN WHO, LIKE NATHANIEL, "HAS NO GUILT."**



**JERRY BELLAMY, ME AND DAN LANER.
WE WERE AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN TO OUR CLASSMATES AS “THE UNHOLY TRINITY.”**

I WAS QUITE CLOSE TO DAN’S WHOLE FAMILY. HIS MOM WAS ESPECIALLY DEAR TO ME AS A SECOND MOTHER. DRIVING HOME FROM HER FUNERAL, I HAD TO PULL TO THE SIDE OF THE FREEWAY TO WEEP BITTERLY. SHE PASSED SHORTLY BEFORE DAN’S ORDINATION. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I THINK I EVER CRIED AT THE LOSS OF SOMEONE. SHE IS BURIED ABOUT 100 YARDS FROM MY MOM AT HOLY CROSS CEMETERY IN CULVER CITY. I AM MOST GRATEFUL TO GOD THAT **DAN AND WIFE XOCHI** ARE BACK IN MY LIFE.

(FR.) JERRY BELLAMY—ONE OF THE FUNNIEST, MOST CHARISMATIC, DEDICATED PEOPLE I HAVE EVER KNOWN. INCREDIBLE WORK ETHIC. I DIDN’T ALWAYS AGREE WITH HIS CONCLUSIONS, BUT I ALWAYS HAD TO RESPECT HIS CONVICTIONS. LIKE DAN LANER, HE ALSO HAD THREE OR FOUR OF THE TOUGHEST ASSIGNMENTS IN THE ARCHDIOCESE. HIS INTEGRITY WAS STRONG, BUT NOT ALWAYS APPRECIATED OR RESPECTED. HE AND DAN LANER AND I DID A LOT OF HIKING AND BACKPACKING TOGETHER. TRIPS TO SPAIN, HAWAII AND MORE. JERRY CHOSE TO LEAVE ACTIVE MINISTRY. **HIS WIFE ADRIANNE** STRUGGLED WITH MANY SERIOUS MEDICAL ISSUES AND JERRY HAS ALWAYS BEEN THERE FOR HER. JERRY HAS TWO INCREDIBLE CHILDREN, CUNA AND TIMO. **“CUNA,” CONSUELO BEATRICE, IS MY GODDAUGHTER.**

FR. JERRY YOUNG—A REAL, **VERY REAL** MAN OF GOD, INTEGRITY, STRONG WORK ETHIC, CONSTANTLY PLAGUED BY MEDICAL ISSUES THROUGHOUT HIS LIFE, YET ALWAYS A MINISTERIAL GIANT WHEREVER HE WAS SENT. WE SHARED A PASSION FOR ASTRONOMY AND ROCK-HOUNDING AND WE DID ABOUT 20 ROAD TRIPS TOGETHER. HE ORIGINALLY THOUGHT OF A CAREER IN ENGINEERING BUT ENDED UP A PRIEST. HIS MIND IS INCREDIBLY INQUISITIVE AND CONSTANTLY ABUZZ. HIS SPIRITUAL INSIGHTS WOULD ALWAYS LEAVE YOU THINKING. WE CLIMBED LONG’S PEAK (14,000+ FEET) TOGETHER. ON OUR SECOND TRY, WE MADE IT TO THE TOP, BUT BETWEEN HIGH WINDS AND THREAT OF LIGHTENING AND RAIN, IT NEARLY COST US OUR LIVES!



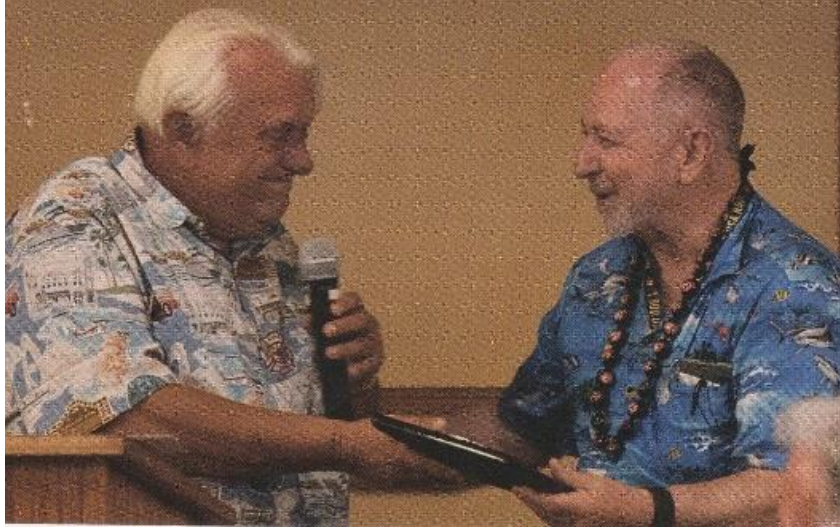
DAD WITH FR. JERRY YOUNG

FR. DOUG RALSTON—ANOTHER WONDERFUL SEMINARY CLASSMATE AND GENUINE FRIEND. DOUG WAS DEEPLY SPIRITUAL AND A PASTOR'S PASTOR. WE SHARED A PASSION FOR ASTRONOMY. HE DIED EARLY AT AGE 40. I WAS PRIVILEGED TO READ A POEM I COMPOSED IN HIS HONOR AT HIS GRAVESIDE,

MSGR. CHRISTIAN VAN LIEFDE—OF THE SEMINARY CLASS OF 1973 EMBRACED ME WHOLE-HEARTEDLY WHEN I JOINED THE CLASS, AFTER I ASKED FOR ONE MORE YEAR BEFORE ORDINATION. WE BACKPACKED THE TRINITY ALPS, CALIFORNIA, AND ALWAYS BUNKED TOGETHER ON OUR CLASS REUNION TRIPS WHEN POSSIBLE SO WE COULD TRADE "WAR STORIES!" WE KIDDED EACH OTHER MERCILESSLY ABOUT OUR CHOSEN CHAPLAINCIES. HE'D SAY, "YOU KNOW, EVERY COP **REALLY** WANTS TO BE A FIREFIGHTER." THEN I'D SAY, "YA, RIGHT. AND FIRE FIGHTERS ARE HIGHLY OVERRATED. **THE WATER** DOES ALL THE WORK!" AND THE PUNCHING WOULD FOLLOW.

CHRIS WAS BORN IN BELGIUM, MIGRATED TO CANADA WHEN HE WAS TWO AND THEN ON TO AMERICA WHEN HE WAS NINE. CHRIS WAS A FIERCELY PATRIOTIC AMERICAN. HIS PARENTS HAD ENDURED THE NAZI INVASION OF BELGIUM AND LIVED UNDER NAZI RULE. HIS DAD WAS AN INTERNEE OF A CONCENTRATION CAMP.

CHRIS AND I SHARED A DEEP PASSION FOR FIRST RESPONDERS, FIRE FIGHTERS, LAW ENFORCEMENT, MILITARY AND VETERANS. HE SERVED FOR MANY YEARS AS CHAPLAIN FOR THE GLENDALE AND THEN LOS ANGELES CITY FIRE DEPARTMENTS. HE WAS AN INTERNATIONALLY ACKNOWLEDGED CHAPLAIN AND ON AT LEAST 4 OCCASIONS WE FOUND OURSELVES AT MAJOR INCIDENTS TOGETHER INCLUDING THE LAX U.S.AIR PLANE CRASH, 1991, DOWNTOWN L.A. HIGH RISE FIRE, ECHO PARK APARTMENT FIRE AND MOST POIGNANTLY, THE WORLD TRADE CENTER IN 2001. CHRIS WAS THERE WITHIN A COUPLE DAYS OF 9/11, DIGGING THROUGH RUBBLE AS PART OF **THE LAFD SEARCH AND RESCUE TEAM** LOOKING FOR SURVIVORS OR REMAINS WITH **FDNY**. HE DID NOT KNOW FEAR AND TALKED A JUMPER OFF **VINCENT THOMAS BRIDGE**, HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE THE WATER. HE WAS AN AVID STUDENT OF MILITARY HISTORY AND GUIDED ME ON AN INCREDIBLE EUROPEAN TOUR WHICH INCLUDED, YPRES, WATERLOO, BASTOGNE, BELGIUM, NORMANDY, CAEN, MONT SAN MICHEL, FRANCE AND SAINTE-MERE'EGLISE, FIRST FRENCH/EUROPEAN CITY LIBERATED AFTER D-DAY, JUNE 6, 1944. HE SPOKE FLUENT FRENCH, BELGIAN, FLEMISH, SPANISH AND A FEW OTHERS.



MSGR. CHRIS VAN LIEFDE.

WHEN CHRIS FINISHED HIS ACTIVE-DUTY MINISTRY AS CHAPLAIN TO LAFD, HE CONTINUED COLLECTING TOYS FOR THE ANNUAL FIRE DEPARTMENT CHRISTMAS TOY DRIVE. THE L.A. CITY FIRE CHIEF TOLD ME HE COLLECTED 4 MILLION TOYS FOR DISTRIBUTION OVER THE COURSE OF ABOUT 10 YEARS.

CHRIS DIED THE NIGHT OF OUR CLASS REUNION. HE WAS A PRIEST 50 YEARS TO THE DAY! IT WAS MY DUTY TO PREACH AT CHRIS' FUNERAL. I WORKED 30 HOURS ON THAT TALK. WHAT AN HONOR FOR ME.

SOPHIA (PSEUDONYM)—A WOMAN OF GREAT **COURAGE, INTEGRITY AND HUMILITY**. A WOMAN WHO TAUGHT ME VERY EARLY ON THAT REAL LOVE IS ABOUT SACRIFICE AND MATURITY.

MARGARET WEISS, AKA "PINKY," AKA, SR. LAURENCIA, SISTERS OF SOCIAL SERVICE, S.S.S.—FLEW PLANES IN WORLD WAR II. I WORKED TWO SUMMERS FOR HER WHEN I WAS IN SEMINARY COLLEGE. SHE WAS DIRECTOR OF **REGIS HOUSE**, A SISTERS OF SOCIAL SERVICE COMMUNITY CENTER IN WEST LOS ANGELES.

WHEN SHE WAS 5, MARGARET WATCHED A BI-PLANE BURST INTO FLAMES, CRASH AND BURN IN A SAN FERNANDO VALLEY ORANGE GROVE. AS HER MOTHER WATCHED IN HORROR, LITTLE MARGARET EXCLAIMED, "I WANT TO FLY SOMEDAY."

DURING WWII, SHE WORKED IN A PARTS HANGER FOR WESTERN AIRLINES IN BURBANK. SHE COULD GET A REQUEST FOR A PLANE PART AT THE FRONT DESK, ROLLER SKATE TO ITS LOCATION AND RETURN WITH THE PART FASTER THAN ANY OF THE MEN EMPLOYEES. HER NICKNAME BECAME "THE GREMLIN."

WITH THE BACKING OF ELENOR ROOSEVELT, **THE WASPS** WERE FORMED BY JACKIE COCHRAN ABOUT 1942. **THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY SERVICE PILOTS**, THOUGH NOT ALLOWED IN COMBAT, FLEW PLANES OFF ASSEMBLY LINES AROUND AMERICA TO PORTS AND DESTINATIONS WHERE THEY'D BE SHIPPED TO THE VARIOUS THEATERS OF WAR WORLDWIDE. OF THE 1,300 OR SO WOMEN WHO EARNED THEIR WINGS, MORE THAN 30 WERE KILLED FLYING PLANES OFF THE ASSEMBLY LINES, SOME OF WHICH HAD SERIOUS DEFECTS. JACKIE COCHRAN ASKED PINKY "WHAT WOULD BE THE TOP THREE ASSIGNMNTS SHE WOULD LIKE TO PURSUE AFTER GRADUATION?" "**TEST PILOT! TEST PILOT! TEST PILOT!**" WAS HER IMMEDIATE RESPONSE.

SHE WAS BREAKING IN A NEW T-6 TEXAN PLANE ONE DAY. THE LEFT-LANDING GEAR COLLAPSED DURING LANDING AND IT TOOK ALL HER STRENGTH TO KEEP THE CRAFT FROM CARTWHEELING DOWN THE RUNWAY. SHE MADE IT AND SAVED THE PLANE.

PINKY GRADUATED IN THE SECOND TO LAST CLASS OF WASPS FROM SWEETWATER, TEXAS IN 1944, CLASS "44-7." SHE WAS A LEGEND AND NATIONAL TREASURE, THOUGH NOT RECOGNIZED BY THE ARMY OR HER COUNTRY UNTIL 2001. AT THAT TIME, I WAS ABLE TO ACCOMPANY HER TO WASHINGTON, D.C., WHERE SHE RECEIVED THE CONGRESSIONAL GOLD MEDAL. ONLY ABOUT 30 REMAINING SURVIVORS WERE ALIVE TO BE HONORED FOR THEIR **WASP** ACHIEVEMENTS. THE AIR FORCE DID AN F-15 FLY-OVER IN THEIR HONOR AND SHE WORE THAT MEDAL PROUDLY AROUND HER NECK ALL WEEK. PEOPLE ASKED IF THEY COULD HOLD IT? SHE ANSWERED, "NO! YOU CAN TOUCH IT!" SHE SLEPT WITH IT THAT WHOLE WEEK, NEVER TAKING IT OFF.

ON THE FLIGHT BOTH TO AND FROM D.C., JET BLUE PILOTS ACKNOWLEDGED HER TO THE PASSENGERS OVER THE P.A. AS APPLAUSE AND CHEERS FROM THEM **GAVE SOME OF THE RECOGNITION SHE DEARLY DESERVED. HER MEMOIRS ARE A STUDY IN COURAGE AND HUMILITY.**



**"Pinky" and the T-6 Texan she flew in WWII.
Photo taken when she was about 80.**



**Pinky in her
flight suit.**



**As Sister/director of Regis House,
she always enjoyed life. Here,
Roger De Langis is trying to coax
her into the Pacific.**

SERGEANT RICHARD PARMELEE AND I HAD FORMED A FRIENDSHIP IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES. HE WAS HALF OWNERS OF A SINGLE ENGINE PLANE AND WOULD TAKE ME UP ANNUALLY. WHEN HE HEARD ABOUT PINKY, HE WANTED TO MEET HER. WE TOOK HER UP FLYING 5 OR 6 TIMES. SHE HAD THE TIME OF HER LIFE. GETTING HER IN TO THE FRONT SEAT WAS THE HARD PART. ONCE SHE DONNED THE HEADSET, SHE WAS READY TO FLY AND RICHARD WOULD HAND THE CONTROLS OVER TO HER AND SHE'D BE FLYING HIGH. BY NOW, SHE WAS IN HER EIGHTIES. RICHARD RAN THE MEDICAL LIAISON SECTION OF LAPD, CONNECTING INJURED OFFICERS AND THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

I WAS BLESSED TO CONDUCT PINKY'S FUNERAL AT THE RIVERSIDE NATIONAL CEMETERY.
REST IN PEACE, GREAT LADY, WHO SAVED ME FOR THE PRIESTHOOD.

"HIGH FLIGHT."

**OH, I HAVE SLIPPED THE SURLEY BONDS OF EARTH,
AND DANCED THE SKIES ON LAUGHTER-SILVERED WINGS;**

SUNWARD I'VE CLIMBED AND JOINED THE TUMBLING MIRTH
OF SUN-SPLIT CLOUDS---AND DONE A HUNDRED THINGS
YOU HAVE NOT DREAMED OF---WHEELED AND SOARDED AND SWUNG
HIGH IN THE SUNLIT SILENCE. HOV'RING THERE,
I'VE CHASED THE SHOUTING WIND ALONG AND FLUNG
MY EAGER CRAFT THROUGH FOOTLESS HALLS OF AIR.
UP, UP THE LONG DELIRIOUS, BURNING BLUE
I'VE TOPPED THE WIND-SWEPT HEIGHTS WITH EASY GRACE,
WHERE NEVER LARK, OR EVEN EAGLE, FLEW;
AND, WHILE WITH SILENT, LIFTING MIND I'VE TROD
THE HIGH UNTRESPASSED SANCTITY OF SPACE,
PUT OUT MY HAND AND TOUCHED THE FACE OF GOD.
JOHN GILLESPIE MAGEE, JR.

IN DECEMBER 1941, PILOT OFFICER JOHN G. MAGEE, A 19-YEAR-OLD AMERICAN SERVING WITH THE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE IN ENGLAND, WAS KILLED WHEN HIS SPITFIRE COLLIDED WITH ANOTHER AIRCRAFT INSIDE A CLOUD. SEVERAL MONTHS BEFORE HIS DEATH, HE COMPOSED HIS IMMORTAL SONNET "HIGH FLIGHT," A COPY OF WHICH HE MAILED TO HIS PARENTS IN THE U.S.A.

FR. NICHOLAS DEIS—OREGON PRIEST SERVED 44 YEARS, MOSTLY IN RURAL SETTINGS. I MET HIM WHEN HE WAS ASSIGNED TO THE PARISH IN GRANTS PASS. HE WAS PRACTICAL, DOWN TO EARTH. I MADE AN APPOINTMENT WITH HIM IN 1968, HOPING TO FIND A JOB WORKING THE FOLLOWING SUMMER AS A "CHOKER SETTER" HARVESTING LUMBER IN THE WOODS. HE STRONGLY ADVISED AGAINST IT. HE SAID, "#1. YOU'RE TOO SMALL. #2, THE MORALS BACK IN THOSE LUMBER CAMPS ARE BAD, LOTS OF CAROUSING. NOT A GOOD ATMOSPHERE FOR A SEMINARIAN. WHY DON'T YOU TRY FOR A JOB AT THE WOOD CHIP MILL IN ROGUE RIVER WHEN YOU GRADUATE THE SEMINARY COLLEGE?"

I GOT MY DIPLOMA AT NOON ON SATURDAY AND WAS APPLYING FOR WORK AT THE GEORGIA PACIFIC MILL IN ROGUE RIVER, OREGON MONDAY AT 0800. WHAT A FUN SUMMER. I GOT TO LOAD WOODCHIPS INTO RAILROAD FREIGHT CARS, GOT TO DRIVE HEAVY EQUIPMENT AND PROVE TO MYSELF THAT I COULD BE ACCEPTED IN THE COMPANY OF MEN—AS A MAN OF GOD. IT WAS A TEST I HAD TO PASS FOR MYSELF, AND I DID. **THAT SUMMER WAS A DEFINING MOMENT.**



ME DRIVING A CAT-966.

FR. DEIS BUILT 7 CHURCHES IN OREGON, AMONG THEM IN ASTORIA AND HOLY REDEEMER IN NORTH BEND. HE SAVED THE PARISHIONERS THOUSANDS IN COSTS BECAUSE HE'D ARRIVE AND BEGIN SCROUNGING MATERIALS FOR CONSTRUCTION AS THE PLANS WERE BEING DRAWN. IN NORTH BEND WHICH WAS A LUMBER INDUSTRY SEA PORT HE'D WALK HIS 130-POUND GREAT DANE," REBEL" ALONG THE DOCKS EVERY MORNING, MAKING FRIENDS WITH SHIP CAPTAINS AND CONSTRUCTION COMPANY PRESIDENTS. SHIPMENTS WOULD OCCASIONALLY BE LEFT BEHIND OR REMAIN UNCLAIMED, SO HE'D GET THEM DONATED OR FOR PENNIES ON THE DOLLAR. BY THE TIME THE PLANS WERE DRAWN, HE'D HAVE ALL THE MATERIALS GATHERED AND CONSTRUCTION WOULD BEGIN, USUALLY BY DONATED LABOR. THE TECHNIQUE WORKED BETTER IN OREGON THAN IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, BUT I TRIED TO MODEL **THE DESERT REFUGE** AFTER HIS SUCCESSFUL BLUEPRINT. I WAS SOMETIMES LABELED AS A HOARDER, BUT I ALWAYS HAD HIS VISION IN MIND. HE WAS A TRUE, PRIESTLY, FRIEND. WHEN I FOUND MYSELF AT ODDS WITH THE POWERS THAT BE IN LOS ANGELES, HE WAS THERE THREE DAYS LATER TO DRIVE ME BACK TO OREGON FOR FOUR MONTHS OF ACTIVE LEAVE. HE HELPED MY GET MY HEAD BACK ON CORRECTLY. HE WAS **THE PRIESTLY "BACK UP"** THAT PROVED SO RARE AT TIMES . . . **"THE GREEN ONION INCIDENT KIND!"**

DOROTHY THERESE ANN WOLFORD WAS A STUDENT OF MY INQUIRY CLASS FOR THOSE SEEKING TO BECOME CATHOLICS IN 1977. I RECEIVED HER INTO THE CHURCH. WHEN I TOLD MY SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR, JOHN McANULTY, SHE TOLD ME SHE WOULD GIVE HER RIGHT ARM FOR ME, HE SAID, **"YOU HAVE A FRIEND FOR LIFE."** HE WAS CORRECT. SHE WAS ACTIVE IN EVERYTHING AT ST. AGATHA FROM PRESIDENT OF THE WOMEN'S CLUB TO CHAIRPERSON OF THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL. SHE WAS AN EXTRAORDINARY MINISTER OF THE EUCHARIST AND LECTOR. SHE WAS PRESIDENT OF **THE RESERVE CORPS OF ST. MICHAEL** AND LED THE CHARGE IN FUND-RAISING FOR **THE DESERT REFUGE FOR PEACE OFFICERS AND MILITARY PERSONNEL**. DOROTHY WALKED 6 OF HER AUNTS, AN UNCLE AND MOTHER THROUGH THEIR DYING DAYS, PREPARING MEALS AND DRIVING THEM TO DOCTORS. ONE TIME WHEN HER SON, LOUIS NEEDED TO BE HOSPITALIZED, SHE, HER SON AND HER MOTHER WERE ALL IN HOSPITAL BEDS ON THE SAME FLOOR OF ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL. SHE VIRTUALLY RAISED HER NEPHEW, **JESSE**, AFTER JESSE'S DAD DIED EARLY FROM INJURIES SUSTAINED IN AN ARMED ROBBERY. THROUGH ALL THAT, SHE OWNED AND OPERATED A RECORD STORE IN SOUTH CENTRAL L.A. AND MANAGED A 4-UNIT APARTMENT BUILDING IN SANTA MONICA. SHE WAS ALSO THE SECRETARY OF ST. ANSELM CATHOLIC SCHOOL FOR MANY YEARS. AND MY SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR WAS CORRECT. SHE WAS A FRIEND FOR 37 YEARS OF MY LIFE.

IT WAS MY PRIVELEGE TO BE AT HER SIDE AT CEDAR/SINAI THE MORNING SHE DIED.

JESSE HOBSON SATTERFIELD, GODSON. FRIENDSHIP WITH DOROTHY WOLFORD LED TO FRIENDSHIP WITH HER BROTHER, JESSE SENIOR. HE WOULD HAVE A SON, **JESSE HOBSON**. I KNEW JESSE FROM HIS BIRTH. I GAVE HIM HIS FIRST JOB WHEN HE WAS 7. HIS DAD PASSED WHEN JESSE WAS ONLY 13. I PROMISED HIS DAD ON IS DEATHBED THAT I'D WATCH OVER THIS YOUNG MAN. LIKE HIS DAD, JESSE WAS GOOD AT BASKETBALL IN HIGH SCHOOL. **JESSE EARNED A BASKETBALL SCHOLARSHIP TO DELTA COLLEGE IN STOCKTON.**

"I'LL LET JESSE'S COACH TELL THE NEXT PART OF JESSE'S STORY.

COACH BRIAN KANZ WAS A HEAD COLLEGE BASKETBALL COACH FOR 32 YEARS. HE WROTE A BOOK ABOUT THE 13 MOST REMARKABLE PLAYERS OF HIS CAREER. THE BOOK IS ENTITLED, **"THE ROAD MORE TRAVELED, A COACH'S VIEW FROM THE BENCH."** **"A DIRECT MISS"** IS THE CHAPTER ABOUT **JESSE HOBSON SATTERFIELD**. IT'S 16 PAGES LONG AND WORTH THE TROUBLE TO READ THE WHOLE STORY. I'M JUST TAKING KEY PHRASES FROM COACH'S NARRATIVE.

"JESSE WAS 6'2" AND 165 POUNDS, VERY RAW AND UNSKILLED, SOMEWHAT ATHLETIC-MAYBE A SIX ON A SCALE OF ONE TO TEN- AND WASN'T A GOOD BALL HANDLER, PASSER, OR SHOOTER. WHEN WE MET, DOROTHY [JESSE'S AUNT]

TOLD ME THAT JESSE WAS NOT A GOOD STUDENT AND HAD A SEVERE FORM OF DYSLEXIA. WHEN [TEST] RESULTS CAME BACK, JESSE SCORED LOW IN ALL THREE AREAS: READING, WRITING AND MATH. HIS DYSLEXIA WAS EVIDENT . . . [THEN, JESSE GOT EXCELLENT REMEDIAL HELP. THROUGH COACH'S EFFORTS.] WHEN FIRST SEMESTER GRADES WERE POSTED . . . HE PASSED. JESSE'S SELF-ESTEEM GREW. [JESSE WENT HOME FOR CHRISTMAS BREAK AND WAS NEARLY SHOT BY NEIGHBORHOOD HOOLEMS IN A MISTAKEN ID ACCIDENT. JESSE WENT BACK TO SCHOOL DISCOURAGED. HE TOLD COACH KATZ HE WANTED TO QUIT. COACH KATZ CONTINUED THE NARRATIVE:] "HERE'S WHAT I TOLD HIM, 'REALLY? THAT'S INTERESTING. LET ME SEE IF I UNDERSTAND THIS . . .

FR. MIKE AND YOUR AUNT DOROTHY WANT YOU TO BE HERE . . . YOU JUST GOT THE BEST GRADES YOU EVER RECEIVED IN YOUR ACADEMIC CAREER. YOU ARE PART OF A GOOD TEAM AND ORGANIZATION. LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT: YOU HAVE EXACTLY FOUR PEOPLE IN YOUR LIFE THAT CARE ABOUT YOU. YOUR AUNT DOROTHY, YOUR GRAND-MOTHER WILLY, FATHER MIKE AND THE JERK LOOKING AT YOU RIGHT NOW. OTHER THAN THAT, NO ONE GIVES A DAMN ABOUT YOU. THE FOUR OF US WILL BE HERE FOR YOU AND EVERYONE ELSE WILL COME AND GO. I WILL GUARANTEE THAT AUNT, YOUR GRANDMOTHER, AND FATHER MIKE WANT YOU TO STAY."

JESSE WAS IN PRACTICE THE NEXT DAY AND EVERY DAY THEREAFTER FOR THE NEXT THREE YEARS. HE CONTINUED TO GROW, DEVELOP AND FLOURISH.

SOMETIMES TALENT IS FROM THE NECK UP AND WINNING BASKETBALL CERTAINLY IS. IN REGARD TO JESSE SATTERFIELD, THIS WAS CERTAINLY THE CASE.



“Seabiscuit.” Jesse Hobson Satterfield and Family.

IN THE FIRST GAME JESSE STARTED, HE TOOK A BRUTAL SHOT TO THE MID-SECTION WHILE DRAWING A CHARGE. THE COLLISION HAD SUCH FORCE THAT EVERYONE IN THE GYM GASPED ALOUD: OFFICIALS, PLAYERS AND FANS ALIKE. WHEN JESSE CAME TO THE BENCH, HE MADE IT A POINT

TO SIT NEAR ME. AFTER A MINUTE OR TWO, HE WAS READY TO GO BACK INTO THE GAME. . . . HE HAD BEEN CLEARED BY THE TRAINER. JESSE WENT BACK IN AND PROMPTLY DREW ANOTHER CHARGE. WE ENDED UP WINNING THAT GAME AGAINST AN OPPONENT THAT HAD PREVIOUSLY BEATEN US BY 40 POINTS.

THE FOLLOWING MONDAY, JESSE HOBBLING INTO PRACTICE IN A LOT OF PAIN. [THE TEAM DOCTOR TOLD COACH HE COULD TAPE UP JESSE'S RIBS, TO PLAY, BUT THERE WAS NO WAY HE'D BE ABLE TO WITHSTAND THE GRUELING PAIN. BEFORE THE GAME, JESSE SAID:]

“COACH, I'VE BEEN THROUGH TOO MUCH AND COME TOO FAR TO LET AN INJURY HOLD ME BACK. NO WAY I'M NOT PLAYING.”

CLEARLY, JESSE HAD THOUGHT THIS THROUGH. I WAS STUNNED BY HIS INTENTIONS AND REMARKS, BUT IT DOESN'T COME CLOSE TO THE SURPRISE I HAD WHEN JESSE TOOK A CHARGE AT THE FIFTEEN-MINUTE MARK OF THE FIRST HALF. OUR BENCH EXPLODED WITH RAW EMOTION AS IT WAS TRULY THE **DEFINING MOMENT** OF BOTH THE GAME AND THE SEASON. WE WENT ON TO WIN OUR SECOND GAME IN A ROW. JESSE PLAYED A LIMITED ROLE, BUT HE WAS ON THE FLOOR AT CRUNCH TIME AND GOT THE KEY REBOUND TO SEAL THE OUTCOME. . . . JESSE NEVER MISSED A PRACTICE OR A GAME FOR THE REST OF HIS CAREER.

AS YOU MAY REMEMBER, THE HORSE SEABISCUIT WAS THE ULTIMATE UNDERDOG WHO LOOKED NOTHING LIKE A CHAMPION. HE WASN'T BIG, POWERFUL OR SLEEK. LIKE JESSE, SEABISCUIT WAS SMALL AND UNORTHODOX, AND OFTEN REFERRED TO AS AWKWARD, DUE TO HIS RUNNING STYLE. AT THAT MOMENT, THE LEGEND OF OUR SEABISCUIT WAS BORN IN MY MIND AND IN THE PERSON OF JESSE SATTERFIELD. I BEGAN TO REFER TO JESSE AS SEABISCUIT AND THE NAME STUCK . . . HIS TEAMMATES TO THIS DAY REFER TO HIM BY THAT NICKNAME, WHICH COMES FROM RESPECT AND ADMIRATION, WHILE ALSO BEING A TERM OF ENDEARMENT. GOD, I'VE ALWAYS LOVED THE UNDERDOG.

I NEVER NEEDED TO COMMENT ON JESSE. NEITHER DID ANYONE ELSE. HIS ACTIONS DID ALL THE TALKING. . . . THEREIN LIES THE BEAUTY OF BASKETBALL: IT IS A TEAM GAME WITH EACH PLAYER HAVING A VERY SPECIFIC ROLE. HIS PERFORMANCES IN THESE TWO GAMES MAY NOT HAVE BEEN GLAMOROUS, BUT TO MYSELF AND HIS TEAMMATES, HE HAD PAINTED TWO BEAUTIFUL MASTERPIECES. AND AS MENTIONED EARLIER, WE WON THE LEAGUE TITLE AND ADVANCED TO THE SWEET SIXTEEN IN THE STATE.

WORK ETHIC IS THE SINGLE MOST IMPORTANT SKILL NECESSARY FOR A SUCCESSFUL LIFE, AND JESSE WASN'T AFRAID OF HARD WORK . . . LATE IN THE SUMMER OF 2004, JESSE WAS ADMITTED TO STANISLAUS STATE, A DIVISION II SCHOOL IN TURLOCK . . . AS I CONTINUED TO WATCH HIM WALK AWAY FROM MY OFFICE FOR THE LAST TIME, A FEELING OF CALM AND CONFIDENCE CAME OVER ME. I REMEMBER THINKING: “THERE IS ALWAYS A WAY TO SUCCEED . . . AND I'M SURE SEABISCUIT WILL FIND IT.”

JESSE HOBSON SATTERFIELD IS MY GODSON. I AM EXTREMELY PROUD TO KNOW HIM.

DEACON HOSEA ALEXANDER—MENTORED ME IN HOW TO MINISTER IN THE AFRICAN AMERICAN COMMUNITY. FOR A YEAR ON FRIDAY MORNINGS AT 0600, WE'D CIRCLE THE DORSEY HIGH SCHOOL TRACK WHERE I LEARNED THE RICH HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN LOUISIANA, GOING BACK GENERATIONS. HIS FAITH WAS PALPABLE. WHEN ANY OF THEIR THREE CHILDREN LEFT THE HOME, HOSEA AND HIS WIFE GENEVIEVE WOULD MEET THEM AT THE FRONT DOOR AND SEND THEM OFF WITH A BLESSING. UPON THEIR RETURN, IT WAS THE SAME.

HOSEA WAS A PERSONNEL TROUBLE-SHOOTER DEALING WITH PERSONNEL PROBLEMS FOR MANY YEARS AT HUGHES AIRCRAFT IN CULVER CITY. HE WAS IN THE FIRST GRADUATING CLASS OF THE NEWLY REESTABLISHED CATHOLIC DIACONATE PROGRAM IN AMERICA IN THE LATE 1960s AND ELECTED BY THOSE GENTLEMEN AS THEIR FIRST NATIONAL LEADER FOR 2 TERMS.

MEI LING LEE HARDEN BARKER—WAS THE “SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR (ME) OF **THE DESERT REFUGE**.” I ASKED HER TO PICK HER TITLE. SHE WAS GOOD AT STUFF LIKE THAT. NOT ONLY COULD SHE READ PAGES I’D SCRIBBLED THE NIGHT BEFORE, BUT SHE COULD TYPE THEM THE NEXT DAY AT 110 WORDS A MINUTE, WITH NO MISTAKES. THOUGH SHE HAD A LAW DEGREE FROM USC, SHE NEVER PASSED THE BAR. BUT HER MEMORY AND VOCABULRY WERE EXTRAORDINARY AND HER WIT AND ABILITY TO “PUT YOU IN YOUR PLACE” WERE WITHOUT EQUAL. THOUGH SHE ALWAYS TREATED ME WITH RESPECT, THERE WERE TIMES WHEN I SUSPECT SHE WANTED TO SAY TO ME, “YOU’RE NOT THE SHARPEST PENCIL IN THE DRAWER.” SHE WAS AN ACCOMPLISHED PIANIST AND COULD SING LIKE THE ANGELS. SHE HAD ALL HER PARTS TO SING HANDEL’S MESSIAH MEMORIZED.

HER ACADEMIC ACHIEVEMENTS INCLUDED BEING VALEDICTORIAN OF HER HIGH SCHOOL CLASS AND SHE LANDED A RHODES SCHOLARSHIP WHERE SHE STUDIED IN ENGLAND. AS A SINGLE MOM, SHE MANAGED TO PUT HER TWO CHILDREN THROUGH MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY. SHE LOVED ANIMALS. I THINK SHE RESCUED 20 DOGS AND CATS. MORE IMPORTANTLY, SHE LOVED TEENS IN TROUBLE AND RESCUED THAT MANY OR MORE KIDS, TAKING THEM IN FOR PERIODS AT A TIME.

TRAGICALLY, SHE DIED OF CANCER WHEN SHE WAS ONLY 56. FAMILY ISSUES WITH HIS MOM DYING IN AUSTRALIA FORCED HER HUSBAND, **PHIL** TO BE GONE WHEN SHE PASSED. HER TWO CHILDREN, FOUR BEST FRIENDS AND I ALL SURROUNDED HER BED AS SHE BREATHED HER LAST. WE ALL MISS HER THESE MANY YEARS LATER.

BOB ELDER—COMMANDER, OXNARD POLICE DEPARTMENT, HAD AN ILLUSTRIOUS CAREER. BOB SUPPORTED ME IN THE DAYS I WAS CONSIDERING REQUESTING FULL-TIME POLICE CHAPLAINCY. HE KIDDINGLY REMARKED, “WHEN YOU GO TO MEET THE CARDINAL WITH YOUR REQUEST, SHALL I COME WITH YOU? **‘IF HE REFUSES, I’LL HOOK HIM UP!’**”

HE WAS A KEY PLAYER IN FOUNDING THE **TRI-COUNTY INVESTIGATORS ASSOCIATION**. HE MADE ME AN INTERGRAL PART OF THAT ANNUAL TRAINING. THROUGH HIS EFFORTS, I ACCRUED NUMEROUS HOURS OF VALUABLE TRAINING AND MET KEY PLAYERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LAW ENFORCEMENT. HE WAS ALSO THE HARDEST WORKING MEMBER OF THE DESERT REFUGE BOARD OF DIRECTORS. HIS PASSION FOR OUR MISSION OF HELPING AND HEALING WOUNDED COPS AND MILITARY WAS UNMATCHED.

BOB WAS BELOVED BY HIS OFFICERS. ONE OF HIS YOUNG OFFICERS DECIDED TO MARRY BUT WAS SHORT OF FUNDS FOR A RECEPTION. BOB TOLD HIM, “I’VE GOT IT COVERED.” HE INVOLVED DOZENS OF DEPARTMENT PERSONNEL AND PUT ON A TRI-TIP RECEPTION WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS FOR 135 PEOPLE. KNOWING MY COMPLETE LACK OF ANY CULINARY EXPERTISE, BOB INDUCED ME TO DRIVE TO OXNARD AND CUT CARROTS FOR THE AFFAIR. BOB COULD GET ANYBODY TO DO ANYTHING HE ASKED.

BOB HAD A SPECIAL WAY WITH THE LADIES. LATE IN LIFE, HE WAS IN A DIABETIC COMA FOR ALMOST A YEAR. AT ONE POINT, HIS WIFE KAREN WAS SITTING NEXT TO HIS HOSPITAL BED AS A NURSE WAS STRAIGHTENING HIS COVERS. HE REACHED UP UNDER HER BLOUSE. THE NURSE CALMLY REPLIED, “WE CHARGE EXTRA FOR THAT.” KAREN NEARLY DIED LAUGHING. WHETHER BOB HAD MOMENTARILY RECOVERED FROM HIS COMA OR REMAINED IN IT, NONE OF US WILL EVER KNOW. HE DID EVENTUALLY FULLY RECOVER BUT HAD TO BE ON DIALYSIS FOR HIS LAST COUPLE YEARS.

I CONDUCTED BOB'S FUNERAL. THE CEREMONY LASTED ONE HOUR AND FIFTEEN MINUTES. PEOPLE DELIVERED TESTIMONY OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS HE DID FOR THEM DURING HIS LONG CAREER FOR ANOTHER TWO HOURS AND FORTY-FIVE MINUTES. NO ONE GOT UP TO LEAVE. THREE GROWN WOMEN TOLD OF HIS FACILITATING THEIR BEING BORN IN THE FIELD WHEN HE WAS A YOUNG PATROL OFFICER.



BOB ELDER AT THE END OF CAREER.

BOB KELLAR—GREEN BERET, LAPD SWAT, INTERNAL AFFAIRS, HIGHLY DECORATED SERGEANT SPEARHEADING THE LAPD RESERVE CORPS AT ITS PEAK OF 2200 OFFICERS. LIKE THE RELATIONSHIP WITH MY BROTHER, THERE ARE NOT ENOUGH PAGES ATTACHED TO EXPRESS MY ADMIRATION FOR **BOB, THE OLDER BROTHER I NEVER HAD**. HE WAS AN ACCOMPLISHED RUNNER, PARTICIPATING AS PART OF THE ACADEMY ENTRY IN THE GRUELING ANNUAL BAKER-TO-VEGAS RELAY RACE. MORE THAN 100 TEAMS PARTICIPATED FROM POLICE DEPARTMENTS ALL OVER AMERICA. THE ACADEMY TEAM WAS ALWAYS AMONG THE TOP CONTENDERS.

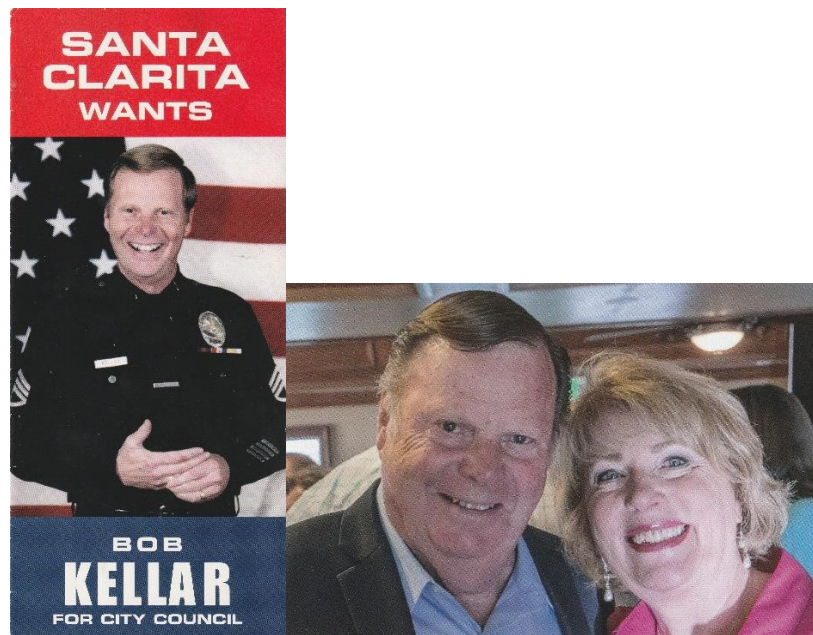
BOB'S SPECIAL FORCES ARMY TRAINING INCLUDED ESCAPE-CHAMBERING OUT OF A SUBMERGED SUBMARINE, (USS SEACAT, BALAO-CLASS, SS 399) AT NIGHT 4-MILES OFF THE COAST, SWIMMING ASHORE, CONDUCTING UNDERWATER RECONNOITERING OF ENEMY INSTALLATIONS AND RETURNING SAFELY TO THE MOTHERSHIP 4 MILES LATER. SEA CAT OPERATED FROM KEY WEST IN 1952.

BOB WAS ALWAYS LOCAL, ALWAYS WILLING TO MAKE TIME, ALWAYS SUPPORTIVE, ALWAYS WILLING TO JUMP IN AND LEND A HAND. CASE IN POINT. RUNNING UP "CARDIAC ARREST" HILL IN THE ELYSIAN HILLS AROUND THE POLICE ACADEMY IN 1985, THROUGH MY HUFFING AND PUFFING I BLURTED OUT TO BOB, "**WHAT WOULD YOU THINK ABOUT BUILDING A CHAPEL AT THE ACADEMY.**" I THINK HE STOPPED COLD, SAID, "THAT'S A GREAT IDEA." HE TOOK THE BALL AND RAN WITH IT BOB RAISED THE \$45,000 NEEDED FOR CONSTRUCTION, CONDUCTED RAFFLES, GOT THE LAPD SEMI--PRO CENTURION FOOTBALL TEAM TO PLAY A FUNDRAISER GAME FOR US, GOT HIS WEEKEND RESERVE RECRUIT CLASSES TO FORM LINES AND HAUL

CINDER BLOCKS THAT WOULD FORM THE WALLS UP THE HILL FOR EXERCISE. IN 1989, WE DEDICATED THE FIRST CHAPEL AT A POLICE ACADEMY IN THE UNITED STATES THAT ANY OF US HAD EVER HEARD OF.

IN 1989 WHEN I WAS AWARDED TITLE OF CERTIFIED MASTER CHAPLAIN, BOB DROVE TO SACRAMENTO TO JOIN ME ON THE STAGE AS MY SERGEANT. BOB WAS THERE FOR EVERY FAMILY MEMBER AND PERSONAL SIGNIFICANT OTHER FUNERAL I CONDUCTED. ONE DOESN'T FORGET THAT KIND OF SUPPORT. **BOB'S WIFE KATHY** HAS PROVIDED HIM WITH THE SUPPORT HE NEEDED TO WEATHER HIS 21 YEARS ON THE CITY COUNCIL OF SANTA CLARITA, CALIFORNIA, THE CITY BOASTING THE 7TH LARGEST CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN THE STATE.

THROUGH THE YEARS, HE HAS ROTATED THROUGH THE OFFICE OF MAYOR AND SPEARHEADED COUNTLESS CELEBRATIONS HONORING MILITARY AND POLICE VETERANS. THE GYMNASIUM AT THE POLICE ACADEMY WAS ABSOLUTELY PACKED FOR HIS RETIREMENT. I HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF LEADING THE INVOCATION FOR THAT EVENT.



THE SMILE & BROCHURE THAT WON HIS ELECTION.

BOB AND WIFE KATHY

KEITH BUSHEY—COLONEL, USMC, A “MUSTANG” WHO ROSE ALL THE WAY UP THROUGH THE RANKS. AS A ROWDY TEEN, KEITH FOUND HIMSELF BEFORE A JUDGE WHO SAID, “DECIDE BETWEEN JAIL AND THE MARINES.” THE MARINES WERE AN APPARENTLY GOOD FIT. HIS CAREER TOOK HIM, IN PART, FROM THE CORPS TO SAN BERNARDINO CORONER AND MARSHAL TO LAPD RETIRING AS A COMMANDER, TO LIAISON FROM DISTRICT ATTORNEY STEVE COOLEY’S OFFICE TO ALL SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES. FROM THERE, HE TRAVELED BACK TO SAN BERNARDINO ENDING HIS CAREER AS UNDERSHERIFF. BASED ON HIS PROLIFIC WRITING SKILLS, IT IS DOUBTFUL HE’LL EVER RETIRE. HIS BOOKS AND ARTICLES ARE MASTERPIECES ON TOPICS LIKE LEADERSHIP AND GOOD GOVERNMENT. HE DONATED THE PROCEEDS FROM ONE OF HIS BOOKS, **THE MANY FORKS IN MY MANY ROADS**, TO **THE DESERT REFUGE FOR PEACE OFFICERS AND MILITARY PERSONNEL** AND GAVE US A VERY KIND ENDORSEMENT. HE ALSO SERVED VERY PRODUCTIVELY AS A DIRECTOR AND GOVERNOR FOR OUR ORGANIZATION.

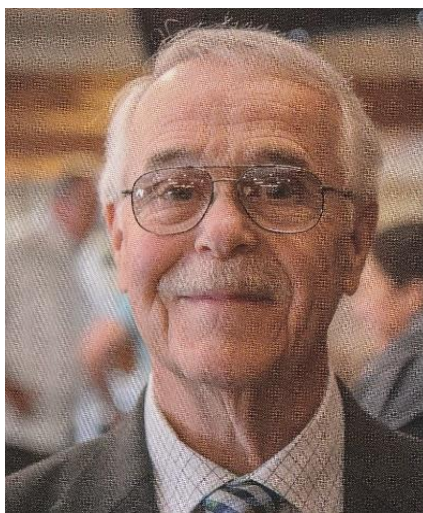


COLONEL KEITH BUSHEY, U.S.M.C. RETIRED.

IT WAS KEITH WHO ENCOURAGED ME MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS AGO TO PUT THESE PAGES TOGETHER, GOING SO FAR AS TO HELP ME LAY OUT THE OUTLINE AND TITLE THE CHAPTERS WHICH WAS PROBABLY THE HARDEST CHALLENGE. WITH HIS WIFE, **CATHY**, I TREASURE OUR VERY LONG FRIENDSHIP. HE AND CATHY HAVE FOSTER-PARENTED MORE THAN 50 TROUBLED TEENS IN THEIR HOME.

COLONEL KEITH SHARES A QUALITY ESSENTIAL TO A GREAT LEADER AND YET NOT SEEN OFTEN. HE MAKES CERTAIN YOU HAVE EVERY TOOL AND WEAPON NECESSARY TO FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT WHETHER AT THE PHYSICAL, EMOTIONAL, INTELLECTUAL OR SPIRITUAL LEVEL.

MARK O'SULLIVAN—NON- DENOMINATIONAL POLICE CHAPLAIN I MET AT AN ICPC REGIONAL COVENTION IN DIAMOND BAR IN 1986. MARK HAS ONE OF THE GREATEST FUNNYBONES I HAVE EVER ENCOUNTERED. HE HAS ALL THE GREAT GIFTS NEEDED TO BE A WORLD-CLASS POLICE CHAPLAIN. AND WITH ALL HIS ADMINISTRATIVE SKILLS, IT WAS ONLY RIGHT THAT HE WOULD EVENTUALLY BE ELECTED PRESIDENT OF **THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF POLICE CHAPLAINS** FOR SEVERAL 2-YEAR TERMS. MARK NOT ONLY LED THE CHARGE IN INNOVATIVE FUNDRAISING AND SERVICE-ORIENTATED IMPROVEMENTS TO THE ORGANIZATION, BUT HE ALSO HAD THAT RARE QUALITY OF INSPIRING INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS TO WORK HARDER. HIS OTHER HALF, **PATTI**, IS EVEN BETTER THAN HE! AND HE WOULD AGREE.



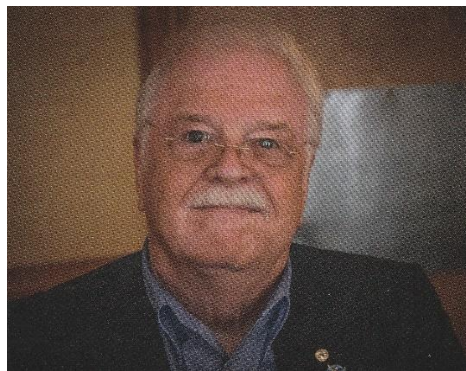
CHAPLAIN MARK O'SULLIVAN.

ONE WAY HIS CARE SHONE THROUGH FOR ME WAS AT A NATIONAL TRAINING SEMINAR IN 1991, HE TOOK ME ASIDE ONE DAY AND ASKED, “WHAT PLANS HAVE YOU MADE FOR YOUR RETIREMENT?” THE QUESTION BEING ASKED 28 YEARS BEFORE I WOULD RETIRE! NO PRIEST-ACQUAINTANCE HAD EVER CARED ENOUGH TO ASK THAT QUESTION. THE BEST PART WAS THAT HE OFFERED CONCRETE, REALISTIC SUGGESTIONS THAT HEAVILY IMPACTED MY RETIREMENT. I ACQUIRED A CABIN ON 5 ACRES IN 29 PALMS IN 2004 FOR \$2,000. I SOLD IT IN 2025 FOR \$231,000. HIS GENUINE CARE AND CONCERN MADE A TREMENDOUS DIFFERENCE IN MY LIFE. AND THAT WOULD NOT BE THE LAST TIME. MARK, AS PRESIDENT, WAS EXCLUDED FROM RECEIVING **THE JOHN A. PRICE AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE IN POLICE CHAPLAINCY**, THE HIGHEST INTERNATIONAL CHAPLAIN AWARD GIVEN IN THE WORLD, BUT HE NOMINATED SEVERAL OTHERS TO RECEIVE IT. SUCH WAS HIS HUMBLE SPIRIT. THE MEMBERSHIP WAS 2700 IN 17 COUNTRIES WORLD-WIDE WHEN HE SERVED AS PRESIDENT. HE FOUNDED A NON-PROFIT CHAPLAINCY IN THE SACRAMENTO AREA THAT BROUGHT 7 AGENCIES INCLUDING THE CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY PATROL UNDER THE UMBRELLA OF ONE INTER-FORCE CHAPLAIN PROGRAM.

THE EXPERIENCE THAT MOST SOLIDIFIED OUR FRIENDSHIP WAS SERVING TOGETHER AS 2 OF 5 CHAPLAINS CHOSEN TO SERVE THE SECURITY FORCES FOR **THE 1996 OLYMPIC GAMES IN ATLANTA**. PEOPLE COULD GO ON AND ON ABOUT HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS. I’VE BARELY TOUCHED THE SURFACE. LET ME JUST SAY HOW PROUD I FEEL TO BE ABLE TO SAY HE IS A TRUE FRIEND. SEE: **CHAPTER 37**. (PAGE 157 – 158.)

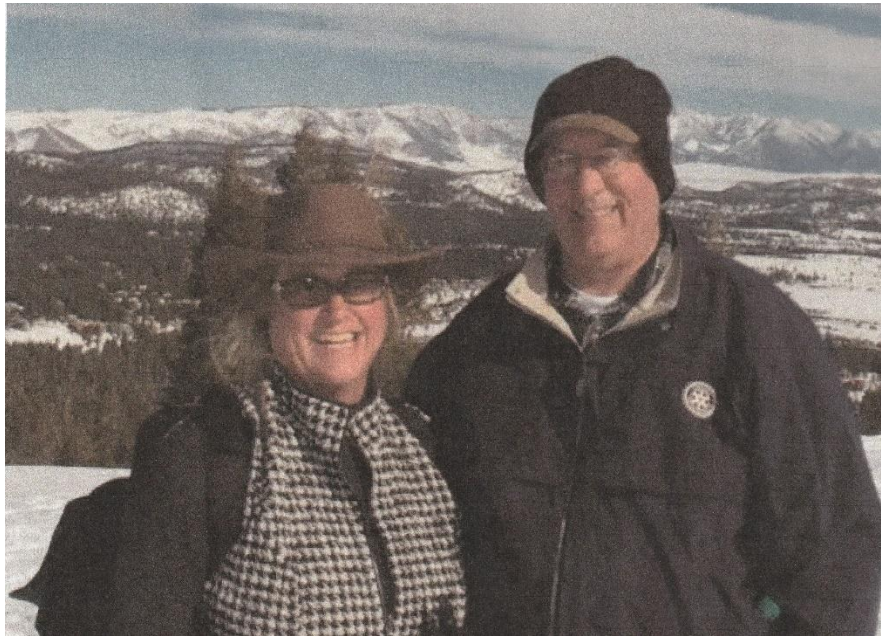
SAM BARBER—7 YEARS ACTIVE-DUTY U. S. MARINE, 25 YEARS, LAPD, RETIRING AT RANK OF SERGEANT. OF SAM’S MANY ACCOMPLISHMENTS, HE TAUGHT ETHICS AT THE L.A. POLICE ACADEMY AND CERTIFIED INSTRUCTORS FOR MANY YEARS. HE WAS A FOUNDING FORMATOR IN **POINTMAN MINISTRIES**, THAT TOOK HIM TO VISITING OVER 40 COUNTRIES TEACHING POLICE PERSONNEL BOTH LAW ENFORCEMENT PROCEDURES, AND FOR THOSE WHO FREELY WISH, CHRISTIAN VALUES. THE IMPACT OF HIS EFFORTS ON THE WORLDWIDE SCALE WILL ONLY BE APPRECIATED FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF ETERNITY.

PART OF SAM’S INSPIRATION CAME FROM THE DEATH OF HIS OLDER BROTHER, **SERGEANT “BUZZ” BARBER, USMC**, WHO WAS KILLED IN VIET NAM. A TREE STANDS TALL AT THE DESERT REFUGE IN BUZZ’S HONOR.



Austin “Sam” Barber

COMMANDER DAN WATSON- ALWAYS THERE, ALWAYS SUPPORTIVE, ALWAYS WISE, ALWAYS LEVEL-HEADED, ALWAYS A VOICE OF REASON. AT NEARLY A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OF SERVICE, HE WAS THE LONGEST SERVING MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF **THE DESERT REFUGE**. HE ROUNDED OUT HIS CAREER AS THE CHIEF OF SOUTH PASADENA P. D. AND MAMMOTH LAKES P. D. **WIFE KATHY CONTRIBUTED MIGHTILY TO THE CADRE OF PORTRAITS IN THIS MANUSCRIPT.** HE ONCE STATED, “HOW COULD YOU SAY NO TO FATHER MIKE?” TO THE BEST OF MY RECOLLECTION, **HE NEVER DID.**



DAN TAUGHT ME THE MEANING OF THE WORD **INTEGRITY**. **INTEGRITY IS WHAT YOU DO WHEN NOBODY IS LOOKING**. HE ALSO, BY HIS GOOD EXAMPLE, TAUGHT ME THE OTHER HALF OF THE DEFINITION. IT'S WHAT YOU DO **WHEN EVERYBODY IS LOOKING**. AT ONE PARTICULARLY PAINFUL BOARD MEETING, HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO SUPPORTED ME AND SPOKE IN MY FAVOR. HE WAS SHOUTED DOWN. THE SUBMISSION OF MY RESIGNATION AS EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY. DAN WAS ALWAYS WILLING TO OVERLOOK MY SOMETIMES-COLORFUL LANGUAGE. I THINK HE GENERALLY UNDERSTOOD MY MOTIVES.

DEACON STEVE HILLMANN-LAPD CHAPLAIN, MEDAL OF VALOR RECIPIENT FOR COURAGE UNDER FIRE, "THE BULL IN THE CHINA SHOP." IF HE COULDN'T GO AROUND A PROBLEM, HE'D GO THROUGH IT! IT COULD BE SAID OF STEVE AND WIFE **ROSE** THAT IF IT WAS THE WISH OF THE FAMILY OF A DECEASED PEACE OFFICER, IT WAS STEVE AND ROSE'S COMMAND.



DEACON STEVE AND ROSE HILLMANN

MSGR. FRANK HICKS-LAPD CHAPLAIN, LOS ANGELES IRISHMAN OF THE YEAR, A VOICE THAT COULD SHATTER GLASS AND A HEART AS BIG AS ALASKA. MOTORCYCLE ENTHUSIAST *PAR EXCELLENCE*, AND MEMBER OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE DESERT REFUGE. ENTERED MINISTRY AFTER A CAREER WITH IMMIGRATION CONTROL AND A WORK ETHIC THAT REDEFINES THE DICTIONARY DEFINITION. HE WAS A MEMBER OF THE PRECISION MOTORCYCLE DRILL TEAM. YIKES! **MSGR. FRANK TYPICALLY ACCOMPLISHES MORE IN A WEEK THAN I DID IN TWO**

MONTHS AND HE'S 6 YEARS OLDER AND STILL NOT RETIRED! ONE OF BILL WILSON'S BEST FRIENDS.

MITCH AND ROXANA LAMBDIN—A MAN OF FEW WORDS, BUT IMMENSE PRESENCE WITH A WIFE TO MATCH. MITCH SOUGHT ME OUT ABOUT 1991 SEEKING A CHAPLAIN FOR HIS NEWLY FORMED NON-PROFIT, **"CATHOLIC PEACE OFFICERS ASSOCIATION."** HE APOLOGETICALLY SAID, "AFTER ONE YEAR, I ONLY HAVE 13 MEMBERS." I SAID, "I THINK YOUR'RE DO'IN PRETTY GOOD. AFTER THREE, JESUS ONLY HAD TWELVE." HE LATERALLED OVER TO LAPD FROM COMPTON P. D. SCORING 100% ON HIS ORAL EXAM.

MITCH WOULD SERVE MANY YEARS IN **SOUTH BUREAU AS A GANG UNIT SUPERVISOR.** HIS STYLE WAS CALM, STEADY, EVEN KEEL AND FUN. DURING THE RIOTS, HE APPROACHED A 9-YEAR-OLD BOY SMASHING AWAY AT AN ATM MACHINE WITH HAMMER USING ALL HIS MIGHT. MITCH APPROACHED HIM, GENTLY TAPPED HIM ON THE SHOULDER AND SAID TO THE SURPRISED YOUNGSTER, "WHAT ARE YA DOIN?" HIS LAST LAPD ASSIGNMENT WAS SUPERVISORY SGT. OF THE **LAX K-9 BOMB SQUAD.**

MITCH AND ROXANA HAVE FOUR CHILDREN. THEIR OLDEST, **ALEXANDER,** IS MY GODSON. HE WANTED TO PROSECUTE TERRORISTS FROM THE TIME HE WAS THREE. AND THAT'S PRECISELY WHERE HE HAS ENDED UP-- PROSECUTING TERRORISTS OUT OF TUCSON, ARIZONA AND FAR BEYOND.

NICOS, THEIR SECOND, IS A LITTLE GENUIS WITH AMAZING ARTISTIC ABILITIES. HE HAS CREATED AND PUBLISHED CHILDREN'S BOOKS COMPLETE WITH DRAWINGS. HE CAN DISCUSS ANY TOPIC YOU CAN NAME WITH INCREDIBLE KNOWLEDGE.

DEMETRIOS IS NUMBER THREE WHO IS WRAPPING UP FOUR YEARS AT UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN, MAJORING IN AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING. THE WEEK AFTER GRADUATION, HE'LL BE INDUCTED INTO THE ARMY NATIONAL GUARD.

THE YOUNGEST FLOWER OF THE FAMILY, **ARIANA,** HAS JUST FINISHED HIGH SCHOOL. HAVING BATTLED NUMEROUS SERIOUS AILMENTS THOUGHOUT HER LIFE, SHE HAS REMAINED A DISCIPLINED STUDENT AND PURSUER OF HOLINESS. SINCE CHILDHOOD, SHE HAS HOPED TO ENTER RELIGIOUS LIFE.

ROXANA IS THE QUEEN OF THE ROOST AND MITCH'S EQUAL, THOUGH ONLY HALF HIS POUNDAGE. SHE, EARLY ON, PURSUED AND OBTAINED HER PhD IN PSYCHOLOGY, SPECIALIZING IN AUTISM. SHE MAINTAINS A FULL ROSTER OF COUNSULEES AND RUNS A BEAUTIFUL HOUSEHOLD. THE WHOLE FAMILY PITCHES IN TO CREATE WONDERFUL MEALS.

MITCH IS SCHEDULED TO BE ORDAINED A DEACON IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN 2027. THIS FAMILY MADE AN ANNUAL FAMILY RETREAT AT THE DESERT REFUGE FOR ABOUT 10 YEARS.



**Mitch and Roxana joined me at the House of Prayer
for Priests as I made my final vows in Cor Unum.**

With their first child, Alexander, my Godson.



NICOS, ARIANA, ROXANA, DEMETRIOS AND MITCH

MY BEAGLE, LADY. NESTLED SOMEWHERE BETWEEN MY VERY DEAREST FRIENDS AND FAMILY BELONGS ONE OF GOD'S GREAT GIFTS. FOR 14 & ½ YEARS, **LADY** WAS A KEY PART OF MY LIFE, HEALTH AND MINISTRY. I ASKED MY MEDICAL DOCTOR ONE DAY, MY BLOOD PRESSURE STEADILY CREEPING UP OVER THE COURSE OF MONTHS, WHAT HE THOUGHT ABOUT ME GETTING A DOG. HE STRONGLY ENCOURAGED IT. THE ONLY THING CANON LAW HAD TO SAY ABOUT PETS-**TREAT THEM WITH KINDNESS AS GOD'S CREATURES AND DON'T GIVE THEM ANYTHING THAT A PERSON HAS MORE CLAIM TO.**

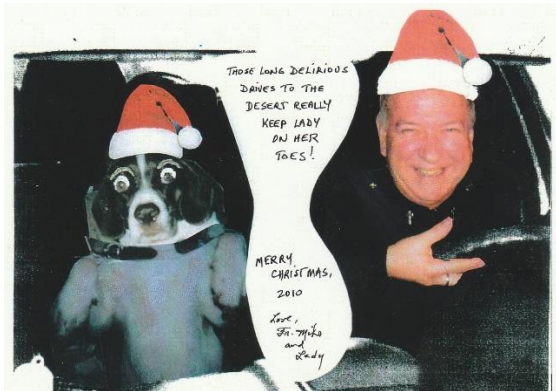
I PRAYED FOR 7 MONTHS, TO ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI AND JESUS. WHAT BREED? WHAT SIZE? GOOD WITH CHILDREN, ETC? I CAME UP WITH **BEAGLE.** STARTED A SEARCH. ENDED UP AT THE SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY ANIMAL SHELTER. THEY HAD 200 DOGS. 150 WERE PIT BULLS. 25 WERE CHIHUAHUAS, THE REST MIXED BREEDS. THEY HAD ONE BEAGLE. WE CONNECTED INSTANTLY. THE VET AND I AGREED SHE WAS ABOUT ONE-YEAR OLD. SHE'D BEEN ABUSED, FOUND RUNNING IN TRAFFIC, SHY AND FRIGHTENED AT FIRST. SNIFFED THE FOUR SIDES OF THE GREETING PEN, THEN CAME OVER TO ME AND STARED. I SAID, "DO YOU WANT TO PRAY?" SHE WALKED OVER TO ME AND PUT HER MUZZLE IN MY ARMPIT. **I HAD A CATHOLIC DOG!** THERE'S NO BOND LIKE THAT OF A RESCUE DOG AND HER RESCUER, OTHER THAN PERHAPS A MILITARY SERVICE DOG AND HANDLER.

I PROCURED TRAINING AND SERVICE DOG PAPERS FOR **LADY.** SHE GOT RATTLESNAKE RECOGNITION TRAINING. **ON RETREATS AT THE DESERT REFUGE, LADY** ALWAYS PICKED OUT THE ONE HURTING MOST TO SIT WITH. SHE LOVED CHILDREN. UNTIL HER LAST SIX MONTHS, SHE TOOK ME FOR A WALK EVERY DAY AND MY BLOOD PRESSURE DROPPED. THEN HER HEALTH STARTED TO FADE WITH HER INCREASE IN AGE.

I KNEW HER PASSING WAS GOING TO BE TOUGH. I SPENT HER LAST 3 HOURS WITH HER CHIN ON MY LAP. I PRAYED IN GRATITUDE FOR ALL THE GOOD TIMES GOD GAVE ME WITH THIS PRECIOUS INNOCENT CREATURE. I COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND HOW ANYONE COULD HURT AN ANIMAL, **THEN REMEMBERED MY TODDLER PAST.** HER FAVORITE DOGGIE-SITTER, **BECKY SEAMAN** BROUGHT HER FAVORITE CHICKEN TREAT. SHE PERKED UP, GULPED IT DOWN, THEN FELL BACK FAST ASLEEP. A VET CAME TO MY HOME TO GIVE HER FINAL PAINLESS DEATH SHOT. WE WERE IN CHAPEL. SHE PASSED WITHOUT A WIMPER. I SHED MANY TEARS THAT DAY.

FOR HER BURIAL I FOLLOWED A HEALING RITUAL THAT GAVE ME GREAT PEACE. I SELECTED THE SITE, PAINTED A BEAUTIFUL HEADSTONE, CAREFULLY, WRAPPED HER IN HER FAVORITE BLANKET WITH HER FAVORITE LEASH, FAVORITE DISH WITH HER FAVORITE FOOD, TREATS, TOY AND WATER FOR HER JOURNEY. HER GRAVE BECAME MY FAVORITE PLACE TO PRAY ON MY FIVE

ACRES AND I ALWAYS FELT BLESSED WHEN I WAS THERE. **SHE WAS QUITE THE MUNCHKIN WHO BROUGHT SMILES TO ALL SHE MET!**



Nicos Lambdin has a photographic memory.
Two years after Lady died, he did this sketch from memory.

DOLLY THE DOLPHIN
BRITISH WEST INDIES.

LESSON #1: DAD ALWAYS TAUGHT ME TO ROOT FOR THE UNDERDOG. LADY ALWAYS WENT TO THE ONE WHO WAS HURTING THE MOST!.

LESSON #2: “PEOPLE COME TO THE DOG POUND THINKING THEY ARE GOING TO PICK A DOG. IT DOESN’T WORK THAT WAY. PEOPLE COME HERE AND THE DOG PICKS THEM.” SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY SHERIFF CAPTAIN IN CHARGE OF THE COUNTY SHELTER.

WILLIAM W. PICKAVANCE, JR., REAR ADMIRAL, UNITED STATES NAVY, NICK-NAMED “BEAR.” I MET HIM THE NIGHT OF “LAPD OFFICER MESS NIGHT.” HE WAS THE KEYNOTE SPEAKER, AND I WAS TO LEAD THE INVOCATION WITH THE TOP 60 COMMAND OFFICERS IN ATTENDANCE. I RECEIVED PERMISSION TO MAKE A LITTLE PRESENTATION BEFORE MY PRAYER. I TOOK A MOMENT TO TELL THAT I HAD CONTRIBUTED TO THE RESTORATION OF THE U.S. FRIGATE CONSTELLATION, THE FIRST SHIP OF THE U.S. NAVY IN 1958. I RECEIVED A COIN FROM METALS OF THAT SHIP AND TREASURED IT FOR 30 YEARS. SO HE WOULD REMEMBER HIS VISIT TO LAPD, I PRESENTED CAPTAIN PICKAVANCE WITH THE COIN. RECALL, HE WAS THE XO (#2 MAN) ABOARD THE CARRIER **USS CONSTELLATION**. A VERY EMOTIONAL GUY, HE WAS SITTING NEXT TO ME AT THE HEAD TABLE. HE GRABBED ME OFF THE GROUND, LIFTING ME IN A BEAR-HUG, FIGHTING BACK TEARS. HE WAS DEEPLY MOVED. WE FORMED A BOND THAT NIGHT WE NEVER FORGOT.

HE HAD ME COME TO SAN DIEGO AND BE THE KEYNOTE SPEAKER FOR HIS KITTY HAWK CREW FOR NATIONAL PRAYER DAY, PROVIDED A 3-DAY STAY ABOARD THE **USS MARS** AS HE ASSUMED COMMAND OF HIS FIRST DEEP-DRAFT VESSEL. AFTER ASSUMING COMMAND OF **USS KITTY HAWK**, HE HAD ME FLOWN 153 MILES AT SEA TO LAND ABOARD AND CATAPULT OFF AFTER 3 DAYS AT SEA. HE DROVE FROM SAN DIEGO WITH HIS **WIFE NANCY** TO THE POLICE ACADEMY TO BE THE KEYNOTE SPEAKER FOR MY 25TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION AND INVITED ME TO ATTEND HIS PROMOTION CEREMONY ABOARD KITTY HAWK TO BECOME REAR ADMIRAL, **COMMANDER CARRIER GROUP ONE, PACIFIC FLEET**.

PERHAPS THE GREATEST EXAMPLE OF LEADERSHIP I HAVE EVER WITNESSED WAS AS HE RELINQUISHED COMMAND OF THE USS KITTY HAWK, HE NEVER SAID A WORD ABOUT HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS! HIS ENTIRE SPEECH WAS ABOUT THE OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE OF HIS CREW WITH AN ENTHUSIASM THAT SAID VOLUMES ABOUT HIS SINCERITY.

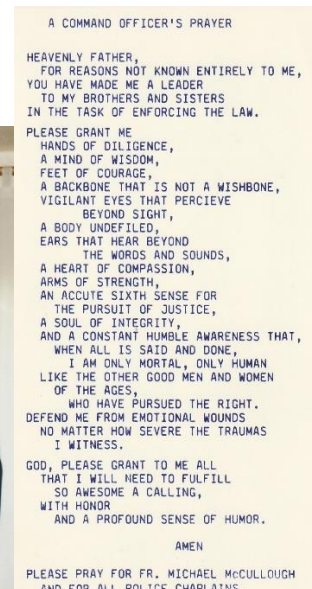
ONE STORY HE SHARED IN THAT SPEECH WAS OF A DARK, WINDY NIGHT. A JET FIGHTER WAS MAKING A LANDING, CAME IN SHALLOW, CLIPPED THE END OF THE DECK AS THE PLANE BURST INTO FLAMES. THE PILOTS EJECTED THE BURNING WRECKAGE. ONLY TO BE BLOWN RIGHT BACK INTO THE BALL OF FLAMES. NO LESS THAN FIVE MEMBERS OF HIS CREW RAN AND JUMPED INTO THE FLAMES, PULLING THE PILOT AND CO-PILOT TO SAFETY. FROM A FRONT ROW SEAT, I COULD SEE THE TEARS RUNNING DOWN HIS CHEEKS. HE WAS SO VERY PROUD OF HIS CREW.



IMAGE OF THE U.S. CONSTELLATION COIN.



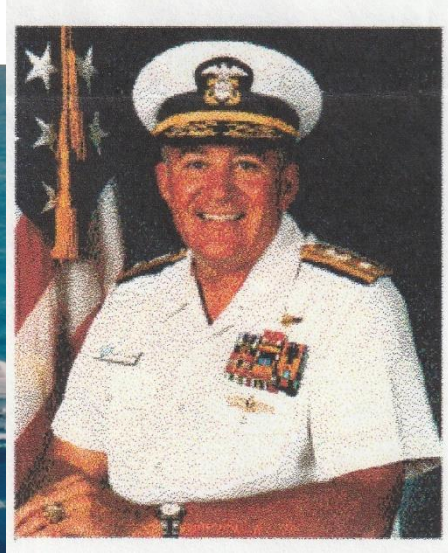
NANCY AND WILLIAM PICKAVANCE.



PRAYER I COMPOSED FOR "OFFICER MESS NIGHT."



USS KITTY HAWK AND AIR WING.



WILLIAM W. PICKAVANCE, JR.



**SITTING IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF THE USS KITTY HAWK, CV-63, LENGTH: 1069 FEET
DISPLACEMENT 83,000 TONS, CAPACITY: 80-90 AIRCRAFT, CREW: CI. 4,500.**

**“THREE THINGS ARE TOO WONDERFUL FOR ME ...
THE WAY OF AN EAGLE IN THE AIR ...
THE WAY OF A SHIP ON THE HIGH SEAS ...
THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MAIDEN ...”
PROVERBS 30: 18-19**

FR. YVES GERARD—TAUGHT THEOLOGY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS, WAS PASTOR OF A SMALL PARISH IN COMMERCEY, FOUR HOURS EAST OF PARIS YVES IS A HUMBLE SCHOLAR AND BELOVED PASTOR. I CAME TO KNOW HIM WHEN HE VISITED US IN AMERICA REPRESENTING **THE INSTITUTE OF THE HEART OF JESUS** IN FRANCE, ONE OF OUR INTERNATIONAL LEADERS. WE MET THROUGH “**COR UNUM**” AND OUR FRIENDSHIP GREW. HE HOSTED ME FOR MUCH TRAVEL THROUGH FRANCE WHICH INCLUDED VERDUN, SITE OF ONE OF THE WORST ARTILLERY BATTLES OF WWI, IF NOT WORLD HISTORY, LOURDES AND ARS IN SOUTHERN FRANCE. HE TOOK ME TO MANY PLACES OF JOAN OF ARC, INCLUDING HER BIRTHPLACE, DOMREMY, RHEIMS, ORLEANS, THE MAJOR CITY SHE LIBERATED FROM THE ENGLISH, COMPIEGNE, WHERE SHE WAS CAPTURED IN BATTLE AND ROUEN WHERE SHE WAS BURNED AT THE STAKE. YVES WAS A GREAT COOK, TAKING FRESH VEGGIES FROM HIS GARDEN BEHIND THE RECTORY FOR EVERY MEAL. HE LIKED

HIS COFFEE LIKE THE ENGLISH, “BLACK AS INK AND HOT AS HELL.” HE TOLD STORIES OF CHARLES DE GAULLE INCLUDING DE GAULLE’S STATEMENT AS HE STEPPED DOWN AFTER FOUR TERMS AS PRESIDENT OF FRANCE IN FRUSTRATION: **“HOW CAN YOU GOVERN A PEOPLE WHO SPORT 365 DIFFERENT KINDS OF CHEESE?”**

EVA KINSMAN—EDUCATOR, PAR EXCELLENCE. I MET EVA IN 2019. SHE WANTED TO LEARN HOW TO PLAY SCRABBLE. SHE BECAME ONE OF THE THREE MOST FEARSOME COMPETATORS OF THE GAME I EVER KNEW. SHE CAME BY HER VOCABULARY HONESTLY. SHE BEGAN HER TEACHING CAREER AS AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHER, THEN ELEMENTARY PRINCIPAL, THEN A HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER AND PRINCIPAL, ENDING AS A TRUSTEE AT COPPER MOUNTAIN COLLEGE—51 YEARS IN ALL. I TOLD HER IF SHE’D BEEN BORN A FEW YEARS EARLIER, SHE WOULD HAVE MADE A GREAT **“WASP”**—WOMEN’S AUXILIARY SERVICE PILOT IN WORLD WAR II. SHE HAS PLUCK AND IS STILL GOING STRONG AFTER 8.5 DECADES OF LIFE.

ALEXANDRIA NELSON (PSEUDONYM), LT. COMMANDER, U.S.N. CERTIFIED NUTRITIONIST. SHE BELIEVES HERSELF TO BE THE ONLY CONSECRATED VIRGIN IN THE U. S. NAVY. INCREDIBLE SENSE OF HUMOR, OUTRAGEOUS WORK ETHIC. OUTDOOR ENTHUSIAST, THRIVING ON CROSS-COUNTRY DRIVING TREKS. SHE HAS LIVED BY HER FAVORITE MOTTO, **“IRON SHARPENS IRON.”** BY HER COMMITMENT TO JESUS CHRIST, SHE HAS PROBABLY INFLUENCED MORE PEOPLE THAN SHE IMAGINES. I HOLD HER IN THE HIGHEST REGARD. MORE THAN ONCE, SHE WAS PUNISHED IN SUBTLE AND NOT SUBTLE WAYS FOR HER STANDS IN FAVOR OF INTEGRITY. I HAVE KNOWN 6,000 WOMEN BY NAME. HER ABILITY TO CREATIVELY DESCRIBE A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE WAS LIKE READING THE WORK OF A REAL MYSTIC. SHE IS THE ONE WHOSE **COURAGE, INTEGRITY AND HUMILITY** I ADMIRE THE MOST. SHE SINGED MY SOUL AND I THINK CONTRIBUTED GREATLY TO HELPING ME BE A BETTER PRIEST. SHE WAS MOST RECENTLY SERVING WITH THE NAVY AND MARINES IN OKINAWA. HER LITTLE DOG IS A RIOT ON WHEELS.

MARK MILLER, GUNNERY SERGEANT, UNITED STATE MARINE CORPS. THEY SAY OF MARINES, “NO BETTER FRIEND, NO WORSE ENEMY.” MARK IS A TRUE FRIEND WHO ONCE SAVED MY LIFE THE NIGHT I WAS TRANSPORTED TO EMERGENCY WITH A SEVERELY BLEEDING NOSE. HE SAT WITH ME FOR 5 HOURS. AT ONE POINT, I PASSED OUT FROM LOSS OF BLOOD. HAD HE NOT QUICKLY REACTED BY CATCHING MY FALLING BODY, I COULD HAVE SUSTAINED SERIOUS INJURIES OR WORSE.

MARK SERVED THROUGH THREE COMBAT TOURS IN IRAQ. HE LED A COLUMN OF SEVEN M1A1 ABRAM TANKS THROUGH HORRIFIC FIREFIGHTS. IN SUMMER, IF IT WAS 130* OUTSIDE, IT WAS 150* INSIDE HIS TANK. FEW CAN APPRECIATE WHAT OUR COMBAT VETERANS HAVE SACRIFICED FOR THE FREEDOMS MOST OF US CHERISH.

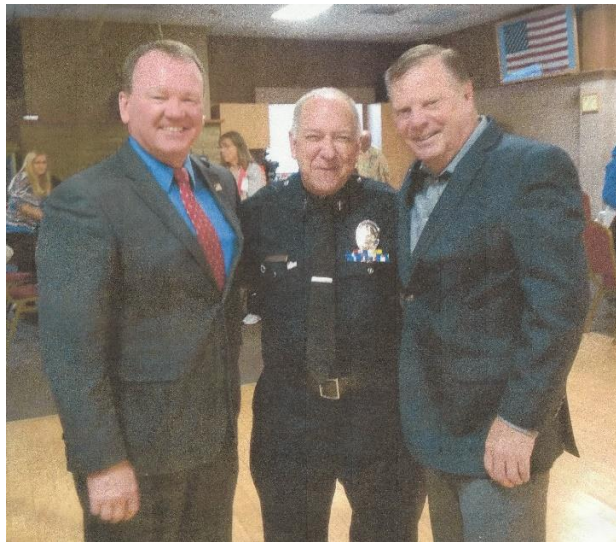
**THE SOLDIER, ABOVE ALL OTHER PEOPLE,
PRAYS FOR PEACE, FOR IT IS A SOLDIER WHO
WHO MUST SUFFER AND BEAR THE DEEPEST
WOUNDS AND SCARS OF WAR.**

KAHLIL GIBRAN, LEBANESE POET.

MARK HAS TWO WONDERFUL OFFSPRING WHO ALWAYS KEEP HIM ON HIS TOES AND GAME. HE SPORTS A HUGE ENGLISH BULLDOG, **BIG LOU**, WHO CRUSHES YOU TO DEATH WITH AFFECTION. (THE BULLDOG IS THE MASCOT OF THE USMC!)

A WIDOWER, MARK ENTERED THE DIACONATE PROGRAM FOR THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN BERNARDINO AND ANTICIPATES HIS ORDINATION IN AUGUST OF 2026. MARK’S DECEASED WIFE, **JOAN**, IS THE SPARK PLUG THAT IGNITES HIS SPIRITED PREACHING. HE ALSO TEACHES MARINES AT LEAST 5 DAYS A WEEK AT **THE MARINE CORPS AIR GROUND COMBAT CENTER, 29 PALMS, CALIFORNIA**. HIS WISDOM AND SAVOR FOR HISTORY MAKE HIM ONE OF THE TRULY GREAT MINDS OF MY AQUAINTANCE.

JIM McDONNELL, CHIEF OF POLICE, L. A. P. D., FORMER ASSISTANT L. A. CHIEF, LONG BEACH CHIEF, ELECTED L. A. COUNTY SHERIFF I THINK WE MET WHEN I WAS A BABY CHAPLAIN AND HE WAS AN L. A. SERGEANT. WITH ROOTS IN BOSTON, HE HAS BROUGHT THE LILT OF IRISH CARE TO THE TROOPS AND CITY OF LOS ANGELES. CHIEF JIM WEATHERS MAJOR STORMS ON A DAILY BASIS, YET FINDS TIME TO SHOW UP FOR FUNDRAISERS, RETIREMENTS AND EVEN TO VISIT OLD BROKEN DOWN CHAPLAINS IN THEIR RETIREMENT YEARS. THE CHAPLAIN CORPS HAS ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF HIS FIRST CONCERNS.



CHIEF McDONNELL AND BOB KELLAR AT A DESERT REFUGE FUNDRAISER.

LYDIA LEOS—RETIRED AS A LIEUTENANT, SERVING 35 YEARS. SHE WAS A STALWART MEMBER OF THE LAPD HONOR GUARD, BEING AVAILABLE FOR NUMEROUS FUNERALS, GRADUATIONS AND CEREMONIES OVER HER CAREER. I SUSPECT WE COVERED AT LEAST 40 FUNERALS TOGETHER. MY ORDINATION CLASS OF 1973 MAY RECALL THE YEAR CHRIS VAN LIEFDE AND I HOSTED THE CLASS REUNION AT THE L. A. POLICE ACADEMY, LYDIA VOLUNTEERED TO SERVE DINNERS AS WAITRESS TO US IN THE ROCK GARDEN. SHE IS A ROLE MODEL OF SERVICE.

LYDIA CAME ON BOARD AND UP THROUGH THE RANKS IN THE DAYS WHEN WOMEN WERE JUST BREAKING IN TO THE TRADITIONALLY MALE ROLE OF STREET COPS. MEN WHO WERE TRAINING OFFICERS PUNISHED THE WOMEN HARDER THAN THE MEN IN THE 70s AND 80s. I OBSERVED FIRSTHAND THAT THEY WERE FORCED TO BE BETTER THAN THEIR MALE TRAINEE COUNTERPARTS. THE ONES WHO SURVIVED WERE.

I USUALLY OBSERVED THAT WOMEN OVERCAME THEIR OFTEN-SMALLER STATURE AND MUSCULATURE WITH AN EXCEPTIONAL ABILITY TO “TALK” PEOPLE TO JAIL, RATHER THAN THE MORE MACHO TECHNIQUE OF “FIGHTING” THE SUSPECT TO JAIL.

LYDIA PURSUED A NUMBER OF INTERESTING PATHS INCLUDING LIFE-GUARDING, TROMBONE, MARCHING BAND, DOG-HANDLING, MONTAINEERING, REPELLING, WINTER SURVIVAL AND OTHER TOUGH PURSUITS. SHE STAYS ACTIVE IN DEPARTMENT, SPIRITUAL AND GEOPOLITICAL ISSUES. SHE MOST RECENTLY HAS APPLIED HER SKILLS TO BACKGROUND FINGERPRINTING FOR THE ARCHDIOCESE OF LOS ANGELES, BUT WILL BE MOVING TO HENDERSON, NEVADA, TO CARE FOR AN AILING OLDER SISTER.

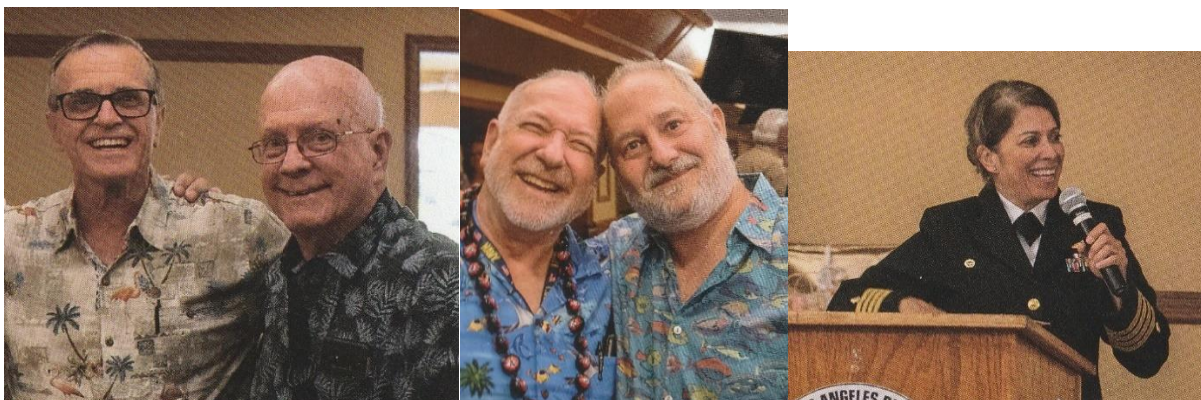
OF HER, ONE OF MY MOM'S GREAT SAYINGS APPLIES, "STILL WATER RUNS DEEP."

FR. BILL STOEGER, S.J.—ATTENDED BISHOP MONTGOMERY HIGH WHERE I MET HIM. HE WAS IN THE FIRST GRADUATING CLASS THERE IN 1960. HE BECAME A WORLD-RENOWNED ASTROPHYSICIST. I ATTENDED ONE OF HIS 3-DAY RETREATS ON SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE. IT WAS EXCELLENT. HIS BROTHER, **FR. JACK STOEGER**, WAS MY CLASSMATE IN THE SEMINARY CLASS OF 1972. JACK AND I WERE IN 3RD GRADE TOGETHER AT ST. JAMES IN REDONDO BEACH. JACK TOOK OVER AS DIRECTOR OF THE HOUSE OF PRAYER FOR PRIESTS WHEN FR. JOHN McANULTY RETIRED.

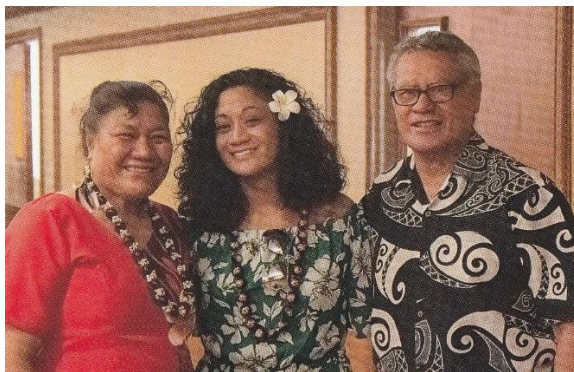
EXTREMELY HONORABLE MENTIONS MUST INCLUDE TOM KUBASAK, SAM CAPUANO, LT. CDR. VICTORIA SELKIRK, USN, OFFICER MICHAEL McCARTY, LAPD, COLONEL ROBERT AND DAR BARNHART, USMC, CHAPLAIN STU NELSON, ICPC, DAVID DeREVERE, ICPC, JOHN A. PRICE, ICPC, OPAL WEBB (JACK WEBB'S WIDOW), COLONEL C.J. & SUZI HORN, USMC, CAPTAIN. NADJI HARIRI, U.S.N., MSGR. JOE GREELEY, MSGR. PAUL MONTOYA, MSGR. BOB HOWARD. SGT. KARIM KEITA, USMC, IMELDA PATU, RON BRIDGES, USN, AL AND LINDA TURK, USMC, ALICE-ANN AND HAPPY VALLEY PATU, USN, SPECIAL AGENT FRED AND ELFIE SIMON, FBI, JEFF AND DEB OHLFS, RABBI L'CHAIM KOLODNY, DET. WILLY AND LEESA SERA, LAPD, FR. SCOTT JONES, PAULINE SMITH, PATRICK AND ELLEN DAVIS, FRANK AND FLORENCE VIRGALLITO, ANN BRUNZELL, BILL AND BOBBI MARTIN, BUD NOWELL, ROZ CURRY, ANGIE HOUGEN, KIETH MORELAND, JESSE AND ROSIE TREVINO, NICK AND JANIS TITIRIGA, MSGR. CRAIG COX, MSGR. TIM DYER, RUTH WAGNER, DIRECTOR U.S. AIR VIP LOUNGE, LAX, DEACON GREG PATTERSON, MSGR. DICK MARTINI, MSGR. JOEL HENSON, FR. JOHN SCHIAVONE, FR. BRIAN DELANEY, MELISSA SWAILES AND JAY WEISS. HEAVEN KNOWS THE REST AND YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE!



**PINKY WITH MY FAMILY, ARTIE, LINDS, EVA, OLIE
ELLE AND MARISA THORNBURG IN FRONT ROW. HONORING WWII VETS AT MY 60TH
BIRTHDAY.**



SAM CAPUANO & DEACON BOB SEIDLER. ME AND JAY WEISS, CAPTAIN NADJI HARIRI, USN.



DEAR FRIENDS, PATU FAMILY, ALICE-ANN, IMELDA & DAD, HAPPY VALLEY.



CLASS OF '73

TOP ROW, LEFT, FR. BRIAN DELANEY, FR. STEVE BULFER, FR. KEN WEARE, FR. JOHN SCHIAVONE,
MSGR. TIM NICHOLS, MSGR. BOB GALLAGHER, MSGR. DAN MURRY, MSGR. DICK KREKELBERG,
FRONT ROW, FR. MIKE McCULLOUGH, FR. JOHN TERAQ, MSGR. CHRIS VAN LIEFDE, FR. GREG KING,
FR. "GUS" ALLT, , MSGR. JOE GREELEY, MSGR. TERRY FLEMING AND MSGR. PAUL "RICHARD" MONTOYA.
PHOTO TAKEN APPROXIMATELY 2021.

ENEMIES

AN IRISH BLESSING

**“MAY THOSE THAT LOVE US RECEIVE GOD’S BLESSING.
AND MAY THOSE THAT DON’T LOVE US, MAY GOD BLESS THEM, TOO.
BUT MAY HE TURN THEIR ANKLES,
SO WE’LL KNOW ‘EM IN THE LIMPIN.’”**

DURING MY LIFE, I HAVE IDENTIFIED ABOUT 60 PEOPLE I CONSIDER REAL **OR PERCEIVED** ENEMIES. MOST ARE WITHIN THE CHURCH. I HAVE COME TO PRAY FOR THEM **EVERY DAY, SOME BY NAME**, THAT THEY WILL ALL (NO EXCEPTIONS) GO TO HEAVEN AND BE HAPPY WITH GOD FOREVER. THAT HAS RELEASED A GREAT BURDEN FROM MY SHOULDERS.

AS FOR ENEMIES, LET ME OFFER JUST A COUPLE OF THOUGHTS. EVERYONE IS LOVED BY GOD AND IF GOD SAYS “LOVE YOUR ENEMIES,” THEN THAT IS MY GOAL. EVERY PERSON, WHO IS AN ENEMY OR, IS **PERCEIVED** AS AN ENEMY OFFERS ME AN OPPORTUNITY TO BE A BETTER PRIEST. AND UPON SEVERE EXAMINATION OF MY CONSCIENCE AND MY MOTIVES, I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT IF THERE WAS EVER A PROBLEM WITH OTHERS, I **ALWAYS** CONTRIBUTED IN SOME WAY TO THE PROBLEM.

THE TWELVE STEPS OF AA ENCOURAGES AN EXERCISE TO BE DONE REGULARLY. IT’S CALLED **THE FOURTH STEP AND IT CONSISTS OF MAKING A SEARCHING AND FEARLESS MORAL INVENTORY**. NEEDLESS TO SAY, THIS IS A MOST CHALLENGING EXERCISE. IT ENTAILS EXAMINING ONE’S ACTIONS AND MOTIVES. SOMETIMES, THESE MOTIVES LIE HIDDEN UNDER SEEMINGLY VIRTUOUS ACTIVITIES. **I HAVE COME TO REALIZE IN MYSELF THAT I TEND TO CRITICISE IN OTHERS WHAT I MOST DISLIKE IN MYSELF**. THE HARDER I CRITICISE THEM, THE MORE DEEPLY EMBEDDED THE FAULT IS IN ME. THIS IS **MY SHADOW SELF**. IT’S THE SELF I DON’T WANT OTHERS TO SEE. IT’S THE SELF THAT’S MOST DIFFICULT TO REVEAL TO OTHERS. BUT WITH REVELATION COMES A FREEING THAT IS EXHILARATING.

JESUS TAUGHT US TO LOVE OUR NEIGHBOR **AS OURSELVES**, TO FORGIVE OURSELVES FIRST. HAVING DONE THAT WITH HIS HELP, THEN IT IS MUCH EASIER TO FORGIVE OTHERS.

A REFLECTION I STUMBLED UPON REALLY HELPED ME REGARDING MY ATTITUDE TOWARD PEOPLE WHO HOLD VALUES VERY CONTRARY TO MY OWN AND HOW TO APPROACH THEM THAT SOMETIMES MAY OPEN THE DOOR TO DIALOGUE.

8 PHRASES PEOPLE WITH EXCELLENT SOCIAL SKILLS USE TO MAKE OTHERS FEEL SPECIAL.

1. **“I REALLY VALUE YOUR OPINION ON THIS.”**
2. **TELL ME MORE ABOUT THAT (TURN MONOLOGUES INTO DIALOGUES).**
3. **“I NOTICED HOW MUCH EFFORT YOU PUT INTO . . .”**
4. **“YOU MAKE A GOOD POINT. CAN WE EXPLORE IT TOGETHER?”**
5. **“I APPRECIATE YOU SHARING THAT WITH ME.”**
6. **“HOW CAN I SUPPORT YOU RIGHT NOW?”**
7. **“YOU’VE GIVEN ME SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.”**
8. **“LET’S CELEBRATE THIS WIN TOGETHER.”**

ISABELLA CHASE
GLOBAL ENGLISH EDITING
JULY, 2025

**“IF WE KNEW THE TORMENTED, TORTURED MIND THAT LEADS
PEOPLE TO HURT OTHERS, IT WOULD NOT BE HARD TO FORGIVE.”**
QUOTE FROM THE NOVEL, **JOSHUA**, GIRZONE.

RESENTMENT AND UNFORGIVENESS ARE VERY HEAVY CROSSES, BUT EACH OF US IS CAPABLE OF RELIEVING OURSELVES OF THEM. WITH GOD'S HELP, WE CAN.

ARGUMENTS, DEBATES AND SHOUTING MATCHES, AMONG SOBER PEOPLE, HAVE CHARACTERIZED POLITICAL AND CHURCH GATHERINGS FOR TIME IMMEMORIAL. STRONGLY HELD OPINIONS ROOTED IN TRUTH WILL ALWAYS AND SHOULD ALWAYS BE DEBATED. I JUST HOPE CIVILLY AND POLITELY.

WE CAN JUDGE OTHER'S ACTIONS, BUT WE CAN NEVER JUDGE THEIR MOTIVES. ST. PAUL SET THE BAR HIGH FOR THAT SITUATION. SEE, **ROMANS 4:1—5**

LESSON: ONLY GOD CAN JUDGE ANOTHER'S MOTIVES. IF I ATTEMPT TO JUDGE ANOTHER'S MOTIVES, THEN I AM MAKING MYSELF GOD AND NONE OF US HAVE YET EARNED THAT RIGHT. I HAVE FOUND THAT MOST OFTEN, THE DIFFICULT PEOPLE IN MY LIFE WERE THE BEST FOR MY SOUL.

THIS HAS BEEN THE HARDEST LESSON OF LIFE TO LEARN SO FAR. IT TOOK ME ABOUT 74 YEARS. MAY I NEVER FORGET IT. MORE TO COME, NO DOUBT.

**“IF YOU CAN'T SAY SOMETHING NICE ABOUT SOMEONE,
DON'T SAY ANYTHING AT ALL.”**
MOM

CHAPTER 17. FAMILY.

“A FAITHFUL FRIEND IS A SURE SHELTER”
SIRACH 6:14

GRANDPA JOHN C. McCULLOUGH – PATERNAL GRANDFATHER, DIED LONG BEFORE I WAS BORN CIRCA 1938 WHEN DAD WAS ONLY 14 – A DEVASTATING BLOW. HE HAD WORKED RAILROADS AND WAS THE SUPERINTENDANT OF THE CATHOLIC CEMETERY IN LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.



GRANDMA “MCCULLOUGH” LANGE

GRANDPA JOHN C. MCCULLOUGH

GRANDMA STEPHANIE (La PORTE McCULLOUGH) LANGE – PATERNAL GRANDMOTHER, REMARRIED AFTER LOSS OF JOHN. WE LIVED WITH HER FOR A YEAR IN LINCOLN, NEBRASKA. I DON’T THINK I TREATED HER VERY NICELY AT TIMES, THOUGH I LOVED HER VERY MUCH. SPENT TWO WEEKS WITH HER ONE SUMMER DURING COLLEGE IN CAMPBELL, NEBRASKA – POPULATION 710, 7 CHURCHES AND A ONE - HOLE GOLF COURSE. SHE LOVED CANASTA AND PINOCHLE AND COULD REALLY “CUSS GOOD” IN FRENCH.

GREAT GRANDPA, VASEY DOLMAGE – THE FARTHEST STRETCH BACK IN TIME I CAN GO IS 1855 WHEN VASEY WAS BORN. HE COULD REMEMBER BEING 5-YEARS-OLD AT THE WINDOWSILL IN NEW YORK WATCHING UNION TROOPS MARCHING OFF TO THE CIVIL WAR. HE WAS “**A HOOT.**” **MY BEST MEMORY OF HIM WAS THE VISIT WHEN I WAS 11 YEARS OLD, ABOUT 1957.** HE HAD TO SHOW US THE LIGHTBULB IN THE BACK PORCH THAT HAD BURNED FOR FIFTY YEARS!

HE WAS BAPTIZED WHEN HE WAS 99. WHEN ASKED WHY HE WAITED SO LONG, HE ANSWERED, “I WANTED TO BE SURE!” **THE PHOTO IS OF HIM BEING CONFIRMED IN HIS LIVING ROOM AT 103 BY THE FUTURE CARDINAL MANNING.** THAT YEAR, HE FELL OFF THE LADDER ON HIS WAY UP TO FIX THE TV AERIAL AND BROKE HIS WRIST. THAT WAS HIS FIRST BROKEN BONE. HE WAS A TILE SETTER BY TRADE.





MAUREEN McCULLOUGH—THE FIRST YOUNG PLAYMATE I CAN RECALL. A FIRST COUSIN. SHE DIED BY CHOKING ON A CARROT. WHEN WE WERE BOTH 5. I KNEW DEATH EARLY ON.

GRANDPA COLLIS DOLMAGE --I HAVE A PICTURE OF HIM HOLDING ME WHEN I WAS A BABY. HE DIED WHEN I WAS FIVE. I WAS PLAYING UNDER GRANDMA'S GRAND PIANO IN THE LIVING ROOM OF 2254 CRENSHAW BLVD. WHEN THE FAMILY CAME HOME FROM HIS FUNERAL. I WAS TERRIBLY DISAPPOINTED THAT I DID NOT ATTEND HIS FUNERAL. I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT THAT I MISSED., THOUGH I WOULD NEVER SECOND-GUESS ANY PARENT DECIDING NOT TO INVOLVE CHILDREN IN A FUNERAL. HE WAS A TILE SETTER BY TRADE.



NELLIE AND COLLIS DOLMAGE.



GRANDPA DOLMAGE AND ME WHEN I WAS ONE.

EDNA AND HARRY ROCHON-GREAT AUNT AND UNCLE, RESCUED US FROM DOMESTIC VIOLENCE ONCE IN A WHILE BY TAKING MOM AND ME, KATHY AND CHRIS TO THEIR CABIN IN JOSHUA TREE.

FROM 1957 ON, IT WAS **MY DESERT REFUGE**. HARRY WORKED SOMETHING LIKE FORTY-TWO YEARS AT THE MOBIL GAS REFINERY IN TORRANCE AND NEVER MISSED A DAY OF WORK. EDNA LOVED ANIMALS. SHE HAD A LITTLE TOY POODLE NAMED MITZI AND A PARAKEET NAMED JIMMY. SHE WAS CONVINCED JIMMY COULD PRAY THE HAIL MARY. FR. DAVID WAS THEIR SON.



HARRY, EDNA, CHRIS AND KATHY



THE FAMILY WHILE DAD WAS STRUGGLING FOR 19 YEARS.

DON DOLMAGE-FIRST COUSIN FROM THE MEDFORD AREA OF SOUTHERN OREGON. A FAMILY MEMBER/LEADER WITHOUT EQUAL. RAISED A SON AND THREE DAUGHTERS AND A SIBLING SISTER. TILE SETTER WHO PASSED THE TRADE TO HIS SON AND GRANDSONS (AND MORE). HIS WORK WAS EXQUISITE. HE TILED FANCY PLACES, WIFE DOROTHY'S HOME AND SEVERAL MALLS, TO NAME A FEW. HE WAS A RESPECTED SCOUT MASTER WHO ENJOYED HUNTING, COOKING AND BEING A FAMILY MAN. HE HAD TRIED THE SEMINARY, BUT GOD'S CALL WAS TO FAMILY LIFE. FOR THE FIRST 10 OR 15 YEARS OF PRIESTHOOD, I DROVE TO OREGON TO ABSORB HIS LOVE, WISDOM AND SUPPORT REGULARLY. I DON'T THINK I'D HAVE MADE IT WITHOUT HIS SAGE ADVICE IN DEALING WITH ALCOHOLICS. HE STARTED A "MEN'S GROUP" THAT GATHERED FOR BREAKFAST EVERY SATURDAY FOR MANY YEARS. THEY WERE A REAL SUPPORT GROUP THAT CARRIED THEM ALL THROUGH THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE. WHENEVER I WAS IN TOWN, I WAS WELCOME TO JOIN. I DROVE TO OREGON TO CONDUCT HIS FUNERAL. **DOROTHY** MADE THE BEST TACOS WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI. HE DIED IN 1990. **DON BUILT THE ALTAR FOR THE L. A. POLICE ACADEMY CHAPEL.**



DON AND DOROTHY DOLDMAGE

SANDY DENNING – FIRST COUSIN. WE DIDN'T ALWAYS AGREE, BUT WE EXPLORED GREAT THEMES AND ALL THE GREAT BREAKFAST PLACES IN MEDFORD. PROBABLY THE BLOOD RELATIVE WHOSE LIVED SPIRITUALITY WAS CLOSEST TO MINE.



SANDY DENNING

BILL DOLDMAGE-UNCLE TAUGHT ME HOW TO USE LOTS OF TOOLS, AND NEVER HESITATED TO GIVE ME FULL ACCESS TO HIS WELL-TOOLED WORKSHOP. I WORKED TWO SUMMERS AS HIS TILE APPRENTICE WHICH WAS ENOUGH TO CONVINCE ME TO STAY WITH MINISTRY. TILE SETTING IS HARD WORK AND EVEN HARDER ON THE BODY. BILL WAS A MASTER WOOD CRAFTSMAN. HE BUILT A BEAUTIFUL DINING ROOM TABLE UPON WHICH HE APPLIED ABOUT 50 COATS OF BARTOP VARNISH. IT WAS A MASTERPIECE. HE LET ME BUILD A TENT FOUNDATION IN HIS BACK YARD AND USE HIS NEW 1963 CHEVY TO DRIVE STEVE PRICE AND OUR DATES TO THE JUNIOR AND SENIOR PROMS. HE LOVED HUNTING AND RIFLES, . HE LED ME TO EXPAND MY STAMP AND COIN COLLECTING. HE LOVED BOTANY AND LANDSCAPING AND HIS LAWN WAS DICHONDRA WHICH NEVER NEEDED MOWING. I NEVER REMEMBER SEEING HIM ANGRY. HE LOVED MUSIC AND

COMEDY AND INTRODUCED TO ME ALL MANNER OF WONDERFUL THINGS SUCH AS NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE. HIS LIBRARY WAS A TREASURE.

MOM INTRODUCED BILL TO HER FRIEND JACKIE MALONE, SHE BECAME HIS LFE LONG, SIGNIFICANT GIRLFRIEND. BILL PAID THE BILLS, SO IF ANY EXTENDED FAMILY MEMBER WAS DOWN AND OUT OR NEEDED A COUCH TO SLEEP ON, BILL MADE IT HAPPEN FOR THEM. IF HE IS NOT IN HEAVEN, NO ONE SHOULD BE.

TRISH (DOLMAGE) PAUL—LOVELY COUSIN, ALWAYS FAITHFUL, HOSTED THE ANNUAL FAMILY CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR DECADES. MARRIED TO LARRY. THREE WONDERFUL CHILDREN. TRISH’S GRANDSON, **JUSTIN GEBHART**, IS ONE OF MY HEROES! HE’D BE A 3RD COUSIN. ENLISTED IN THE U. S. COAST GUARD IN 2025, HE IS THE FIRST FAMILY MEMBER OF THE McCULLOUGH/DOLMAGE LINE TO WEAR A U.S. SEA SERVICES UNIFORM SINCE MY DAD IN 80 YEARS. GO JUSTIN! TRISH IS BELOW ON THE RIGHT.



TRISH PAUL-RIGHT SIDE.



JUSTIN GEBHART, E-3.

TRISHS’ CHILDREN (NOT PICTURED) ARE CHRISTINE, “POETESS LAUREATE,” ROBBIE AND MATT WHO TAUGHT ME THAT MASHED POTATOES MAKE GREAT SHOE POLISH. UNITED STATES COAST GUARD.



THE DAN AND KATHLEEN MITCHELL CLAN

KATHLEEN THERESA (McCULLOUGH) SAENZ—MY SISTER, HER WORK-ETHIC AND INTELLIGENCE ARE IN THE HIGHEST TRADITION OF THE McCULLOUGH/DOLMAGE FAMILY LINE.. JUST OFF THE TOP, SHE GRADUATED WITH HONORS FROM SHERRY SCHOOL AT THE END OF HER H. S. JUNIOR YEAR. SHE TOOK THE SPECIAL TIME TO RAISE REGINA. THEN, APPLYING ALL HER ATTENTION TO STUDIES, GRADUATED 24TH IN HER EL CAMINO COLLEGE CLASS OF 2500, EARNING SUCCESSIVE SCHOLARSHIPS TO UCLA AND USC SCHOOLS OF LAW, THEN ON TO PASSING THE BAR.

KATHY IS SO HUMBLE THAT HER ACCOMPLISHMENTS AND PASSIONS FOR GOOD ARE HIDDEN AWAY FROM PUBLIC AND FAMILY VIEW. EDGAR KNOWS. BUT THERE ARE MANY AREAS OF SERVICE TO WHICH SHE HAS CONTRIBUTED HANDSOMELY, ENABLING A GREAT DEAL OF GOOD TO BE ACCOMPLISHED.

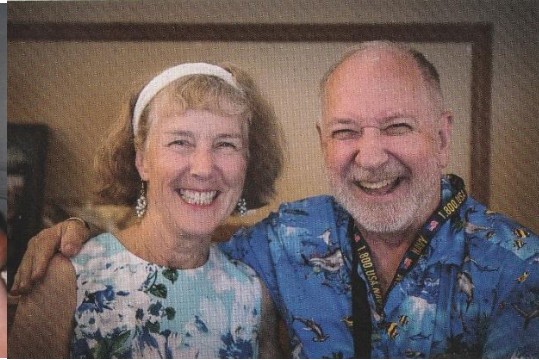
MY GREATEST REGRET WITH REGARD TO OUR RELATIONSHIP WAS THE FACT THAT AT A CRUCIAL POINT FOR BOTH OF US, I WENT NORTH TO THE SEMINARY IN CAMARILLO AND KATHY WENT SOUTH TO ARIZONA. I MISSED HER A LOT DURING THOSE YEARS WHEN I THINK WE WERE BOTH SEARCHING FOR SOMEONE TO REPLACE OUR EMOTIONALLY ABSENT DAD. WE LIVED THOSE YEARS SEEING LIFE THROUGH VERY DIFFERENTLY--SHADED LENSES. I HAVE COME TO BE CONVINCED THAT EVERY PERSON, BY WHAT THEY EXPERIENCE, SEES THE WORLD DIFFERENTLY. THANK GOODNESS. HOW BORING AND DULL OUR LIVES WOULD BE IF WE ALL HAD ONLY ONE POINT OF VIEW. AS A RESULT, WE HAD VERY FEW OPPORTUNITIES TO SHARE PERSPECTIVES. FOR ME AT LEAST, THAT WAS A LOSS.



COLLEGE DIPLOMA



WEDDING DAY



MY RETIREMENT

SEE APPENDIX CHAP. 17 KATHY GRADUATION POEM, “**DELTOID THRUST, EARTHBOUND.**”

EDGAR SAENZ, THE BEST-POSSIBLE BROTHER-IN-LAW. EDGAR IS ROBUST, FULL OF VIM AND VIGOR, ENERGETIC, ALWAYS READY FOR COMPETITION, WHETHER IT’S TO CLIMB A MOUNTAIN, RUN A 10-K, COMPETE IN SCRABBLE, CHESS OR LINE DANCE. HIS LEGAL ACUMEN MUST BE EXCELLENT AS HE AND KATHY RUN A VERY PROSPEROUS LAW FIRM. HE HAS CERTAINLY HELPED ME THROUGH A COUPLE OF LEGAL HICCUPS FOR WHICH I WILL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL. I EXPECT HE’S AT HIS BEST IN A COURTROOM WHILE FENCING WITH A WITNESS OR HAVING THE JUDGE DECLARE EDGAR’S CLIENT THE VICTOR AS HE RAISES EDGAR’S HAND LIKE MOHAMMED ALI OVER THE OUT-COLD OPPONENT! HE HAS WAGED A SERIOUS RUN FOR PUBLIC OFFICE AND HELD THE POSITION OF PRESIDENT OF **THE WESTCHESTER ROTARY CLUB**, ONE OF THE LARGER IN THE STATE, WHICH HAS LED HIM TO OVERSEAS, HUMANITARIAN ENDEAVORS.



I HAVE CONVEYED TO EDGAR THAT WHAT MOST ENDEARS HIM TO ME IS THAT HE IS THE ONLY PERSON I KNOW WHO HAS BROUGHT KATHY ALMOST CONSTANT JOY. IF HE'S IN THE ROOM, KATHY IS SMILING! **SERIOUSLY!**

REGINA HOPF, NIECE, DAUGHTER OF KATHLEEN THERESA. REGINA, NEARING THE END OF A WONDERFUL TEACHING CAREER FOR THE TORRANCE SCHOOL DISTRICT, SPECIALIZING IN KINDERGARTEN AND FIRST GRADE. SHE MUST BE EXCEPTIONAL IN THE CLASSROOM, BECAUSE HER REENACTMENTS FOR FAMILY NIGHT MAKE ME WISH I COULD ATTEND HER SCIENCE SESSIONS. SHE WILL SOON BE RETIRING AND HAS ALREADY PURCHASED A CONDO IN IRELAND.

“THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE IS THE HAND THAT RULES THE WORLD,”
WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE, 1865, AMERICAN POET,
[DESCRIBING THE IMPORTANCE TO A SOCIETY OF THOSE WHO RAISE CHILDREN.]

REGINA'S SONS ARE **JULIAN AND NATHAN BOTH U.S. ARMY VETERANS.** (NATHAN IS MARRIED TO THE SWEETEST-- **LEXI**). JULIAN HAD THREE TOURS IN IRAQ AS CREW CHIEF ON AN ARMY HELICOPTER AND UTILIZED A FOUR-YEAR SCHOLARSHIP IN ENGINEERING. NATHAN IS A PHYSICAL THERAPIST. **CRIS** IS REGINA'S BEAU.



REGINA HOPF-YOUNGER SELF.



REGINA-SCHOOL TEACHER.

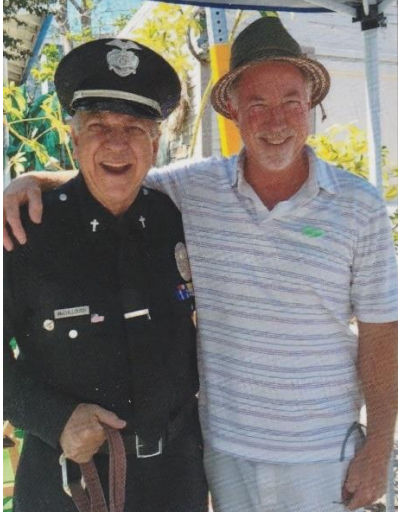


NATHAN AND JULIAN HOPF.

CHRISTHOPHER ROBERT McCULLOUGH-ALL THE PAGES BEFORE AND AFTER THIS POINT COULD BE FILLED WITH MY ADMIRATION AND LOVE FOR MY LITTLE BROTHER. FROM THE TIME HE WAS BORN, HE WAS FEISTY, ENERGETIC, CREATIVE AND THE FAMILY CLOWN. HE COULD GET AWAY WITH TICKLING MOM WHEN HE WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL UNTIL SHE FELL ON THE GROUND GIGGLING. THE ONLY TIME SHE DIDN’Y GIGGLE, WAS WHEN HIS PET PYTHON GOT OUT OF THE AQUARIUM IN WHICH HE KEPT IT IN THE CLOSET WHEN THEY LIVED TOGETHER. WHEN SHE MET HIM LATER THAT DAY STANDING ON THE PORCH, HER WORDS WERE, **“YOU GO, OR THAT SNAKE GOES!”**

GROWING UP MY HIGH SCHOOL YEARS, 1960--64 ON PCH IN REDONDO, MANY OF MY BEST MEMORIES WERE OF MY BROTHER. I WAS 15, HE WAS 6 OR SO, BUT ALWAYS WILLING TO PLAY A GAME OF FOOTBALL ON OUR LIVING-ROOM RUG-SIZED FRONT LAWN. I’D GIVE HIM PASS PATTERNS TO RUN, THEN HE’D TRY TO CATCH THE BALL BEFORE CRASHING IN TO THE STUCCO SIDING OF PRODEN’S SPORTING GOODS STORE RIGHT NEXT DOOR. IN SPORTS, HE ALWAYS GAVE 110% OR MORE.

HE TILED FLOORS, SINKS, TUBS, SHOWERS, PATIOS, KITCHENS, AND THE DESERT REFUGE, FOR EVERY FAMILY MEMBER AND FOR MORE THAN 70 PEOPLE WHO STOOD AT HIS RETIREMENT PARTY. I THINK ALL OF HIS GIRLS' DENTAL WORK WAS ACCOMPLISHED BY "TRADE LABOR" WITH PROMINENT DENTISTS. HIS BODY HAS PAID THE PRICE. I NEVER HEARD HIM COMPLAIN. I'LL JUST LEAVE IT WITH:



ME AND CHRISTOPHER ROBERT.



CHRISTOPHER, WHITE SHIRT, FATHER OF THE CLAN.

“THE McCULLOUGH GIRLS HAVE THE MOST AND BEST STORIES.”

THE McCULLOUGH GIRLS-COLLECTIVELY, A TOUR DE FORCE OF THE SOUTH BAY AREA OF LOS ANGELES.

IF I WERE TO LIST THEIR VIRTUES INDIVIDUALLY, IT MIGHT CAUSE A STIR, SO I'LL JUST LIST THEIR VIRTUES COLLECTIVELY, SINCE THEY ALL SHARE MOST GIFTS IN COMMON; RESOURCEFUL, HUMBLE, (USUALLY) NOT SEEKING THE SPOTLIGHT, SPIRITUAL, INCREDIBLY GOOD CHOOSERS OF HUSBANDS, (MOST OF THEM ARE LIKE THEIR DAD). STRONG WORK ETHIC, COMPASSIONATE, BRIGHT (OF VARYING LUMINOSITY), LOYAL TO A FAULT, LOVERS OF ANIMALS (MOSTLY), **FIERCELY** COMPETITIVE, ESPECIALLY IN BASEBALL, BASKETBALL AND VOLLEYBALL. THEY HAD ALL MASTERED THESE SPORTS AND ALSO HOW TO USE EVERY TOOL IN DAD'S EXTENSIVE TOOLBOX BY THE TIME THEY WERE FIVE! MODEST AND SIMPLE IN FASHION. GIVING DEFFERENCE TO THEIR ELDERS AND ALMOST WORSHIPPING THEIR DAD (RIGHTLY SO). THEY EXCEL IN CREATIVITY AND PLANNING AHEAD. THEY MAKE GREAT PARENTS AND AUNTS. WHAT IS THERE NOT TO LOVE? EACH IS DADDY'S GIRL.



THE MCCULLOUGH GIRLS, LINDSAY, MEGHAN, LAUREN (BRUNETTE), OLIVIA, (BLONDE).

“DADDY’S GIRL”

I RECALL THE NIGHT THAT YOU CAME INTO THIS WORLD
I COULDN'T BELIEVE THE DOCTOR WHEN HE SAID IT'S A LITTLE GIRL
I SAID "NOW DOC YOU MUST BE WRONG YOU SEE I WANTED A BOY"
THEN HE LAID YOU IN MY ARMS AND MY HEART SANG WITH JOY

**CHORUS: DADDY'S GIRL, DADDY'S GIRL
I'M THE CENTER OF DADDY'S WORLD
I KNOW I'M DADDY'S NUMBER ONE,
FOR HE LOVES ME LIKE I WAS HIS SON, DADDY'S GIRL
RED SOVINE**

SEE: APPENDIX CHAPTER 17 – TO CONTINUE: “DADDY’S GIRL” RED SOVINE AND POEM, “DELTOID THRUST, EARTHBOUND.” (see page 218).

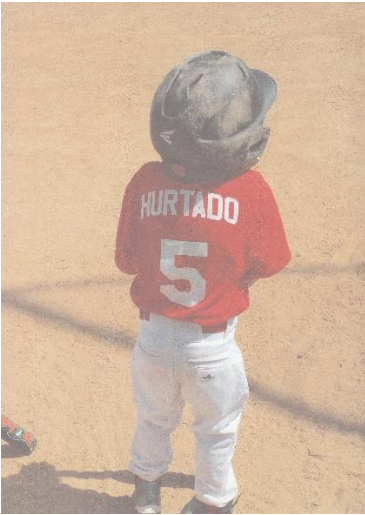


THE FOUR HUSBANDS OF THE “McCULLOUGH GIRLS.”

**GREAT MEN; JEFF GATLING, DENNIS ROBERTS, TORRANCE “TORY” HERNANDEZ,
AND JUSTIN RUELAS (back of head only, lol) -**

GRAND NIECES AND GRAND NEPHEWS.

BRADLEY HURTADO, STRONG BASEBALL PLAYER AND TEAM LEADER. AT 14, HAS OVER 15 CHAMPIONSHIP RINGS. A SOLID HITTER, HE CAN PLAY EVERY POSITION, BUT STRONGEST AT CATCHER.



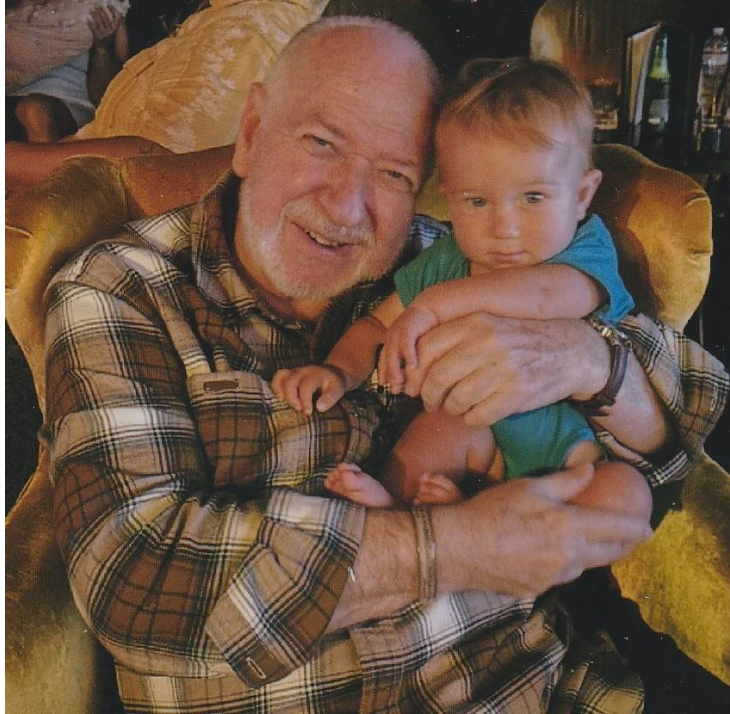
THE MINOR FARM CLUB. BRADLEY IN FULL BATTLE ARRAY. BRADLEY HURTADO AT 14.

ALSO, IN POSITION OF RISING STARS; SCARLETTE JOLENE GATLING, (NURSE/ASTRONAUT HOPEFUL), RILEY JAMES RUELAS. MAYA CHRISTY RUELAS AND HUNTER ZACHARY GATLING.

THESE ARE THE RISING STARS OF THE NEXT GENERATION.



FOR OUR 2026 FAMILY CRUISE, I GAVE EACH OF THE KIDS A GIFT AT THE END OF OUR SUNDAY MORNING “CHILDREN’S MASS.” RILEY AND MAYA GOT CERAMIC DOGS THAT LOOK LIKE “LADY.” HUNTER GOT A PLUSH CRUISE SHIP. SINCE SCARLETTE JOLENE HAD RECENTLY ANNOUNCED THAT SHE WANTED TO BE EITHER A NURSE OR AN ASTRONAUT, SHE IS HOLDING UP HER GIFT, A SMALL PIECE OF METEORITE. IT WAS AUTHENTICATED AS GENUINE BY A GEOLOGIST WITH A PhD, PROBABLY 14 BILLION + YEARS OLD I PURCHASED IT AROUND 1995 FOR \$30.00. I TOLD HER THAT THERE WILL BE NEED FOR NURSES WHO ARE ASTRONAUTS SOME DAY.



HUNTER ZACHERY GATLING AND ME.

NOTE: IF ANY OF US SURVIVE TO THE YEAR 2055, THIS MEMOIR WILL HAVE ENCOMPASSED 200 YEARS OF McCULLOUGH/DOLMAGE HISTORY – 1855- 2055.

FR. DAVID ROCHON, O.S.B.-SECOND COUSIN. FR. DAVID’S WAS THE FIRST ORDINATION I EVER ATTENDED. I TREASURED HIM LIKE AN OLDER BROTHER, THOUGH WE HAD VERY FEW OPPORTUNITIES TO BE TOGETHER. AFTER LEAVING THE BENEDICTINE COMMUNITY, HE WAS INCARDINATED INTO THE DIOCESE OF PORTLAND, **OREGON** WHERE HE PASTORED A CHURCH AND MISSION FOR ABOUT 10 YEARS. HE CO-FOUNDED **THE HOUSE OF PRAYER FOR PRIESTS** THERE. HIS STRONGEST POINTS WERE LITURGY AND SCRIPTURE. HIS LAST 30 DAYS WERE SPENT AT DANIEL FREEMAN HOSPITAL IN INGLEWOOD. BARBARA CANADY AND I GOT TO TAKE TURNS IN THE ROOM NEXT TO HIM FOR HIS LAST DAYS. THOUGH IN EXCRUCIATING PAIN FROM COLON CANCER, HE REMAINED FAITHFUL TO GOD TILL HIS LAST BREATH. HE OFFERED HIS SUFFERINGS FOR MY VARIOUS MINISTRIES AND WONDERFUL THINGS ACCORDINGLY HAPPENED. AFTER A FRUITFUL LIFE OF 40 YEARS, HE DIED. HE IS BURIED IN THE PRIEST’S PLOT OF THE CATHOLIC CEMETERY IN PORTLAND, OREGON.

BARBARA CANADY-SECOND COUSIN, CLASSIC LIBRARIAN MARM, BUT NOT ORDINARY IN ANY SENSE. SHE WAS THE HEAD-LIBRARIAN OF GLENDALE HIGH SCHOOL FOR 35 YEARS. EVERY YEAR I KNEW HER, SHE WAS WALKING SOMEONE THROUGH THEIR LAST DAYS. SHE LOVED FINE FABRICS, HEIRLOOMS AND HAD A WORLD-CLASS CHRISTMAS TREE ORNAMENT COLLECTION THAT WAS DISPLAYED AT THE HUNTINGTON.LIBRARY ON SEVEN **HUGE** CHRISTMAS TREES. SHE WAS AN OFFICIONADA OF HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY AND HAD A SPLENDID LIBRARY. HER GIFTS WERE ALWAYS TREASURES TO ADMIRE AND WRAPPED WITH LOVE AND FLOURISH. BARBARA WAS CLOSE TO GOD AND LIVED THE TRULY HUMBLING VOCATION AS A SINGLE WOMAN. WE

TRAVELED TO GETTYSBURG, PA TOGETHER AND TOURED THE **USS OLYMPIA** IN PHILADELPHIA, THE FLAGSHIP OF THE GREAT WHITE FLEET. SHE WAS ALWAYS A DEEP WELL OF WISDOM.



BARBARA-ANN CANADY.

MOM-PATRICIA McCULLOUGH SHOULD HAVE RECEIVED THE ARCHDIOCESAN MOTHER OF THE YEAR AWARD. . . AT LEAST TWICE! WHAT WOULD BE EVEN BETTER WOULD BE TO SPEND HER ETERNITY WITH OUR HEAVENLY FATHER AND ALL OUR DECEASED BELOVED.

I STILL REMEMBER THE SHOCK WE'D EACH GET AS OUR LIPS TOUCHED ON THOSE COLD WINTRY MORNINGS IN NEBRASKA AS I'D GET DROPPED OFF AT ST, THERESA'S WHEN I WAS 7..

MOM WAS GREAT FOR MEMORABLE, TRUE SAYINGS FOR EXAMPLE, "**THE ONE CRYING THE LOUDEST IS NOT ALWAYS HURTING THE MOST.**"

DAD-RICHARD McCULLOUGH WENT FROM THE ALCOHOLIC DRUNK DESCRIBED IN EARLIER PAGES TO ONE OF MY GREATEST HEROES BECAUSE OF HIS INHERENT GOODNESS AND THE DEMONS HE OVERCAME.

MUSIC WAS ONE OF DAD'S GIFTS AND PASSIONS. HE LOVED CLASSICAL MUSIC AND INSTILLED ITS LOVE IN ME. TCHAIKOVSKY, SOUZA, RAVEL AND RIMSKY-KORSAKOV WERE SOME OF HIS FAVORITES. HE KNEW HUNDREDS OF SONGS HE'D PLAY ON THE ACCORDIAN. HE ONCE STATED HE'D CHALLENGE ANYONE IN THE BAR TO NAME A SONG HE COULDN'T PLAY. IF HE COULDN'T, HE'D BUY THEM A DRINK. HE CLAIMED HE NEVER BOUGHT A DRINK. I DON'T KNOW IF THAT WAS TRUE OR JUST THE ALCOHOL TALKING, BUT HE KNEW A **LOT** OF SONGS, ALL BY HEART AND BY EAR . . . HE COULDN'T READ MUSIC. HE COULD FILL A SPACE WITH ACCORDIAN MUSIC FOR TWO HOURS STRAIGHT NON-STOP, IRISH, SPANISH, MEXICAN, POPULAR RADIO TUNES, ETC., ETC.

HE COULD PLAY **BACH-GOUNOD'S AVE MARIA** IN A WAY THAT DREW TEARS.

WHEN ASKED, HE WOULD GIVE ADVICE, FOR EXAMPLE, "IF YOU ARE GOING TO DO MARRIAGE COUNSELING, NEVER ADVISE ONE SPOUSE WITHOUT CONSULTING WITH THE OTHER SPOUSE. THAT WAS SUCH COMMONSENSE ADVICE."

ACCORDIANIST OF THE LAWRENCE WELK SHOW **MYRON FLOREN** WOULD BE THE PLACE TO HEAR THE CLOSEST TO WHAT DAD SOUNDED LIKE WHEN HE PLAYED THE ACCORDIAN. **MARIO LANZA**, ITALIAN TENOR, WOULD BE THE TENOR DAD ADMIRER THE MOST. HE MAY NOT HAVE

HAD HIS TALENT, BUT HE CERTAINLY HAD HIS HEART. ANOTHER SINGER, **JIM NEIGHBORS**, COMES TO MIND WHEN TRYING TO DESCRIBE DAD'S ABILITY TO WIN HEARTS WITH HIS VOICE

ONE DAY, AFTER MANY YEARS OF COPING WITH THE PAINS I HAD EXPERIENCED WITH A DRINKING DAD, IT OCCURRED TO ME TO MAKE A LIST OF ALL THE TIMES HE BROUGHT JOY, KNOWLEDGE AND FUN TO MY LIFE. I WAS OVERWHELMED AT HOW MUCH I HAD BURIED IN THE CHAOS. **I'LL ADDRESS THOSE IN PART 3.**

LESSON #1: DON'T HATE. MY OBSERVATION IN MYSELF IS THIS: I BECOME WHAT I HATE.

LESSON #2: IF GOD DOESN'T EXIST, THEN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IS NO BETTER THAN THE KAHUNAS (HIGH PRIESTS) DESCRIBED IN JAMES MICHENER'S BOOK, HAWAII, WHO IN PRIMITIVE BORA BORA, WOULD APPROACH A SUBSERVANT TRIBE, GATHER THEIR PEOPLE TOGETHER, AND THEN CLUB TO DEATH ANYONE WHO THEY PERCEIVED TO BE THEIR ENEMIES. THUS, THEY MADE THEIR SUBJECTS LIVE IN FEAR OF DEATH, COERCING THEM TO STRICT GOVERNMENTAL OBEDIENCE. THIS OF COURSE WAS THE MOTIVATION FOR THE FIRST HAWAIIANS TO SAIL NORTH FOR 1,000S OF MILES TO DISCOVER HAWAII. IF GOD DOES EXIST, THEN JESUS CHRIST IS TRUE, HE FOUNDED THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AND WHAT SHE APOSTOLICALLY TEACHES IS TRUE.

LESSON #3: GOD LOVES EVERY MEMBER OF MY FAMILY WAY MORE THAN I DO. THEREFORE, I WILL NOT BE OVERLY CONCERNED FOR THEIR ETERNAL SALVATION. EVERY PERSON IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR OWN SALVATION. IF I CAN EVER BE OF ASSISTANCE IN THAT REGARD, CONSIDER ME A RESOURCE. KNOW THAT I AM YOUR PRAYER WARRIOR FOR YOU..

THESE ARE THE EVENTS AND PEOPLE WHO SHAPED THE PERSON OF MICHAEL PATRIC PETER McCULLOUGH.

MY MISSION

**I HAVE MY MISSION--TO KEEP HIS COMMANDMENTS AND
SERVE HIM IN MY CALLING.**

**... IF I AM IN SICKNESS, MY SICKNESS MAY SERVE HIM;
IN PERPLEXITY, MY PERPLEXITY MAY SERVE HIM**

... IN SORROW, MY SORROW MAY SERVE HIM.

**MY SICKNESS, PERPLEXITY, OR SORROW
MAY BE NECESSARY CAUSES OF SOME GREAT END,
WHICH IS QUITE BEYOND US,**

**... HE MAY MAKE ME FEEL DESOLATE,
MAKE MY SPIRITS SINK, HIDE MY FUTURE FROM ME-
STILL, HE KNOWS WHAT HE IS ABOUT.**

JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN

PART 2. THE LAPD WAS MY PARISH.

CHAPTER 18. THE FOUR YEARS PRIOR TO LAPD.

“YOUR VOCATION IS THAT POINT WHERE SOMETHING YOU ARE REALLY GOOD AT AND THAT GIVES YOU IMMENSE JOY MEETS SOMETHING THE WORLD REALLY NEEDS!”

A RELIGIOUS SISTER OF ST. JOSEPH OF ORANGE

PRIOR TO MY ARRIVAL AS CHAPLAIN OF LAPD IN 1977, I HAD FOUR WONDERFUL YEARS OF POLICE CHAPLAINCY WITH CULVER CITY AND OXNARD POLICE DEPARTMENTS RESPECTIVELY.

WITHIN A FEW WEEKS OF ARRIVING IN CULVER CITY AT ST. AUGUSTINE, I MET **SHARON BLAWN**, A DISPATCHER FOR CCPD. SHE SET UP AN APPOINTMENT FOR ME WITH THE CHIEF. WHEN I TOLD HIM I WAS A NEW PRIEST IN THE AREA AND WOULD LIKE TO BE AVAILABLE FOR THE DEPARTMENT IF/AS NEEDED, HIS RESPONSE WAS, “WHY DON’T YOU RIDE ALONG WITH THE JUVENILE CAR ON FRIDAY NIGHTS?” I WAS DELIGHTED AND SAID “YES.”

KEEPING UP MY DUTIES IN THE PARISH WAS A FULL-TIME JOB AND MY FIRST COMMITMENT, BUT POLICE CHAPLAINCY WAS A REAL PASSION. AS TIME PROGRESSED, I ROTATED TO PATROL. MY ROUTINE TWO MONDAY NIGHTS A MONTH WAS TO REPORT FOR MORNING WATCH ROLL CALL MONDAY NIGHT AT 1100 PM, (2300 HRS.) I WOULD BE ASSIGNED TO A BLACK AND WHITE AND RIDE ALONG TILL TUESDAY MORNING AT 0800. I’D HEAD HOME AND SLEEP A GOOD PART OF MY DAY OFF WHICH WAS TUESDAY. I RODE WITH BOTH SUPERVISOR AND TWO-MAN UNITS.

MY FIRST PATROL RIDE WAS WITH **GEORGE McWORTER**. HE’D BEEN ON FOR ABOUT 20 YEARS. SAID HE HAD FIRED HIS SERVICE WEAPON ONCE IN ALL THAT TIME. THAT CALL ENDED IN AN EXCHANGE OF GUNFIRE AND FOOT PURSUIT. HE APPREHENDED THE SUSPECT WHO TOLD HIM ON THE WAY BACK TO THE VEHICLE THAT HE HAD HEARD THE BULLET PASS CLOSE TO HIS EAR. GEORGE RECALLED THAT AS A **VERY** SCARY EXPERIENCE.

OTHER OFFICERS I REMEMBER WORKING WITH INCLUDED **TONY JOUBERT, OFFICER STONE, AGENT SKYLER, CAPTAIN LARS SEDERLING AND PROBATIONER JOHN MONTANIO**. THE WATCH COMMANDER, **LIEUTENANT FRANK AUGUSTA**, ONE NIGHT ASSIGNED ME TO RIDE WITH JOHN MONTANIO. JOHN WOULD BECOME CHIEF OF CULVER CITY P. D. AND WE REMAINED FRIENDS FOR LIFE.

I WAS NEVER OFFICIALLY SWORN IN AS CHAPLAIN THAT I RECALL. I DID RECEIVE A COPY OF A LETTER. IT WAS IN RESPONSE TO AN INQUIRY IF CULVER CITY WOULD LIKE A POLICE CHAPLAIN TO BE ASSIGNED TO THEM FROM A SOUTHERN DENOMINATIONAL CONFERENCE. THE RESPONSE TO THEM WAS SIGNED BY **CHIEF ELWIN TED COOKE** STATING THAT “CULVER CITY ALREADY HAD A CHAPLAIN, FR. MIKE McCULLOUGH.” **THE LETTER WAS DATED MARCH 10, 1976.**



OFFICE OF
CHIEF OF POLICE

Telephone:
(213) 837-1221
P. O. Box 808

Culver City Police Department

March 10, 1976

Mr. Alfred C. Hart
Associate Director
Correctional Chaplaincy
Home Mission Board
1350 Spring Street, N.W.
Atlanta, Georgia 30309

Thank you for your letter regarding the volunteer chaplaincy program.

The Culver City Police Department already has a volunteer chaplain, Father Michael McCullough of St. Augustine's Catholic Church. We will be happy to forward to him the pamphlets which you enclosed in your letter.

Please be assured of our desire to assist in all matters of mutual interest.

ELWIN E. (TED) COOKE
Chief of Police

EEC:pj

cc: ✓ Father Michael McCullough

**EVERY SWORN PEACE OFFICER AND MILITARY
WARRIOR MUST SWEAR AN OATH TO GOD. IN THE
ABSENCE OF THAT, THEY'LL SWEAR AN OATH TO A PERSON,
A LESSER GOD. THAT'S NOT GOOD.**

OPINION OF CHAPLAIN MIKE McCULLOUGH

MY LAST NIGHT ON PATROL, I MENTIONED TO THE GUYS I HAD BEEN ASSIGNED TO A PARISH IN OXNARD AND WOULD BE VOLUNTEERING WITH THE DEPARTMENT THERE. **AGENT SKYLER** SAID, WHEN YOU GET THERE, LOOK UP MY GOOD FRIEND, **SGT. BOB ELDER**.

IN 1976, I REPORTED TO ST. ANTHONY PARISH. SOON AFTER, I CHECKED IN WITH OXNARD P.D. AS I WALKED IN TO THE LARGE EXPANSE OF CUBICLES, A VOICE FROM WAY IN THE BACK YELLED, **"ANGEL TWO!"** THE PRIEST I WAS REPLACING AT ST. ANTHONY WAS **MSGR. CHARLIE HILL** WHO HAD RECENTLY GONE THROUGH THE OXNARD POLICE ACADEMY WITH THE CALL SIGN, **"ANGEL ONE!"** MY NAME, **ANGEL TWO**, STUCK.

MY YEAR AND A HALF AT OXNARD GOT ME INTO MANY INTERESTING RIDE-ALONGS. **BOB ELDER** WAS ONE OF THE MOST COLORFUL, DELIGHTFUL HUMAN BEINGS I'D EVER MET. HE WOULD EVENTUALLY LEAD THE EIGHT-MAN HOMICIDE UNIT. HE GOT ME OUT ON MURDER SCENES, AUTOPSIES AND INTERESTING STAKE-OUTS.

THE YENNY CASE REMAINS ONE OF THE NOTORIOUS MURDER CASES IN OXNARD HISTORY. A PAIR OF HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEARTS WERE CONFRONTED BY THREE HISPANIC MALES AFTER A FRIDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL GAME AT CHANNEL ISLANDS HIGH SCHOOL. THEY KILLED THE BOY, RAPED THE GIRL AND LEFT HER FOR DEAD AFTER ATTEMPTING TO MURDER HER BY BASHING HER HEAD AGAINST A ROCK. SHE SUBSEQUENTLY RECOVERED FROM HER DEVASTATING INJURIES AND BOB ELDER AND HIS TEAM WORKED THE CASE WITH THE DILIGENCE OF BULLDOGS. THE DETECTIVE WORK WAS A STACK OF PAPERWORK SIX FEET HIGH. ELDER AND HIS TEAM GOT **THREE MURDER-ONE CONVICTIONS** BASED ON A PIECE OF SWEATER FABRIC ON THE TOP OF A CHAIN LINK FENCE AT THE HIGH SCHOOL WHICH MATCHED ONE OF THE SUSPECT'S ARTICLES OF CLOTHING, THUS PLACING THEM AT THE GAME AND CONTRADICTING THEIR ALIBIS.

ONE OF THE **TRI-COUNTY TRAINING SESSIONS** PLACED ME AT A LUNCH TABLE WITH **ELDER, CHUCK HIGBY**, PROBABLY THE MOST NOTEWORTHY L. A. P. D. HOMICIDE DETECTIVE AT THE TIME, **CHUCK ELLIOTT**, HIS COUNTERPART IN THE LOS ANGELES SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT AND STATE SENATOR AND FORMER L. A. P. D. POLICE CHIEF, **ED DAVIS**. THE TABLE TALK WAS GREAT AND I REMEMBER ONE OF THE LAWMEN SAYING (I WON'T SAY WHICH ONE) THAT HE KNEW HIS HOMICIDE DETECTIVE DAYS WERE OVER RECENTLY WHEN, AS HE BEGAN THE AUTOPSY OF A PEACE OFFICER OF HIS AGENCY BY CUTTING AWAY HIS UNIFORM TROUSERS, HIS HAND STARTING TREMBLING UNCONTROLLABLY. THIS WAS THE SECOND TIME HAND TREMBLING HAD HAPPENED. HE SAID, VERY HUMBLY AND QUITE MATTER OF FACT, "THAT'S WHEN I KNEW I CAN'T DO THIS WORK ANYMORE." I LEARNED A LOT THAT DAY, FIRST-HAND, ABOUT THE ACCUMULATIVE EFFECTS OF POST-TRAUMATIC STRESS!

ON ANOTHER OCCASION, BOB'S HOMICIDE UNIT WAS TASKED WITH A PROTECTION DETAIL FOR **JANE FONDA** WHO WOULD BE IN AN OXNARD NEIGHBORHOOD TO RAISE MONEY FROM AN AUCTION OF HER DAD, **HENRY FONDA'S** MEMORABILIA. A DEATH THREAT HAD BEEN MADE AGAINST HER AND \$100,000 OFFERED TO DO THE KILLING. OXNARD TOOK THE THREAT SERIOUSLY, SO I WAS WITH ELDER IN ONE VEHICLE AND THREE OTHER VEHICLES PREPARED FOR

JUST ABOUT ANY THREAT, INCLUDING GRENADES, MULTIPLE SUSPECTS AND USE--YOUR--IMAGINATION--SCENARIOS. ELDER SAT IN OUR UNIT WITH AN AR-15 ON HIS LAP. MANY HOURS LATER, THE THREAT ENDED PEACEFULLY.

ON ANOTHER OCCASION, **BOB ELDER** RELATED HIS MOST TRYING ASSIGNMENT. BOB'S DAUGHTER, **DEANA**, WAS IN KINDERGARTEN AT AN OXNARD SCHOOL. A DRIVER ACCIDENTLY RAN A RED LIGHT KILLING THREE KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN. THEY WERE CLASSMATES OF DEANA. NOT ONLY WAS BOB TASKED WITH JOINING THE CORONER FOR THE AUTOPSY OF THE CHILDREN, BUT ALSO SPEAKING TO THE CLASS ABOUT THE DEATH OF THEIR CLASSMATES. HE SAID HE COULD BARELY GET THROUGH THE ORDEAL.

THE PARISH WAS GREAT, BUT THE POLICE COMRADERIE AND BROTHERHOOD WAS INTOXICATING. THE TROOPS AND I HAD A BOND THAT WAS UNBREAKABLE.

LESSON LEARNED: PEACE OFFICERS IN THOSE DAYS WERE OFTEN TASKED WITH DEATH NOTIFICATIONS. **POLICE WERE NOT TRAINED FOR THAT KIND OF ASSIGNMENT. THAT WAS A JOB FOR POLICE CHAPLAINS.**

WILSHIRE DIVISION, LAPD.

1977, SAW ME ASSIGNED TO ST. AGATHA AT ADAMS AND LA BREA. I WAS NOW ON LAPD TURF. I APPLIED TO THE CHAPLAIN PROGRAM AT THE DEPARTMENT AND WAS APPOINTED IN SEPTEMBER OF THAT YEAR. NOT THINKING POORLY IN ANY WAY OF MY TWO PRIOR DEPARTMENTS, I HAD ARRIVED AT THE DEPARTMENT THAT WOULD BECOME "MY BREAD AND BUTTER" AS BOB ELDER PUT IT. LAPD HAD 10,000 SWORN OFFICERS AND 4,000 CIVILIAN EMPLOYEES. LAPD WAS SEEN AS EFFICIENT AND LEAN. FOR EXAMPLE, NYPD HAD 40,000 SWORN OFFICERS, BUT ANNUALLY, LOS ANGELES OFFICERS MADE MORE ARRESTS. LET ME SHARE A SMATTERING OF RIDE-ALONG EXPERIENCES. THESE ARE JUST A FEW HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEARLY 500 RIDE-ALONGS THAT WOULD CHARACTERIZE MY CAREER.

I WAS ASSIGNED TO WILSHIRE DIVISION AND **MY FIRST EVENING ON PATROL WAS WITH SGT. GREY.** ROLL CALL HAD BEEN INTERESTING. I SAT TOWARD THE BACK OF THE ROOM OF ABOUT 20 MORNING WATCH OFFICERS. **OFFICER KENNY HINKLE** DREW A SPOT RIGHT BEHIND ME. I HAD EXPECTED TO BE TESTED THAT FIRST YEAR. IT TAKES THAT LONG TO EARN THE TRUST OF THE TROOPS. I SAT TOWARD THE BACK OF THE SQUAD ROOM, KNOWING ONLY ROOKIES SIT IN THE FIRST ROW. WEARING MY ROMAN COLLAR, AS I ALWAYS DID ON PATROL, HINKLE WISPERED IN A VOICE LOUD ENOUGH FOR MOST TO HEAR, "AHA, SPY FROM THE CHIEF!" THEN WITH THE VIGOR OF A WELTER-WEIGHT BOXER, HE GAVE HIS BATON TEN GOOD THUMPS ON THE TABLE RIGHT BEHIND ME. I DIDN'T REACT. AND SO, I PASSED THE FIRST TWO "TESTS." (TWENTY YEARS LATER, I RAN IN TO KENNY AT THE ACADEMY. HE CAME UP TO ME, GAVE A BIG HUG AND WE RECALLED THE GOOD TIMES WE HAD AT WILSHIRE.)

"OUR EVERY MOVE IS OBSERVED BY THE OFFICERS WITH WHOM WE WORK. WE ARE NOT AS ETHICAL, MORAL, SPIRITUAL OR COMPASSIONATE AS THEY THINK WE ARE. WE ARE ABOVE REPROACH AS FAR AS THEY ARE CONCERNED. CHAPLAINS ARE SOMEWHERE ABOVE THE LEVEL OF MOST HUMANITY. WE DON'T PUT OURSELVES THERE, THE OFFICERS DO. . . . IF WE SAY IT, IT MUST BE TRUE. AT LEAST IN THE EYES OF THE OFFICERS, CHAPLAINS ARE WHAT GOD MUST BE LIKE."
IT IS AN AWESOME RESPONSIBILITY TO SERVE AS A CHAPLAIN. NO. WE ARE NOT GOD. BUT WE REPRESENT HIM. ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS THAT OUR OFFICERS NOTICE IS THAT WE WEAR A BADGE . . . GOD HAS

A BADGE.”
BAPTIST CHAPLAIN LOWELL LAWSON
CANTON, GEORGIA, P. D.
INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF POLICE CHAPLAINS
VERY DEAR FRIEND AND MENTOR.

“HE WHO LIVES BY THE SWORD, DIES BY THE SWORD.”

I ROLLED OUT OF THE STATION WITH **SGT GREY** AND RECALL THAT HE WAS PROFESSIONAL AND TALKATIVE. WE DROVE THE PERIMETER OF THE DIVISION AND HE POINTED OUT INTERESTING LANDMARKS AND THE FASTEST STREETS TO GET FROM ONE END OF THE AREA TO THE OTHER. WE ROLLED PAST A 7-11 CONVENIENCE STORE AND HE RELATED THE FOLLOWING NARRATIVE.

“F---YOU, COP!”

“ONE NIGHT HE GOT A CALL OF A 211 (ARMED ROBBERY) AT THAT LOCATION. HE ARRIVED AT THE FRONT DOOR, ENTERED AND RAN PAST AN INDIVIDUAL CURLED UP IN A PUDDLE OF BLOOD ON THE FLOOR, ASSUMING HE WAS A VICTIM OF THE GUNMAN. AS HE ARRIVED AT THE REGISTER, THE CASHIER, POINTED AT THE WOUNDED GUY AND SAID, HE’S THE PERPETRATOR! THE SUBJECT HAD HELD UP THE CASHIER BRANDISHING THE WEAPON, GRABBED THE MONEY, THEN STUFFED THE GUN IN HIS WAIST-BAND. AS HE REACHED THE DOOR, THE GUN DISCHARGED, DELIVERING HIM A FATAL BLOW TO HIS PRIVATES. HE WAS BLEEDING OUT. THE SGT. CALLED FOR AN AMBULANCE, LEANED OVER THE MAN AND SAID, “YOU ARE DYING. IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?” THE GUY RESPONDED, POINTING HIS MIDDLE FINGER AT THE SGT. AND SAYING, “F---YOU, COP!” WITH THOSE LAST WORDS, HE KEELED OVER DEAD.

“NEVER LET MONEY BECOME YOUR GOD.”

LESSONS LEARNED: INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE LAPD RANGE MASTER. **NEVER, EVER POINT A FIREARM AT ANYTHING OR ANYONE YOU DON’T INTEND TO SHOOT, WOUND, INJURE, MAIM OR KILL. YOU MAY THINK A WEAPON IS NOT LOADED.** REMEMBER, EVEN IF YOU REMOVE THE CLIP FROM A 9MM BERETTA, THERE’S STILL A ROUND IN THE CHAMBER. CHILDREN SEE GUNS POINTED AT PEOPLE ALL THE TIME ON TV. IF THEY GET A HOLD OF ONE, THE FIRST THING THEY WILL DO IS POINT IT AND PULL THE TRIGGER. IF YOU KEEP WEAPONS AT HOME, KEEP THEM IN A GUN SAFE, OR WITH A LOCKING DEVICE. **ACCIDENTAL SHOOTINGS ARE PREVENTABLE!**

ANOTHER RIDE-ALONG WAS WITH OFFICER **ED McKEON** AND HIS PARTNER. WE WERE SUMMONED IN A CALL TO AN UPSTAIRS’ APARTMENT. ED AND HIS PARTNER WERE TALKING WITH THE ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN CALLER, WHEN SHE SUDDENLY GRABBED A LARGE BUTCHER KNIFE AND STARTED SWINGING IT AT **ED**. HE WAS PARRYING HER THRUSTS WITH HIS BATON AS HE YELLED TO ME, “GET DOWN TO THE UNIT AND PUT OUT ‘OFFICERS NEED ASSISTANCE’ CALL.” OTHER UNITS ARRIVED ALMOST IMMEDIATELY. MY RIDE-ALONG OFFICERS HAD DISARMED HER SAFELY AND SHE WAS DETAINED AS A 5150 SUBJECT. ALL ENDED WELL. **THAT WAS THE ONLY TIME I EVER USED THE POLICE RADIO IN 47 YEARS OF POLICE WORK.** OFFICERS DIDN’T HAVE THE ABILITY TO CALL FOR HELP OTHER THAN WITH THEIR CAR RADIOS IN THOSE DAYS. **ED McKEON** EVENTUALLY GOT HIS WINGS AND BECAME A PILOT FOR AIR SUPPORT.

ASD, AIR SUPPORT DIVISION. VERY EARLY ON, I WAS ADVISED THAT CHAPLAINS COULD GO UP IN THE **AIR UNIT**. MY FIRST PLANE RIDE HAD BEEN IN A SIKORSKY, S-55, HELICOPTER, SO THIS WAS EXCITING. **OUR FIRST ASSIGNMENT REALLY TOUCHED ME.** WE WERE TO RECEIVE A

HUMAN HEART BY AMBULANCE TO THE PIPER TECH HELIPAD, THEN TRANSPORT IT **TO HARBOR GENERAL HOSPITAL** FOR A PATIENT WAITING FOR TRANSPLANT SURGERY. I WAS SEATED IN THE SEAT BEHIND THE OBSERVER AND THE HEART WAS PLACED ON THE FLOORBOARD UNDER MY SEAT, BETWEEN MY LEGS. I FERVENTLY PRAYED PRAYERS OF BLESSING THROUGHOUT THAT 20-MINUTE FLIGHT FOR THE DONOR AND THE SOON-TO-BE RECIPIENT. I FELT INCREDIBLY HONORED TO BE THERE TO OFFER THAT PRAYER. PILOTS AND OBSERVERS ARE A SPECIAL BREED. MOST IN THOSE DAYS HAD FLOWN IN VIET NAM. THEY MADE THEIR GUESTS FEEL SPECIAL WITH THINGS LIKE, “HEY PADRE, THREE BEARS IN THE AIR ARE BETTER THAN TWO. IF YOU SEE ANYTHING, LET US KNOW!” THEY WERE, TO A PERSON, PROUD YET HUMBLE, STATING, “I GET TO BE A PILOT/OBSERVER **AND** I’M AN LAPD OFFICER!”

PILOT **BOB GREEN** TOOK ME UP FOR A 30-MINUTE FLIGHT DURING THE 1992 CIVIL UNREST WHERE I COUNTED 111 BURNED OUT BUILDINGS. I ALSO WENT UP SEVERAL TIMES AT THE INVITATION OF OBSERVER, **FRANK PROVENZANO**.

IN 1983, TECHNICAL RESERVE STUART TAIRA WAS THE ONLY LAPD RESERVE OFFICER TO RECEIVE THE MEDAL OF VALOR. HE WAS ON A RIDE ALONG COMING IN FOR LANDING AS THE CHOPPER HIT POWER LINES. THE CRAFT WENT DOWN. WHILE THE PROPELLER WAS STILL ROTATING, **STUART** HAD SUCCESSFULLY EXITED THE SHIP BUT RAN BACK TO ASSIST ONE OF THE GUYS STILL TRAPPED INSIDE. HE WAS DECAPITATED. HIS HEROIC EFFORT WAS HONORED POSTUMOUSLY. AIR SUPPORT ALSO LOST CHARLES “RANDY” CHAMPE AND GARY HOWE IN A CRASH IN 1991.

LATE IN MY DAYS WITH LAPD, I WAS ASKED TO BLESS A CHOPPER NAMED IN HONOR OF A BELOVED PILOT WHO HAD DIED OF CANCER. I FELT HONORED. I ASKED IF THE FLEET OF 15 OR SO BIRDS HAD EVER BEEN BLESSED? WHEN **CAPTAIN MIKE HILLMANN**, RESPONDED, “NO” I RESEARCHED APPROPRIATE PRAYERS AND CELEBRATED A BLESSING OF EVERY P. D. AIRSHIP. WHENEVER LAPD FLIES OVERHEAD, **I GIVE THEM A SALUTE AND SIGN OF THE CROSS AS BLESSING..**

LESSON LEARNED: THE ACADEMY TAUGHT US TO ALWAYS TRY TO BE PREPARED FOR VARIOUS SCENARIOS BY REVIEWING WHAT YOU WOULD DO IF SUCH AND SUCH HAPPENED TO YOU.

“YOU MURDERED YOUR FATHER.”

HARRY WAS IN A MOTEL ROOM ON VENICE BLVD. CALL CAME OUT, “7-A77, SEE THE MAN—5150 MALE SUBJECT WITH A RAZOR.”

WE ACKNOWLEDGED THE CALL AND ARRIVED SHORTLY AFTER AT THE LOCATION. FOUR BLACK AND WHITE UNITS WERE PARKED OUT FRONT. AS WE ENTERED THE HALLWAY, EIGHT UNIFORMED OFFICERS WERE UP AGAINST THE LEFT WALL AS **SGT. DAVE DALTON** AND I ENTERED THE HALL, ONE OF THE OFFICERS SAID, “FATHER MIKE, YOU’RE THE ONE HE WANTS TO SEE!” I SAID, RATHER NERVOUSLY, “ORIENTATE ME--WHAT’S GOING ON?” “WELL, HE’S GOT AS RAZOR, AND HE’S CUT HIMSELF AND HE SAYS HE WANTS TO COMMIT SUICIDE.”

SO, I ENTER THE DARK AND DINGY ROOM. HE’S ON THE FAR SIDE FLOOR, ABOUT 300 POUNDS, WEARING ONLY BOXER SHORTS, HOLDING A SINGLE-EDGE RAZOR. HE HAS ABOUT 100 SLASH MARKS ON HIS ARMS, LEGS, NECK AND CHEST. I EASE ONTO THE BED RIGHT NEXT TO THE DOOR.

I TRY TO GET HIM TALKING, “SO WHAT’S GOING ON, HARRY?”

HE STARTS TELLING ME, “WHEN I WAS BORN, I WASN’T WANTED. WHEN I WAS NINE, I WAS PLAYING IN THE BACK YARD, THROWING BRICKS. I THREW A BRICK, JUST AS MY DAD CAME AROUND THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE. THE BRICK HIT HIM IN THE CHEST. HE HAD A HEART ATTACK AND DIED. MY AUNT TOLD ME AND EVERYBODY THAT “I KILLED MY DAD.” HE CONTINUED, “NOW I’M ON WELFARE AND PRESCRIPTION DRUGS AND MY FAMILY ALL ASK FOR MONEY AND I HELP THEM AND NOW I’M BROKE AND THEY STEAL FROM ME. I JUST WANT TO DIE.” HE CAME OVER, KNELT DOWN PUTTING HIS FACE IN MY LAP, “FATHER, HELP ME.” HE WAS SO HUMBLE AND SO HELPLESS. MY HEART WENT OUT TO HIM.

I MADE EVERY EFFORT TO CALL THE NUMBER THE OFFICERS HAD FOR HIM, BUT IT HAD BEEN CHANGED. HE LEFT A MESSAGE FOR ME BY PHONE THE NEXT DAY. “THANK YOU, FATHER, FOR SAVING MY LIFE, HARRY.” SADLY, I WAS NEVER ABLE TO REACH HIM TO FOLLOW UP. TRUTH BE KNOWN, IT WASN’T I WHO SAVED HARRY’S LIFE. IT WAS GOD’S LOVE. GOD USING THE GIFTS HE HAD GIVEN ME TO SAVE HARRY’S LIFE!

LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT

DARYL F. GATES
Chief of Police



TOM BRADLEY
Mayor

P. O. Box 30158
Los Angeles, Calif. 90030
Telephone:
(213)-478-0731 Ext. 454
Ref#:

June 12, 1978

Father Mike McCollough
St. Agathas Church
2610 South Mansfield Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90016

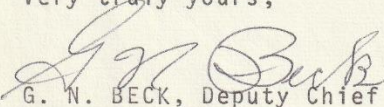
Dear Father McCollough:

Police officers of Wilshire Area and I wish to express our heart-felt appreciation for your response to our call for assistance during the late hours of May 24. Your finesse in handling such a delicate and dangerous situation undoubtedly prevented the tragic loss of a human life and possible serious injuries to the involved police officers.

Although such heroic and humanitarian deeds such as this go unnoticed by the majority of those citizens we serve, the public is nevertheless fortunate in having your services so readily available no matter when they are needed. I, in particular, appreciate your efforts in helping us do a better job "to protect and to serve."

Please be assured of my continuing support and gratitude of your exemplary services as Wilshire Area's Reserve Chaplain.

Very truly yours,


G. N. BECK, Deputy Chief
Commanding Officer
Operations-West Bureau

AN EQUAL EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY—AFFIRMATIVE ACTION EMPLOYER

LESSON LEARNED: SO MANY ARE HURTING SO BADLY. ST. JOHN VIANNEY SAID, “IF I HAD THE EVILS THAT THIS MAN HAS FACED, I’D HAVE GONE TO HELL FOR SURE. IF HE HAD THE GRACES I’VE HAD, HE’D HAVE GONE TO HEAVEN FOR SURE.”

CHAPTER 19. A LITTLE DIGRESSION.

“A LITTLE HUMOR ALWAYS HELPED.”

THE READER MAY RIGHTLY ASK, WHY IS THIS EXERCISE IN CREATIVE WRITING BEING PRESENTED IN UPPER CASE LETTERS? REMEMBER, MOST OF MY INTENDED READERS WILL BE FAMILIES OF OFFICERS OR LAW ENFORCEMENT AND LAW ENFORCEMENT CHAPLAINS. DURING MOST OF MY CAREER WITH LAPD AS I RECALL, **POLICE BULLETINS, NOTICES AND OFFICIAL DIRECTIVES WERE ISSUED IN UPPER CASE LETTER FORMAT.** I DON’T KNOW WHY. BUT I FIGURED IF THEY WERE MY AUDIENCE, THEN I’D PRESENT MY MATERIAL IN THE FORMAT THEY WERE MOST USED TO.

THIS ALSO CARRIED OVER TO MY POETRY. THE ONLY EXCEPTIONS WOULD BE WHERE I FOLLOWED POETIC TECHNIQUES LIKE .e. e. cummings’s WORKS WHERE HIS USE OF UPPER AND LOWER CASE, THE SHAPE OF THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE TYPE TO LOOK LIKE THE THING PORTRAYED AND PUNCTUATION WERE PART OF THE TECHNIQUES HE USED TO TELL THE STORY HE WAS PRESENTING. I EVEN TRIED OCCASIONALLY USING COLORED TYPE TO GET ACROSS IDEAS. POETRY ALSO TENDS TO USE FEWER WORDS TO PRESENT AN IDEA. COPS DON’T ALWAYS HAVE A LOT OF TIME FOR READING!

OF THE 200+ POEMS I HAVE WRITTEN, ABOUT 50 WERE PUBLISHED IN POLICE JOURNALS, NEWSLETTER OR MAGAZINE FORMATS. IN THE SECOND OF TWO COLLEGE COURSES I TOOK IN POETRY, ONE INSTRUCTOR CRITICIZED A POEM I PRESENTED IN UPPER CASE. WHEN I EXPLAINED THE REASONING I JUST WROTE, HE RAISED MY GRADE. HE SAID, **“CONSIDERING YOUR AUDIENCE, YOUR CHOICE OF CASE MADE SENSE.”**

I GUESS MY POETRY HAS SPILLED OVER INTO MY PROSE NARRATIVES AND HANDWRITTEN LETTERS. FOR EXAMPLE, I REFUSE TO CAPITALIZE THE WORD SATAN. TO CAPITALIZE A WORD IS TO GIVE IT HONOR AND RESPECT. **HE HASN’T EARNED THAT! AT THIS POINT IN MY LIFE, IF GOD IS TO INCREASE (ST. IGNATIUS) AND I AM TO DECREASE, THEN I’M GOING TO APPLY THAT TO THE DEVIL. GOD MUST INCREASE AND THE DEVIL MUST DECREASE.**

ON THE OTHER HAND, I LIKE TO CAPITALIZE PRONOUNS AND NOUNS LIKE **You, Father AND Friend,** WHEN REFERRING TO PEOPLE I KNOW BECAUSE THOUGH THEY ARE NOT GOD, **THEY ARE THE PEOPLE OF GOD** AND SHARE IN HIS LIFE SINCE THEY WERE **CREATED IN HIS IMAGE AND LIKENESS.** I DO THAT IN ALL MY TEXT MESSAGING ON PURPOSE. I CAN’T REFER TO MY MOTHER WITHOUT CAPITALIZING **Mother!**

I ALSO ASK YOUR INDULGENCE AS I MAKE THIS **DISCLAIMER.** MEMORY IS A STRANGE THING. SOME SAY I HAVE A GREAT MEMORY. SOME OF THESE FOLKS HAVE DIMENTIA AND ALZHEIMER’S DISEASE. MOM USED TO SAY I HEAR EXACTLY WHAT I WANT TO HEAR. I CAN REMEMBER TINY DETAILS. NAMES-SOMETIMES YES AND SOMETIMES NO. I THINK I GOT MOST OF **THE FEELINGS** RIGHT IN THE STORIES I TELL. **THE FACTS** AND DEFINITELY FIGURES MAY BE MORE DOUBTFUL. **SORRY.**

IF AS YOU READ THIS MANUSCRIPT, IT SEEMS CONFUSED AT TIMES OR I REPEAT MYSELF, PLEASE BE PATIENT AND DON’T LET THAT DETER YOU. THAT’S THE WAY MY LIFE UNFOLDED DAY -TO –

DAY. THAT'S JUST THE WAY IT IS WITH SOME OF US. HOPEFULLY BY THE END IT WILL MAKE SENSE. ONLY GOD KNOWS WHAT GOES ON IN MY HEAD. I HOPE ONE DAY HE'LL EXPLAIN IT TO ME!

LIKE SOME OF OUR MOST FAMOUS LOCAL NEWSPAPERS, I HIDE MY **DISCLAIMER** DEEP IN MY MANUSCRIPT. I BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS IF FOUND GUILTY OF MISTAKES RE: FACTS. IT WAS NEVER INTENTIONAL.

BEFORE I PROCEED WITH LAPD EXPERIENCES, THIS MIGHT BE A GOOD TIME TO STEP BACK AND LOOK AT THE BIG PICTURE. DURING THE 47 YEARS I WAS A POLICE CHAPLAIN, I PARTICIPATED IN APPROXIMATELY 500 RIDE ALONGS. 475 OF THOSE WERE WITH LAPD. THE REST WERE WITH F.B.I., CULVER CITY, OXNARD, BALTIMORE, BISMARCK, N.D. STATE TROOPERS, ATLANTA, SAN BERNARDINO CO. SHERIFF, NYPD, PASADENA, SOUTH PASADENA, MAMMOTH LAKES, AND SANTA BARBARA CO. SHERIFF. THROUGH **THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF POLICE CHAPLAINS**, I HAD THE CHANCE TO VISIT CITIES ALL OVER AMERICA FOR ANNUAL CONVENTIONS. SO, I ENJOYED SEEING LAW ENFORCEMENT THROUGH DIFFERENT COLORED LENSES.

INITIALLY, I RODE WITH SUPERVISORS, WHICH WAS THE POLICY FOR RESERVE CHAPLAINS. SO, I WAS NOT OFTEN IN THE FIRST UNIT ON A CALL. BUT WHEN I GOT TO **WILSHIRE**, I POINTED OUT TO THE CAPTAIN THAT IF I WAS TO SERVE THE LINE OFFICERS, I NEEDED TO BE WITH THEM TO GET TO KNOW THEM ON PATROL. HE AGREED, SO I WAS ISSUED A BULLET-PROOF VEST. THE TROOPS APPRECIATED THAT. WE INCORPORATED **SAFETY ON RIDE ALONGS** INTO OUR CHAPLAIN TRAINING COURSE.

“THERE'S NO ATHEIST IN A FOXHOLE!”

MY PLAN WAS, IN MY FIRST RIDE-ALONGS, TO NEVER BRING UP GOD. I LISTENED A LOT. I GOT THEM TO TELL ME ABOUT POLICE WORK IN GENERAL AND THE DIVISION IN PARTICULAR. I WAS GENUINELY INTERESTED. I **NEVER** WANTED TO BE A COP. THE REASON I WENT THROUGH THE POLICE ACADEMY WAS TO LEARN WHAT THEY WERE LEARNING AND TO WEAR THE UNIFORM FOR FUNERALS AND OTHER DUTIES. THAT WAS PROOF THAT YOU WANTED TO STAND BY THEM. I WAS THE FIRST PRIEST TO EVER GO THROUGH THE LOS ANGELES POLICE ACADEMY. THEY LOVED TO TALK ABOUT THEIR WORK. **EXCHANGING JOKES GAINED A LOT OF TRACTION**. AFTER A FEW TIMES TOGETHER, THEY WANTED TO HEAR ABOUT MY WORK. THEN I COULD TALK ABOUT GOD AND THEY GENERALLY WANTED TO LISTEN. I KNOW SEVERAL PEACE OFFICERS WHO ENTERED THE SEMINARY, BUT ONLY ONE OTHER PRIEST TO GO THROUGH THE L. A. ACADEMY. HE WAS IN THE CLASS FOLLOWING MINE AND IS NOW DECEASED (MSGR. RAFAEL MARIN-LEON).

IT TAKES A GOOD YEAR TO BREAK IN. PEACE OFFICERS ARE CAUTIOUS AND SUSPICIOUS BY NATURE AND TRAINING. THEY WANT TO KNOW THEY CAN TRUST YOU AND THAT YOU ARE NOT GOING TO BETRAY THEIR CONFIDENCE. THEY WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU ARE THERE AND WHAT'S DRIVING YOU. **ONCE YOU PASS THAT TEST, YOU ARE IN! USUALLY FOR LIFE!** I KNEW IF I EVER HAD **A LINE-OF DUTY DEATH FUNERAL**, THAT WOULD BE THE SUPREME TEST. THAT WOULD COME SOON ENOUGH.

YOU MIGHT ASK WHY IT WAS REQUIRED THAT I PASS A PROCESS FOR A **TOP SECRET SECURITY CLEARANCE**. THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN UNTIL WELL INTO MY LAW ENFORCEMENT JOURNEY. IN 1992, I WAS RECRUITED BY **THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION** TO BE ONE OF THEIR 100 CHAPLAINS. A SECURITY CLEARANCE WAS NECESSARY SINCE I WOULD NOW BE HEARING THE

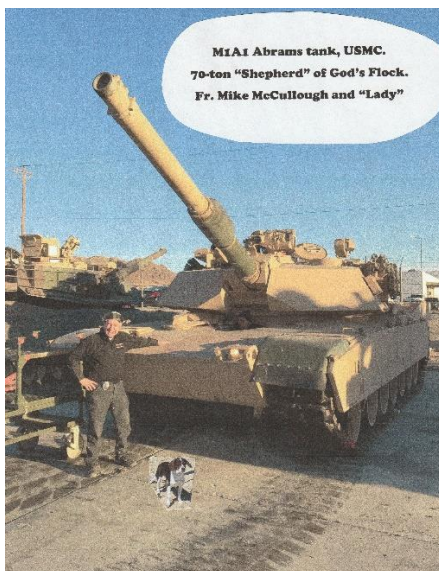
CONFESSIONS OF SPECIAL FIELD AGENTS. THAT WAS SOBERING. BELOW, FBI TABLE AT ANNIVERSARY.



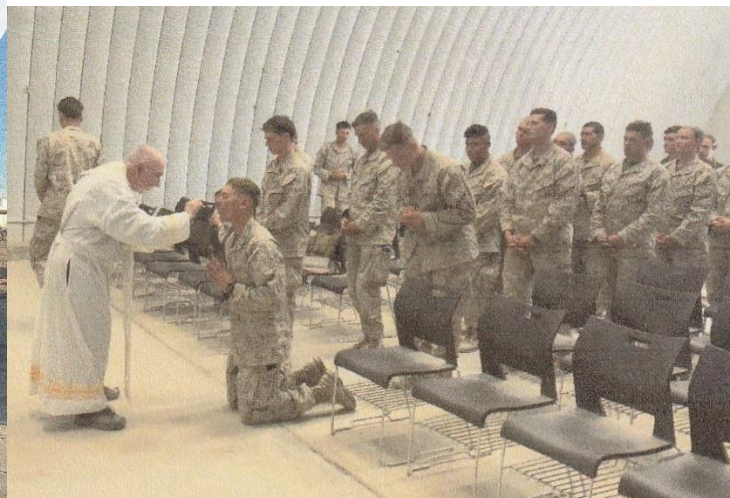
I WORKED ESPECIALLY CLOSE WITH JIM NEILSON, BOARD MEMBER AND SUPERVISORY SPECIAL AGENT OF THE EMPLOYEE ASSISTANCE UNIT SUE DRIVER (ON THE RIGHT).

OTHERS I RESPECTED AND LOVED DEARLY NOT PICTURED INCLUDED TRAVIS SORROWS, AUDRY CHAPMAN, ADIC. TIM AND PATTY McNALLY, ADIC. JAMES DESARNO, AND CHUCK McCORMICK.

THE MILITARY IS EVEN TOUGHER. IF YOU HAVE NOT COME UP THROUGH **THE ARCHDIOCESE FOR THE MILITARY SERVICES**, IT'S TOUGH TO LEARN THE LINGO. I VOLUNTEERED FOR 6 YEARS AT **THE ROBERT BUSH NAVAL HOSPITAL AT 29 PALMS, MARINE CORPS AIR GROUND COMBAT CENTER**, (WENT THROUGH SEVEN MONTHS OF **HIPPA** TRAINING). WITH MASSES, CONFESSIONS AND COUNSELING I GAINED THE TRUST OF THE HOSPITAL STAFF, BUT IT WAS PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND SPOTS TO VOLUNTEER FOR TROOPS IN THE FIELD. A GIG ABOARD SHIP FOR A FEW DAYS WORKED WELL WITH THE SUPPORT OF A FLAG OFFICER OR NAVY CHAPLAIN, ESPECIALLY IF THE SHIP HAD NOT HAD A PRIEST ABOARD FOR SEVERAL YEARS.



Me, Lady and M1A1 Abram tank.



Easter Sunday Services at Camp Wilson, MCAGCC desert.



See Appendix Chapter 19. (page 224.)

CHAPTER 20. THE TWO LETTERS THAT OPENED DOORS.

I'M NOT CERTAIN WHERE TO PLACE MY FRIENDSHIP WITH L.A.P.D. CHIEF DARYL FRANCIS GATES.

I WAS NOT TO LEARN OF HIS BEING A NAVY MAN UNTIL I HAD KNOWN HIM FOR MANY YEARS. HE WAS A SAILOR ABOARD A NAVY DESTROYER IN TOKYO BAY WHEN THE SURRENDER WAS SIGNED IN 1945. HE WAS ALSO A DRIVER FOR **CHIEF WILLIAM H. PARKER**, A FORMER ARMY OFFICER, WHO WAS CREDITED WITH CLEANING UP MUCH OF THE CORRUPTION THAT PLAGUED THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES AND ITS POLICE DEPARTMENT FROM THE 1930s AND BEYOND.

WE CAME TO APPRECIATE EACH OTHER AROUND THE DEATH OF DAVID KUBLY. HIS LETTER DATED 14 MAY, 1981, SET IN MOTION THE EVENTS THAT LED TO THE LETTER FROM THE ARCHDIOCESAN PRIEST PERSONNEL BOARD DATED 24 SEPTEMBER, 1987.

LETTER # 1.

LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT

DARYL F. GATES
Chief of Police



TOM BRADLEY
Mayor

P. O. Box 30158
Los Angeles, Calif. 90030
Telephone:
(213)-485-3202
Ref #: 6.4

May 14, 1981

His Eminence Timothy Cardinal Manning
Archbishop of Los Angeles
1531 West 9th Street
Los Angeles, California 90015

Your Eminence:

As you know, Father Michael McCullough of Saint Agatha Church has been working part-time as a Reserve Chaplain for the Los Angeles Police Department, assigned to the Wilshire Area. Father Mike's work in the Chaplain Corps has been outstanding and of great benefit to the Police Department, as evidenced by his being named "Reserve Officer of the Year" for 1979. A commendation for Father Mike is always in order; however, my reason for writing you on this occasion is to request that you consider the assignment of Father Mike as a full-time priest in police ministry.

This request is respectfully submitted to Your Eminence with the knowledge that, not unlike this Department, you must deal with competing priorities in the distribution of your personnel. The foregoing considered, my knowledge of the spiritual needs of Department personnel, and Father Mike's ability and willingness to fulfill those needs, leads me to believe that the piloting of such a concept would be well worthwhile.

As a full-time chaplain, Father Mike's duties would include but not be limited to the following: respond to hospital emergency calls when officers are seriously injured or killed in the line of duty; console the bereaved families; visit sick or injured police officers in hospitals or homes; conduct prayer services at wakes of police personnel and members of their families; attend and participate in funeral services of active members of the Department; counsel officers and their spouses with personal problems; minister to citizens in tragic circumstances at the request of a police officer; conduct ethics lectures and workshops in the orientation of recruits at the Police Academy; participate in in-service training; as time permits, attend police officer roll calls, squad meetings, and training days;

AN EQUAL EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY—AFFIRMATIVE ACTION EMPLOYER

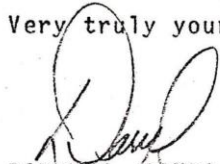
Cardinal Manning
May 14, 1981
Page two

give invocations and benedictions at graduations, award ceremonies, and social events; provide liaison services between the personnel and other religious ministers and leaders; and be on-call during major disasters, unusual occurrences, and other functions requiring the presence of a large number of police officers.

The Los Angeles Police Department is rightly called the "Thin Blue Line" between a lifestyle of respect for law and morality and out-and-out anarchy. There are few professions that ask so much of an individual as does law enforcement. Other major police departments in this country, including New York, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Boston, and Houston have enjoyed the benefit of full-time clergy representatives and have thereby added a new dimension in their service to the employees of the respective agencies and to the public.

Thank you for considering this matter. We of the LAPD are certainly looking forward to continuing our work with Father Mike in whatever capacity can be arranged. If I can be of further assistance or there is need for further discussion, please feel free to call me.

Very truly yours,



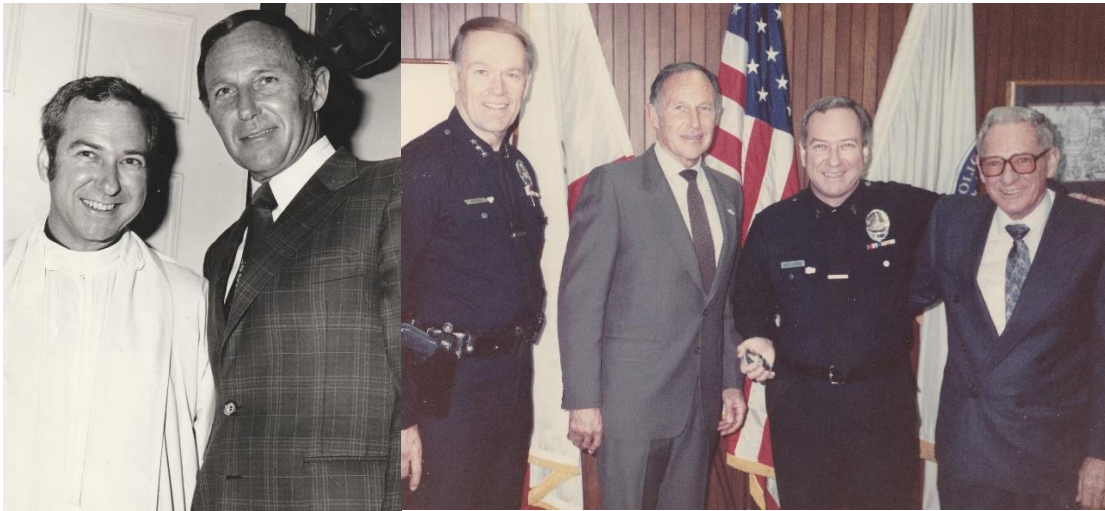
DARYL F. GATES
Chief of Police

WITH THAT LETTER, CARDINAL MANNING GAVE ME ONE DAY A WEEK TO DO POLICE MINISTRY. WITH THAT, I WAS ABLE OVER THE COURSE OF THREE YEARS TO GET THE CHAPEL BUILT AT THE POLICE ACADEMY. SEE APPENDIX, CHAPTER 29. (page 223 & ff.).

CHIEF GATES ALWAYS TREATED ME AS IF I WAS SPECIAL TO HIM. HE AGREED TO PRESENT ME WITH MY CHAPLAIN BADGE IN THE PRESENCE OF MY DAD, MY BROTHER AND ASSISTANT CHIEF BOB VERNON AFTER GRADUATING FROM THE ACADEMY. IT WAS MY PRIVILEGE TO BE AT HIS BEDSIDE IN HIS HOME AT DANA POINT THE DAY BEFORE HE DIED OF CANCER. HE RECOGNIZED ME AND ASKED FOR MY BLESSING.

I TOOK THREE TURNS STANDING WATCH OVER HIS CASKET THE NIGHT HE LAID IN STATE AND HELPED THE S.W.A.T. TEAM CARRY HIS CASKET FOR THE NIGHT OF REPOSE BEFORE HIS FUNERAL AT THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ANGELS.

SOMEWHERE IN THIS MANUSCRIPT, I DESCRIBE GOVERNOR GREY DAVIS' REMARKS ABOUT HIM AT HIS FUNERAL. HE WAS AN EXTRAORDINARY LEADER.

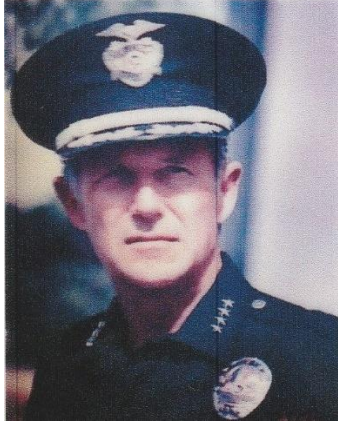


Chief at St. Agatha, 1980. Chief Gates Presenting Chaplain Badge and Dad, 1991

OF CR. DAVID KUBLY, E.O.W. 9-27-79
CHIEF DARYL GATES, E.O.W. 4-16-10

Wrist band I wore for 30+ years.

Daryl Francis Gates
Chief of Police
★★★★
Aug. 30, 1926 – Apr. 16, 2010



LETTER #2.



ARCHDIOCESE OF LOS ANGELES

1531 WEST NINTH STREET
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90015-1194
(213) 251-3200

OFFICE OF VICAR FOR CLERGY
(213) 251-3284

September 24, 1987

Rev. Michael McCullough
Nativity Church
953 West 57th Street
Los Angeles, CA 90037

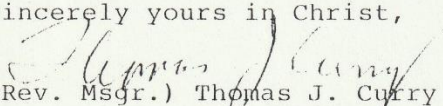
Dear Father McCullough:

The Personnel Board recommended and Archbishop Mahony has approved your appointment to Police Chaplaincy. I know you have already put a great amount of energy into this work and hope you will be very happy in it for the future.

At your convenience, I would very much appreciate it if you could come in to see me, so that we can discuss transportation, benefits, etc.

Congratulations on this appointment, and I look forward to seeing you.

Sincerely yours in Christ,


(Rev. Msgr.) Thomas J. Curry
Vicar for Clergy

/lbm

cc: Rev. David Herrera

THIS LETTER SOLIDIFIED MY FULL-TIME POSITION.

CHAPTER 21. MORE PATROL IN WILSHIRE.

SUICIDE—A PERMANENT SOLUTION TO A TEMPORARY PROBLEM.

“LAPD DISPSATCH TO FR. MIKE; RESPOND TO JUMPER, MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE BLDG, WILSHIRE BLVD. AND OGDEN.” I WAS GREETED ON THE ROOF BY THE HOSTAGE NEGOTIATION TEAM. THE SUBJECT WAS DOING A CATWALK ALONG THE ROOF EDGE OF THE 20 OR SO STORY BUILDING. **THE SIZABLE CROWD BELOW WAS SHOUTING, “JUMP, JUMP, JUMP!”**

WHEN THE MAN SAW ME IN MY COLLAR, 50 YARDS AWAY, HE STARTED SHOUTING, SCREAMING, RAGING, GROWLING LIKE A DEMONIAIC (**SERIOUSLY**). **“GO AWAY, NO, NO!”** SO, I WAS QUICKLY NOT PART OF **THAT** SITUATION.

HE WAS EVENTUALLY TALKED IN. HE WAS A SIGN PAINTER AND VERY USED TO HEIGHTS, SO HIS BEHAVIOR WAS SORT OF A CRY FOR HELP.

WILSHIRE; ANOTHER **“MIRACLE-MILE” JUMPER CALL** WAS TO A GUY HALFWAY OUT A 7TH FLOOR WINDOW LEDGE. HE HAD AN AR-15 ACROSS HIS LAP AND TOLD US ALL TO STAY BACK. **HEAVY-WEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION, MOHAMMED ALI** WAS STUCK IN TRAFFIC IN HIS LIMO BELOW AND CAME UP TO THE FLOOR. HE WALKED OVER TO THE GUY AND GOT HIM TALKING. THE GUY WAS A VIET NAM VET, DOWN AND OUT OF WORK. **ALI** SAID, **“YOU WANT TO WORK?”** **“YAH.”** **“COME ON, I’VE GOT WORK FOR YOU.”**

ALI TOOK THE RIFLE AND WALKED OUT ARM-AND-ARM WITH THE DISTRESSED FELLOW. I WOULD SEE, MEET AND TALK WITH **ALI** ON TWO OTHER OCCASIONS. ONE OF THOSE WAS FROM THE STANDS AT THE 1996 OLYMPICS WHEN HE LIT THE OLYMPIC TORCH! HE IMPRESSED ME VERY MUCH AS A MAN OF CHARACTER AND HE WAS COMFORTABLE WITH HIMSELF AND AROUND POLICE.

MY FEELINGS AND THOUGHTS ABOUT SUICIDE ARE COMPLEX AND MIXED. WITH THE HELP OF GOD, I TALKED TWO MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN OUT OF IT EARLY IN PRIESTHOOD. I BURIED A 13-YEAR-OLD GIRL FROM MY ST. AGATHA TEEN CLUB WHO SECCUMBED TO IT. **OFFICER BUD JABLONSKI** TOOK HIS OWN LIFE BY GUNSHOT ON THE ROOF OF WILSHIRE STATION AND I GOT TO KNOW HIS WIFE, LUCY, AND SON CLOSELY AFTER THE FACT. REFLECTING ON HIS LOSS LED ME IN 1985 **TO SET A 20-YEAR GOAL** TO HAVE A HOUSE OF PRAYER AND SPIRITUALITY FOR POLICE AND MILITARY. IN 14 YEARS, THAT WOULD BECOME **THE DESERT REFUGE**.

THERE WERE TIMES AS A YOUNG PRIEST WHEN THE STANCHIONS ON THE FREEWAY OVERPASSES LOOKED LIKE A GOOD WAY TO END LIFE AT 85 MPH, THE PAIN WAS SO GREAT WITH ALL THE ALCOHOLIC PRIESTS. BUT I KNEW FOR ME THAT WOULD BE A COWARDLY WAY OUT. I COULD NEVER **JUDGE** ANYONE ELSE FOR IT BECAUSE I DIDN’T KNOW THEIR PAIN, BUT THE LONG ARTICLES I PUBLISHED ABOUT STAYING BALANCED WERE THE RESULT OF THOSE THOUGHT PROCESSES. I GOT MANY GOOD IDEAS FROM LAPD AND FBI PSYCHOLOGISTS. AND SEEING THE PAIN AND DESTRUCTION LEFT BEHIND WITH THE FAMILY MADE ME REALIZE WHAT DAMAGE IS DONE BY SUICIDE. THREE VISITORS TO **THE REFUGE** SAID THEY CHANGED THEIR MIND ABOUT **“EATING THEIR GUN,”** AFTER VISITS! THAT MADE ALL THE WORK WORTHWHILE.

DOING GOOD AND FOCUSSING ON HELPING OTHERS IS THE BEST WAY TO OVERCOME CYNICISM AND SPIRALING NEGATIVE, DESTRUCTIVE, PERSEVERATING THOUGHTS. I TAUGHT RECRUITS

THE FIRST DAY IN THEIR ACADEMY, **THE FAMILY ORIENTATION CLASS** CONSISTENTLY FOR 35 YEARS. I ALWAYS STRESSED TO THEM THAT THE GREATEST DANGER IN POLICE WORK IS NOT THE GUN OR THE KNIFE. **THE GREATEST DANGER IS CYNICISM!** WHEN WE HAVE NEGATIVE THOUGHTS, WE NEED TO FACE THEM HEAD ON AND DEAL WITH THEM. INCLUDE YOUR HIGHER POWER IN THE DISCUSSION. IF YOU'RE CATHOLIC, TALK TO JESUS.

SEVEN ANTIDOTES TO CYNICISM

Father Michael McCullough
Chaplain, LAPD/FBI

Los Angeles FBI EAP Newsletter
November 2002

The difference between the healthy and cynical law enforcer is that the healthy one will occasionally call someone an "asshole" in a loud voice to get their attention, whereas the cynic has really come to believe that nearly everyone is an "asshole" and that the world and nearly everyone is beyond hope. As a Police Chaplain for the past 29 years with 5 different agencies, my observation is that the gravest danger to human life in police work is not the gun or the knife. It is the slow, agonizing loss of life that occurs when one gives in to the cynical view of life.

Webster's Dictionary defines "cynical" as faultfinding, having the attitude or temper of a cynic, contemptuously distrustful of human nature and motives. A "cynic" is a faultfinding, captious critic, a misanthrope, specifically, one who believes that human conduct is motivated wholly by self-interest.

I would like to propose seven "human exercises" that persons who are constantly exposed to evil people might do to save their emotional lives from cynicism. Religion's Holy Books exhort us to "love others, even when we don't like them," to "have many acquaintances, but few confidants" and to "listen to every wise person." I am not proposing to establish deep, deep friendships in these suggestions, but I am suggesting seeking out people you like and getting beyond the level of "acquaintance." Then you can see the world through their eyes--eyes hopefully that are perceptive and show the goodness in life that gives balance and combats cynicism.

1. Talk to a poor person, someone of another economic strata, worse off than you are. Ask them to tell you what brings joy to their life. Listen well.
2. Have a talk with a person of a race other than your own. Ask them to tell you their story. Listen with compassion.
3. Let at least one person of the opposite sex be a prudent confidant. Try to see the world and life through their eyes. Listen with care.
4. Engage in conversation with a person of another religion. Hear their world vision and hopes. Listen without judgement.
5. Hang on to the words of an old person who is wise. Ask them to tell you how they got through the rough times. Listen with admiration.
6. Visit a sick person and ask them to tell you how they feel. Listen with gratitude that you are not in their place.

7. Confide in a small child and let them confide in you. Listen with wonder and awe at the natural goodness of the human person.

Really listening in one or all these ways will challenge the most cynical of us to soften our shell. Cynicism is preventable and curable.

LESSON #1: THE ONLY PEOPLE I KNOW WHO HAVE A GREATER TENDENCY TO CYNICISM THAN COPS ARE PRIESTS. I SAY THAT PARTLY BECAUSE I HAVE SEEN THE TENDENCY IN MYSELF. LIKE LAW ENFORCEMENT, WE'VE BEEN LIED TO BY PEOPLE WHO WANT SOMETHING AND WILL SAY ANYTHING TO GET IT. PROMISES THAT WERE MADE BY PEOPLE IN AUTHORITY WITHIN THE CHURCH AND THEN NOT HONORED ARE THE KINDS OF EXPERIENCES THAT REALLY HURT YOUR FAITH IN HUMANITY, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU HAVE LITTLE OR NO RECOURSE. WHEN IT HAPPENS TO A FRIEND OR A MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY, IT IS DESPICABLE.

**ONE ASKS, "WHAT IS TO COME?"
THE OTHER ASKS, "WHAT IS RIGHT?"
AND THAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
THE SLAVE AND THE FREE MAN.
DIETRICH BONHOEFFER**

LESSON #2: "WORKAHOLISM" IS RUNNING FROM NEGATIVE FEELINGS AND IT'S JUST ABOUT AS DANGEROUS AS ALCOHOLISM. MOST "ISMS" ARE WAYS OF RUNNING FROM OUR PAINS. WE NEED TO GROW PAST OUR "ISMS." WHENEVER THE TOXICITY GETS TOO GREAT, I EITHER TRY TO CHANGE IT OR MOVE ON FROM IT!

THE SERENITY PRAYER

**GOD, GRANT ME THE SERENITY TO ACCEPT THE THINGS I CANNOT CHANGE,
COURAGE TO CHANGE THE THINGS I CAN,
AND THE WISDOM TO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.**

THE SENILITY PRAYER

**GOD, GRANT ME THE SENILITY TO FORGET THE PEOPLE I NEVER LIKED ANYWAY,
THE GOOD FORTUNE TO RUN INTO THE ONES THAT I DO,
AND THE EYESIGHT TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE**

**THIS PAGE LEFT BLANK FOR YOUR NOTES OR
REFLECTIONS.**

**A THIRD LETTER THAT MEANT MORE THAN
CARDINAL MAHONY KNOWS.**



OFFICE OF THE ARCHBISHOP

1531 WEST NINTH STREET
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90015-1194

August 18, 1994

Dear Mike,

This is just a brief note to thank you for sharing your priestly ministry with all of us here in the Archdiocese. As we experienced with our Assembly of Priests last October, our greatest asset is our priests - and I surely regard you as one of our best!

I am grateful to you, Mike, for your special ministry to our law enforcement officers. You are well regarded by the officers, and I counsel you for your patient ministry to them.

Today I offered my Mass for you, and I enjoy offering prayer daily for all our brother priests. Please join me in praying for all our brothers - we need to be there for one another as never before.

Also, let's pray for, and encourage, more priestly vocations - the hope of the future of our local Church.

Assuring you of my prayer and support, I am

Fraternally yours in Christ,

+ Roger

MORE PATROL IN WILSHIRE.

“MAM, WE DON’T HAVE THE SUSPECT IN CUSTODY.”

L.A.P.D. DISPATCH: MEET JANICE KUBLY AT BROTMAN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, CULVER CITY. HUSBAND DAVID CRITICAL. I HAD KNOWN DAVID FOR AT LEAST A YEAR. HE WAS A GRADUATE OF ST. FRANCIS HIGH SCHOOL, THE ONLY NON-CATHOLIC ON THE VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM. IT WAS HIS FIRST YEAR IN PATROL AT WILSHIRE. VERY LIKABLE, BIG AND STRONG. WE HAD JUST FINISHED BASEBALL SEASON TOGETHER WITH THE WILSHIRE DIVISION SOFTBALL TEAM. OUR MOST RECENT GAME HAD BEEN AGAINST THE FACULTY OF L.A. HIGH. THE FINAL SCORE WAS 36 TO 6. WILSHIRE WON. WE HAD REJOICED IN OUR VICTORY TOGETHER.



THE ABOVE PHOTO WAS TAKEN OF A HUDDLE JUST BEFORE OUR BASEBALL GAME WITH THE FACULTY OF LOS ANGELES HIGH SCHOOL. THOUGH NOT OUR BEST SIDE, I AM SECOND FROM THE LEFT, FRONT ROW. DAVID KUBLY, A HEAD TALLER, IS STANDING TO MY RIGHT. THIS GAME WAS ABOUT A YEAR BEFORE DAVID DIED ON 27 SEPTEMBER, 1979. I WOULD BE THE CHAPLAIN SELECTED TO CONDUCT HIS FUNERAL AND GRAVESIDE SERVICES. I CARRIED THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND DAVID WITH ME THROUGH EVERY SUBSEQUENT FUNERAL.

THE PHOTO WAS TAKEN BY STACY MIRAMURA.

THIS PARTICULAR SEPTEMBER NIGHT, 1979, DAVID HAD TRADED HIS REGULAR 2--MAN CAR SHIFT WITH ANOTHER OFFICER TO GIVE HIM A DAY OFF. DAVID WAS WORKING A “U-BOAT,” A REPORT—WRITING CAR, GOING TO RESIDENCES, TAKING TESTIMONIES, DOING FOLLOW-UP WORK FOR THE DETECTIVES. OF ALL THE ASSIGNMENTS, IT WOULD BE CONSIDERED THE LEAST DANGEROUS. DAVID’S BULLET-PROOF VEST WAS DRAPED OVER THE PASSENGER SEAT OF HIS UNMARKED VEHICLE. NEAR THE ACE HARDWARE STORE ON CRENSHAW NEAR ADAMS, HE OBSERVED A VEHICLE AT HIGH SPEED RUN A RED LIGHT. DAVID WENT IN PURSUIT, RED LIGHTS AND SIREN, CODE-3. UNBEKNOWN TO DAVID, THE SUSPECT HAD JUST COMMITTED 4 FELONIES IN THE CENTRAL CITY, MOSTLY BLACK COMMUNITY. THE SUSPECT PULLED OVER AND BAILED OUT FIRING SHOTS JUST AS DAVID WAS EXITING HIS CAR. A BULLET HIT DAVID SQUARE IN THE HEART. HE WENT DOWN FIRING, INFLECTING A WOUND ON THE SUSPECT. **DAVID MANAGED TO**

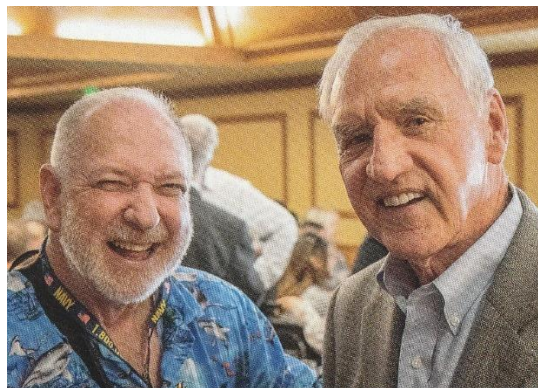
GET OUT A HELP CALL, GIVING AN ACCURATE DESCRIPTION OF THE SUSPECT BEFORE COLLAPSING.

I'M NOW WITH JANICE AT BROTMAN AS THE HEAD SURGEON IS TELLING HER THAT DAVID HAS SUCCUMBED IN SURGERY. THE TEAM OF THREE DOCTORS TOOK EVERY MEASURE TO SAVE HIM, BUT TO NO AVAIL. WE SAT IN THE WAITING ROOM WHILE THEY CLEANED HIM UP TO BE SEEN BY JANICE. DAVID WAS 21. THEY HAD BEEN MARRIED ABOUT A YEAR. SHE WAS STRONG, BUT DEVASTATED. SHE WOULD LIVE THE NEXT YEAR AS **THE WIDOW OF AN LAPD PEACE OFFICER, POSTHUMOUS MEDAL OF VALOR RECIPIENT!** AFTER A YEAR IN THAT ROLE, **SHE SLIPPED IN TO THE SHADOWS AND ELOPED NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN BY LAPD. NO ONE COULD BLAME HER.**

WHEN SHE DISAPPEARED, JANICE TOOK WITH HER DAVID'S MEDAL OF VALOR PLAQUE. I REMAINED CLOSE TO DAVID'S PARENTS, DAN AND CORA LEE KUBLY AND FAMILY FOR MANY YEARS. I EVENTUALLY BURIED DAN. DAVID WAS THE ONLY SON OF THE KUBLYS. I PETITIONED CHIEF GATES IF ANOTHER PLAQUE COULD BE PREPARED FOR THE FOLKS? THE FOLKS MET WITH THE CHIEF AT ST. AGATHA AND HE PRESENTED THEM WITH THE ONLY TAGIBLE MEMORY OF THAT HORRIFIC NIGHT.

LATER THAT NIGHT, THE LAPD CAPTAIN OF WILSHIRE DIVISION, VISIBLY SHAKEN AT THE LOSS OF HIS YOUNG, PROMISING OFFICER, WAS CONFRONTED AT THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING BY A NETWORK NEWS REPORTER, [TO REMAIN UNNAMED] WHO THRUST A MICROPHONE INTO THE FACE OF CAPTAIN JOE AND SAID, WITH THE FINESSE' OF AN AUSCHWITZ PRISON MATRON, **"CAPTAIN, HOW BADLY BRUTALIZED IS THE SUSPECT IN THIS POLICE INVESTIGATION.???"** CAPTAIN "JOE D" RESPONDED, IN ONE OF THE GREATEST ACTS OF POLICE RESTRAINT I HAVE EVER KNOWN, QUIETLY IN A LOW TONE,

"MAM, WE DON'T HAVE THE SUSPECT IN CUSTODY."



Captain Joe DeLaDurantey

SOON AFTER, A TRAIL OF BLOOD FROM THE SCENE LED INVESTIGATING OFFICERS TO THE WOUNDED SUSPECT, HIDING UNDER A CAR. THIS WOULD BE THE REASON FOR DAVID'S MEDAL OF VALOR. HIS ACCURATE DESCRIPTION WHILE BEING MORTALLY WOUNDED AND RETURNING FIRE, WHICH KEPT THE PERPETRATOR NEAR THE SCENE, POTENTIALLY SAVED NUMEROUS CITIZENS AND POLICE FROM DANGER OR BODILY HARM.

LESSON: "THERE ARE ONLY 2 RACES-THE DECENT AND THE INDECENT." DENNIS PRAGER, HOST OF RELIGION ON THE LINE RADIO SHOW IN THE 1970s. [NOTE: I WAS ONCE A GUEST ON HIS SHOW WITH REPRESENTATIVES OF 5 OTHER RELIGIONS. HE PUT THE QUESTION TO US, "IF YOU WERE NOT THE RELIGION YOU ARE, WHAT RELIGION WOULD YOU BE? I SAID, "JEWISH,"

BECAUSE WE SHARE SO MUCH HISTORY TOGETHER AND I KNOW RABBIS WHO REALLY PRACTICE THEIR FAST AND OTHER LAWS AND COMPASSION SO FAITHFULLY.

POSTSCRIPT #1 THE NEXT DAY, WILSHIRE POLICE OFFICER ROBERT COLEMAN WAS KILLED IN A TRAFFIC ACCIDENT DRIVING HOME FROM LAS VEGAS. HE FELL ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL. HIS WIFE WAS IN THE BACK SEAT ASLEEP. HE WAS PRONOUNCED DEAD AT THE SCENE. SHE SUFFERED A SPRAINED ANKLE. I MET HER AT THE CHP HEADQUARTERS DOWNTOWN L. A. AND ACCOMPANIED HER TO THEIR HOME AS SHE TOLD THEIR THREE CHILDREN THAT DADDY HAD DIED. LIFE IS SO VERY FRAGILE.

THREE DAYS LATER, THE DEPARTMENT BUILT A MAKESHIFT PLATFORM AND ALTAR IN THE PARKING LOT BEHIND WILSHIRE STATION. THE STATION OF ABOUT 250 OFFICERS TURNED OUT FOR MASS CELEBRATED BY CARDINAL TIMOTHY MANNING. IT WAS THE FIRST AND ONLY TIME ANY DEPARTMENT MEMBER COULD RECALL A MASS AT AN LAPD STATION.

THE DIVISION WAS OVERWHELMED WITH GRIEF. WALKING DOWN THE HALLWAY, I SAW TROOPS LEANING AGAINST THE WALL CRYING. TWO BELOVED OFFICERS DEAD IN TWO DAYS.

I LOGGED 90-HOURS THAT WEEK AT THE STATION. FOR SOME REASON, I AM ALWAYS AT MY BEST IN THE MIDDLE OF DISASTER. EVERYTHING COMES IN TO FOCUS AND I'M AT THE TOP OF MY GAME.

POSTSCRIPT #2: ABOUT TEN YEARS LATER, I RECEIVED A CALL ONE DAY. KAREN KUBLY, ONE OF DAVID'S THREE SISTERS, WANTED TO MEET ME AT THE POLICE ACADEMY. WE MET AND SHE PROCEEDED TO TELL ME THAT SHE WANTED TO BECOME AN L. A. POLICE OFFICER. I WAS THRILLED AND CONGRATULATED HER. SHE CONTINUED, "THERE'S JUST ONE PROBLEM. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL MY DAD!"

"I SEE." WE PRAYED FOR A BIT. I RESPONDED, "KAREN, I TRUST YOU'VE MADE A GOOD DECISION FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME. WHY DON'T YOU PRAY ON IT SOME MORE. THEN TAKE YOUR DAD ASIDE AND TELL HIM YOUR PLAN. SEE WHAT HE SAYS."

SHE CALLED A WEEK LATER. "WELL?" "I TOLD HIM AND HE WAS JUBILENT!" TWENTY YEARS LATER, SHE FINISHED A CAREER WITH LAPD!

DAVID KUBLY'S NAME IS INSCRIBED IN THE GRANITE AT THE UNITED STATES POLICE OFFICER'S MEMORIAL IN WASHINGTON, D. C. ALONG WITH MANY OTHER L. A. OFFICERS. I'VE CARRIED DAVID'S NAME ON A WRIST BAND FOR 30+ YEARS. HE WAS MY FIRST LINE OF DUTY FUNERAL. HE TAUGHT ME SO MUCH BOTH IN LIFE AND IN DEATH. I PRAY TO HIM OFTEN.

POSTSCRIPT #2. CAPTAIN JOE DELADURANTEY AND I TOGETHER WOULD EVENTUALLY BURY 13 PEACE OFFICERS FROM WILSHIRE DIVISION.

CHAPTER 22. POEM, "SUICIDE IN THE TRENCHES."

"A BUBBLE COMES IN YOUR BUTT!"

SUICIDE IN THE TRENCHES

I COULD SEE OF HIS UNIFORM
THE SPIT-SHINE
THE CREASED BLUE-SUIT PANT CUFFS
AND THE BARREL OF HIS .38 SERVICE REVOLVER,
ALL POKING OUT FROM UNDERNEATH
THE BIG
WHITE
PLASTIC
SHEET THAT COVERED HIS REMAINS.
AND, OF COURSE, BLOOD;
THERE'S ALWAYS A LOT OF BLOOD WITH A HEADWOUND
AND A FEW PARTICLES OF BRAIN MATTER.

AS SOON AS I CLEARED THE LUNCHROOM DOOR ATOP THE STATION
SAW THE JOGGING TRACK WHERE I'D RUN
A HUNDRED TIMES BEFORE
SAW THE OTHER—WORLDLY SIGHT
MY EYES WELLED WITH TEARS
AND I GRABBED THE CAPTAIN,
NOT FOR MYSELF SO MUCH
BUT BECAUSE I KNEW HOW MUCH
HE NEEDED TO BE HELD RIGHT THEN.

OH GOD!
ONE CRYING FRIEND—
ONE ANGRY FRIEND==
THE OLDER "BLUE-SUITER" WHO CURSED HIM
FOR DOING THIS TO THE GUYS.
THE ANGRY FRIEND'S WIFE—
HIS OWN SHATTERED WIFE—SO SURPRISED
THE THREE DOCTORS WHO'D TREATED HIS CANCER
A NEW CLOUD OVER THE STATION
(THERE WERE SO MANY BEFORE).

I ANOINTED HIS LEG JUST ABOVE THE SOCK
WITH THE BLESSED OLIVE OIL WE CALL "OIL OF THE SICK"
SOMETHING TANGIBLE ON THE OUTSIDE TO SAY
WE BELIEVE WITH FAITH GOD IS HERE PRESENT,
BEGGED GOD TO RECEIVE HIM
KNELT THERE LONG BY HIS SIDE
OVERWHELMED

THAT ONE COULD BE SO COWARDLY
AND YET SO BRAVE
SO INSENSITIVE
AND YET SO CARING
SO JOHN WAYNISH
AND YET SO VULNERABLE
SO VIOLENT
AND YET SO AT PEACE
SO FAR FROM GOD
AND YET SO CLOSE
SO QUIET
AND YET SO LOUD
SO SMALL

AND YET SO GREAT
SO CLOSE
AND YET SO FAR
SO DEAD
AND YET SO ALIVE!

MEDICAL LIAISON WAS THERE
THE TREMBLING OFFICER WHO HEARD THE SHOT
LAST TALKING TO HIM
AND FOUND HIM
WAS THERE
THE JANITOR WAS THERE

AND THE CHAPLAIN WAS THERE
SAYING WITH HIS BLACK SHIRT
AND WHITE COLLAR
GOD CARES HERE
EVEN AS DO HIS MEN
MAY HIS NAME BE PRAISED!

AND HIS LITTLE BOY-CHILD, FOUR,
IN THE MIDDLE OF CROWD OF ADULTS
LOOKED AROUND AT ALL OF US
SMILED

AND SAID: "DADDY SAID:
IF YOU BLOW A BUBBLE TOO BIG
A BUBBLE COMES IN YOUR BUTT."

AND WE ALL LAUGHED WILDLY
TO CUT THE SILENCE
THAT WAS SO PAINFUL.

LORD, WELCOME HIM HOME
EASE NOW HIS PAIN
AND OURS.

FATHER MICHAEL McCULLOUGH
© AUGUST 14, 1983
(SEE PSALM 34)

THIS SUICIDE EVENT PLANTED THE SEED IN ME FOR THE DESERT REFUGE.

SEE: APPENDIX, CHAPTER 29. BIRTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE DESERT
REFUGE. (page 240).

CHAPTER 23. SOON--TO -BE HIGHEST RANKING FEMALE.

"HOWEVER INNOCENT YOUR LIFE MAY HAVE BEEN, NO CHRISTIAN OUGHT TO
VENTURE TO DIE IN ANY OTHER STATE THAN THAT OF A PENITENT."
SAINT AUGUSTINE.

JEANNIE EISENTRAUT WAS MARRIED TO WILSHIRE HOMICIDE DETECTIVE BILL EISENTRAUT. I RECEIVED A CALL FROM HIM ONE EVENING. JEANNIE HAD BEEN STUDYING AT THE L. A. COUNTY LIBRARY EARLIER IN THE EVENING IN PREPARATION FOR HER LIEUTENANT'S EXAM. IF SHE PASSED, SHE WOULD BE ONE OF THE FIRST FEMALES IN LAPD TO ACHIEVE THE RANK OF LIEUTENANT.

BILL WAS DISTRAUGHT ON THE PHONE. "FATHER MIKE, MY WIFE WAS DRIVING HOME IN HER VW WHEN A DRUNK DRIVER RAN A RED LIGHT IN A CADILLAC AND SMASHED IN TO HER CAR. SHE'S DEAD IN THE HOSPITAL. I CAN'T GO AND BEAR TO SEE HER BODY. WOULD YOU GO AND IDENTIFY HER FOR ME?"

"OF COURSE." HER BODY WAS ON A GURNEY IN A HOSPITAL HALLWAY. I PULLED BACK THE SHEET COVERING HER. IDENTIFIED AND CONFIRMED HER NAME. SHE WAS YOUNG AND LOOKED SO VIBRANT. I PRAYED THE APPROPRIATE PRAYERS. I WAS GRATEFUL TO GOD THAT I COULD BE THERE WHERE BILL COULDN'T. I WENT BY THE STATION AND BILL TOLD ME ABOUT HER SO LOVINGLY. HE WAS DESTROYED WITH EMOTION.

POSTSCRIPT #1. YEARS LATER, THE DEPARTMENT WOULD DEDICATE AND NAME THE NEW POLICE ACADEMY WOMEN'S TWO-STORY LOCKER ROOM IN HONOR OF JEANNIE EISENTRAUT. THAT SAID MORE ABOUT HER REPUTATION AMONG THE TROOPS THAN ANYTHING.

CHAPTER 24. IT WASN'T ALL TEARS AND FEARS.

"I AM A BOMB SQUAD TECHNICIAN . . ."

"OH SHIT, THEY SHOT GRANDMA!"

THERE WERE PLENTY OF GREAT TIMES TO BE HAD WITH THE TROOPS. THERE WERE OCCASIONAL TRAINING DAYS, OUTINGS WITH POLICE EXPLORER SCOUTS AND GETTING THE PARISH KIDS INVOLVED IN FUN STUFF WITH THE POLICE. AS A RESERVE CHAPLAIN, THERE WAS NO ASPECT OF THE L. A. DEPARTMENT OPERATION THAT I COULD NOT EXPLORE TIME PERMITTING. **IN 1981, CARDINAL MANNING GAVE ME A DAY A WEEK TO DO POLICE MINISTRY.**

I TOOK HIGH PERFORMANCE DRIVING TRAINING WITH **OFFICER FRANK ZDROY**. WE BECAME FRIENDS AROUND THAT 3-DAY SCHOOL. L.A.P.D. DRIVER TRAINING PROGRAM WOULD EVENTUALLY TEAM UP WITH THE **NASCAR** ORGANIZATION AND DRIVERS. WHEN YOU SEE THE FREQUENT POLICE PURSUITS ON TV, YOU SEE THAT TRAINING PLAYING OUT AGAIN AND AGAIN. THE PRINCIPLES OF SKIDDING ARE THE SAME AT 25 MPH AS THEY ARE AT 75 MPH. THE SKID PAN WAS FUN. SOAP CHIPS AND A SPRINKLING RAIN BIRD CREATED A CIRCLE OF SLIPPERY WETNESS. YOU'D ENTER IT AT EXACTLY 25 MPH, THEN THROW THE BLACK AND WHITE INTO A SKID, MAINTAINING IT IN CIRCLE AFTER CIRCLE. **[DAD WOULD HAVE BEEN SO GOOD AT THAT.]**



High Performance Driver Training, Terminal Island course.

GETTING A BLACK AND WHITE UP TO 90 MPH ON THE STRAIGHT-AWAYS WAS EXHILARATING, THEN SLOWING TO A HAIRPIN CURVE AT 15 WAS A CHALLENGE. I SCORED 89% MY FIRST TIME THROUGH THE SCHOOL. I WOULD TYPICALLY GET 80,000 MILES OUT OF A SET OF TIRES AFTER THE SCHOOL.

THE FINAL TEST WAS TO PURSUE AN INSTRUCTOR THROUGH THE COURSE. THEY WERE SELDOM IF EVER CAUGHT!

SINCE POLICE WORK CAN BE SO INTENSE, LAUGHTER WAS ALWAYS A PART OF LIFE IN THE STATION. LIKE THE MILITARY, LAUGHTER ABOUNDED. HERE ARE SOME EXAMPLES;

ANYTHING THAT DOESN'T KILL YOU MAKES YOU STRONGER.

HOMICIDE, OUR DAY BEGINS WHEN YOUR DAY ENDS.

NERVOUS AS A BANDIT IN CHAPEL

"YA GOTTA BE A MARINE," MSGR. JAMES O'CALLAHAN TO US ON RETREAT IN SEMINARY.

"A PINT OF SWEAT WILL SAVE A GALLON OF BLOOD," GENERAL GEORGE PATTON.

MARINE TO ST. PETER, "REPORTING TO HEAVEN FOR DUTY, SIR. I'VE ALREADY SERVED IN HELL".

"THERE'S ONE GOOD THING ABOUT PAIN. YOU KNOW YOU'RE STILL ALIVE,"

CMD. MASTER CHIEF TO G.I. JANE

BEST DESCRIPTION OF MCAGCC, 29 PALMS: "IRAQ WITH A WAL - -MART,"

I AM A BOMB SQUAD TECHNICIAN. IF YOU SEE ME RUNNING, TRY TO KEEP UP.

MY ALL-TIME FAVORITE POLICE STORY WAS RELATED TO ME BY MY GOOD FRIEND, **CHAPLAIN MARK O'SULLIVAN**. HE WAS IN A HOTEL BAR. THE DAY BEFORE, HE HAD HEARD OF A POLICE FUNERAL FOR A YOUNG OFFICER WHO HAD BEEN KILLED IN THE LINE OF DUTY. HE NOTICED A WOMAN SITTING 2 STOOLS AWAY WHO HE RECOGNIZED AS THE AUNT OF THE DECEASED OFFICER. SHE WAS LAUGHING TO HERSELF HYSTERICALLY.

OVERCOME WITH CURIOSITY, MARK, LEANED OVER, INTRODUCED HIMSELF AND SAID, "AREN'T YOU RELATED TO THE OFFICER WHO WAS BURIED YESTERDAY?" SHE SAID, "YES."

HE OFFERED HIS CONDOLENCES. THEN ACKNOWLEDGED HE COULDN'T HELP NOTICING HER LAUGHTER. SHE SAID, "IT'S WHAT HAPPENED AT THE FUNERAL!"

"IT WAS A VERY LARGE GRAVESIDE SERVICE, 4,000 OFFICERS IN ATTENDANCE. THE MOTHER OF THE FALLEN OFFICER AND HIS WIFE WERE SEATED IN THE ROW IN FRONT OF THE CASKET. IN THE ROW BEHIND, SAT THE FATHER OF THE OFFICER NEXT TO THE 7-YEAR-OLD SON OF THE OFFICER. THE BUGLER PLAYED TAPS, GRANDMA WAS OVERCOME WITH

EMOTION, STOOD UP AND APPROACHED THE CASKET TO REVERENCE IT, LOST HER FOOTING IN THE GRASS AND STARTED TO FALL JUST AS THE HONOR GUARD FIRED THE RIFLE VOLLEY. THE 7-YEAR-OLD, SHOUTED OUT IN EARSHOT OF 4,000 OFFICERS, “OH SHIT, THEY SHOT GRANDMA!”

4,000 COPS LOST IT. EVERYONE WAS GRIEVING, BUT GOD PROVIDED A MOMENT OF LAUGHTER THAT EASED THE TENSION AND GAVE EVERYONE A SPECIAL MEMORY TO REMEMBER.

I WAS ABLE TO GET BACK WITH A LINE OF MY OWN TO **MARK O’SULLIVAN**. DURING OUR TIME TOGETHER AT THE 1996 OLYMPICS, MARK WAS ABLE TO PROCURE A PAIR OF TICKETS TO SEE A WOMEN’S VOLLEYBALL GAME. SO, WE ARE SEATED IN THE FRONT ROW, AT THE NET—LIKE THE 50—YARD LINE OF AN NFL GAME! THE LADIES PROCESSED OUT TO THE COURT IN A SINGLE FILE RIGHT IN FRONT OF US—LIKE 3 FEET IN FRONT OF US. I THINK THE TEAMS WERE **SWEDEN VERSUS RUSSIA**. THE LADIES WERE IN THEIR PRIME AND REALLY BEAUTIFUL. AS THE LAST ONE PASSED, I LEANED TO MARK AND SAID, “**SHE’S GOT A FIGURE THAT WOULD MAKE A BISHOP KICK A HOLE IN A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW!**”

A FEW YEARS AGO, I WAS INVITED TO ATTEND AND OFFER THE INVOCATION AT A 50-YEAR REUNION BANQUET OF THE “**WILSHIRE WARRIORS**.” MEETING AND CHATTING WITH THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THOSE DAYS WAS A REAL SERIES OF FLASHBACKS. WE LAUGHED A LOT. WE REMEMBERED THINGS WE LAUGHED AT IN THOSE DAYS THAT WERE NO LONGER FUNNY. WE MADE FUN OF THINGS THAT WERE NOT FUNNY IN MODERN POLICING. BUT,

“YOU CAN BE SO DEADLY SERIOUS THAT YOU ARE SERIOUSLY DEAD!”

SISTER GEORGEANN O’BRIEN, CSJ
RETIRED TO AND DIED IN CHILE, S.A.,
TO BE ABLE TO BE CLOSER TO THE POOR.

CHAPTER 25. 77TH DIVISION—HIGHEST *REPORTING* *DISTRICT* MAJOR CRIME RATE IN L.A.

**SAINT MICHAEL, THE ARCHANGEL, DEFEND US IN BATTLE,
BE OUR PROTECTION AGAINST THE WICKEDNESS AND SNARES OF THE DEVIL
MAY GOD REBUKE HIM WE HUMBLY PRAY, AND DO THOU, O PRINCE OF THE HEAVENLY HOST,
BY THE POWER OF GOD, CAST INTO HELL SATAN, AND ALL THE EVIL SPIRITS, WHO PROWL
ABOUT THE WORLD SEEKING THE RUIN OF SOULS. AMEN**

PRAYER TO ST. MICHAEL PATRON OF POLICE
AND NUMEROUS MILITARY UNITS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
COMPOSED BY POPE LEO XIII.

IT’S 1981 AS I’M UNPACKING MY BOOKS TO BEGIN LIVING IN **ST, MICHAEL’S RECTORY** NEAR MANCHESTER AND VERMONT, LOS ANGELES. LOTS GOING ON. MY SITTING ROOM IS ON THE SECOND STORY OVERLOOKING MANCHESTER AVE. LOTS OF TRAFFIC AND PEDESTRIANS. THE CHURCH IS NEAR THE SOUTHWEST CORNER OF MANCHESTER AND VERMONT. CADDY CORNER ON THE NORTHEAST CORNER BEGINS THE “RD” WITH THE HIGHEST MAJOR CRIME RATE OF THE 18 OR SO GEOGRAPHIC DIVISIONS OF LAPD. THE “RD” IS ABOUT 10 OR 12 SQUARE BLOCKS. IT LEADS THE CITY IN JUST ABOUT EVERY CATEGORY; MURDER, ARMED ROBBERY, RAPE, ASSAULT AND GTA-GRAND THEFT AUTO. I WILL NOW TRANSFER FROM MY BELOVED WILSHIRE DIVISION TO 77TH DIVISION AS CHAPLAIN. THESE GUYS AND GALS ARE TOUGH AND THEY KNOW THEY HAVE TO BE. GANGS FLOURISH IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD.

INTERESTINGLY, MANCHESTER RUNS EAST AND WEST PARALLEL TO CENTURY BLVD. THESE TWO STREETS FORM A “CORRIDOR” WHICH CONTAINS THE 3 OR 4 NORTH RUNWAYS OF L. A.

INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. CENTURY HAS MILES OF HALOGEN (YELLOW) STREET LAMPS THAT LET PASSENGERS AND PILOTS GAIN BEARINGS AS THEY MAKE THEIR FINAL APPROACH TO THE RUNWAYS.

SO FOR THE NEXT TWO YEARS, PLANES ON FINAL TO **LAX** PASSED OVERHEAD AT 60 TO 90 SECOND INTERVALS AT ABOUT 1500 FEET. THE REASON I MENTION THIS IS, AS I WAS TO LEARN IN TRAINING AS A RESERVE, **IF A PLANE DID GO DOWN IN THE GLIDE PATH, I WOULD POTENTIALLY BE THE FIRST PEACE OFFICER ON SCENE AND WOULD HAVE THE RESPONSIBILITY OF CALLING 911 AND REQUESTING THE SETTING UP OF A PERIMETER OF AS MUCH AS A MILE RECTANGLE REQUESTING POLICE UNITS AT KEY INTERSECTIONS.** THE ROLE OF POLICE IN SUCH A DISASTER WOULD BE TO ESTABLISH ENTRY/EXIT WAYS FOR FIRE AND PARAMEDIC AMBULANCES SO THEY COULD GET TO THE WRECKAGE AND REMOVE THE INJURED TO HOSPITALS. I WOULD HAVE THAT RESPONSIBILITY UNTIL RELIEVED BY A SENIOR OFFICER. THE CHANCES FOR SUCH A DISASTER TO HAPPEN? SLIM TO NONE! NEVERTHELESS, I WAS ALWAYS CONSCIOUS OF HOW THE ENGINES SOUNDED AS THEY SWOOSHED ABOVE MY BEDROOM.

NOW, LOOKING DOWN FROM MY SECOND STORY SITTING ROOM, I HEAR THE GOSH-AWFUL SOUND OF METAL SCRAPING THE PAVEMENT ON THE STREET BELOW. I LOOK OUT TO SEE A **STATION WAGON SKIDDING EASTBOUND ON MANCHESTER ON ITS RIGHT SIDE AT 40 MPH! READER-TRUST ME. I CAN'T MAKE THIS UP! THE CAR SKIDDED TO A STOP ABOUT 200 FEET LATER ON THE RIGHT CURB!**

WELCOME TO ST. MICHAEL'S AND 77TH DIVISION! I HAD THE RIGHT NAME; THE RIGHT PATRON ARCHANGEL AND I WAS IN THE PARISH WHERE MY MOTHER WAS BAPTIZED IN 1924.

AMONG THE FRIENDS I COULD HAVE LISTED IN CHAPTER 16, I COULD HAVE LISTED OFFICER ED LINDSAY. HE WOULD VIE FOR THE POSITION OF TOP COP I EVER GOT TO RIDE WITH. GREAT COPS ARE BORN AND GREAT COPS ARE MADE. **I THINK ED LINDSAY WAS BORN TO BE A COP.** HE KNEW WHERE CRIMES WERE GOING TO HAPPEN BEFORE THE FACT. ED WAS A TOWERING FIGURE MAYBE 6' 3." HE WAS COACH OF **THE L.A.P.D. CENTURIONS** SEMI-PRO FOOTBALL TEAM. HE WORE ABOUT 14 POUNDS OF GOLD AROUND HIS NECK AND HIS COMPLEXION WAS DARK AND ROUGH, LIKE SOMEONE PUT OUT A FIRE ON HIS FACE WITH AN ICE PICK.

ED'S WIFE TAUGHT 2ND GRADE AT ST. MICHAEL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, SO I HAD A LITTLE IN. I LIKED ED FROM THE FIRST MINUTE I MET HIM. HE HAD A DRY SENSE OF HUMOR AND A HEART AS BIG AS TEXAS, WHERE HE EVENTUALLY RETIRED.

I HAD HEARD OF ED BEFORE I MET HIM ONE NIGHT AT ROLL CALL. I THINK THE 77TH DIVISON GUYS WERE LOOKING FORWARD TO SEE IF I COULD PASS *HIS* TESTS. I ALWAYS HAD THE FEELING ED MADE HIS OWN RULES FOR DOING POLICE WORK AND NO ONE MESSED WITH HIM, BECAUSE HE ALWAYS GOT THE JOB DONE. THE FIRST NIGHT I RODE WITH HIM, *I KNEW I WAS IN FOR SOMETHING.*

WE DROVE OUT OF THE STATION TO VERMONT, LEFT ON VERMONT TO MANCHESTER, LEFT ON MANCHESTER TO HOOVER AND LEFT ON HOOVER. THERE ON THE SIDEWALK AHEAD WAS A CONGREGATION OF ABOUT SIX LADIES OF THE EVENING DECKED OUT IN THEIR BEST FINERY, WHICH DID A LOT FOR THEIR WELL-ENDOWED FIGURES.

ED SAID, "ROLL DOWN YOUR WINDOW PADRE." **HE THEN PROCEEDED TO DRIVE UP AND ONTO THE CURB AND TO THE SIDEWALK WHERE THEY WERE CONGREGATED.** NATURALLY, ALL MY ATTENTION WAS FOCUSED OUT THE WINDOW OF OUR BLACK AND WHITE. ED KNEW EACH OF THE LADIES BY NAME. IN A COMMANDING VOICE HE SAID TO THEM, "LADIES, THIS MY FRIEND, FATHER MIKE. HE IS RIDING WITH ME TONIGHT." A TALL, BUSTY, BLACK WOMAN LEANED OVER THE WINDOW OPENING OF THE CAR DOOR, ABOUT SIX INCHES FROM MY FACE AND SAID IN A VERY SULTRY TEXAS ACCENT, "FAATH'R, DY'AAL THANK I'M GOIN' TA HAIL?"

I DIDN'T HAVE A FUNNY COMEBACK SO I JUST TRIED TO KEEP IT SERIOUS AND TOOK HER AT HER WORDS. I SAID, "WELL I SUPPOSE TO SOME EXTENT, IT DEPENDS ON YOUR MOTIVES. LIKE IF YOU HAVE A CHILD TO SUPPORT AND YOU CAN'T GET A JOB." THE CAR WAS RUMBLING AS IF WE WERE IN AN 8.2 EARTHQUAKE. I COULDN'T SEE ED'S FACE, BUT I KNEW HE WAS HOLDING HIS SIDES TO CONTAIN HIS LAUGHTER. HE REALLY GOT ME. I GAVE THE LADIES MY BUSINESS CARDS AND NEVER HEARD ANOTHER WORD FROM ANY OF THEM. WE WERE ALL LAUGHING AS WE DROVE OFF THE CURB AND INTO THE NIGHT. MY OTHER THREE OR FOUR RIDE-ALONGS WITH ED WERE EQUALLY MEMORABLE. THEY WERE ALWAYS FILLED WITH FUN AND LAUGHTER AND A **LOT** OF ARRESTS,

I COULD TELL THAT ED CARRIED A LOT OF PAIN. TRAGICALLY, SOME YEARS LATER, HIS GROWN SON WAS ARMED AND RUNNING TOWARD ST. JEROME CHURCH IN LOS ANGELES WITH ED IN HOT PURSUIT. AS HE REACHED THE COURTYARD OF THE CHURCH, HE TOOK HIS OWN LIFE. THE PASTOR, **FR. JIM CAVANAUGH**, WITNESSED THE SHOOTING FROM HIS SECOND-STORY WINDOW AND THE YOUNG MAN DIED IN HIS ARMS A FEW MINUTES LATER. ED HAD DONE ALL HE COULD FOR A LONG TIME.

ED REQUESTED THAT I CONDUCT THE FUNERAL. AT THE MAUSOLEUM CRYPT SITE, THE GATHERING HAD DWINDLED AND ED WAS HURTING. I PUT MY ARM AROUND HIS SHOULDER AS I'M SURE HE HAD DONE FOR OTHERS, MANY, MANY TIMES BEFORE. ED RETIRED TO HUMBLE, TEXAS AND WE EXCHANGED LETTERS AND CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR MANY YEARS.

CHAPTER 26. THE BEAT GOES ON—77TH.

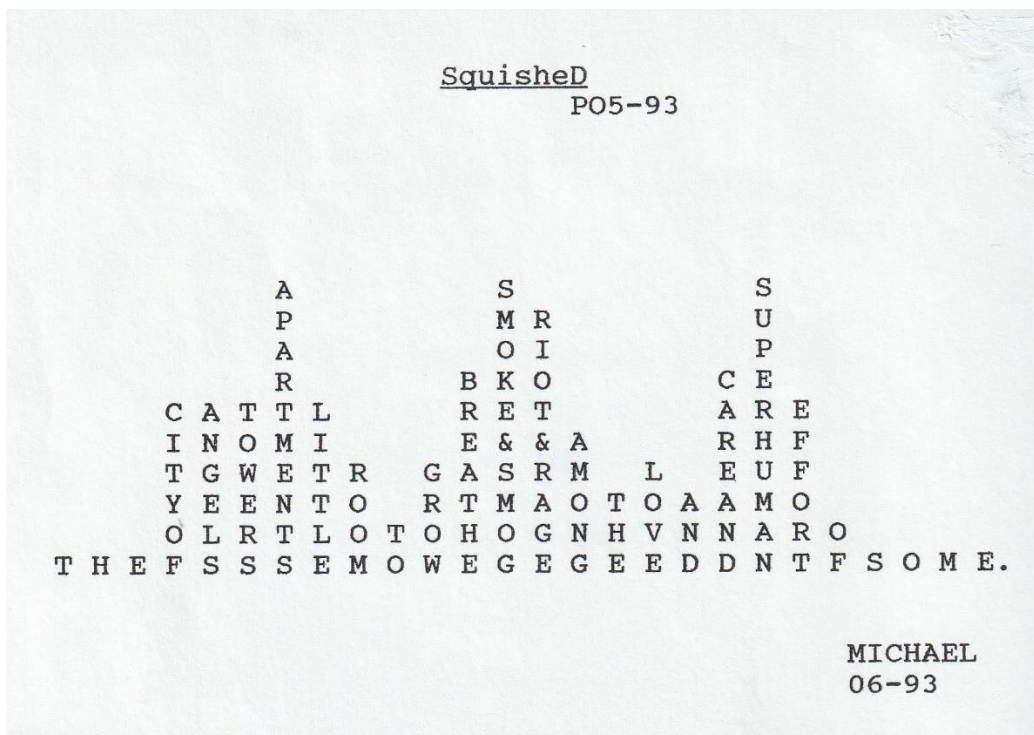
THE SERVING OF TURKEY DINNERS OVER THE COURSE OF ABOUT FOUR YEARS WAS A REAL TREAT." WITH THE HELP OF ABOUT 20 MEMBERS OF **THE RESERVE CORPS OF ST. MICHAEL**, WE SERVED TURKEY DINNERS TO SCORES OF OFFICERS WHO HAD TO WORK THE THANKSGIVING HOLIDAY. MEMBERS AND OTHER VOLUNTEERS COOKED AND DELIVERED TURKEYS AND ALL THE TRIMMINGS AND THEN SERVED THOSE WHO CAME BY. WE SENT OUT A FLYER TO EACH OF THE NEARBY DIVISIONS, **77TH, SOUTHWEST, NEWTON, SOUTHEAST AND CENTRAL**. "OFFICERS WORKING THANKSGIVING AND THEIR PARTNERS ARE WELCOME TO COME BY AND RECEIVE A NICE, HOT TURKEY DINNER." THE FOOD WAS READY WHENEVER THEY CAME BY AND THEY COULD ENJOY THEIR MEAL AND HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO DIGEST IT IN THEIR HOUR- CODE-7. IT WAS THE PARISH'S WAY OF SHOWING APPRECIATION TO THE TROOPS DIRECTLY AND BUILT COMRADERIE FROM BOTH SIDES.

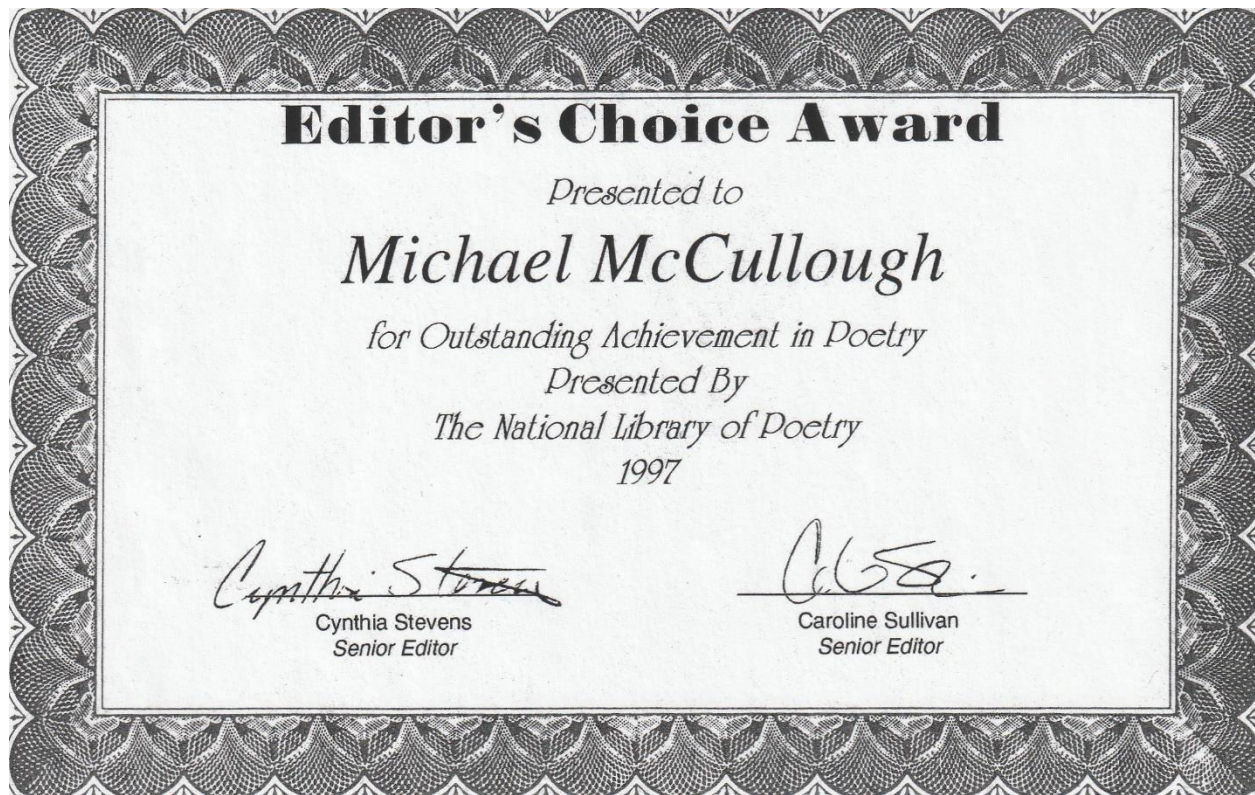
ONE THANKSGIVING, **DOROTHY WOLFORD** WAS SERVING DINNERS FROM THE KITCHEN TO THE FRONT PARLOR. THE GUESTS WERE **DEPUTY CHIEF BILL RATHBURN** AND **77TH'S CAPTAIN SCOTT LaCHASSE** WHO WERE SUPERVISING THE TROOPS BY BEING ON PATROL WITH THEM. AS DOROTHY ENTERED THE ROOM, THEY BOTH ROSE TO IMMEDIATE ATTENTION FROM THEIR COUCH. AS A BLACK WOMAN, DOROTHY WAS DEEPLY TOUCHED BY THAT SIGN OF RESPECT. SHE TALKED ABOUT THAT MOMENT FOR YEARS. SHE EVEN WROTE A LETTER TO THE CHIEF THANKING HIM FOR THE RESPECT CITIZENS LIKE HER RECEIVED IN THE FIELD.

MY PATH WOULD CROSS **CHIEF RATHBURN'S** AGAIN IN 1996 WHEN HE WOULD BE **IN CHARGE OF THE VOLUNTEER SECURITY FORCES FOR THE ATLANTA OLYMPICS**. I HAD BEEN PRESENT FOR **THE FIRST COMMUNION OF SCOTT La CHASSE'S SONS, SCOTTIE AND DAN** SOME YEARS EARLIER. SCOTT'S DAD HAD FLOWN B-17s IN WWII, WAS SHOT DOWN AND IMPRISONED AT LEAST ONCE. IT WAS A REAL HONOR FOR ME TO CONDUCT HIS FUNERAL. WHEN DANNY HAD BECOME A LIEUTENANT AND MARINE AVIATOR FLYING F-18s I WAS HUMBLLED ONE DAY OVER LUNCH TO HEAR WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO TAKE AN F-18 TO 60,000 FEET. HE SAID THE SURPRISE WAS HE WAS SO HIGH, HE COULD SEE THE CURVATURE OF THE EARTH! I DID THE FUNERAL FOR SCOTTIE, TOO.

TOWARD THE END OF MY TOUR AT 77TH, **OFFICER DANNY PRATT** WAS MURDERED IN A GAS STATION SHOOTOUT BY AN AK-47 WIELDING FELON. IT WAS ABOUT MIDNIGHT WHEN I GOT THE CALL FROM CAPTAIN La CHASSE TO COME TO THE STATION AS THEY WERE ASSEMBLING A TEAM TO MAKE THE DEATH NOTIFICATION TO DANNY'S WIFE. SHE WAS PREGNANT AND SHE OPENED THE DOOR AT 0300 HOURS, **SHE KNEW WHAT WE WERE THERE FOR--THE VISIT EVERY POLICE SPOUSE DREADS.** SHE FAINTED ON THE SPOT. FORTUNATELY, THE TEAM WAS ABLE TO CATCH HER. BY NOW, THE DEPARTMENT HAD LEARNED IT SERVED FAMILIES BEST IN THAT SITUATION BY HAVING A TEAM READY TO DEAL WITH HER NEEDS AND QUESTIONS. THE TEAM CONSISTED OF DANNY'S LAPD BROTHER, CAPTAIN La CHASSE, A MEMBER OF THE EMPLOYEE ASSISTANCE UNIT, ME AS CHAPLAIN AND A PARAMEDIC AMBULANCE TEAM TO HELP HER WITH ANY EMERGENCY PHYSICAL ISSUES THAT MIGHT DEVELOP.

CHAPTER 27. HOLLENBECK DIVISION— HOUSING PROJECTS APLENTY.





I MENTIONED IN CHAPTER 24, I OFTEN WITNESSED POLICE MEN AND WOMEN SPENDING LONG HOURS WITH KIDS THEY HAD ARRESTED OR OBSERVED. ONLY A FEW YEARS BEFORE MY STINT WITH HOLLENBECK DIVISION, A YOUNG WANT-TO-BE GANG MEMBER WAS OBSERVED FIGHTING SEVERAL MALE ASSAILANTS SINGLE-HANDED. AN ASTUTE HOLLENBECK OFFICER BROKE UP THE FIGHT AND TOOK THE SOLO FIGHTER ASIDE. HE SAID, "YOU KNOW KID, YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD. WITH SOME TRAINING, YOU COULD BECOME A VERY GOOD BOXER."

THE REST IS HISTORY. **PAUL GONZALES** WENT ON TO WIN AN OLYMPIC GOLD MEDAL IN LIGHT-FLYWEIGHT BOXING. THE COMMUNITY REALLY GOT BEHIND THAT STORY AND THE LOCAL POLICE GYMNASIUM WAS BUILT AND NAMED AFTER **PAUL GONZALES**. HE WAS THE FIRST MEXICAN-AMERICAN TO WIN AN OLYMPIC GOLD MEDAL. THAT'S JUST ONE OF HUNDREDS IF NOT THOUSANDS OF SUCCESS STORIES THAT CAME FROM PROGRAMS LIKE, **LAPD EXPLORER SCOUTS** AND **DEPUTY AUXILIARY POLICE (DAPs)** AND **CARING OFFICERS** TO WIN THE HEARTS OF YOUNGSTERS IN CENTRAL CITY NEIGHBORHOODS.

ON THE SUBJECT OF BOXING CHAMPIONS, I MENTIONED EARLIER THAT I MET **MOHAMMED ALI** A SECOND TIME AFTER THE JUMPER INCIDENT. HE HAD JUST MOVED IN TO A VINTAGE NEW HOME IN THE EXCLUSIVE GATED COMMUNITY CALLED **FREMONT PLACE** IN WILSHIRE DIVISION. A WILSHIRE OFFICER AND HIS PARTNER HAD JUST BEEN AWARDED THE MEDAL OF VALOR. BACK HOME, THE FAMILY THREW A RECEPTION. **WILSHIRE OFFICER KENNY HINKLE** ASKED IF HE COULD TAKE THE YOUNGER BROTHERS OF THE AWARDEES ON A JOYRIDE AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD WHICH HE USUALLY PATROLED. I JOINED THE RIDE. THE THREE YOUNGER BROTHERS WERE BOXING FANS. KENNY KNEW THE GATE SECURITY FOLKS SO WE ENTERED THE SECLUDED NEIGHBORHOOD. KENNY WAS POINTING OUT THE HOMES OF CELEBRITIES. GOVERNOR JERRY BROWN'S HOME WAS NEAR THE ENTRANCE. AS WE ROUNDED THE LAST BLOCK, KENNY TOLD US THAT MOHAMMED ALI HAD JUST PURCHASED AT THE END OF THE BLOCK. "NOW GUYS, IF YOU SEE ALI, JUST STAY QUIET OR YOU'LL GET ME IN TROUBLE."

SURE ENOUGH, MOHAMMED ALI WAS STANDING ON HIS FRONT PORCH. AS WE APPROACHED HIS HOME, ONE OF THE KIDS YELLED OUT THE BACK WINDOW, “ARE YOU MOHAMMED ALI?” ALI RESPONDED, “YA, COM’MON UP!” HENKLE WAS DYIN.’ (“I’M GOING TO GET FIRED FOR SURE!”)

ALI MOTIONED US UP TO HIS PORCH AND WAS RIGHT IN HIS ELEMENT. THE KIDS WERE ABUZZ WITH EXCITEMENT. “YOU BOYS WANT SOME AUTOGRAPHS? ANYBODY GOT A PEN? ANYBODY GOT A PIECE OF PAPER?” FORTUNATELY, I HAD BOTH. HE BROUGHT US INTO THE MAIN ENTRANCE WAY WITH A GRAND DUAL STAIRCASE. HE STARTS SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS. SOMEBODY ASKED HIM, “HOW MANY KIDS DO YOU HAVE?” HE SAID SOME NUMBER, THEN HE ADDED, “THAT I KNOW OF.” WE WERE ALL LAUGHING AND HAVING A GREAT TIME.

I WAS WEARING MY ROMAN COLLAR. HE LOOKED AT ME AND SAID, “YOU WANT AN AUTOGRAPH FATHER?” I SAID “NA, I DON’T WANT TO BOTHER YOU.” HE SAID, HOW ABOUT THE OFFICERS BACK AT THE STATION?” “OKAY.” HE GRABBED MY LAST FOLDED SHEET AND WROTE, “TO THE BOYS AT WILSHIRE {HOW DO YOU SPELL WILSHIRE?} STATION [HOW DO YOU SPELL STATION?] I CAN WHUP YOU ALL,” MOHAMMED ALI! IT HUNG ON THE LUNCHROOM WALL.

FINALLY, HE ASKED ME ONE MORE TIME, “SURE YOU DON’T WANT AN AUTOGRAPH?” I DIDN’T HAVE ANY MORE PAPER. HE SAID, “YOU GOT A DOLLER BILL?” AS I WHIPPED ONE OUT. “HOW ABOUT FOR YOUR DAD.” “OH, YAH!” “WHAT’S YOUR DAD’S NAME?” HE WROTE, “TO RICHARD FROM MOHAMMED ALI!” MY DAD LOVED BOXING AND CARRIED THAT DOLLAR BILL PROUDLY IN HIS WALLET UNTIL THE DAY HE DIED!

CHAPTER 28. TWO CAREER-ENDING CALLS.

AS JESUS HUNG UPON THE CROSS HE LOOKED AT THE SOLDIERS WHO HAD NAILED HIM TO IT AND SAID, “FATHER, FORGIVE THEM, THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.”

LUKE 24:34

I WAS ASSIGNED AS CHAPLAIN TO HARBOR DIVISION, AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN AS “HARBOR DIVISION POLICE DEPARTMENT HDPD.” IT WAS SO FAR FROM ALL THE OTHER LAPD AREAS THAT THEIR BACK UP ALWAYS CAME FROM OTHER DEPARTMENTS. THEY FELT LIKE ORPHANS!

NEWLY ASSIGNED TO HOLY TRINITY CHURCH IN SAN PEDRO, I MET A LADY WHO’S COUSIN WAS A RETIRED COMPTON POLICE OFFICER. GRIFF CHASE WAS ONE OF THE FUNNIEST GUYS I EVER MET. THE FIRST TIME I JOINED HIM IN HIS HOME, WE EXCHANGED POLICE JOKES AND STORIES FOR 6 STRAIGHT HOURS. WE BOTH FELL OFF THE COUCH MORE THAN ONCE, LAUGHING. LIKE SO MANY COMEDIANS, GRIFF EXUDED LAUGHTER TO BURY MONUMENTAL PAIN.

GRIFF WAS THREE YEARS OLD WHEN HIS DAD, A NAVY LIEUTENANT, JEHU V. CHASE WAS KILLED IN THE NAVAL BATTLE OF GUADALCANAL IN 1942. HEROIC IN BATTLE, THE USS CHASE, (DE-158) WAS NAMED AFTER GRIFF’S DAD WHO WAS A CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR RECIPIENT. GRIFF GREW UP WITH THE IMAGE OF A DAD THAT WAS UNREALISTIC TO IMITATE. GRIFF TRIED WITH ALL HIS MIGHT TO BE A POLICE OFFICER, THEN THE BEST OF THE BEST. HIS CAREER ENDED WHEN HE FELL IN A FOOT PURSUIT, SUFFERING A SERIOUS BACK INJURY. HE SUFFERED EXCRUCIATING PAIN CONSTANTLY, BUT REFUSED BACK SURGERY, SINCE ONE OF HIS FRIENDS HAD DIED THAT WAY. SO, HE EVENTUALLY DEVELOPED AN ADDICTION TO SELF INGESTED PAIN KILLERS. THOUGH RETIRED, HE STILL HAD HIS POLICE BADGE AND GUN. HE ALSO HAD MANY POLICE FRIENDS AND A GOOD EAR, SO THEY WERE ALWAYS AT HIS HOME.

ONE NIGHT, GRIFF HAD A MINOR COLLISION WITH A SLOW-MOVING TRAIN IN HARBOR AREA.

HE WAS INTOXICATED. ONE OF THE INVESTIGATING OFFICERS WAS AFRICAN AMERICAN AND GRIFF MADE A RACIST REMARK. WHEN WORD GOT BACK TO THE COMPTON CHIEF, SHE ORDERD HIM TO RELINQUISH HIS BADGE AND WEAPON. **GRIFF WAS DEVASTATED.**

WITHIN A SHORT TIME, IN A DRUNKEN STATE, NEIGHBORS SUMMONED POLICE, LAPD HARBOR DIVISION RESPONDED. GRIFF DREW DOWN ON THEM, ONE FIRED AND HIS LIFE ENDED.

ONE CALL—CAREER ENDED!

GRIFF WAS TO BE BURIED AT SEA. HE WAS NOT CATHOLIC, BUT I CONDUCTED THE SERVICE. WHEN THE TIME TO COMMIT THE ASHES CAME, I POURED THEM OVER THE SIDE. A GUST OF WIND APPEARED AND BLEW THE ASHES OVER THE 40 OR SO ATTENDEES ON THE FANTAIL AND ME. **GRIFF GOT THE LAST WORD!**

ROGER BANDY AND **GRIFF** HAD BEEN FRIENDS SINCE THE OLD DAYS BEFORE **LAFD** HAD PARAMEDICS. THEY WERE AMBULANCE DRIVERS WORKING FOR THE CITY WHO WORE WHITE COATS AND DROVE AMBULANCES OUT OF CENTRAL RECEIVING HOSPITAL.

WHEN LAFD STARTED UP THE PARAMEDIC PROGRAM, **ROGER BANDY** WAS IN THE FIRST CLASS AND SCORED LIKE #2 IN THE CLASS. HE WAS A MODEL, INNOVATIVE PARAMEDIC. YEARS LATER, HE WOULD END UP ASSIGNED TO A SAN PEDRO FIRE STATION NEAR WHERE HE LIVED. NOW DAYS, IT IS HIGHLY DISCOURAGED TO WORK WHERE YOU LIVE.

ROGER'S AMBULANCE GOT A CALL OF A MAJOR TRAFFIC ACCIDENT NEAR HIS HOME. AT THE SCENE, HE ROLLED UP TO FIND HIS DAUGHTER AND HER FIANCE' IN A VEHICLE THAT HAD BEEN SEVERED IN HALF BY A DRUNK DRIVER RUNNING A STOP SIGN AT 90 MPH. THEY HAD ANNOUNCED THEIR ENGAGEMENT THE NIGHT BEFORE. ROGER PRONOUNCED THE YOUNG MAN DEAD. WENT OVER TO HIS DAUGHTER AND SHE DIED IN HIS ARMS.

THERE WERE THREE OFFICERS HOLDING THE INTOXICATED DRIVER. ROGER, WENT OVER TO HIM, ASKED HIM WHAT HAPPENED? HIS SPEECH WAS SLURRED. HE MUMBLED SOMETHING. **ROGER TRIED TO KILL HIM ON THE SPOT.** THE OFFICERS HELD HIM OFF. **ROGER WENT OVER TO A STOP SIGN AND *PULLED IT OUT OF THE GROUND!***

ROGER SHOWED ME A PHOTO ALBUM THREE INCHES THICK OF LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE HE RECEIVED FROM FIREFIGHTERS, PARAMEDICS AND FIRST RESPONDERS ALL OVER AMERICA, AUSTRALIA, EUROPE AND ASIA.

ONE CALL—CAREER ENDED!

CHAPTER 29. EXPANSION OF DUTIES.

“DUTIES” ENCOMPASSED VOLUNTARY PROJECTS, ACTIONS AND DISASTERS.

RECEIVING THE LETTER OF FULL – TIME ASSIGNMENT TO LAPD, MY DUTIES, PROJECTS AND DISASTERS SEEMED TO MULTIPLY QUICKLY. FIVE PROJECTS WERE ON-GOING AND EMERGED OVER THE COURSE OF SEVERAL YEARS.

1ST DUTY - A PROJECT. THE PROPOSAL AND BUILDING OF THE ACADEMY CHAPEL AND MEDITATION CENTER.

(3 YEARS)

SEE: APPENDIX, CHAPTER 29. (PAGE 223).

2ND DUTY – A PROJECT.

**THE PROPOSAL AND DEVELOPMENT OF
THE ADVANCED POLICE CHAPLAIN SCHOOL.**

(3 YEARS)

SEE: APPENDIX, CHAPTER 29. (PAGE 230).

3RD DUTY – A DISASTER.

U.S. AIR CRASH, LAX.

(40 HOURS)

SEE: APPENDIX, CHAPTER 29. (PAGE 237).

4TH DUTY – A PROJECT.

**ENVISIONING, BIRTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF
THE DESERT REFUGE 501©3.**

(41 YEARS)

SEE: APPENDIX, CHAPTER 29. (PAGE 239).

5TH DUTY (ACTION).

ATTEND L. A. POLICE ACADEMY.

(4 MONTHS)

CONTINUE READING FROM HERE.

1979, SOON AFTER COMING TO LAPD, I WAS SPENDING TIME AT THE ELYSIAN POLICE ACADEMY. A CLASS TAUGHT TO THE REGULAR RECRUITS WAS CALLED **INTRODUCTION TO THE CHAPLAIN CORPS**. I WAS SOON PART OF A CADRE OF CHAPLAINS ASSIGNED AS INSTRUCTORS FOR THAT CLASS. IN LATER YEARS, THE SUBJECT MATTER EXPANDED AND THE CLASS CAME TO BE CALLED **FAMILY ORIENTATION CLASS**. AS TIME WENT ON, THE CADRE BECAME YOURS TRULY. I PROVIDED A CONTINUOUS CONNECTION BETWEEN RECRUITS AND POLICE CHAPLAINCY IN THE DEPARTMENT. I MADE THEM AWARE THAT THERE WOULD BE CHAPLAINS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS AVAILABLE NO MATTER WHERE THEY WERE ASSIGNED IN THE DEPARTMENT. WHEN THE RECRUIT TRAINING WAS MOVED TO **THE ARTC—AHMANSON RECRUIT TRAINING CENTER**, I FOLLOWED. OVER 35 YEARS, I WAS CONSTANTLY TRAINING RECRUITS AT THE TWO TRAINING LOCATIONS. I WAS EVENTUALLY ASSIGNED AS CHAPLAIN OF THE TRAINING DIVISION, IN ADDITION TO THE GEOGRAPHIC DIVISION I LIVED CLOSEST TO. FR. FRANK HICKS AND FR. MICHAEL COOPER OCCASIONALLY TAUGHT THE CLASS.

THE YEARS 1983-1987 SAW ME ASSIGNED TO **HOLLENBECK** AND **SOUTHWEST** DIVISIONS, TWO YEARS EACH. IN ADDITION TO THE DIVISIONAL INCIDENTS AND TRAGEDIES,

AS THE **CRITICAL INCIDENT RESPONSE TEAM** WAS COMING INTO EXISTENCE, MY PARTICIPATION IN THAT UNIT WAS INCREASING AT A DEPARTMENT-WIDE SCALE. LINE- OF- DUTY DEATH FUNERALS INVOLVED MY RESPONSE, NOT ONLY TO THE INDIVIDUAL FAMILIES OF THE FALLEN OFFICERS, BUT MANDATORY PARTICIPATION OF THE OFFICERS OF THE DIVISION OF THE FALLEN IN **CRITICAL INCIDENT DEFUSINGS AND DEBRIEFINGS**.

THE SUICIDE DEATH OF A NEWTON OFFICER ENTAILED RESPONSE TO SEVERAL ROLLCALLS OVER THE COURSE OF A DAY. THE DEATHS OF **FIL CUESTA** AND **STEVE GAIDA** HIT THE AREAS HARD AND I WAS HEAVILY INVOLVED. I DEDICATED A STRETCH OF THE 60 FREEWAY ONE NIGHT WITH THE BLESSING AND DEDICATION OF A SIGN IN HIS HONOR. I THINK THAT WAS FIL CUESTA. FREEWAY TRAFFIC, AND A SLOPE OF ICE PLANT AFTER DARK. THE MEMORIES WERE STACKING UP, PERHAPS NOT ALWAYS IN LOGICAL ORDER. BUT I LOVED THE OFFICERS' FAMILIES AND TRIED MY BEST TO GIVE THEM THE ATTENTION THEY DESERVED.

SGT. MITCH LAMBDIN GOT ME OUT ON A SOUTHEAST DIVISION 110 FREEWAY JUMPER CALL. THAT ONE ENDED WELL.

SINCE I CARRIED NO WEAPON, **LEVEL THREE AND TWO RESERVES** LIKE ME HAD LITTLE OR NO HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT TRAINING. THEY TOLD US TO BE GOOD WITNESSES. ONE SOUTHWEST AREA RIDE ALONG INVOLVED MY OFFICERS' ENGAGING A **PCP SUSPECT** IN A SERIOUS FIGHT TO TAKE HIM IN TO CUSTODY. THE SUSPECT ENDED HANDCUFFED AND DELIVERED TO THE BACK SEAT OF THE PATROL CAR. ONE OF MY OFFICERS HAD A BROKEN ANKLE.

WHAT I LEARNED THAT NIGHT WAS THAT **PCP DOESN'T MAKE YOU STRONGER**. IT MAKES YOU OBLIVIOUS TO PAIN. PCP SUSPECTS CAN BREAK THEIR HANDCUFFS, BUT THEY ALSO BREAK THEIR WRISTS IN THE PROCESS. CALLS INVOLVING PCP SUSPECTS ARE PARTICULARLY DANGEROUS. ORTHOPEDIC INJURIES ABOUND DURING AN OFFICER'S CAREER.

1987- APPOINTED TO FULL-TIME POLICE MINISTRY BY CARDINAL MAHONY. IN 1989, I APPLIED TO **THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF POLICE CHAPLAINS** TO BE CERTIFIED AS A MASTER CHAPLAIN. THE CERTIFICATION REQUIREMENTS WERE; 10 OR MORE YEARS AS A POLICE CHAPLAIN, 250 HOURS OF TRAINING AS A CHAPLAIN (I HAD OVER 1,000), A MAJOR CONTRIBUTION TO POLICE CHAPLAINCY (ACADEMY CHAPEL) AND SUBMISSION OF A MASTER'S PAPER. THE FORTY-FIVE PAGE PAPER I SUBMITTED WAS TITLED **THE ADVANCED POLICE CHAPLAIN SCHOOL. I RECEIVED THE CERTIFICATION**. THE PAPER WAS USED THROUGHOUT U.S. POLICE DEPARTMENTS. WITH THE BACKING OF CHIEF DARYL GATES AND ASSISTANT CHIEF, BOB VERNON, THE COURSE WAS USED BY LAPD UNTIL 2005 AND BEYOND. THE **FIRST ANNUAL CHAPLAIN BANQUET** WAS THE OCCASION OF PRESENTING THE CHAPLAIN COURSE COMPLETION CERTIFICATES.

IN OCTOBER 1990, I ENTERED **THE L. A. POLICE RESERVE ACADEMY CLASS 10-90R**. SINCE I DID NOT HAVE TO DEFEND A WEAPON OR ENFORCE THE LAW, MY TRAINING WAS ONLY FOUR MONTHS INSTEAD OF NINE. STILL, THE TRAINING WAS GRUELING. EIGHT-HOUR SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS, FOUR-HOUR MONDAY AND WEDNESDAY NIGHTS. ONE SUNDAY MORNING AT 0500, I CAUGHT MYSELF FALLING OUT THE SHOWER DOOR ASLEEP.

THE REGULAR FULL-TIME POLICE MINISTRY CONTINUED. DURING MY ACADEMY, **OFFICER TINA KERBRAT WAS KILLED IN THE LINE OF DUTY**. SHE WAS THE DEPARTMENT'S **FIRST FEMALE** TO SO DIE. **MSGR. CHRIS VAN LIEFDE** HAD WITNESSED THE WEDDING OF TINA TO L.A. CITY FIRE CAPTAIN, **TIM**. SO, CHRIS AND I ASSISTED **CARDINAL MAHONY** WITH HER FUNERAL. ADDITIONALLY, **THE U.S. AIR CRASH AT LAX** WITH 34 FATALITIES (BOTH MSGR. CHRIS AND I RESPONDED).

AT THIS POINT TO GET A BETTER INSIGHT INTO THE U.S. AIR DISASTER, I REFER YOU TO THE APPENDIX, CHAPTER 29. (PAGE 238).

WHILE TAKING MY FINAL ACADEMY P.O.S.T. (POLICE OFFICER STANDARDS AND TRAINING EXAM) I WAS CALLED TO THE PHONE TELLING ME MY FAVORITE UNCLE BILL DOLMAGE HAD JUST DIED! MAY HE REST IN PEACE. SEE PART I, CHAPTER 16. LESSON: YOU CAN PICK YOUR FRIENDS, BUT YOU CAN'T PICK YOUR FAMILY. I GOT LUCKY WITH UNCLE BILL.



**Most sadly, our first female, e.o.w.
"END OF WATCH."**

**1991 Academy graduation 10/90R .
Since i helped design our class guidon (flag), i got to
hold it for our graduation photo. It featured St. Michael.**

MIDNIGHT MEDITATION

**Crickets crick
moonbeams lie lazy
in the blind pattern on the floor.**

Solitude.

**Badge in hand
I caress the multi-directional symbol
of past achievements
and future responsibilities.**

**As beloved child to father
as diamond band to spouse
as cherished chalice to priest**

**so the glistening metal
with cloisonne' numerals
peacemaking**

epitomizes.

You can be a cop without a gun,
but you cannot be a cop without a badge
for it is pinned to your heart
as well as to your uniform.

In the quietude of my silent mood
I contemplate the three ounces
of hard-earned symbol and pray . . .

That the honor I have learned
I may give back a hundredfold . . .
that the heart to which it is pinned
may burst asunder with compassion
by virtue of the pinprick
that the responsibility I feel
as I polish
and experience its weight on my shirt
may not diminish
in the
hummdrummm of living.

Chaplain Michael McCullough
Blue Line, "Poem of the Year," 1995
© 11-10-91



GRADUATION, 1991.

AS CHAPLAIN OF SOUTHWEST AREA DURING THE 1992 RIOTS, AND THE CRITICAL INCIDENT
RESPONSE TEAM, I WAS NOW FINDING MYSELF IN THE HEART OF BIGGER AND BIGGER

INCIDENTS. **WRITING POETRY** WAS TAKING ON A BIGGER ROLE IN MY PROFESSIONAL LIFE. AS I EXPERIENCED MORE AND MORE MAJOR INCIDENTS, I WAS FINDING IT MORE IMPORTANT TO DEBRIEF MYSELF AFTER TRAUMA-FILLED POLICE ACTIONS. IF I NEEDED TO GRIEVE AFTER THE DEATH OF AN OFFICER OR MULTIPLE OFFICERS, I HAD TO MAKE TIME TO DO THAT GRIEVING. THE DEATH OF AN OFFICER IN UNIFORM BECOMES THE EMOTIONAL EQUIVALENT OF THE DEATH OF YOUR OWN FAMILY MEMBER. BY KEEPING A LOG, DIARY OR COMPOSING A POEM ABOUT WHAT I EXPERIENCED, I WAS ABLE TO REVIEW AND THEN PUT THE WRITTEN RECORD BACK ON THE SHELF. IN SO DOING, I COULD TAKE IT DOWN SOME TIME LATER AND AGAIN GRIEVE AS NEEDED.

MUCH OF WHAT FOLLOWS IS THE RESULT OF THAT PROCESS.

CHAPTER 30. "RIOT IMAGES."

THE 1992 LOS ANGELES RIOT THROUGH THE EYES OF A LOS ANGELES POLICE CHAPLAIN

**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1992, ABOUT 1500 HOURS . . .
IN OXNARD, ON PATROL WITH A SERGEANT FRIEND, CODE-7:**

[MEAL BREAK]

**IN A SPORTS BAR SIPPING COKES AND EATING HORS D'OEUVRES
THE VERDICTS IN THE KING CASE WERE READ.
I SAID, "BOB, I'D BETTER GET BACK TO L. A.---'CODE-3'!"
[AS FAST AS YOU CAN, SAFELY.]**

**L.A.P.D. CAPTAIN—STRESS DEAF IN ONE EAR.
L. A. FIREFIGHTER WITH ONE SIDE OF HIS FACE BLOWN OFF.
GANGBANGER'S BOY—CHILD, FOUR, STRANGLED IN THE MELEE.
STRUCTURE FIRE AT THE HOME OF THE 911 OPERATOR WHO TOOK THE CALL.
STORE OWNERS TORCHING THEIR BUSINESSES FOR PROFIT—
AFTER THEY REMOVED THE CASH REGISTERS.
FIRE TRUCK WITH 27 BULLET HOLES IN IT.
50 POLICE CARS DESTROYED.
A POLICE SERGEANT LIVID WITH RAGE—
HE AND HIS 50 OFFICERS ORDERED TO AN AREA WITH NO CRIME
WHILE THE REST OF THE CITY WAS ERUPTING.
A SHORT AIR UNIT FLIGHT—111 BURNED OUT BUILDINGS.
A SENSITIVE, CARING OFFICER—
FIRED AT 60—80 TIMES IN THE PAST TWO WEEKS.
ONLY ONE PELLET TO THE HEAD—THANK YOU ST. MICHAEL!
[ST. MICHAEL IS THE PATRON OF POLICE OFFICERS IN CATHOLIC TRADITION.]
A 9-YEAR-OLD TRYING TO BREAK INTO AN AUTOTELLER MACHINE
W I T H A H A M M E R.
TODDLERS HELPING PARENTS—LOOT A STORE.
9% OF THE POPULATION OF LOS ANGELES DOING THE EVIL.
NATIONAL GUARDSWOMAN FROM EUREKA
HOME DAMAGED IN RECENT EARTHQUAKE
ACTIVATED BEFORE SHE HAD BEEN HOME.
OFFICER MEETING CHAPLAIN-BOTH WITH BADGE #13.
THE GUARDSMAN WHO TOOK HIS FIRST LIFE.
THE GUARDSMAN WHO SAID, "THIS WAS WORSE THAN DESERT STORM."
THE GUARDSMAN WHO SAID, "THIS WAS WORSE THAN PANAMA—
AT LEAST IN PANAMA, YOU KNEW WHO THE ENEMY WAS!"
THE GUARDSMAN WHO SAID, "DAMN-THESE PEOPLE ARE SHOOTING AT US!"
THE L. A. OFFICER RESPONDING, "WELCOME TO L. A."**

THIS IS BUSINESS AS USUAL FOR US.”
 SIMPLE CANDY KISSES BRING SMILES TO THE WEARIEST FACES.
 NUNS CRYING AT THE PRIVILEGE OF COOKING A HOT MEAL
 FOR 60 CITY SERVANTS
 FOUR STORIES UNDER CITY HALL
 IN THE E. O. C.—EMERGENCY OPERATIONS CENTER
 WHERE THEY KEPT THE CITY RUNNING—
 QUIET ANGELS SERVING SILENT ANGELS OF THE CITY OF ANGELS.
 EMBER FIRES DOUSED ON THE ROOF OF A RECTORY [NATIVITY]
 WHERE I LIVED LESS THAN A YEAR AGO.
 54TH AND ARLINGTON COMMAND POST—OFFERING MASS FOR THE “TROOPS,”
 ACADEMY CHAPEL—PRAYING WITH THE “GUARD.”
 BURNED OUT CAR CHASSIS
 THE ACADEMY GYM—170 COTTED SOLDIERS, FATIGUED IN FATIGUES.
 ACADEMY WAITRESS—OFFERING FREE HAIRCUTS—
 THE ACTIVATION NOTICE W A S SHORT.
 PERSONAL THANKS FROM CHIEF DARYL FRANCIS GATES—
 IT SEEMED THE E.O.C. LIKED THE CHICKEN DINNERS.
 PATTING HIM ON THE SHOULDER AND SAYING,
 “GOD BLESS YOU, SIR.”
 THE UNIFORMS OF 87 AGENCIES POLICING LOS ANGELES.
 PHONE CONVERSATIONS WITH PRIESTS AND MINISTERS LIVING AT:
 VERNON AND NORMANDIE—
 57TH AND VERMONT—
 121ST AND AVALON—
 37TH AND CIMMERON—
 VERNON AND MAIN—
 64TH AND MAIN--
 AND SAINT FINBAR’S SISTER PARISH AT PICO AND MARIPOSA—
 1,000 STORES DAMAGED/LOOTED
 500 BURNED TO THE GROUND.
 A THOUSAND PLUMES OF SMOKE FROM “A THOUSAND POINTS OF LIGHT.”
 30 PAGER ACTIVATIONS
 SUNDAY—MAY 3—NON-STOP WORKDAY—24 HOURS LONG.
 A PLUME OF SMOKE HANGING 20 MILES AWAY.
 A SERGEANT—EYES FULL OF TEARS—
 TELLING OF GOOD, SIMPLE, GENEROUS PEOPLE
 BRINGING FOOD TO THE COMMAND POST FOR THE OFFICERS—
 AND CRYING WITH HIM,
 (WE CAN FORGET THOSE WE’VE LAUGHED WITH, BUT
 WE CAN NEVER FORGET THOSE WE’VE CRIED WITH.)
 FINGER POINTING.
 BLAME.
 POLITICIANS RUN AMUCK—LOOKING TO THE NEXT ELECTION—
 INSTEAD OF THE NEXT GENERATION.
 LOTS OF CARING PEOPLE.
 12—HOUR SHIFT=18 HOURS AWAY FROM HOME FOR A POLICE OFFICER;
 TOUGH FOR THE 7-YEAR-OLD SON
 WITH A NEWLY DIAGNOSED
 SERIOUS STOMACH AILMENT TO UNDERSTAND—
 TOUGH FOR THE WIFE
 WHO’S CAR WAS WRECKED LAST WEEK TO UNDERSTAND—
 TOUGH FOR THE DYING MOTHER-IN-LAW TO UNDERSTAND—
 TOO TOUGH TO UNDERSTAND—
 WHEN ALL THIS IS TOGETHER IN ONE FAMILY.

BIRTH CONTRACTIONS COMING--
 TO THE GUARDSMAN'S WIFE
 AS HE TOOK OUT A RIOTER TRYING TO KILL HIS FELLOWS.
 JOKE SESSION TO CUT THE TENSION—
 DOG—FLAT-FACED FROM CHASING PARKED CARS—HA HA.
 COUPLE WITH A NEW WATERBED—DRIFTING APART—HA HA.
 GIVING COMMUNION AT THE COLISEUM COMMAND POST.
 TERRORIST THREATS OF ROCKET AND MORTOR ATTACKS ON THE
 COMMAND POST AT 54TH.
 ANGER TURNING TO RAGE.
 RAGE TURNING TO EXHAUSTION.
 CYNICISM TURNING TO A SMILE.
 AMBIVOLENCE TURNING TO PURPOSE.
 OFFICERS TURNING IN THEIR BADGES (551 OF THEM)*
 DISPAIR TURNING TO PRAYER.
 DESTITUTION TURNING TO SUICIDE.
 PITY TURNING TO LOVE.
 INDIFFERENCE TURNING TO CONCERN.
 FRUSTRATION TURNING TO COMMITMENT.
 I PRAYED THAT ALL THE PERSONAL SUFFERING
 WOULD NOT BE IN VAIN
 WOULD NOT END IN BITTERNESS,
 BUT WOULD BEAR SOME SORT OF RICH FRUIT—
 (MAKE IT TASTY, LORD.)
 THE GUARDSMAN WHO HAD TO DROP OUT OF SCHOOL—
 SO LONG HAD HE NOW BEEN DEPLOYED.
 WHEN WEARINESS FINALLY GAVE WAY TO SLUMBER,
 THAT FIRST DAY OFF IN THREE WEEKS—A FORTY-HOUR STRETCH—
 I SLEPT 27 HOURS . . .

 AND IN THE GROGGY FOGGY SLEEPSTATE
 SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HERE AND EVERYWHERE,
 THE IMAGE CAME CLEAR AS REAL
 OF A VERY YOUNG NATIONAL GUARD SOLDIER—
 SITTING AT THE END OF TUNNEL #14
 WEST END OF THE COLISEUM--
 A STONE'S THROW FROM WHERE
 IT HAD BEEN MY PRIVILEGE
 TO WATCH TRACK AND FIELD EVENTS
 OF THE 1984 OLYMPICS—
 [SERVED AND PROTECTED AS I DID SO,
 BY THE THEN ACCLAIMED
 FINEST POLICE AGENCY IN THE WORLD]
 AND HE SAID, "HERE, CHAPLAIN, TAKE MY BIBLE."
 I SAID, "I CAN'T TAKE YOUR BIBLE,"
 AND HE SAID, "OH, IT'S OKAY—
 I HAVE TWO OTHERS THAT MY CHAPLAIN GAVE ME."
 IT SOMEHOW REMINDED ME OF A DREAM I HAD LONG AGO—
 OF GIVING HOLY BOOKS TO MY OFFICERS.

 WHEN I AWOKE,
 I ASKED MYSELF—WAS THAT FACT OR CONNIPTION?
 ON THE BEDSTAND NEXT TO MY PILLOW,
 BLEARY EYE SPIED A BOOK-AN OLIVE-DRAB BIBLE.
 OPENING IT MY EYES FOCUSED
 ON THE FIRST PAGE INSCRIPTION:

PRESENTED TO CHAPLAIN McCULLOUGH
FROM CPL ZACK R WEBB 5/5/92.

Chaplain Michael McCullough
© 8/5/92

***NOTE: THE 551 BADGES TURNED IN IS A DISPUTED NUMBER.**
LESSON: PEOPLE AROUND ME WERE ALWAYS MAKING ME LOOK GOOD.

SEE: APPENDIX, CHAPTER 30. (page 249).

CHAPTER 31. “IT OOZED OUT OF HOLLYWOOD.”

1997 WITNESSED ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS SHOOT OUTS IN AMERICAN LAW ENFORCEMENT HISTORY. I WAS SUMMONDED TO THE COMMAND POST OF LAPD AND IN THE SAME TIME FRAME, FBI. I WAS CHAPLAIN FOR BOTH AGENCIES AND WAS DISCREET IN WHAT JACKET AND COVER I WAS WEARING. IT WAS A VERY LONG DAY FOR EVERYONE INVOLVED.

“IT OOZED OUT OF HOLLYWOOD.”

**[THE NORTH HOLLYWOOD SHOOTOUT AS SEEN THROUGH
THE EYES OF AN LAPD CHAPLAIN.]**

**IT OOZED OUT OF HOLLYWOOD LIKE A MALIGNANT BLOB,
NOT THE DIVISION, MIND YOU,
RATHER THE BIG SCREEN,
OVER THE HILLS TO THE NORTH
ERUPTING IN A FUSILLADE
LEFT—RIGHT—DOWN—UP
WALL OF BULLETS
ARMOR PIERCING
CONCRETE LIGHT POLE PIERCING
HOLLYWOOD MUZZLE FLASHES EXPELLING REAL BULLETS!
TERROR WAS EVERYWHERE . . .
SO WAS THE HEROISM!
PATROL CAR DOORS
MELTING TO BUTTER
SAFETY PLATE WINDSHIELDS
EXPLODING TO SHRAPNEL.**

**ROUNDS? A HUNDRED?
500?
1,000?
MORE?
MORE?
MORE?**
“GOD, WHERE ARE THESE BULLETS COMING FROM?”

**INVESTIGATION WOULD LEAD TO GUESTIMATES OF 800--1100
BAD--GUY ROUNDS; 600 GOOD GUY ROUNDS.
350 OFFICERS RESPONDING.
AN AR-15 MATERIALIZING**

FROM CREATIVE POLICE WORK.
 83 ROUNDS EMERGING FROM A MOTOR COP'S WEAPON—
 COULD GIVE NEW MEANING TO "MELTDOWN!"
 TWENTY-EIGHT OFFICERS RETURNING FIRE
 TWENTY HOLES IN ONE BLACK AND WHITE
 FORTY IN ANOTHER
 TWELVE POLICE UNITS DISABLED.
 NEWS CHOPPER-9 TOOK A ROUND—
 IT'S ABOUT TIME THEY GOT INVOLVED!
 THE KEVLAR-WRAPPED SUSPECTS
 ANKLE TO WRIST AND BEYOND
 ENJOYED AN ARROGANCE
 AND AN "F ____ Y ____" ATTITUDE
 THAT SENT SHIVERS OF RESOLVE DOWN COPPER SPINES.
 ORDERS WERE GIVEN THAT COULD HAVE COST LIVES
 SUPERVISORS KNEW
 WHAT THEY WERE ASKING THEIR TROOPS TO DO.
 BLOCK WALLS BECAME CONCEALMENT PEPPERED TO POWDER.
 NOTHING WAS COVER-NOTHING!
 NOT ENGINE BLOCKS NOTHING!
 Y E T . . .
 AS JOHN Q. CITIZEN WAS RUNNING AWAY---
 L . A . P . D . WAS RUNNING INNNNNNNNNN!
 ATTEMPTING TO GET THEIR BODIES
 BETWEEN THAT WALL OF BULLETS
 AND THE WOUNDED
 AND THE INNOCENT.
 A NEW CATEGORY OF "PROTECT AND SERVE"
 WAS BEING ADDED TO THE EXISTING DICTIONARY DEFINITIONS.
 REWRITE "VALOR," TOO
 AND "METTLE,"
 AND "PLUCK"
 WHAT IS KEVLAR WHEN PITTED AGAINST
 RAW COURAGE, AND RIGHT?
 I DEFY ANYONE TO SAY
 THAT WASN'T A FAMILY IN BLUE
 FOR ONE, BRIEF, SHINING MOMENT.
 FOR JUST A MOMENT
 THERE WERE NO BEEFS, NO 181s
 NO ACCUSATIONS OF THIS OR THAT
 OR FAILURE TO DO THIS OR THAT
 JUST A BUNCH OF ADRENALINE-FILLED PEACEMAKERS
 COVERING EACH OTHERS'
 FRONT SIDES, BACK SIDES, TOPSIDES AND BOTTOMS.

 LEADERSHIP
 EMERGED
 FROM ALL OVER THE PLACE
 IT CAME OUT OF THE SIDEWALK CRACKS
 AND FURNITURE STORE COMMAND POST CARPET SEAMS.
 COMMUNICATION—
 INTERACT, INTERFACE, REGROUP,
 DEPLOY, ASSESS, RECONVENE, CONSULT,
 REDEPLOY, INTERVIEW, RE-ASSESS
 RECONNOITER . . . FORM PLATOONS!
 MORE FUNCTION THAN DIS . . .

I SAW MORE ANGER THAN FEAR,
THOUGH THE FEAR WAS THERE
IT WAS WELL-HIDDEN,
D I S C I P L I N E-THANK YOU!
“WHO DO
THAT ‘FEAR-HIDE’ DO
THAT COPS DO
SO WELL?”
THEY SAY THAT COURAGE IS FEAR
THAT HAS SAID ITS PRAYERS.
THE “COURAGE” WORD COMES FROM FRENCH MEANING
“TO ACT FROM THE HEART.”

S.W.A.T. WAS READY
TO “DOOR-TO-DOOR”
K--9s EAGER TO WORK.
ONE WAS SO EAGER HE SENT
A CAPTAIN BANO HUNTING.
A BIT SNIPPY WERE WE? GOOD DOG.

I’VE FELT MANY EMOTIONS
ABOUT MY SIBLINGS IN BLUE
BUT I’VE NEVER FELT
MORE BUTTON-BURSTING PRIDE
THAN ON A FEBRUARY 28 FRIDAY
IN ‘97
AT THE NORTH HOLLYWOOD BANK SHOOTOUT.

ON SUNDAY FOLLOWING
IN THE BURBANK CHURCH OF ST. FINBAR
OF A MIDDLE-CLASS CONGREGATION-OLD AND YOUNG
I ASKED
“IN YOUR KINDNESS THIS COMING WEEK,
WILL YOU PLEASE PUT IN A WORD OF THANKS TO THE LORD
THAT NONE OF MY OFFICERS-OUR OFFICERS-WERE KILLED
AND NO CITIZENS?”

WITH SPIRIT-FILLED SPONTANEITY . . .
THE PEOPLE ERUPTED IN APPLAUSE!

Chaplain Michael McCullough
LAPD/FBI
© 03/20/1997

A COUPLE DAYS AFTER THE GLOBALLY FOLLOWED SHOOTOUT, I WAS ASSIGNED AS PART OF THE **CRITICAL INCIDENT RESPONSE TEAM** TO CONDUCT A **CRITICAL INCIDENT STRESS DEBRIEFING** FOR A GROUP OF ABOUT 15 LAPD FIRST RESPONDERS. 28 OFFICERS HAD ACTUALLY RETURNED FIRE, BUT HUNDREDS HAD BEEN INVOLVED IT CREATING A PERIMETER TO CONTAIN THE TERRORISTS.

ONE ACCOUNT OF A DETECTIVE PARTICIPANT TOUCHED ME DEEPLY AND RAISED AN INTERESTING POINT OF VIEW THAT FEW CITIZENS I THINK EVER TAKE INTO ACCOUNT. HE HAD BEEN ON DUTY THAT DAY, HAD RESPONDED TO THE INITIAL CALLS FOR BACKUP, FIRED SEVERAL

SHOTS, THOUGH TERRIBLY OUTGUNNED. AT HOME, HIS WIFE AND FOUR-YEAR OLD SON WERE WATCHING THE DRAMA UNFOLD ON TV, KNOWING FULL-WELL HE WAS INVOLVED. WHEN WE ASKED THE GROUP, “**FOR YOU, WHAT WAS THE WORST PART OF THE INCIDENT?**” THE DETECTIVE SAID, “IT WASN’T DRAWING MY WEAPON, FIRING OR BEING FIRED AT. THAT ALL CAME NATURALLY FROM OUR TRAINING.” IT WAS THE NEXT MORNING, HAVING SUITED UP FOR WORK IN MY SUIT COAT AND TIE AS I APPROACHED THE FRONT DOOR, MY FOUR-YEAR OLD RAN TO INTERCEPT ME AT THE DOOR CRYING AND WRAPPING HIS LITTLE ARMS TIGHT AROUND MY LEG, “**DADDY, PLEASE DON’T GO, PLEASE DON’T GO TO WORK!**” THE DANGER OF MY PROFESSION HAD PENETRATED HIS YOUNG MIND.

MANY CITIZENS PRESUME MANY THINGS ABOUT LAW ENFORCEMENT. THEY’VE SEEN MANY POLICE SHOWS. SOME ARE ACCURATE. SOME AREN’T. OF THE HUNDREDS OF L. A. OFFICERS I’VE KNOWN, FOR EVERY BAD COP THAT KNOWINGLY MAKES A MISTAKE OR WILLFULLY HARMS A SUSPECT, THE VAST MAJORITY BEAR THE PAINS OF THEIR PROFESSION IN SILENCE. **PLEASE BEAR THAT IN MIND** THE NEXT TIME YOU GET A CHANCE TO DEFUND THE POLICE AT THE BALLOT BOX.

CHAPTER 32. “ THURSDAY MORNING AFTER, FLIGHT #261.”

Thursday Morning After

*Flight #261**

By Chaplain Michael McCullough

© February 3, 2000

Sunrise was magnificent

in my rear-view mirror;

Sea was calm and deep blue

The Channel Islands

Absorbed the bright sunlight

So they were only their deep, rich brown-from-a-far-color

And the cliffs were visible.

Point Mugu rock was ahead and I

Thought

To photo it-----

but then thought better

it was too precious to remember that way.

The beauty and serenity of the sea

after that unimaginable crash

were so memorable,

no photo could

ever better capture

The image.

Bright color-hue pressed

into the fabric of my soul that morning.

Mourning

Here I sit

on the overcast beach somewhere along that shore

thoughtfully recording the Channel Island images;

It's February 29, Year 2000.

I look back on a month of surprises, tears and friendships.

Yesterday we gathered again, we chaplains

Navy, Fire, Police, Federal

as we have done in ones and twos

fives and tens since then.

There were four of us yesterday.

We contemplated—through our tears—

the mangled aircraft pieces

remembered all in our (only) wounded hearts

Hearts not broken and crushed like
passenger's families.
We love you and pray for you-dead and living
we pray for your peace
we trust in God's comfort.

Embrace . . .

Memories

Portraits

Each other

God as you know God.

The Author of Life and Goodness

will not fail to embrace your beloved ones
and you.

No sea will ever be

The same again for me

The loved ones it claimed

are forever named

In each

g e e s r g w
e l n s o n a
n t d l e l l i v e.

***NOTE: ALASKA AIR, FLIGHT # 261.**

FBI RESPONSE, THE ROLE OF THE FBI IN A PLANE CRASH.

MY RESPONSE TO THE ALASKA AIR FLIGHT #261 WAS ON SEVERAL LEVELS. THE YEARS BEFORE, I WAS INVITED TO GIVE TRAINING FOR POLICE CHAPLAINS IN VENTURA COUNTY. THIS WAS AT THE REQUEST OF DEACON LARRY MODUGNO, CHAPLAIN, OXNARD P.D AND COORDINATOR FOR VENTURA COUNTY CHAPLAINCIES. I ALSO KNEW A FEW OF THE

OXNARD P.D. CHAPLAINS AS WE HAD SERVED TOGETHER WHEN I WAS OXNARD'S CHAPLAIN. SO WHEN CHAPLAIN LARRY SUBMITTED A ROSTER OF CHAPLAINS TO THE AMERICAN RED CROSS VENTURA COUNTY, MY NAME WAS ON THE LIST TO BE ASSIGNED BY THE RED CROSS.

I WAS ALSO F.B.I CHAPLAIN FOR HEADQUARTERS DIVISION, LOS ANGELES, WITH AN OFFICE IN THE FEDERAL BUILDING IN WEST LOS ANGELES. OUR JURISDICTION EXTENDED FROM LOS ANGELES COUNTY TO RIVERSIDE AND VENTURA COUNTIES. SO, I WAS CALLED OUT TO RESPOND FOR THE EVIDENCE COLLECTION TEAM. WITH ANY AMERICAN PLANE CRASH, THE BUREAU PRESUMES IT IS A CRIMINAL ACT UNTIL IT IS PROVEN OTHERWISE. SO, THE L.A. TEAM WAS THERE ALMOST IMMEDIATELY SUPERVISING THE COLLECTION OF ANY EVIDENCE FOUND AT THE SITE THAT COULD BE ASSOCIATED WITH A CRIME, BOMB FRAGMENTS, ETC. IF EVIDENCE EMERGED, A CASE WOULD BE WELL UNDERWAY FOR PROSECUTION.

THE PLANE CRASHED INVERTED INTO THE OCEAN AT 500+ MPH. MANY FISHING BOATS WERE IN THE AREA OFF VENTURA, SO VESSELS OF ALL SIZES STARTED BEING DIRECTED INTO POINT MUGU WITH BODIES, SUITCASES, AND ALL SORTS OF FLOATING LUGGAGE. A HANGER WAS IMMEDIATELY DESIGNATED AT THE NAVAL AIR STATION AND THE ENTIRE FUSELAGE OF THE PLANE, SEATS, COCK PIT AND PERSONAL ITEMS WERE ARRANGED NEAR THE SEATS WHERE PASSENGERS HAD BEEN ASSIGNED. THIS PART OF THE OPERATION WAS ESPECIALLY IMPORTANT TO ME SINCE I KNEW MOST OF THESE SPECIAL AGENTS. THEY WANTED ME THERE, BECAUSE THEIR TASK WAS TERRIBLY GRIM. ONE OF THE FEMALES ON THE TEAM ASKED ME TO JOIN HER FOR "SHOW AND TELL" OF HER FINDINGS. SHE SHARED, THROUGH HER TEARS, A BIBLE WITH POST - ITS, A HANDWRITTEN LOVE NOTE TO A GIRLFRIEND WITH THE PEN MARK SLIDING OFF THE PAGE AT THE BOTTOM, A RUBBER BABY DOLL DRASTICALLY SINGED. THE MOST POIGNANT WAS TWO SEVERED WEDDING – BANDED HANDS CLASPED TOGETHER IN A DEATH GRIP. A PLANE DOOR WAS RECOVERED FLOATING THAT READ, "THANK YOU FOR FLYING ALASKA AIRLINES."

LAPD HAD NO JURISDICTION IN THIS CRASH SINCE IT WAS IN VENTURA COUNTY. BUT I REQUESTED AND RECEIVED PERMISSION TO BRING SEVERAL LAPD CHAPLAINS ON SCENE AS OBSERVERS FOR THEIR FUTURE REFERENCE AND TRAINING PURPOSES. SOMETHING LIKE 57 AGENCIES PROVIDED ASSISTANCE SO WE CHAPLAINS WERE THERE FOR EVERYONE.

A FOURTH REASON I WAS THERE, UNFORSEEN BY ME, EMERGED AFTER SEVERAL DAYS. WITH ALL THE ADDED PERSONNEL ON THE BASE, THE 6 BASE CHAPLAINS WERE OVERWHELMED ESPECIALLY ON THE WEEKEND. THE FEMALE COMMANDING BASE CHAPLAIN APPROACHED ME. SHE SAID, WE HAVE ONE 62-YEAR-OLD CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN ON THE BASE. HE HAS HAD A RECENT HEART ATTACK. HE ALREADY HAS 6 MASSES SCHEDULED THIS WEEKEND. WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO FLY OUT TO THE USS CLEVELAND AND OFFER MASS ABOARD THE SHIP? THEY HAVEN'T HAD A PRIEST ABOARD IN TWO YEARS." I RESPONDED, "IS THE POPE CATHOLIC? OF COURSE!" AGAIN, THE NAVY CROSSED MY BOW.

THE USS CLEVELAND WAS AN LPD, AMPHIBIOUS TRANSPORT DOCK, A DESCENDANT OF THE LSTs OF WWII. SHE WAS 570 FEET LONG, CARRIED ABOUT 420 SAILORS AND TRANSPORTED ABOUT 788 MARINES AND TANKS AND GEAR TO ANY BEACH TO WHICH SHE WAS SENT. SHE WAS DISPATCHED IMMEDIATELY FROM SAN DIEGO ON NEWS OF THE CRASH IN THE HOPES THERE WOULD BE SURVIVORS. OF COURSE THERE WERE NONE. BUT SHE SERVED THE SITUATION WELL SINCE THE HUGE WELL – DECK COULD BE FLOODED FROM THE STERN ALLOWING FISHING BOATS, AND VOLUNTEER CRAFT OF ALL SIZES AND SHAPES TO APPROACH AND DISEMBARK COLLECTED DEBRIS. SHE BECAME THE AT – SEA COMMAND VESSEL. SHE COULD ALSO HANDLE LARGE PIECES OF THE AIRCRAFT. LATER AT THE NAVAL BASE DOCK, CRANES COULD BE DEPLOYED TO BRING THE LARGER PIECES ASHORE TO BE DIRECTED TO THE "RECONSTRUCTION" HANGER.

THANKS TO THESE CIRCUMSTANCES, I WAS FLOWN BY CH – 46 HELICOPTER TO THE SHIP AND CELEBRATED MASS IN THE LIBRARY/CHAPEL/BARBER SHOP. ABOUT 20 OF THE CREW JOINED US FOR SUNDAY MASS. THE CAPTAIN, RONALD BRINKLEY, THE X/O AND THE RANKING MARINE COLONEL ABOARD WERE ALL CATHOLIC AND ATTENDED THE MASS. LATER, I JOINED THEM FOR LUNCH IN THE CAPTAIN'S MESS. SUBSEQUENTLY, THE CAPTAIN WAS SO APPRECIATIVE, I RECEIVED A LETTER INVITING ME TO BRING MYSELF AND 15 FRIENDS FOR A 4 – DAY "TIGER CRUISE" FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN DIEGO. THAT IS ANOTHER STORY.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, I WAS FINDING OPPORTUNITIES TO MINISTER AT EVERY LEVEL. ALASKA AIRLINES CONTRACTED WITH A TEXAS COMPANY TO SET UP A HANGER WITH DISPLAY TABLES, DRYERS AND OTHER SOPHISTICATED MACHINERY TO COLLECT WALLET, PURSES, ID TAGS, AND THE LIKE FOR DRYING, RESTORATION, ETC. TO BE RETURNED TO FAMILIES OF THE VICTIMS. BODY PARTS WERE HOUSED IN ANOTHER AREA MANAGED BY THE VENTURA COUNTY CORONER.

DARK HUMOR ABOUNDED AMONG THE WORKERS, BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO SURVIVE 12+ – DAYS OF ENDLESS CARNAGE. THERE WERE MORE THAN 3,000 BODY PARTS RECOVERED FROM THE 88 DECEASED VICTIMS.

SOME OF US ALSO RESPONDED TO THE NEEDS OF THE FAMILY MEMBERS OF THE DECEASED. THE AMERICAN RED CROSS AND VENTURA COUNTY ORGANIZED THESE ACTIVITIES. ABOUT THREE DAYS IN, ALASKA AIRLINES HAD FLOWN FAMILIES OF VICTIMS IN FROM ALL OVER. THE THIRD DAY, ABOUT 5 BUSLOADS OF FAMILY MEMBERS ARRIVED AT A SECTION OF DESERTED BEACH ON THE NAVAL BASE CLOSEST TO THE CRASH SITE WHICH WAS ABOUT 7 MILES OUT TO SEA. THE RED CROSS HAD ORGANIZED US INTO TEAMS. THERE WERE APPROXIMATELY 100 CHAPLAIN/COUNSELOR VOLUNTEERS TO SERVICE THE ARRIVING PEOPLE. WE STOOD SPREAD OUT OVER THE SAND AND LET THE FAMILY MEMBERS PICK OUT ANY OF US THEY WANTED TO APPROACH FOR ASSISTANCE. SINCE I WAS DRESSED IN MY ROMAN COLLAR, TWO YOUNG LADIES APPROACHED ME. THERE WERE TEARS FLOWING EVERYWHERE. I GREETED THE LADIES. IT SEEMS THEY FELT USED TO DEALING WITH EPISCOPAL PRIESTS IN TANANA, ALASKA WHERE THEY LIVED WITH THEIR PARENTS. THEY TOLD ME THEIR STORY. THE YOUNG LADIES WERE NICOLE (THOMPSON) DICK AND ALLISON THOMPSON.

THEIR DAD, MOM AND OLDEST SISTER HAD BEEN ON THE PLANE. A REMARKABLE FAMILY. DAD AND MOM WERE ATHABASCAN NATIVE AMERICANS. DAD, MORRIS THOMPSON, ALSO KNOWN AS, "GIANT SEQUOIA" WAS A MAJOR FIGURE IN AMERICAN NATIVE INDIAN AFFAIRS. HE HAD SERVED IN EVERY PRESIDENTIAL CABINET SINCE RICHARD NIXON. HIS WIFE WAS THELMA. THEIR OLDEST DAUGHTER, SHERYL, WHO HAD ALSO DIED HAD STARTED CLASSES TO BECOME CATHOLIC. THE GIRLS WERE EPISCOPALIAN. WE HIT IT OFF AND CONNECTED. I WAS THEIR ESCORT AND I FELT HONORED TO HAVE BEEN SELECTED BY THEM. WE PRAYED TOGETHER AND TALKED ABOUT THE FAMILY AND THEIR FUTURE.

THE NEXT EVENING, THE 5 BUSES RETURNED FOR A FORMAL PRAYER GATHERING ON THE SAME BEACH. THE FAMILY MEMBERS WERE ASKED TO FORM A GROUP IN THE MIDDLE. THEN THE ENTIRE CADRE OF ABOUT 100 CHAPLAIN/COUNSELORS HELD HANDS FORMING A LARGER CIRCLE AROUND THEM. INTERESTINGLY, MY CHAPLAIN PARTNER WAS FERROL ROBINS, ANOTHER LAPD CHAPLAIN, BOTH OF US HAVING WORKED MANY SITUATIONS TOGETHER IN LOS ANGELES. I THINK WE BOTH SHED A TEAR TO BE HOLDING HANDS IN THIS SITUATION. PRAYERS WERE SAID AND SENTIMENTS EXPRESSED BY THE ORGANIZERS. THEN THEY RELEASED 88 MONARCH BUTTERFLIES INTO THE BREEZY SALT AIR. MONARCHS HAVE TRADITIONALLY BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH THE SOULS OF THE DECEASED. THEY ARE FAMOUS IN CALIFORNIA AS THEY MIGRATE BETWEEN MEXICO AND CANADA ANNUALLY BY THE MILLIONS. THOUGH THE WIND WAS BLOWING BRISKLY, THE LITTLE FELLOWS FLEW EXUBERANTLY FOR SOME TIME BEFORE ALIGHTING WHERE THEY CHOSE.

ONE LANDED ON MY JACKET. THAT WASN'T SURPRISING. WHAT WAS SURPRISING WAS THAT HE STAYED ON MY JACKET FOR THE NEXT THREE HOURS, GETTING ON THE BUS WITH ME, RIDING AND EXITING THE BUS WITH ME. AT THE DEPARTURE SITE, I GENTLY PLACED HIM ON A BUSH.



One of those interesting, Grace-filled items that a believer notices in the midst of terrible tragedy.

I met with Chaplain Larry Modugno (Oxnard P.D.) on the beach several weeks after all the commotion of the crash at Point Mugu Naval Air Station. Just the two of us decided to decompress and pray for all the victims by name and reminisce on our memories. Two things struck me. The first was that a basket bouquet of flowers that had been placed on the beach several weeks before, obviously being touched with only sea water at high tide held a blossoming Easter lily. The second was that as I looked at the sand, I spotted this organic item that I could not identify. It had obviously held a seed of some sort. But the shape reminded me of all the hearts involved-88 victims, their families and hundreds if not thousands of responders and volunteers. I admired it for a few days then sent it on to John F. Kelly, President and CEO of Alaska Airlines. He responded with a beautiful letter of thanks and said it was one of his most treasured mementos of the whole tragic ordeal.

THE CRASH OCCURRED ON JANUARY 31, 2000. IT WAS NOT UNTIL MID - JUNE THAT THE THOMPSON GIRLS WERE NOTIFIED POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION HAD BEEN MADE ON ALL THREE FAMILY MEMBERS. THEY SCHEDULED A FUNERAL **POTLATCH** TO BE HELD AT THE TOWN OF TANANA, CENTRAL ALASKA. A POTLATCH FOR A NORMAL PERSON WOULD BE ONE DAY. A POTLATCH FOR A VERY DISTINGUISHED PERSON WOULD BE TWO DAYS. THREE DAYS WERE TO BE THE POTLATCH FOR "GIANT SEQUOIA," THELMA AND SHERYL THOMPSON.

ONE DAY, MASS WAS CELEBRATED IN TANANA ON THE BANKS OF THE YUKON RIVER. THE EPISCOPAL BISHOP, SIX MALE AND ONE FEMALE PRIEST CONCELEBRATED. I SAT ON

THE SIDE OF THE ALTAR PLATFORM. I HAD COMPOSED A POEM IN HONOR OF SHERYL LYNN THOMPSON. I READ IT AFTER COMMUNION. PART OF IT APPEARED ON THE FRONT PAGE OF **THE FAIRBANKS DAILY NEWS – MINER** THE NEXT MORNING. SHERYL HAD BEEN A POETESS. I WAS MOST HUMBLLED AND HONORED TO PARTICIPATE IN THE SERVICE.

SHORTLY THEREAFTER, ALL THE PRIESTS AND BISHOP DEPARTED TO OTHER DUTIES. SINCE I WAS THERE FOR THE WEEK, I WAS THE ONLY CLERGYMAN LEFT. I NOW HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF LEADING A PROCESSION OF ABOUT 200 FAMILY AND VILLAGE MEMBERS A MILE THROUGH THE FOREST TO THE CEMETERY. THE GRAVESITE WAS SITUATED ON A SLOPE THAT ENDED AT THE YUKON RIVER. ON THE OTHER BANK, THE TANANA RIVER MADE ITS CONFLUENCE. WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SITE. THE GRAVE HAD BEEN DUG. I WALKED AHEAD DOWN THE DIRT TRAIL WITH ONE PINE BOX CASKET HOLDING THE BODY PARTS FOLLOWING. ONCE ASSEMBLED, I CONDUCTED THE GRAVESIDE SERVICE. THE BOX WAS LOWERED AND EVERY MEMBER OF THE TRIBE THREW IN A SHOVEL OF DIRT OR A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS, UNTIL THE 6 – FOOT GRAVE WAS COVERED AND SCULPTURED TO PERFECTION. I WAS SO GLAD I COULD BE THERE. **ALASKA AIR** FLEW ME IN FOR THE POTLATCH, FUNERAL AND BURIAL SERVICE, THEN BY BUSH PLANE TO TANANA AND BACK TO L.A. VIA FAIRBANKS.

IT WAS A BLOW-OUT CELEBRATION OF LIFE. TANANA, A TOWN OF 400 RESIDENTS BALLOONED TO 5,000 GUESTS. THE FLORIDA SEMINOLES SENT A CORPORATE JET WITH 5 CHIEFS TO ATTEND. HUNTERS SHOT 5 MOOSE THAT WERE COOKED IN 100 - GALLON CAULDRONS. THIS PARTICULAR NATIVE TRIBE AND MANY OTHERS USE DEATH AS A MEANS OF ENRICHING THE TRIBE. THE THIRD NIGHT OF THE **POTLATCH**, THE ATTENDEES GATHERED IN THE TOWN GYMNASIUM WHERE \$70,000 WORTH OF CLOTHES, WEAPONS AND BLANKETS WERE DISTRIBUTED TO HUNDREDS OF TRIBESMEN AND WOMEN. ONE LITTLE OLD NATIVE SAID TO ME AS SHE PASSED BY ON HER WAY HOME CARRYING SEVERAL BLANKETS AND GLOVES, “NO ONE IN THE VILLAGE WILL BE COLD **THIS** WINTER.” IT WAS REALLY HEART – WARMING. THEY HAD A SPECIAL BLACK BEAR – CLAW NECKLACE MADE FOR ME. TRIBES ALL UP AND DOWN CALIFORNIA, OREGON AND CANADA PITCHED IN TO CREATE WORKS OF ART THAT WERE GIVEN AS GIFTS.

LATER THAT SUMMER, SITTING BY A FLOWERING PLUM TREE AT **THE DESERT REFUGE** STATION OF THE CROSS WHERE JESUS WAS NAILED, I DID SPY A DESERT VERSION OF A MONARCH BUTTERFLY WHICH HUNG AROUND ME AND LANDED MANY TIMES ON THE TREE FOR ABOUT HALF AN HOUR. I’M NOT SURE I GOT THE LITTLE FELLOW’S NAME. BUT I AM QUITE SURE THAT IT WAS SENT BY **SHERYL LYNN THOMPSON**.

SO ENDED MY INVOLVEMENT WITH ALASKA AIR, FLIGHT # 261.

TRANQUIL MERMAID

DEDICATED TO SHERYL LYNN THOMPSON

MIGHTY RIVER
SPOKE TO ME YESTERDAY AFTERNOON ...
GENTLE LAPPING WAVE-WHISPERS.

THIS MORNING, RIVER WAS SILENT
A PRESENCE
GENTLE SERENITY
BECKONS ME TO REVERENCE
THE NOW-FAINT THUNDER OF BREAKUP.

A BOAT GOES BY
RIVER SENDS COMPLAINTS TO SHORE
AND SHORE SENDS THEM BACK.

PEACEFUL CALM.

NOW RIVER SPEAKS OF THINGS MORE POWERFUL ...
GIANT SEQUOIA KNOWN AS "BIG,"
HIS WIFE
AND OLDEST SAPLING.

GREAT RIVER HOLDS
THEIR SECRETS ALONG WITH HIS OWN.

THE SPIRIT SOUL POETESS, SHERYL,
I COMMEMORATE TODAY
INFUSES HER BEAUTY
AND HARMONY

INTO ALL THE WATER PLACES
OCEANS, SEAS, THIS RIVER,
LAKES, STREAMLETS, PONDS.

AS I CAN NO LONGER LOOK
UPON LAUGHING OCEAN WAVES
SEE DOLPHINS JUMP IN THE SURF
WITHOUT RE-MEMBERING
THE LOVED ONES WE HONOR
SO I KNOW SHERYL'S PRESENCE WILL ADD
WONDER TO ALL WATER PLACES FOR ME.

MY HEART KNOWS
THEY NOW REPOSE
ENJOYING PEACE
ANCESTORS
GOOD FISHING IN GOD'S STREAM
LIFE
JOY.

AS WE AWAIT "GREAT DAY REUNION"
WE EMBRACE MEMORIES
THAT DRIFT ON GREAT RIVER
THROUGH OUR MINDS.

ANA BASEE, GREAT RIVER,
GOD IS GOOD.
GOD IS GOOD.

MICHAEL
© 07/01/2000

CHAPTER 33.

GROUND ZERO

“September 11, 2001 witnessed the worst act of terrorism in the history of the United States of America. It happened in New York City and the World Trade Center Twin Towers were the target. As part of a team of 8 police peer counselors and 2 chaplains, I was sent by the L. A. Police Memorial Foundation to respond to a request by The New York/New Jersey Port Authority Police to engage in critical incident counseling. From October 2-7, this was my privilege. Three of those days, I spent at ‘Ground Hero.’ The following poem represents what this chaplain saw and witnessed during those 6 days.”

“GROUND HERO”

**LIFE GOES ON
THE BEAT GOES ON
NEW YORKERS ARE RESILIENT.
IT WOULD TAKE A LOT MORE
THAN A FEW YELLOW WEASELS
TO BREAK THEIR BACKS.**

**THE COPS ARE TOUGH, LIKE THEIR WINTERS,
BUT THEY BREAK INTO A SMILE
IN A HEARTBEAT
“HOW AW YA?” THEY SAY WITH A BIG GRIN
THOUGH THEIR EYES
TELL ANOTHER STORY,
BETRAY EXHAUSTION
MARROW-BONE SORROW.**

**OUR RECEPTION IS MAGNANIMOUS
OUR CONTRIBUTION SO MINISCULE
YET
“BETTER ONE CANDLE TO LIGHT
THAN THE DARKNESS TO CURSE.”
PERHAPS
IT MADE A DIFFERENCE TO ONE STAR FISH!¹**

**GROUND ZERO
BECAME
GROUND HERO
BECAME
CEMENT AND GLASS THAT**

¹ Refer to the story of the boy who was chided for carrying starfish back to deep water after the tide went out.

BECAME
VOLCANIC PUMICE ASH
GRIST FOR THE TEETH OF THE GRINDING MILL
FLESH AND METAL ALL CHURNED
THROUGH THE SAME GRINDER
STILL-RED STEEL
DRIPPING BLOOD-MOLTON LIQUID
2000—3000 DEGREES
22 DAYS LATER.
(I NEVER THOUGHT OF STEEL AS COMBUSTION MATERIAL)
APPLIED WATER
TURNING TO STEAM
SULPHUR FUMES
BOWELS OF HELL.

I SOMEHOW
CONFUSED
RUMINATED AS TO HOW
THESE UNIFORMED HEROES
DIED IN VAIN.
EVERYONE KNOWS
—‘CAUSE WE’VE HEARD IT OVER AND OVER AGAIN—
“DETERMINED TERRORISTS USE A CALCULATED TECHNIQUE . . .
STAGE AN EVENT
FOLLOWED BY A SECOND EVENT
DESIGNED TO EXECUTE AS MANY
PUBLIC SAFETY PERSONNEL AS POSSIBLE.”
“HOW COULD THESE HEROES OF AMERICA
NOT THINK OF THAT?” I ASKED MYSELF OVER AND OVER.

THEN
ARRIVING AT CURBSIDE
OUTSIDE JFK AIRPORT IN NEW YORK
A PORT AUTHORITY SERGEANT
MADE IT ALL MAKE SENSE . . .

“YOU KNOW, 30,000 GOT OUT ALIVE!”

NOW, I UNDERSTAND.

THE ATROCITY OF THE SLAUGHTER
OF INNOCENT LIFE
THE SACRILEGE OF SATAN’S SERVANTS
DOING THIS IN THE NAME OF ALLAH
HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.
THE ONLY SACRILEGE THAT REMAINS

WOULD BE FOR US TO FORGET
WHAT THESE PUBLIC SERVANTS
DID
TO SAVE SO MANY.
IN 106 MINUTES
410 PUBLIC SEVANTS PURCHASED WITH THEIR LIVES
THE SAFE ESCAPE OF
THOUSANDS OF JOHN AND JANE Q. CITIZENS
TRADED DEATH
FOR LIVES
AND ASKED THEIR OWN FAMILIES TO SIGN THE CONTRACT:
350 FIREFIGHTERS AND EMT'S²
37 PORT AUTHORITY POLICE
23 NEW YORK CITY POLICE;

FOR EACH ONE WHO DIED,

73

PEOPLE

GOT OUT

OWE THEIR LIVES.

WHAT DID I HEAR?
"SINCE THIS HAPPENED, I DON'T FEEL LIKE I'M PRAYING."
"I'M JUST GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS."
"I FEEL LIKE A HYPOCRITE."

THE FIREFIGHTER
REMEMBERING THE RAIN OF BODY PARTS
AND BODIES
FALLING FROM THE SKY
AS HE TRIED TO LEAD HIS THREE BROTHERS TO SAFETY.
ALL THREE BROTHERS DIED.

A JEWISH DOCTOR
WHO'S STILL HAVING TROUBLE SLEEPING
BECAUSE HE SEES IMAGES
RELATED TO HIM
BY PEACE OFFICERS
OF W.T.C. GROUND FLOOR WINDOWS
SPATTER-COVERED WITH BLOOD

² As of the date of composing this poem, these figures were changing slightly each day.

AND MANIQUIN-LOOKING BODY PARTS
THAT AREN'T MANIQUINS.
BRUTAL IMAGES
WITNESSED SECOND-HAND
INDUCING TRAUMATIC STRESS
COMPASSION FATIGUE
VICARIOUS OVERLOAD
A NEW YORK POLICE CHAPLAIN,
SPEAKING AS WORN-OUT LOCAL CLERGY
HAS PERHAPS SAID IT ALL:
“WE MAY NEED TO REESTABLISH OUR IDENTITY
SPIRITUALITY WISE.”
AND MORE
AND MORE.

10/06/01 FOUND BODY
2200—2300 HOURS
FDNY CARLE MOLINARI

OUT OF A TINY OPENING IN
ONE OF THE 5-10 STORY HIGH MOUNDS OF
GIRDER-TWISTED RUBBLE
“GROUND ZERO”
RESCUE CREW
CAREFULLY EXTRACTS THE SMOLDERING
STEAMING REMAINS OF
ONE OF THEIR OWN.
LAPD CHAPLAIN DAVE,
THE SALVATION ARMY CHAPLAIN
AND MYSELF

FORM UP
AND
LEAD
THE
PROCESSION
OF SIX
CARRYING
THE BODY BAG
OF HOLY REMAINS
DRAPED
IN OL' GLORY.

THREE BLOCKS THE PROCESSION WINDS
PAST SALUTING,
RED-EYED,

**DUST-COVERED
FIRE AND POLICE PERSONNEL
PAST
EMERGENCY RESPONDERS
FROM 50 JURISDICTIONS
WHO ALL STAND TALL
PROUD AND SALUTING
AS IF THIS WERE A MARINE
COMING HOME FROM IWO³
UNTIL WE REACH
THE TEMPORARY MORGUE
WHERE AMIDST ALL THE SOLEMNITY
OUR TIRED BODIES CAN MUSTER
WE PRAY FOR HIS SOUL TO REST
AND FOR HIS FAMILY'S COMFORT.**

**THE CORONERS DO THEIR
WORK QUICKLY
UNZIPPING AND REZIPPING THE BODY BAG
LONG ENOUGH TO CONFIRM
HIS IDENTITY
FROM HIS UNIFORM AND
GEAR MARKINGS.
I WILL NEVER LISTEN TO THE SCRIPTURE PASSAGE
THE SAME AGAIN
WHERE LAZARUS LAID THREE DAYS IN
THE TOMB AND THERE WAS A STENCH.
OUR BROTHER'S BODY LAID
26 DAYS IN THE TOMB.
AND NOW IT IS MY PROFOUND PRIVILEGE
TO PRAY THE BLESSING OVER HIS BODY.
[I AM TOLD HE IS ITALIAN AND THAT I
CAN ASSUME HE IS CATHOLIC AND SO:]**

**“MAY THE GOD OF ALL CONSOLATION
BLESS YOU IN EVERY WAY
AND GRANT YOU HOPE ALL THE DAYS OF YOUR LIFE.
AMEN.**

**MAY GOD RESTORE YOU TO HEALTH
AND GRANT YOU SALVATION.
AMEN.**

**MAY GOD FILL YOUR HEART WITH PEACE
AND LEAD YOU TO ETERNAL LIFE.
AMEN.**

³ Iwo Jima, an especially bloody battle of World War II.

**MAY ALMIGHTY GOD BLESS YOU
THE FATHER, AND THE SON, + AND THE HOLY SPIRIT.
AMEN.”**

**SOMEONE BARKS,
“UNIFORMED PERSONNEL . . . PRE-SENT ARMS!”
AND WE ALL SALUTE.
“POR-TER . . . ARMS!”**

**6 NYPD MOTORS ON HARLEYS
HONOR GUARD THE AMBULANCE TO BELLEVUE.**

**80 FIRERIGS AND AMBULANCES DESTROYED
ALONG WITH NAMES LIKE
WOOLEY, GUADALUPE, RAGALIA,
SANTORA, GILL, ANGELINI,
O’CALLAGHAN, LYNCH, OITICE,
HAUB, TIP AND BRENNAN
ENGINE 54
AND THE 4 TRUCK.**

10,000 ORPHANS.

**THE PARKING GARAGE
ORANGE SPRAY PAINTED
“GOD’S HOUSE”
BY A FIRE CAPTAIN
WHERE THREE HUGE
PERFECTLY PROPORTIONED
I-BEAM CROSSES
WERE DISCOVERED.**

**AN FDNY EMT WHO HELPED
CARRY THE BODY OF NYC FIRE CHAPLAIN
FATHER MYCHAL JUDGE . . .
AFTER A DEEP CONVERSATION
TEARS AND HUGS EXCHANGED
REMOVES HIS FDNY COLLAR PIN AND
ATTACHES IT TO MY POLICE JACKET
NEXT TO MY RIGHT COLLAR CHAPLAIN INSIGNIA.
I’VE NEVER SEEN A FACE
OF GREATER PAIN SADNESS
FATIGUE DESOLATION.
GOD SHED HIS GRACE ON THEE, BROTHER.**

I MADE TWO PILGRIMAGES TO ST. PETER'S CHURCH,
THE FRANCISCAN PARISH OF FATHER MYCHAL.
EARLY MORNING HOURS,
NO ONE THERE,
KNELT AND PRAYED AT THE ALTAR
WHERE THEY HAD LAID HIS LIMP
BODY,
COVERED IT WITH A SHEET,
AND A PRIESTLY STOLE
AND HIS FIREMAN'S BADGE.
WHEN I ARRIVED,
A LARGE FLAG OVER THE ALTAR
WAS HIS TEMPORARY EPITAPH.
HIS WAS THE WAY TO DIE.

AS OPERATION "ENDURING FREEDOM" BEGINS,
A B-52 BEARS THE PAINTED WORDS ON THE NOSE
"NYPD--WE REMEMBER."

DURING THE PORT AUTHORITY POLICE
MEMORIAL SERVICE
THE GOVERNOR WAS THERE AND THE MAYOR
AND THOUSANDS
AS THE NAMES OF THE 74⁴
SCROLLED
I CLOSED MY EYES
TO SEE A ROUND-FACE
FULLY BEARDED
WITH LONG, BUSHY, CURLEY HAIR
WEARING NYPD CAP AND UNIFORM.
AS THE FACE FADED I OPENED MY EYES.
AT ONE OF THE LAST NAMES,
A SOLITARY VOICE STABBED THE HEART
OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN SILENCE;
"MY B A B Y !"
WITH ALL THE TERROR AND LOSS
OF RACHEL WEEPING FOR HER CHILDREN.

IN THE WAR THAT LIES AHEAD,
WE MUST PREPARE OURSELVES
TO LOSE ALL MATERIAL THINGS
AND ANYONE WE LOVE ...

IN CONVERSATIONS WITH 600 NEW YORKERS

⁴ OF PORT AUTHORITY PERSONNEL, 37 OFFICERS AND 37 CIVILIAN EMPLOYEES DIED.

**I MET NO ONE
WHO DID NOT SUFFER
A MAJOR LOSS –
A TREASURED, CHERISHED SKYLINE,
A HOME,
OR BELOVED FRIEND,
A FAMILY MEMBER
OR DISTANT RELATIVE.**

**OUR BAND OF TEN WERE APPLAUDED AT BOTH
JFK AND ONTARIO AIRPORTS
AS OUR CAPTAIN ANNOUNCED US AND OUR MISSION
OVER THE PLANE PUBLIC ADDRESS BEFORE LANDING . . .**

**FOR ME,
ROCK HAMMER CHIPPING AWAY AT MOUNT RUSHMORE.
IT WAS LIKE THAT.**

**I GAVE AWAY ABOUT 400 ARCHANGEL MICHAEL MEDALS
AND A FEW ST. FLORIAN—
CATHOLIC PATRONS OF COPS AND FIREFIGHTERS
AND ELICITED MANY A SMILE.
THAT WAS MY JOY.**

**IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF SAINT PAUL
BUILT IN THE 1760'S
WHERE GEORGE WASHINGTON
MAINTAINED A PEW IN THE 1790'S
NOW A GIANT COMFORT STATION AT VIRTUAL GROUND ZERO
HIS PEW IS A FOOT CARE STATION—
IMAGINE THAT—
A BIT IRONIC IN LIGHT
OF THE WINTER AT VALLEY FORGE,
PHYSICAL FEET AND BODIES
HEARTS AND SOULS MUST
BE CARED FOR
AS WE SPEND OURSELVES
LIVING THE MOTTO,
“ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.”⁵**

[please pray with me:]

**WONDER COUNSELOR
GOD OF THE HURTING
FATHER OF HELPERS**

⁵ This is inscribed at the entrance to The National Archives Building in Washington, D.C.

**WE PROSTRATE OURSELVES BEFORE YOU
WE BEG YOUR MERCY
FOR OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN NEW YORK
WE PLEAD FOR YOUR WISDOM, YOUR STRENGTH
AS WE REACH OUT TO OTHERS IN PAIN.**

**WE HUMBLY ASK YOUR FORGIVENESS
FOR THE TIMES WE NEGLECTED TO PRAISE YOU.⁶**

**SHOW US THE WAY
TO WALK UNACCUSTOMED PATHS.
FOR IT IS YOU WHO TEACH US,
IN THE INMOST RECESSES OF OUR HEARTS,
HOW TO:
CONSOLE THE WIDOW,
EMBRACE THE ORPHAN,
SHELTER THE HOMELESS
LISTEN WITH KINDNESS
STAND ERECT IN PERSECUTION.**

**YOU WEPT WHEN THE STENCH OF DEATH WAS STRONG
AND THEN RAISED US TO NEW LEVELS OF LIFE.**

**OH GOD, IN OUR TIME OF NATIONAL CRISIS
MAY EACH OF US BRING CONSOLATION TO OTHERS
AS YOU HAVE BROUGHT IT TO US.
AMEN.**

**© Chaplain Michael McCullough,
LAPD, FBI,
10/16/01**

**THE USE OF HUMAN SHIELDS IS EXPLICITLY PROHIBITED
BY INTERNATIONAL HUMANITARIAN LAW (IHL),
SPECIFICALLY, UNDER THE GENEVA CONVENTIONS.**

⁶ One definition of sin: failure to praise God.



Chaplain David Bowser, EMT Proden, FDNY, who helped carry the body of Fr. Michael Judge.



Firefighter who found still-warm baseball in rubble 3 weeks later.



Three photos of me working Ground Zero.

“WHEN AN ARMY HIDES BEHIND INNOCENT PEOPLE, IT HAS ALREADY ADMITTED DEFEAT BEFORE THE BATTLE IS OVER.”

A RESPONSE ATTRIBUTED TO GENERAL GEORGE S. PATTON TO A GERMAN WAFFEN-SS COMMANDER WHO GATHERED INNOCENT CIVILIAN TOWNFOLKS AS SHIELDS TO PROTECT HIS TROOPS WHO WERE OCCUPYING THE TOWN AS PATTON’S ARMY WAS APPROACHING.

CHAPTER 34. A SPECIAL PRIVILEGE.

Offering Two Prayers

Prior to the dedication of the new Police Administration building and the new LAPD Memorial, there was some real intrigue. I was asked to compose and celebrate the prayers of dedication. I was so honored that I was beside myself, but I immediately responded that that honor should go to the top religious leaders of Los Angeles. Three times I protested this fact to the organizing parties out of Chief Bratton's office. Three times I was assured that the Department wanted me to offer these prayers. When I asked how long did I have, "One minute, more or less?" I was told, "You take as long as you want--three minutes if you like."

I've never worked and prayed harder in the composition of prayers than I did on these two. If God is real and prayer gets his attention, I put everything I had into prayers that are inclusive and seek true protection.

DEDICATION OF POLICE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

October 24, 2009

INVOCATION

[ASK ALL CHAPLAINS TO PLEASE EXTEND HANDS IN A GESTURE OF INVOCATION TO GOD]:

**IN THE SHADOW OF THE SEAT OF OUR CITY GOVERNMENT
OUR NEW POLICE HEADQUARTERS STANDS READY TO SERVE
THOSE WHO PROTECT AND SERVE.**

**WE PRAY IN THE NAME OF THE GOD
OF ABRAHAM, ISAAC AND JACOB—
WE HUMBLY PETITION**

**IN THE NAME OF THE GOD OF THE DIVERSE PEOPLES OF LOS
ANGELES. . .**

**TO PLACE YOUR PEACE AND GRACE UPON THIS EDIFACE. . .
IN THE NAME OF THE GOD OF ASIANS, EUROPEANS, AND
AFRICANS,**

**THE GOD OF AMERICANS, SOUTH, CENTRAL AND NORTH,
THE GOD OF MID-EASTERN FAITHS AND MID-WESTERN,
THE GOD WHO SPEAKS EVERY LANGUAGE OF OUR CITY
MAY ALL FIND HEARING,
BE SERVED AND,
FIND SOLUTIONS TO THEIR PROBLEMS HERE,
LETTING EVERY PERSON WHO VISITS
KNOW THE PEACE ONLY YOU CAN GIVE.**

**O WONDERFUL GOD WHO CANNOT BE CONTAINED OR LIMITED,
HUNDREDS OF YEARS BEFORE THE CHRISTIAN ERA,**

**GREAT ADVICE WAS GIVEN TO YOUR PEOPLE:
"SHOW NEITHER PARTIALITY TO THE WEAK NOR
DEFERENCE TO THE MIGHTY . . .
NOR SHALL YOU STAND BY IDLY WHEN YOUR NEIGHBOR'S LIFE IS
AT STAKE."**

**ON MANDATES SUCH AS THESE
THE FOUNDATION OF LAW ENFORCEMENT HAS BEEN BUILT.**

**THE MEMORIAL TO FALLEN OFFICERS
STANDS ERECT AND PROUD
TO THE FACT THAT 202 MEN AND WOMEN IN BLUE
HAVE DEFENDED THEIR NEIGHBOR'S LIVES WITH THEIR OWN!
THEIR COLLECTIVE SPIRITS STAND IN RANK HERE
FOR THIS IS THE HEART OF THE CITY WHERE THE CITIZENS RESIDE
FOR WHOM THEY GAVE THE COLLECTIVE GIFT OF THEIR LIVES.
MAY THE HEART OF THIS BUILDING ALWAYS BE
THE DECEASED AND LIVING OFFICERS
WHO HAVE SACRIFICED SO MUCH TO PROTECT US.**

**GOD OF CREATION AND RELATIONSHIP,
MAY THIS BUILDING BECOME A BEACON
WHERE PROTECTION MAY BE PLANNED
AND CHEERFUL SERVICE BE RENDERED
AT EVERY DESK AND IN EVERY OFFICE.**

**I CALL UPON HEAVEN TO APPOINT JOAN OF ARC,
WHOSE LEADERSHIP AND VIRTUE INSPIRED AN ENTIRE ARMY TO
VICTORY,
AS A MODEL AND PATRONESS
OF ALL FEMALE LAPD OFFICERS
IN THEIR QUEST TO OFFER SERVICE AND PROTECTION.**

**EMBRACE THE MEN AND WOMEN IN BLUE, GREEN AND KHAKI,
PLAIN CLOTHES AND KEVLAR
AS THEY LIFT OFF THE HELIPAD
OR HIT THE STREETS
TO FACE THE DANGERS OF THEIR BEATS.**

**THE CITY OF OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS
CALLS UPON YOU TO STATION MICHAEL, THE ARCHANGEL,
PATRON OF POLICE
AND ALL THE ANGELS OF HEAVEN AND EARTH
TO WATCH OVER EVERY SPACE IN THIS STRUCTURE,
PROTECTING THOSE SHELTERED HERE FROM ALL EVIL,
NATURAL, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.**

HUMBLY, IN YOUR MOST HOLY NAME, WE PRAY.

AMEN.

DEDICATION OF
POLICE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING
FALLEN OFFICER MEMORIAL

October 14, 2009

INVOCATION

[ASK ALL CHAPLAINS TO PLEASE STAND AND EXTEND HANDS IN A GESTURE OF INVOCATION TO GOD]:

GOD OF THE LIVING,
THOUGH THESE MEN AND WOMEN GAVE THEIR LIVES
ALL OVER OUR REGION,
WE GATHER HERE
FOR THEIR COLLECTIVE SPIRITS STAND IN RANK HERE.
THIS IS THE HEART OF THE CITY WHERE THE CITIZENS RESIDE
FOR WHOM THEY GAVE THE COLLECTIVE GIFT OF THEIR LIVES
THE PEOPLE OF LOS ANGELES—
THE GIFTS OF SECURITY, SAFETY AND FREEDOM.

THEY DIED IN PLACES LIKE “THE VALLEY,”
THE SANTA SUSANA PASS, “THE INTERCHANGE,”
ON HIGHWAYS LIKE “THE 138” AND “THE 14,”
ON STREETS LIKE CRENSHAW AND ADAMS,
IN DIVISIONS LIKE DEVONSHIRE AND 77TH,
HOLLENBECK, WILSHIRE AND NEWTON
IN HOSPITALS LIKE BROTMAN, CEDARS AND COUNTY USC
IN THE ARMS OF THEIR PARTNERS OR LOVED ONES
SOMETIMES ALONE, IN AN ONION FIELD IN BAKERSFIELD,
BUT ALWAYS, O LORD, IN YOUR ARMS.

AS PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN SAID 146 YEARS AGO AT
ANOTHER MOST SACRED AND HOLY SITE IN PENNSYLVANIA,
THOUGH “THE WORLD WILL LITTLE NOTE
NOR LONG REMEMBER WHAT WE SAY HERE,
IT CAN NEVER FORGET WHAT THEY DID HERE.”

LORD, SEND THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL AND YOUR ANGELS
TO WATCH OVER THIS PLACE.
MAY EVERY PERSON WHO VISITS HERE
KNOW THE PEACE ONLY YOU CAN GIVE.
AS WE LOOK AT THESE NAMES,
IT IS AS IF A HAND LOVINGLY REACHES OUT FROM EACH PLAQUE AND SAYS,

“I WAS CONSUMED IN FREEDOM’S CAUSE.

REGRETS? NONE... EXCEPT ONE.
MY LOVED ONES' AGONY—
REMEMBER THEM FOR ME."

LORD, MAKE US TRUE TO THIS PROMISE:
"WE WILL NEVER FORGET."

BLESS US AND THIS PLACE. AMEN.

CHAPTER 35. "CARDIAC MONITOR."

THEY ARE TERMINATING THE LIFE SUPPORT ON A SEVERELY INJURED OFFICER. THE FAMILY HAS ASKED ME TO STAY WITH HIM AS THEY DEPART THE HOSPITAL ROOM.

"CARDIAC MONITOR"

COMETH THE HOUR!

BY THE BEDSIDE STANDS THE CHAPLAIN.

THE HEADS-BOWED FAMILY FADES

INTO THE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR.

DOCTOR HEART PUMPS OUT THE ORDER,

"OKAY, NURSE... GO DO WHAT YOU MUST."

T A C H Y C A R D I A - -
152 MOM HOLDS ME.
147 PLAY WITH SISTERS.
138 FEEL BREEZE ON CHEEKS.
132 WEATHER STORMS.
118 PASS THE 8TH GRADE.
116 TRY TO GROW.
114 HE'S CLOSER THAN YOUR OWN BREATH.
110 ENTER MILITARY.
93 SERVE PROUDLY.
85 GET WOUNDED.
81 BECOME PEACEMAKER.
74 SERVE FAITHFULLY.
69 MEDAL OF VALOR.
66 LIFE IS FRAGILE.
60. LOTS OF FRIENDS.
B R A D Y C A R D I A . . .
57 STRONG FAMILY LIFE.
55 NOT CLOSE TO ALL.
57 LIFE AT ITS CADAVEROUS WORSE STRIVES TO RECLAIM LOSSES.
51 QUICKLY NOW.
42 I LOVED YOU.
37 IT WAS BEAUTIFUL.
30 I'D DO IT ALL AGAIN.

22 MY BODY FAILED.
20 IT'S OVER...I...I...
10 LIFE IS FRAGILE.
0 I'M DEAD.
LIFE IS FRAGILE.

MICHAEL
© 03 MAY, 1993

CHAPTER 36. "LISTEN, THESE ARE YOUR GUTS SPEAKING. "

**"THANK YOU, LORD.
THANK YOU.
THANK YOU."**

"LISTEN, THESE ARE YOUR GUTS SPEAKING"

04-12-92 1620:00 HOURS - THE GUTS SPOKE:
"THOSE FIVE GANG-BANGERS DON'T LOOK RIGHT,"
BUT, THEY WERE ACROSS THE STREET,
I WAS IN A HURRY
I JUST NEEDED A MUFFIN
FOR TOMORROW'S BREAKFAST.

1625:20 HOURS - MY WORST FEARS WERE CONFIRMED AS
I APPROACHED MY CAR.
TWO OF THEM SET A COURSE TO
INTERCEPT ME.

1625:25 HOURS - THE FIRST SAID,
"YOU GOT A QUARTER?"
I SAID "NO."
I GOT MY KEY IN THE DOOR AND GOT IN,
SO CLOSE TO SAFETY . . .

1625:29 HOURS - BUT THE OTHER JAMMED HIS BODY
BETWEEN MY CAR DOOR AND BODY
HE MADE CERTAIN
I SAW THE 12-INCH BOWIE KNIFE
BEFORE HE STUCK IT TO MY NECK.
"GIVE ME YOUR WALLET"
HE SAID WITH
THE DETERMINATION OF A MEAT CUTTER
ABOUT TO CARVE SIRLOIN.

1625:34 HOURS - GULPING, I SAID,
"YES SIR,"
DISPISING THE "SIR" EVEN MORE

AS I FORCED MY LIPS TO SAY THE WORDS
KNOWING I WAS LYING TO LIVE -
FELT THE KNIFE-POINT EASE
ON MY JUGGLER . . .

1625:36- HOURS - GET OUT OF HERE AND DON'T LOOK BACK."
AS HE SAID, I DID.

1625:46 HOURS - I SAW THE LAST OF THEM ROUND THE CORNER
IN MY REAR-VIEW.

THE ENCOUNTER LASTED SIXTEEN SECONDS . . .
TEN SECONDS MORE AND THEY WERE ALL GONE.
AS A PRIEST, YOU LEARN LONG BEFORE ORDINATION
THAT LIFE IS VERY FRAGILE;
AS A POLICE CHAPLAIN, YOU SEE IT EVERY TIME
YOU WORK THE STREETS AND COMFORT VICTIMS;
YOU FEEL IT WHEN YOU HAVE "FENDER BENDERS"
YOU FEEL IT WHEN THE TEMBLORS ROLL
IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA;

BUT THE BLADE IS A NEW SENSATION.
THE THOUGHT OF YOUR HEART
PUMPING YOUR LIFE ON
SOME UNNAMED STREET FROM
A SLIT IN YOUR NECK
IS A NEW WAY TO VIEW YOUR LIFE.

AFTER NORTHEAST STATION,
I WENT TO THE HOUSE OF PRAYER FOR PRIESTS.
MY VENERABLE PRIEST FRIEND
SPIRITUAL GUIDE OF SIXTEEN YEARS—HEARING THE STORY
MOVED INTO CHAPEL AND ONTO BENT KNEES TO PRAY.
AS YOU CAN GUESS, I WAS RIGHT BEHIND ***ON BENT KNEES!***

"THANK YOU, LORD, FOR MICHAEL'S LIFE
THANK YOU BLESSED MOTHER FOR WATCHING OVER HIM
THANK YOU ANGELS AND SAINTS FOR WATCHING OVER HIM
THANK YOU ESPECIALLY, SAINT MICHAEL,
FOR PROTECTING MICHAEL FROM DEATH."

I KNOW JOHN PRAYED OTHER THINGS;
I DON'T REMEMBER;
MY PRAYER WAS SIMPLE
IT WAS EASY
IT WAS TO THE POINT:
A A A A A A A A A M E N !

04-15-92 0014 HOURS- I KNOW
I NOW
L I V E

ON BORROWED TIME.

WHATEVER GOOD I CAN ACCOMPLISH FROM THIS DAY FORWARD
IS SOMEHOW GOD'S SPECIAL GIFT
TO ME AND THOSE I SERVE.
"THANK YOU, LORD."

MICHAEL
© 04-15-92

SEE: APPENDIX, CHAPTER 36. POSTSCRIPTS TO POEM, "LISTEN, THESE ARE
YOUR GUTS SPEAKING," (PAGE 252).

CHAPTER 37. ATLANTA OLYMPIC GAMES.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND MENTOR, CHAPLAIN LOWELL LAWSON, COMPILED A
HISTORY OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF POLICE CHAPLAINS IN
2000. IT ENCOMPASSED 21 CHAPTERS, PICKING SIGNIFICANT, TELLING
EVENTS IN OUR YOUNG ORGANIZATION'S HISTORY. I COMPOSED THE
CHAPTER ON THE 1996 OLYMPICS. ICPC HAD ABOUT 2500 MEMBERS AT THAT
TIME.

CHAPTER SIX

THE CENTENNIAL OLYMPIC GAMES

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

(JULY-AUGUST 1996)

*Michael McCullough, Chaplain
Los Angeles Police Department and the Federal Bureau of Investigation*

Billed as the largest spectator event in the history of the world, the Atlanta Olympics were electrically charged long before the Games opened in July 1996. One hundred ninety-seven nations participated in the events. Imagine trying to police 20 Super Bowls simultaneously—THAT was the 1996 Olympics!

Law enforcement was handled by scores of federal, state, and local agencies. Additionally, there were approximately 2200 law enforcement volunteers from 54 countries which made up the Security Team Program (STP). The STP Chaplain Corps made a significant, albeit often intangible, contribution to the success of the games.

The STP Chaplain Corps senior member and leader was Lowell Lawson of Canton, Georgia. Lowell's close proximity to the greater Atlanta area was an opportunity he did not hesitate to make the best of. Months before the actual

start of the Games, he was spending three days a week doing volunteer work for the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games. Lowell showed great wisdom and foresight by "being there" and "being visible". He won the confidence of the Committee leadership by volunteering to do the things that there was no one to handle. Then he would say, "See, now that is what chaplains do!" By the time Chaplain Mark O'Sullivan and I arrived in Atlanta on July 1, the road was paved for an effective chaplaincy. Chaplains Danny Souder and Jimmy Gallant would arrive a few weeks later.

All of us pursued assignments according to our abilities and training I think it safe to say that our chaplaincy efforts fell into at least six distinct categories: counseling, conducting religious services, rumor control/"damage" control, ministry to the sick, bereavement ministry and

critical incident stress debriefing. Based on my conversations with the other chaplain team members, I think it is safe to say that their experiences were similar.

Most of the hours of my day were spent in one-on-one counseling. I found myself listening to law enforcement personnel who were experiencing feelings of loneliness, grief, anger, confusion, disappointment, exhaustion, frustration, and spiritual hunger. (That certainly sounds like police ministry back home!) Offering the opportunity to ventilate gave people a means to stay healthy and move ahead with the mission of providing for a safe Olympic experience for 2 million Atlanta visitors. We offered a lot of encouragement in those one-on-one chats.

We all participated in conducting denominational and interdenominational religious worship services. Attendance at the services I con-

ducted ran from two to more than thirty-five. These gave opportunity to address in prayer and homilies, issues such as integrity, commitment, the spirit of volunteerism, striving for perfection in the fulfillment of our security mission, kindness, consideration and affirmation of others (we were living in dormitory conditions) as virtues essential to communal living and, of course, bearing with suffering cheerfully. There were many opportunities to exercise THAT virtue.

Chaplains are in a very good position to hear what people are thinking and feeling. The "troops" opened up to us and we were able to channel "currents of grumbling" to those in positions of responsibility. Some very significant and potentially explosive situations were averted because we were able, while maintaining confidences, to let grievances be known.

There were plenty of opportunities to minister to the sick. Illnesses that I am aware of among the law enforcement volunteers included diarrhea, viruses, colds, serious orthopedic injuries, back injuries, strains, urinary infections, rapid heart rate (palpitations), alcoholism, drug abuse (marijuana usage), insect bites and infections, kidney stones, bee stings requiring hospitalization, high blood pressure, severe sunburn, exhaustion, and "homesickness". I counseled an officer whose mother had just been diagnosed with cancer.

Anytime there is a team of this size, there will be constant confrontations with death, a matter complicated in most cases by vast miles. We all worked with a number of incidents of grief counseling. A federal agent's working dog had died just prior to her arrival in Atlanta. The mother of another died in the Philippines and a typhoon made communication a three day ordeal. TWA Flight #800 personally touched a number of our volunteers. One lost a family member; another lost a friend in the crash. We organized memorial services and card-signing campaigns.

Mark O'Sullivan and I were successful in the area of CISD because of planning and training. Meetings with police psychologists were arranged soon after our arrival in Atlanta and these led to the development of CISD brochures. This helped solidify the team and gave direction. Mark deserves the bulk of the credit here for his knowledge, experience, and foresight.

When the much feared bombing actually did take place, we were ready. We chaplains were on the scene within a half hour of the blast, mingling with law enforcement and emergency personnel, watching for the "1000-mile stare". We spent the night on scene. Through our developed rapport with the Atlanta Police Department psychologists, we were in a position to help assemble the individuals who would conduct critical incident stress debriefings.

Mark and I were asked to conduct CISDs for security volunteers who were working in the Centennial Park area. Their proximity to the blast varied. One had held a dying person in her arms. Others had seen the bleeding victims. Still others had only heard the blast. All were affected and their participation in the CISD was strictly voluntary.

The highlight of the Games for me was to see the process work . . . to ultimately see every participant decide *with a firm resolve* to return to their post in Centennial Park and "finish out their commitment! No coward was going to keep them from their venue!"

Upon reflection, I would like to think that our involvement in that debriefing process had a great deal to do with some of the most severely impacted security volunteers returning to their posts in a timely manner. Had the citizenry heard of widespread reluctance of the security people to return to their posts, the impact could have been devastating to the Olympics.

I cannot say enough about my colleagues, Chaplains Lawson and O'Sullivan. Jimmy Gallant was a delight any time I had occasion to

work and recreate with him. Chaplain Souder and I had few occasions to interact, but I was under the impression that he did accomplish good things in the Athens area where he was assigned.

Humor got us through the long hours. Here are three of my favorite examples:

Walking with Mark O'Sullivan to the chow hall one morning for breakfast . . . two STP volunteers are leaning out the third story window. One yells down, "Chaplain, can you talk me down? I'm gonna jump!" Mark yells back, "Can it wait 'til after breakfast?" The poor guy nearly fell out laughing.

After spending an entire day ministering in the emergency waiting room at Piedmont Hospital to an endless line of STP volunteers, Chaplain Lowell found himself being escorted by yours truly into that same emergency room about 11:00 P.M., suffering from symptoms of a kidney stone attack. Known to all on duty, he boldly announced his entry into the waiting room with, "I'm Lowell Lawson, the Baptist chaplain, and I brought my priest!" It was some time before the staff's composure was sufficiently regained to carry on their duties.

The final story relates to an incident in the dorm room which Mark and I shared. Mark had occasion, because of carelessly leaving cookies on his desk, to exterminate (via "RAID") about a million ants of a rather ferocious variety. To do his spraying he pushed our beds together into the center of the room. He sprayed the trails of ants around the room and exited. Later, I came walking down the hallway with a 25-year retired, veteran, LAPD SWAT sergeant . . . Dave Welts by name, a cop's cop, buffed out, imposing. As I stuck the key in my door and pushed it open, Dave, never missing a step, calmly observed, "Interesting arrangement of the beds you have there, Chaplain." For a day or two, I prayed for Mark's demise.

CHAPTER 38. AMONG THE FIRST CISD TEAMS IN THE U.S.

"JUST KEEP DOING WHAT YOU ARE DOING."

IT IS MY RECOLLECTION THAT MARTY REISER, PhD., WAS THE FIRST POLICE PSYCHOLOGIST IN THE UNITED STATES HIRED BY A POLICE DEPARTMENT—ONE OF DARYL GATES' EFFORTS TO SUPPORT THE EMOTIONAL WELLNESS OF OUR OFFICERS. HE WOULD BE THE ONE TO ORGANIZE THE CRITICAL INCIDENT RESPONSE TEAM IN L.A.P.D. CERTAINLY, ONE OF THE FIRST IF NOT THE FIRST IN THE COUNTRY.



The original L.A.P.D. Critical Incident Response Team, circa 1991. I'm on the far left, front row. Dr. Marty Reiser is front row center. Sgt. Sam Barber is upper right corner. Officer Glen McConnell is lower right corner, second place.

LAPD Critical Incident Response Team (CIRT)
Behavioral Science Services
Taking Care of the LAPD Family at Times of a Critical Incident
Annual Newsletter **2004**

New CIRT Coordinator Named

Dr. Gary Newquist has been assigned as the new CIRT Coordinator. Dr. Newquist brings a strong commitment and support to the CIRT. As a part of our plan to expand the CIRT, we initially reinstated our Tri-Annual Bureau trainings; however, we had to suspend our training plans due to the Department-wide cancellation of all non-essential training. We hope to reinstate our CIRT trainings in 2005. To keep up our communication with all the CIRT volunteers, we are sending out this newsletter to review a selection of our CIRT responses in 2004. We wish to thank the many who contributed to all of our CIRT responses. If somehow we missed you or you need to update your contact information, please contact Dr. Newquist at BSS, Mail Stop 474, 213-485-2620.

Special Service Recognition

With deep appreciation and recognition for years of service, we must announce the resignation of two of our CIRT Chaplains in 2004. Both Father Michael McCullough and Pastor Murray Cresswell had to direct their focus of service in other directions. Father Mike was a founding member of the CIRT. We greatly appreciate their many years of contribution.

CIRT Response to the Line of Duty Death of Officer Ricardo Lizarraga

In February 2004, without question, the most significant CIRT event was the response to the line of duty death of Officer Ricardo Lizarraga. It had a profound impact throughout the Department. At this tragic time, the CIRT stepped up and provided vital presence and support to the family and the many affected sworn and civilian employees of the Department. The extensive outreach of the CIRT included the response to Cedars Sinai Medical Center, where Officer Lizarraga died in surgery, the family, Newton Station, 77th Street Station, and with all aspects of the funeral. We wish to express our deepest appreciation and to recognize the following who responded: Father Michael McCullough, Officer Steve Hillmann, Officer Rosalind Curry, Officer Gina Onweiler, Officer Holly Capra, Sgt. Ray Maltez, Officer Charlotte Broughton, Sgt. Michael Apadoca, Dr. Gerald Sweet, Dr. Michael Crow, Officer Ken Crawford, Father Spenser Kezios, Reverend Leonard Jackson, Officer Randy Nunez, Father David Bowser, Rabbi Chaim Kolodny, Pastor Edward Beardsley, Reverend Richard McCready, Sgt. Ben Warren, Sgt. Lydia Mills, Officer Gary Ross, Sgt. Mario Valdez, PSR Miyana Pace, Sgt. Yolanda Caterino, Det. Moses Castillo, Sgt. Katarina Thomas, Det. Michael Slider, PSR Lisa Flenoury, Julie Cabada, Dr. Denise Jablonski-Kaye, Dr. Yvette Monteiro, Dr. Raymond Mars, Dr. Christopher Gelber, Dr. Susan Conner, Dr. Stephanie Barone, Dr. Dorothy Tucker, Dr. Gary Newquist, Thelma Devera, Connie McNally, Alma Velarde, and Cookie Longacre.

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

- 1** CIRT Responses to Officer Ricardo Lizarraga
- 1** New CIRT Coordinator
- 2** CIRT Responses to LAPD
- 2** Helping Our Sister Agency

DOCTORS NELS KLYVER AND KRIS MOHANDI WOULD FOLLOW BEFORE LONG. EIGHT TEAMS WOULD BE FORMED TWO FOR EACH OF THE FOUR BUREAUS OF THE DEPARTMENT; CENTRAL, SOUTH, WEST AND VALLEY. EACH TEAM CONSISTED OF ONE OR TWO DOCTORS OF PSYCHOLOGY, ONE CHAPLAIN, TWO OR THREE PEER COUNSELORS AN EMT OR EQUIVALENT, ETC. PEER COUNSELORS WERE OFFICERS WHO HAD EXTENSIVE, ON-GOING TRAINING IN SOUND PSYCHOLOGICAL PRINCIPLES, LISTENING TECHNIQUES AND WHAT AND WHAT NOT TO SAY WHEN DEALING WITH PEOPLE WHO HAVE JUST EXPERIENCED MAJOR TRAUMA. I WAS ASSIGNED TO WEST BUREAU. AS THE TEAMS GREW IN EXPERIENCE, CISD CALL OUTS BECAME MORE AND MORE COMMON. ALL THIS TRAINING BUILT ON THE EXCELLENT TRAINING I HAD RECEIVED AT ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY, AND LATER FBI BEHAVIORAL SCIENCES UNIT AT THE QUANTICO, VIRGINIA ACADEMY.

ONE OF THE FIRST CALLOUTS I REMEMBER WAS TO A NEWTON DIVISION SUICIDE THAT HAD TAKEN PLACE IN THE PARKING GARAGE. OUR TEAM CONDUCTED A "DEFUSING" WITHIN 24 HOURS TO EACH OF THE 4 OR 5 WATCHES. A DEFUSING CONSISTED IN INTRODUCING OURSELVES TO THE ASSEMBLED TROOPS, GIVING THEM HANDOUT MATERIALS ON WHAT TO EXPECT PHYSICALLY, EMOTIONALLY, SPIRITUALLY AND MENTALLY. WITHIN A FEW DAYS, WE WOULD COME BACK TO CONDUCT A FULL-BLOWN CRITICAL INCIDENT STRESS DEBRIEFING (CISD), TAKING THE ENTIRE WATCH THROUGH THE WHOLE PROCESS I DESCRIBE IN THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES SECTION OF THIS MANUSCRIPT, SMALLER GROUPS AT A TIME.

OFFICER CHRISTY HAMILTON WAS MURDERED IN THE VALLEY LATE ONE NIGHT. I WAS REQUESTED BY THE WATCH COMMANDER TO RESPOND TO THE HOSPITAL WHERE HER BODY WAS ON A GURNEY IN A HALLWAY. I BLESSED HER. SHE WAS NOT CATHOLIC, SO I WAS ASKED TO STAND DOWN AND WAS NOT INVITED TO ANY FURTHER INVOLVEMENT IN THE FUNERAL PROCESS. SHE WAS THE SECOND WOMAN TO BE KILLED IN THE LINE OF DUTY.

THE REPUTATION OF THESE CRITIAL INCIDENT CALL-OUTS WERE STARTING TO REACH OTHER POLICE AGENCIES. LAPD AND EACH OF US ON THE TEAMS WERE MORE THAN WILLING TO PITCH IN WHEN EVER WE COULD.

OXNARD POLICE DEPARTMENT EXPERIENCED AN ESPECIALLY TRAGIC FRIENDLY-FIRE INCIDENT RESULTING IN THE DEATH OF A SWAT TEAM-LEADER BY ONE OF HIS OWN TRAINEES. THE DEPARTMENT WAS DEVASTATED. AN IDEAL NUMBER OF PARTICIPANTS FOR A DEBRIEFING WOULD BE 10-12, USUALLY INVOLVING THOSE MOST IMPACTED BY THE INCIDENT. SMALL DEPARTMENTS TEND TO BE TIGHTER KNIT. IN THIS PARTICULAR INCIDENT, THERE WERE 35 PARTICIPANTS. DR. KRIS MOHANDI, AKA DR. "FUZZ-BALL" BECAUSE HE WORE A CREW-CUT— CONDUCTED THE DEBRIEFING. IT WENT ABOUT 5 HOURS SO THAT EVERYONE COULD BE HEARD AND PARTICIPATE. DR. KRIS SAID THAT WAS THE LARGEST HE HAD EVER BEEN INVOLVED IN.

PRIOR TO THE LAPD TEAMS BECOMING OPERATIONAL, I HAD RESPONDED TO LAX FOR THE U.S. **AIR FL. #1493 AND COMMUTER PLANE CRASH IN 1991.** THERE WERE 34 FATALITIES AND EXACTLY 34 RESPONDERS PARTICIPATED IN THE DEBRIEFING. **DR. BOB SCOTT** WAS THE INCIDENT COMMANDER FOR THE **AMERICAN RED CROSS** DIRECTING THE LOS ANGELES COUNTY-WIDE RESPONSE TO CIVILIAN TRAGEDIES. I LEARNED A LOT FROM THAT EXPERIENCE THAT WOULD SERVE ME WELL WHEN L.A.P.D. GOT OURS UP AND RUNNING. I FELT HONORED TO HAVE BEEN INVITED TO JOIN THAT DEBRIEFING. WE FOLLOWED **"THE MITCHELL MODEL."** I RECEIVED TRAINING IN WORKSHOPS CONDUCTED BY JEFFREY MITCHELL HIMSELF.

THE U. S. AIR TEAM REALLY STEPPED UP TO THE PLATE FOR THEIR PASSENGERS AND FAMILIES. **RUTH WAGNER**, THE MANAGER OF THE U. S. AIR VIP LOUNGE GAVE EVERYTHING SHE HAD THAT WEEKEND AND, IN THE WEEKS FOLLOWING, TO SERVING THOSE PEOPLE.

IN ADDITION TO THE OXNARD INCIDENT, SINCE I WAS NOW ALSO AN FBI CHAPLAIN, I PARTICIPATED IN A LARGE DEBRIEFING AT THE FBI ACADEMY. THE ATTENDEES INCLUDED SEVERAL SPECIAL AGENTS WHO HAD BEEN INVOLVED IN THE 1987 MIAMI-DADE SHOOTOUT IN FLORIDA WHERE FOUR AGENTS FOUND THEMSELVES TERRIBLY OUTGUNNED BY CRIMINALS. THE SURVIVING AGENTS TOLD HORRIFYING STORIES OF THEIR PARTNERS BEING KILLED FOR LACK OF FIREPOWER. ANOTHER TOLD OF BEING A MARINE AT KHE SON IN VIETNAM WHEN THE MARINE GARRISON OF HUNDREDS WAS OVERRUN BY 20,000 CHINESE COMMUNIST TROOPS. OUR ATTENDEE WAS ONE OF ONLY A SMALL HANDFULL OF MARINES WHO SURVIVED. HE HAD BEEN KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BY ARTILLERY FIRE AND AWOKE UNDER THE BODY OF HIS LIEUTENANT. HIS FELLOW MARINE'S BRAINS AND BLOOD WERE COVERING HIS BODY. THE COMMUNIST SOLDIERS WERE BAYONETING AND SHOOTING ANY FOUND SURVIVORS, BUT HIS SIGHT WAS SO GHASTLY, THEY PRESUMED HE WAS DEAD. HE LAID THERE PLAYING DEAD FOR 6 HOURS.

(NOTE: I DON'T THINK I HAVE A VERY GOOD HANDLE ON THE NUMBERS OR FLOW OF THE BATTLE OF KHE SON. WHAT **I AM** CONFIDENT IN IS THE INTENSITY OF WHAT THIS INDIVIDUAL MARINE DESCRIBED AS HIS EXPERIENCE!)

LATER IN THE DAY, IN HALLS OUTSIDE THE DEBRIEFING, I ASKED THE MARINE IN QUESTION, "HOW CAN PEOPLE LIKE ME THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU ENDURED IN COMBAT." HIS RESPONSE WAS, "**JUST KEEP DOING WHAT YOU ARE DOING.**"

"THE VOICE OF THE VALLEY," **SGT. JOHN AMOTT, III**, HAD BECOME A DEAR FRIEND OVER THE DECADES. HE WAS A MOTOR COP, A BIG GUY AND TYPICALLY IRISH AND OUTSPOKEN. HE OFTEN VOLUNTEERED TO PROVIDE POLICE ESCORT FOR FUNERALS. WHEN HE RETIRED AND DIED ONLY 6 MONTHS LATER, HE WIFE CALLED ME AND ASKED ME TO CELEBRATE HIS MASS OF RESURRECTION. THOSE WERE THREE STRAIGHT 18-HOUR DAYS.

AS I WALKED OUT OF THE RECEPTION HALL OF THE CHURCH IN WEST VALLEY, MY PAGER WENT OFF. **OFFICER RICARDO LIZARRAGA** HAD JUST BEEN KILLED BY A BULLET TO THE HEAD. HE WAS CATHOLIC AND I WAS BEING REQUESTED TO RESPOND TO CEDARS-SINAI MEDICAL CENTER, HOLLYWOOD. IT WAS A TWO-HOUR COMMUTE SINCE IT WAS RUSH HOUR. I WAS THE SECOND CHAPLAIN ON SCENE AND THE FIRST CATHOLIC. I MET THE HOSPITAL STAFF AND REQUESTED A MEETING ROOM THAT COULD ACCOMMODATE A HUNDRED. THERE WERE SCORES OF OFFICERS IN THE HALLWAYS. THERE WAS ANOTHER GROUP OF ABOUT 10 COMMAND STAFF, SO I REQUESTED A PLACE FOR THEM ALL TO MEET. **LUTHERAN CHAPLAIN DAVID BOWSER** HAD ALREADY CONNECTED WITH RICARDO'S WIFE, SO I FOCUSSED ON THE TROOPS. SOME WERE ANGRY AND UPSET, MANY WERE CRYING. RICARDO WAS VERY POPULAR WITH HIS SUPERVISORS AND PEERS.

IT WAS MY DUTY TO CORRAL THE TROOPS AND COMMAND STAFF, INCLUDING THE CHIEF INTO LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM THAT THE HOSPITAL HAD ARRANGED. KNOWING WHAT TO DO, I **WAS ABLE TO HELP BRING ORDER** TO SUCH A CHAOTIC SITUATION. I WAS GRATEFUL TO HAVE THE TRAINING TO DO WHAT I WAS DOING. ONCE EVERYONE WAS SEATED, I CALLED FOR FOCUS AND LED A PRAYER. I BELIEVE IT WAS CHIEF McDONNELL WHO THEN ADDRESSED EVERYONE AS TO THE DETAILS OF THE EVENT. OTHER CHAPLAINS WERE NOW ARRIVING, SO I ASSIGNED THE CHAPLAINS TO BEGIN ESCOURTING THE FAMILY AND OFFICERS TO HIS BEDSIDE, TWO-BY-TWO.

EVERYONE WANTED TO PAY THEIR RESPECTS AND TWO AT A TIME ENABLED THAT TO HAPPEN OVER THE COURSE OF THE NEXT SEVERAL HOURS.

FATHER BOWSER WAS SO KIND AND PROFESSIONAL TO GRACIOUSLY INTRODUCE ME TO RICARDO'S WIFE AND FROM THERE I TOOK OVER WITH THE FAMILY. HUNDREDS OF OFFICERS WOULD EVENTUALLY PAY THEIR RESPECTS. THE NEXT 7 DAYS WERE VERY LONG WITH DEBRIEFINGS, PLANNING MEETINGS AT THE CATHEDRAL, PLANNING THE FUNERAL WITH THE FAMILY, COUNSELING COMMAND STAFF, AND OFFICERS. IT WOULD NOW BE 10 STRAIGHT 18-HOUR DAYS BUT **BEING RIGHT WHERE I KNEW I NEEDED TO BE.** CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS DEACON STEVE AND ROSE HILLMANN, FATHER FRANK HICKS, THE RABBIS, EVANGELICALS AND PROTESTANTS ALL CHIPPED IN TO BEAR THE LOAD. CARDINAL MAHONY AND THE CATHEDRAL STAFF WERE PREMIER AS ALWAYS.

A LATE MAJOR DISASTER AND FUNERAL FOR ME WAS FOR FEMALE **POLICE OFFICER SPREE DE SHA.** SHE HAD BEEN RIDING THE METRORAIL THROUGH CHATSWORTH. THE ENGINEER HAD MISSED A STOP SIGNAL AND THE COMMUTER TRAIN HIT A FREIGHT TRAIN HEAD-ON EACH TRAVELING AT 40 MPH. THE WRECKAGE WAS CATASTROPHIC. THE METALS OF THE TWO ENGINES HAD ACTUALLY FUSED TOGETHER BEFORE CARS WERE STREWN OVER THE BETTER PART OF A CITY BLOCK. I DIDN'T REPORT TO THE ACCIDENT SCENE UNTIL ABOUT 10 PM THREE NIGHTS LATER. EVEN THEN, THE SCENE WAS HORRIFIC. BY THEN MOST OF THE MANY VICTIMS HAD BEEN REMOVED FROM THE DEBRIS, THOUGH NOT ALL. YET, THE SCENE WAS STILL SO TERRIBLE THAT WORKERS AND OFFICERS ALIKE WERE STILL REELING AT THE HORROR AND WANTING TO TALK..

THE MORNING IMMEDIATELY AFTER I RESPONDED TO THE HOME OF THE FAMILY. THERE WAS QUITE A BIT OF DRAMA, BUT I WAS ABLE TO CONNECT WITH ALL OF THE PARTICIPANTS. **SPREE** WAS CATHOLIC, SO THE SERVICE WAS HELD AT THE CATHEDRAL. AGAIN, CARDINAL MAHONY PARTICIPATED, THOUGH RESPECTFULLY HONORING FAMILY WISHES, AT A BIT OF A DISTANCE. I WAS REALLY PROUD OF HIM. IT WAS HIS CHURCH, AFTER ALL.

THAT WOULD BE MY VERY LAST OF THE LARGE FUNERALS I CELEBRATED FOR THE DEPARTMENT. IN ALL, THERE WERE ABOUT 200 THAT I CONDUCTED. AFTER THAT, THERE WOULD BE SMALLER ONES, MOSTLY FOR RETIREES, BUT LOOKING BACK, **THERE WAS ALWAYS SOME LITTLE DETAIL THAT LODGED IN MY PSYCHE.** WITH SPREE, IT WAS HER BADGE. SHE WAS SEATED RIGHT BEHIND THE ENGINEER, BEHIND PROTECTIVE GLASS WHEN THE ENGINES COLLIDED. HER BADGE, ABOUT 4 OUNCES OF STRONG METAL, RESTING ON HER COFFIN DURING THE FUNERAL CEREMONY, WAS BENT INTO A NEARLY "L" SHAPE. IT SPOKE OF THE VIOLENCE OF THE IMPACT AND DEATH THAT ENDED THE LIFE OF ONE SO DELICATE AND LOVELY. **IT BROUGHT FORTH A TEAR.**



Spree de Sha's badge as it rested on her casket with a rose and her cover.



Father Mike reflecting before conducting a graveside service.

SEE: **APPENDIX, CHAPTER 38. RESOLUTION, COMMENDATIONS, LETTERS, AWARDS, AHMANSON TRAINING CENTER, PROJECTS INITIATED & CLASSES TAUGHT.** (PAGE 252 & ff.)

CHAPTER 39. TOOLS OF THE TRADE.

"THE PATROL CAR DOOR"

A SIMPLE THING

I MEAN

**A LOCK AND LATCH
SOME FRAMING
SHEET METAL
NOT TOO THICK
A HANDLE HOUSING A WINDOW
WHITE PAINT AND
A CITY SEAL DATED 1781.**

**AN ABJECT OBJECT DESPISED BY MEN
AND SOME WOMEN**

TO BE KICKED AND CLOSED FROM THE INSIDE...

BANGED UP AGAINST OTHERS SIMILAR IN APPEARANCE

TREATED LIKE FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

LESS THAN MOST OBJECTS THAT DEMAND

THE PURVIEW OF OUR PERIPHERY;

YET WHAT IS THAT HUMBLE DOOR -- REALLY --

IT WON'T STOP A BULLET,

BUT IT MIGHT DEFLECT ONE

IF ANGLED RIGHT, WHEN NO MAILBOX IS AVAILABLE.
A MONADNOCK HOLDER.
IT RETAINS THE UNBELTED BODY
WHEN THE PURSUIT IS GOING DOWN
IT KEEPS OUT THE
O-DARK-THIRTY COLD
ON NIGHTS WHEN IT'S SLOW ENOUGH TO NOTICE AND
IT GIVES A PLACE FOR SEVEN -YEAR-OLDS TO
REST THEIR ELBOWS WHEN THE PRESS IS
KIND ENOUGH TO LET THEM BELIEVE THEY WON'T
BE GOBBLED ALIVE BY THE "ALIEN STARSHIP"
AND THE "OUTER SPACE MONSTERS" IT TRANSPORTS.

THE PATROL CAR DOOR IS
A PIECE OF INANIMATE METAL
USELESS AS IT CAN BE TO YOU AND YOUR SHIFT RELIEF.

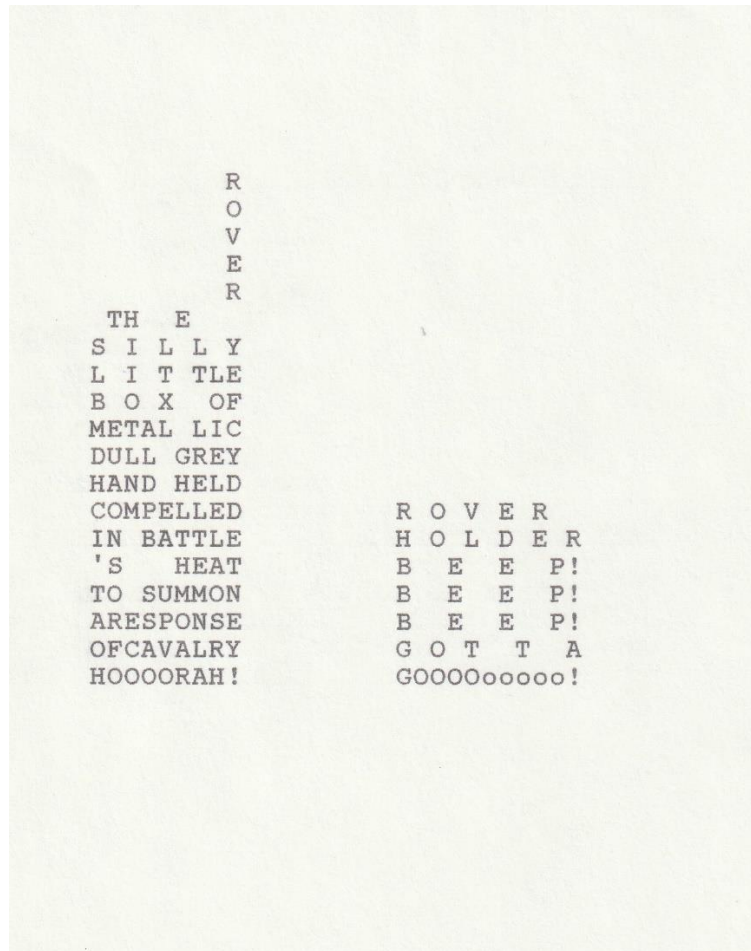
THAT'S ALL THE MORE REASON TO REVERENCE IT . . .
TREAT IT WELL.
WHO KNOWS – IT MAY RETURN THE FAVOR AT 70 MILES AN HOUR
IN A WORLD CLASS PURSUIT SPIN OUT.

CHAPLAIN MICHAEL McCULLOUGH

© 2 - 18 - 92

ROVER AND HOLDER

A FUN LITTLE POEM



BY. FR. MIKE

PART 3. GRACES FROM HEAVEN; EIGHTY YEARS' WORTH.

CHAPTER 40. LISTENING WITH YOUR HEART – CONTEMPLATION.

THE GOOD DIE YOUNG ...
I FIGURE TO BE AROUND A LONG TIME.
MIKE McCULLOUGH

THROUGH THIS ENTIRE MANUSCRIPT FROM **EMERSION TO VOCATION**, TO **CALL WITHIN A VOCATION**, MY PEAK MOMENTS HAVE CERTAINLY TOUCHED ON **SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES**, THERE HAVE BEEN MORE MOVING EXAMPLES OF DIVINE INTERVENTION IN THE PROCESS OF MY LIFE UNFOLDING. IN THIS PART, I HOPE TO LAY THOSE SPIRITUAL EXCOUNTERS BEFORE YOU, MY READERS—FAMILY, FRIENDS AND CHAPLAINS.

BEING A PRIEST HAS PLACED ME IN SITUATIONS THAT ARE OFTEN NOT ACCESSIBLE TO LAITY (NON-CLERICS). FOR EXAMPLE, I HAVE OFTEN OBSERVED THAT PEACE OFFICERS SEE MORE IN ONE YEAR THAN MOST PEOPLE WILL SEE IN A LIFETIME. THEY SEE DEAD BODIES, THEY SEE CRIME SCENES, BRAINS SPATTERED ON WALLS, THEY SEE EXTREMELY EVIL PERSONS ON A DAILY BASIS. POLICE AND MILITARY CHAPLAINS OFTEN SEE MORE IN A YEAR THAN POLICE OFFICERS SEE BECAUSE WE ARE EXPOSED **VICARIOUSLY** TO THE **WORST** THINGS OFFICERS AND COMBATANTS SEE. WE GET A FIRST RESPONDER'S EYE VIEW FROM OUR VERY FIRST DAY AS A CHAPLAIN. RECALL MY FIRST RIDE-ALONG WITH GEORGE McWORTER IN CULVER CITY. THE FIRST TIME I MET HIM, HE SHARED **THE TERROR HE FELT FOR 8 HOURS AFTER FIRING HIS SERVICE REVOLVER THE FIRST TIME IN 20 YEARS OF PATROL. I STILL FEEL HIS TERROR 53 YEARS AFTER THAT SHARING! MY IMAGINATION IS VIVID!**

THE OTHER FORUM A PRIEST HAS ACCESS TO IS **THE SACRAMENT OF CONFESSION**. THIS HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS **THE GREATEST LISTENING POST IN THE WORLD**. I HAVE SEEN THE HAND OF GOD TOUCH PEOPLE'S HEARTS IN WAYS THAT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS MIRACULOUS. BEING PRESENT AT **THE MOMENT OF DEATH** IS LIKE THAT, TOO.

I SIMPLY INVITE YOU TO JOIN ME IN THE CONCLUSION OF THIS JOURNEY TO SEE SOME GLIMMER OF WHAT I HAVE BEEN PRIVILEGED TO SEE. HERE IS A BRIEF SMORGASBORD OF SPIRITUAL EVENTS, EXERCISES AND MIRACLES THAT MADE MY LIFE INCREDIBLY INTERESTING, ALIVE, FECUND AND AMAZING.

PAY ATTENTION. BE AMAZED. TELL SOMEONE ABOUT IT!

“BE STILL AND CONFESS THAT I AM GOD.”

PSALM 46:11

CHAPTER 41. MOM'S LIFE, LAST TWO YEARS AND DEATH.

**“SHE RISES WHILE IT IS STILL NIGHT
AND DISTRIBUTES FOOD TO HER HOUSEHOLD.”**

ECCLESIASTES 31:15

I WAS BLESSED BEYOND MEASURE IN MY **MOM**. MY 2 YEARS, AGES 12-14, **MOM** GOT UP EVERY MORNING AT 0430 AND HELPED ME FOLD NEWSPAPERS FOR MY HERALD EXAMINER ROUTE. I CAN STILL HEAR HER GENTLE VOICE CALLING, “MIIIIKE,” WAKING ME TO MY DAY. THOSE TWO HOURS WERE OUR QUIET TIME. I WAS TERRIBLE AT TYPING (STILL AM) SO SHE TYPED MY HIGH SCHOOL TERM PAPERS FOR ME. MOM WAS A GREAT COOK AND HOMEMAKER. SISTER, KATHY, BROTHER, CHRIS AND I NEVER MISSED A MEAL OR WENT HUNGRY ON OUR MEAGER \$200 PER MONTH WELFARE BUDGET. IF THAT WASN'T LOVE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS.

THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION DEFINED ALCOHOLISM IN 1956 AS A DISEASE. MOM HAD ALREADY FIGURED THAT OUT. IN SPITE OF ALL HER BRUISING AT HIS HANDS, SHE NEVER BAD-MOUTHED DAD TO US. IT WOULD BE EASIER TO FORGIVE HIM LATER BECAUSE OF THAT.

IN 1988, SHE HAD TWO MILD HEART ATTACKS. SHE ASKED HER DOCTOR IF SHE THOUGHT SHE SHOULD DRIVE ANY MORE. THE DOC SAID, IF YOU HAVE ANOTHER ONE, YOU COULD INJURE OTHERS. SHE HAD LEARNED TO DRIVE AT AGE 40 AND **HER WHEELS WERE HER FREEDOM**. NEVERTHELESS, SHE CAME HOME FROM THE DOCTOR, HANDED OVER THE KEYS TO HER CAR AND TOLD DAD, “SELL THE ASPEN.” IT WAS HER PRIDE AND JOY, PAINTED **BLESSED MOTHER BLUE**. ONE OF HER MORE COURAGEOUS ACTS.

SOON AFTER, SHE WAS DIAGNOSED WITH A MALIGNANT TUMOR ON HER KIDNEY, INOPERABLE BECAUSE OF HER HEART CONDITION. MERCIFULLY, SHE HAD NO PHYSICAL PAIN. WE ORGANIZED TWO HOME MASSES, CELEBRATED EACH WITH SIX OF HER BEST FRIENDS AND THEIR SPOUSES. DAD WAS REALLY PROUD OF HER COURAGE.

I OBSERVED MOM’S PAIN THROUGH MANY YEARS. **MOM SUFFERED MORE THAN ANY WOMAN I’VE EVER KNOWN**. IT WAS A GREAT MOTIVATOR THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL. SHE DIDN’T NEED A SON IN TROUBLE ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE. I GOT ONE DEMERIT IN FOUR YEARS.

ONE DAY, DURING HER LAST 6 MONTHS, WE HAD A BRIEF CONVERSATION THAT I WOULD SHARE WITH YOU. IT WAS JUST SHE AND ME ALONE AT HER MOBILE HOME. I THINK IT BEGAN WITH A QUESTION FROM HER, “DO YOU HAVE ANY REGRETS ABOUT ME?” I SAID, “WELL MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE DIVORCED DAD A LITTLE SOONER.” YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND THAT FROM AGES 9-19, MOM CONSULTED ME ABOUT **EVERYTHING** (AT LEAST IT SEEMED THAT WAY TO ME) FOR EXAMPLE, THE RUNNING OF THE HOUSEHOLD. OFTEN, IT WAS, “SHOULD WE LET DAD MOVE BACK IN WITH US?” PROBABLY ON THAT ONE, I’D VOTE “YES.” I WANTED A DAD AS MUCH AS SHE WANTED HER HUSBAND. THE LITTLE **MIKEY** IN ME HAD SPOKEN.

PERHAPS NOW IN LIFE, I WOULD NOT BLURT OUT AN ANSWER SO QUICKLY TO A QUESTION SO WEIGHTY. I SAID THE TRUTH, AND THE ANSWER TO TOUGH LOVE QUESTIONS CAN HURT. A LOOK OF PAIN LIKE I HAD NEVER SEEN SHOT ONTO HER FACE. THOUGH WE NEVER MENTIONED IT AGAIN, I ALWAYS SOMEHOW REGRETTED MY RESPONSE AND WISH I COULD HAVE TAKEN IT BACK. BUT LIKE AN ARROW, IT HAD FOUND ITS MARK. I DIDN’T INTEND TO HURT, BUT I DID. I COULDN’T TAKE BACK THE IMPACT. AND I THINK THAT’S JUST THE WAY LIFE IS SOMETIMES IN REAL LOVE. ANYWAY, THE AIR WAS CLEAR AND HEALTHY TO MOVE ON.

LESSON: I GUESS THE LESSON I CARRY FROM THAT EXCHANGE IS THIS: THERE IS A THIN LINE BETWEEN INTENT AND IMPACT.

**“SAY FREQUENTLY IN THE MIDST OF
YOUR CONTRADICTIONS: THIS IS THE PATH TO HEAVEN.”
MAXIMS, ST. FRANCIS DE SALES**

MOM’S LAST HOUR AND FORTY-FIVE MINUTES.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1990. 10:00 pm. [I WAS HOME ON MY DAY OFF.] MOM WALKING BY THE SCRABBLE GAME IN PROGRESS WITH DAD’S ASSISTANCE. “**WHAT, NO CUSSIN’?**” HE AND I CHUCKLED.

10:30 pm. I ASKED MOM IF SHE’D LIKE A BLESSING. SHE SAID, “YES.” I TOOK MY BOOK OF **PASTORAL CARE OF THE SICK** AND ADAPTED THE PRAYER FOR MOM AS FOLLOWS;

**GOD OF MERCY, LOOK KINDLY ON YOUR SERVANT WHO HAS GROWN WEAK
UNDER THE BURDEN OF YEARS. IN THE HOLY ANOINTING WHICH SHE
RECEIVED ON SUNDAY, SEPT. 2, SHE ASKED FOR HEALING IN BODY AND SOUL.**

**FILL HER WITH THE STRENGTH OF YOUR HOLY SPIRIT.
KEEP HER FIRM IN FAITH AND SERENE IN HOPE, SO THAT SHE MAY**

**GIVE US ALL AN EXAMPLE OF PATIENCE
AND JOYFULLY WITNESS TO YOUR POWER OF LOVE.
AMEN**

**MAY THE BLESSING OF ALMIGHTY GOD
THE FATHER,
+ THE SON AND
THE HOLY SPIRIT
COME UPON YOU AND REMAIN WITH YOU FOREVER AND EVER.
AMEN**

THEN SHE SAID, “GOOD NIGHT, MIKE,” AS SHE STRUGGLED TO LIFT HER DROOPING HEAD AND EXERT A SMILE WHILE SITTING IN THE CHAIR BY THE LIVING ROOM TABLE. I WENT TO BED, FELL ASLEEP ABOUT 11:30.

DAD, BEING CONCERNED THAT SHE WAS FEELING WEAK, STAYED UP PLAYING SOLITAIRE TO KEEP AN EYE ON HER. **SHE SAID, “THANK YOU,” TO DAD** WHEN HE HELPED HER BACK FROM THE BATHROOM.

12:05—12:15 DAD OBSERVED HER PUT HER FEET DOWN FROM THE COFFEE TABLE SHE HAD BEEN RESTING THEM ON—HE WENT TO HER SIDE, THINKING SHE WANTED TO GET UP, HEARD HER BREATHE HER LAST BREATH AND WATCHED HER FALL ASLEEP IN THE LORD.

DAD YELLED, “MIKE!” I CAME. WE CALLED KATHY AND CHRIS AND WE WERE ALL THERE BY HER SIDE FOR ABOUT AN HOUR. WE HAD SAID OUR GOODBYES AND CALLED THE MORTUARY. THEY REMOVED HER BODY FROM THE HOUSE ABOUT 3:30 am, SEPT. 5, 1990.

DAYS BEFORE, I HAD MADE A DEAL WITH MOM. I SAID, “I DON’T KNOW THE RULES AFTER DEATH, BUT IF THERE IS ANY WAY YOU CAN LET ME KNOW YOU ARE OKAY WHEN YOU GET TO THE OTHER SIDE, WILL YOU?” SHE HAD SAID “YES.”

KATHY AND CHRIS LEFT, DAD RETIRED, THE MORTICIANS PULLED AWAY. I WALKED OUTSIDE. THE AIR WAS COOL AND BRISK AND THERE WAS A HUGE FULL MOON RIGHT OVERHEAD BEAMING BRIGHT AMIDST WISPY CLOUDS AND I REMEMBERED MY MOM’S WORDS IN THE DITTY SHE HAD TAUGHT ME WHEN I WAS 7, ***“I SEE THE MOON AND THE MOON SEES ME AND THE MOON SEES SOMEBODY I WANT TO SEE!”***

WE HAD A MASS FOR MOM AT NATIVITY CHURCH ON **SEPT. 8, THE FEAST OF THE BIRTH OF THE BLESSED MOTHER.** IN THE SACRISTY AFTER MASS, THE PETITE, ELDERLY HISPANIC SACRISTAN GRABBED MY ELBOW AND WISPERED QUIETY IN MY EAR

“FATHER, YOUR MOMMY IS HAVING BIRTHDAY CAKE WITH THE BLESSED MOTHER.”

MOM AND GOD HAD ANSWERED MY FINAL REQUESTS.

**“THE PRINCE, THE RULER, THE JUDGE ARE IN HONOR,
BUT NONE IS GREATER THAN HE WHO FEARS GOD.”**
SIRACH 10:23

**“SEVENTY IS THE SUM OF OUR YEARS,
OR EIGHTY, IF WE ARE STRONG.”**
PSALM 90:10

CHAPTER 42. THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF ST. IGNATIUS.

**“TRUTH WILL ULTIMATELY PREVAIL
WHERE PAIN IS TAKEN TO BRING IT TO LIGHT.”**
GEORGE WASHINGTON

**“... GIVE ME THY LOVE AND THY GRACE,
FOR THIS IS SUFFICIENT FOR ME.”**
SAINT IGNATIUS LOYOLA

I’VE ALREADY DISCUSSED THE WONDERFUL LIFE-GRACE OF MY PRIEST SUPPORT GROUP, **COR UNUM**. I’VE ALSO MENTIONED THE GREAT INFLUENCE THAT THE KNIGHT-BECOME-SPIRITUAL-GIANT, ST. IGNATIUS HAD ON MY LIFE AND ESPECIALLY PRIESTLY LIFE. WE IN **COR UNUM** WERE ENCOURAGED TO MAKE THE 30-DAY SILENT RETREAT CALLED THE **SPIRITUAL EXERCISES**, ONCE EVERY DECADE IF POSSIBLE. I WAS BLESSED TO BE IN AN ARCHDIOCESE WHERE THAT WAS POSSIBLE. I’VE MADE FOUR SO FAR.

MY SECOND PARTICIPATION IN **THE EXERCISES** TOOK PLACE IN 1991. IT WAS 30 DAYS OF SILENT REFLECTION IN THE HOLY PLACES OF THE HOLY LAND WITH MY BELOVED SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR, **FR. JOHN McANULTY, S. J.** TO BE IN THE PLACES JESUS HAD TROD 1900+ YEARS BEFORE WAS FULL OF LOVE AND INSPIRATION. AS FULL OF CONFUSION AND VIOLENCE AS A VISIT TO ISRAEL MIGHT BE, WE GOT TO SEE THE BEST OF THE JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN PLACES THAT FILL THE BIBLE WITH STORIES. LET ME SHARE JUST A COUPLE OF MOMENTS OF THAT TRIP.

JERUSALEM WAS NOISY, SMOGGY AND FULL OF EVERYTHING I DON’T LIKE ABOUT BIG CITIES. OF COURSE, MOST OF THE HOLIEST SITES ARE THERE—THE **GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE**, THE HILL OF **GOLGOTHA** WHERE JESUS WAS CRUCIFIED, THE **SEPULCHRE** WHERE HE WAS ENTOMBED AND THE **HILL OF HIS ASCENSION**. I ENJOYED MOST, THE QUIET PLACES OF THE NORTH, **CAPERNAUM**, WHERE HE CHOSE TO LIVE AND BEGAN HIS PUBLIC MINISTRY, THE **SEA OF GALILEE**, WHERE THE APOSTLES FISHED AND JESUS PREACHED. WE SPENT TWO WEEKS THERE AT **TABGHA**. WE STAYED IN A JESUIT RETREAT HOUSE. WE VISITED THE RUINS OF THE **SYNAGOGUE IN CAPERNAUM** WHERE JESUS CERTAINLY PREACHED AND THE RUINS OF THE **HOME OF PETER**. FROM THERE, I LOOKED OUT OVER THE SEA OF GALILEE MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT. FROM THERE, I SET OUT ONE DAY ON A 4-MILE SHORELINE HIKE TO THE RUINS OF THE TOWN OF **MAGDALA**, MAKING A HOLY HOUR, PRAYING THAT I MIGHT LEARN THE SECRETS OF TRULY LOVING WOMEN WITH THE LOVE JESUS HAD FOR **MARY OF MAGDALA**.

THE HIGHLIGHT WAS A TWO-HOUR CELEBRATION OF THE **SACRAMENT OF CONFESSION WITH JOHN McANULTY** 20 FEET FROM THE SHORE OF THE SEA, WHERE PETER HAD SOUGHT JESUS’ FORGIVENESS FOR BETRAYING HIM THE NIGHT OF HIS ARREST. AFTER THAT EXPERIENCE, A **WHITE DOVE** CAME AND LANDED ON A ROCK A FEW FEET OFFSHORE. **I’M NOT MAKING THAT UP**. I EXPERIENCED A HUGE, UGLY, BLACK SCORPION, BUT FELT NO FEAR, PART OF THE LOCAL FAUNA!. FROM **NAZARETH**, I HIKED FOUR MILES TO STUMBLE ON TO A MAJOR DIG GOING ON AT **SEPPHORIS**. READING ABOUT THAT LITTLE TOWN WOULD COMPLETELY CHANGE MY WHOLE PERSPECTIVE OF WHO JESUS WAS AS A PERSON. I ALSO TRAVELED BY BOAT OVER THE LAKE. THESE EXPERIENCES BROUGHT THE SCRIPTURES TO LIFE LIKE NOTHING ELSE I EVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE OR SINCE.

2023. MY FOURTH **EXERCISES** WERE CLOSER TO HOME WITH **FR. BOB CARO, S. J.** AT LMU IN WEST L. A. THE EXERCISES CALL THE RETREATANT TO MEET WITH THE DIRECTOR ONE TO FOUR TIMES PER WEEK FOR GUIDANCE. OTHER THAN THAT, 4-6 ONE-HOUR CONTEMPLATION PERIODS PER DAY FILLED THE DAYS QUICKLY WITH POWERFUL ENCOUNTERS WITH JESUS AND THE SAINTS. THE BIBLE PROVIDED THE STORIES. IMAGINATION AND THE HOLY SPIRIT PROVIDED THE ENCOUNTERS. I WOULD LIKE TO SHARE ONE OF THOSE ENCOUNTERS IN DETAIL.

A PINNACLE MEDITATION!

THE ENCOUNTER OF THE BLESSED MOTHER WITH HER SON FOR THE FIRST TIME AFTER HIS CRUCIFIXION AND RESURRECTION.

[WE PLACE OURSELVES IN GOD'S PRESENCE-FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE; MIND, INTELLECT, HEART AND WILL. PICK A TIME AND PLACE WHERE YOU CAN HAVE SOME UNINTERRUPTED TIME IN A PEACEFUL SETTING. TAKE YOUR TIME.]

PICTURE THE FIRST MEETING OF JESUS AND MARY, HIS MOTHER, AFTER HIS RESURRECTION.

THEY ARE SILENT.

CANNOT SPEAK.

SHE'S BREATHLESS AS SHE WAS AT THE ANNUNCIATION BY ANGEL GABRIEL.

EYES CONNECT.

SHE IS PONDERING EVERYTHING SHE EVER CAME TO BELIEVE ABOUT THIS SON OF HERS . . .
HIS CONCEPTION

THE SHEPHERDS

JOSEPH'S DREAM

THE WISE MEN

OFF TO EGYPT.

THE RETURN TO NAZARETH

THE CARPENTER'S SHOP,

THE FALLS, THE SCRAPES, THE TRIP TO THE TEMPLE

THE BEGINNING OF THE MINISTRY

PREACHING

CALLING THE APOSTLES

THE ROAD TRIPS WITH THE APOSTLES & MARY OF MAGDALA

CANA AND THE WINE

CAPERNAUM AND PETER'S MOTHER

PETER'S WIFE,

PETER AND THE CATCH OF FISH

THE SAMARITAN WOMAN

THE CHILDREN IN HIS LIFE

THE HEALINGS, THE EXORCISMS

THE CHALLENGES TO THE AUTHORITIES . . .

I KNEW, EVEN AS I WAS WRITING IT, THAT THIS WAS AN INCREDIBLY PROFOUND REFLECTION FOR ME. I MEAN 9 PAGES.

REVIEWING, I WAS AGAIN CONSCIOUS OF MARY'S INITIALS CARVED IN MY PALMS BEFORE BIRTH. I WAS CONSCIOUS ALL ALONG OF MY WHOLE CAREER POINTING TO HEALING PEOPLE WHO HAD BEEN TRAUMATIZED.

I WAS/BECAME CONSCIOUS OF HOW IMPORTANT IT WOULD BE FOR JESUS TO HEAL HER OF THE TERRIBLE, FRIGHTENING IMAGES ETCHED INTO HER PSYCHE BY HIS PASSION, BEFORE SHE COULD ASSUME THE EVERLASTING ROLE OF "MEDIATRIX OF ALL HUMANKIND." SHE WOULD NEED TO BE MOST HEALTHY SPIRITUALLY, PHYSICALLY AND, EMOTIONALLY TO BEAR THOSE BURDENS OF HUMANITY.

AND SO MY MEDITATION CONTINUED . . .

EXCHANGING STORIES WITH APOSTLES AND WOMEN

OF JESUS DURING HIS 18-HOUR DAYS . . .
MOTHER WASHING JESUS' FEET AFTER THOSE LONG,
LONG DAYS AND 40-MILE JOURNEYS, *
READING THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES AS HIS
LAST DAYS DRAW NEAR,
HEARING THE APOSTLES' WARNINGS
KNOWING OF HIS ARREST,
BEING IN THE CROWD
ENDURING THE TRIAL BEFORE PILATE'S KANGAROO COURT
HEARING HIS SCOURGING,
HEARING HIS CROWNING WITH THORNS
SEEING HIM ON THE VIA DOLOROSA,
SEEING HIS FALLS
SEEING VERONICA WIPING HIS FACE
SEEING THE CALL OF SIMON OF CYRENE TO
HELP CARRY THE CROSS,
SEEING THE FLEEING OF THE APOSTLES,
SEEING THE STRIPPING OF THE BLOOD-STAINED
SCABBED, GARMENTS
SEEING THE SLAMMING OF HIS BODY
ON TO THE CROSS
SHRIEKING AT THE SIGHT OF THE NAILS
GASPING AT EACH HAMMER BLOW
PONDERING THE AGONIZING VERTICALIZING OF THE CROSS
WATCHING HIS STRENGTH FAIL MINUTE BY MINUTE
FOR THREE HORRIBLE HOURS
WITNESSING HIS LAST MILLISECOND ON EARTH,
THEN THE SILENCE,
THEN THE THUNDER
THEN THE EARTHQUAKE
THE WORDS OF THE CENTURION
HEARING THE TEMPLE CURTAIN BEING TORN
RIPPED IN HALF AS IT SHOULD HAVE,

SEEING MARY OF MAGDALA REFLECTING HER OWN
AGONY STEP BY STEP.

ALL THE WHILE PONDERING

**WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?
WHERE IS THIS ALL GOING ?**

[DEAR READER, PAUSE LONG]

**NOW SEEING HER SON ALIVE
ONCE AGAIN,
SLOWLY S M I L I N G—
IN SILENCE THEY GAZE,
LONG AND LONGER
HAND IN HAND
TENDERLY AND MORE TENDERLY,
AND HE CATCHES HER
BEFORE SHE FAINTS TO THE GROUND**

FOR SPEECHLESS AND OUT OF BREATH
AS AT THE ANNUNCIATION,
SHE SWOONS
AS ONE OF HER AGE WOULD.

MARY'S JOY IS SLOWLY RETURNING
THE LANCE WOUND THAT PIERCED
HER HEART ON ITS WAY TO JESUS' HEART
IS BEGINNING TO HEAL.

MARY'S LOVE FOR JOHN, HER NEWLY ADOPTED
SON
AND FOR US. HER NEWLY ADOPTED
CHILDREN EXPLODES IN
A BURST OF DIVINE ENERGY BEYOND
ALL DESCRIPTION.

ON JESUS' EXAMPLE,
SHE IS NOW ABLE TO COMPREHEND HER
SON'S UNBELIEVABLE,
LIMITLESS
DIVINE MERCY
FOR ALL PEOPLE.

IN A GLANCE KNOWING NO
DESCRIPTION, SHE SMILES
AND EMBRACES HER SON,
FROM AFAR, SOUL TO SOUL
MIND TO MIND,
HEART TO HEART

AS HER SOUL BROILS OVER WITH
A BILLION HUGS
ALL CREATION BEHIND PRESSING HER
CLOSER TO HIM, THE ONE TO WHOM SHE
GAVE LIFE, SO INCOMPREHENSIVELY,

JOYFUL MOTHER MY MOTHER
CONTINUE TO BE MY MOTHER, I BEG OF YOU.

HE COMES TO HER IN SOME WAY THAT IS
WHOLLY IN ACCORD WITH HER FAITH AND
LOVE AS WELL AS WITH HER INTENSE SORROW AND
PAIN OVER THE WAY HE WAS PUT TO DEATH.

JESUS SHOWS GREAT JOY IN CONSOLING HIS MOTHER.
[NOTICE THE EFFECTS ON YOU WITNESSING/EXPERIENCING THIS SCENE.]

JESUS STAYS WITH MARY FOR AS LONG AS IT TAKES
FOR HIM TO FULLY COMMUNICATE CONSOLING JOY TO HER.

CONSIDER HOW HIS DIVINITY, WHICH SEEMED
HIDDEN DURING HIS PASSION NOW APPEARS AND
MANIFESTS ITSELF IN THE **EFFECTS** OF HIS RESURRECTION.

SUPERNATURAL GRACE WHICH ALWAYS

WAS IN MARY, NOW OVERFLOWS TO NEW LEVELS.

CONSIDER HOW JESUS GOES ABOUT AS CONSOLER TO HIS MOTHER,
IN THE MANY WAYS THAT PEOPLE CONSOLE ONE
ANOTHER AFTER EXPERIENCES OF TRAUMA OR SUFFERING . . .

LOOKING FOR THE “1,000-MILE STARE.”
LOOKING FOR THE “DEER IN THE HEADLIGHTS,”
OFFERING A GESTURE OF AFFECTION TO THE WRIST,
GIVING A ST. MICHAEL MEDAL
GIVING A ST. FLORIAN MEDAL,
LISTENING TO A STORY
LIKE A BASEBALL IN THE RUBBLE
OR THE STORY OF THE BODIES FALLING [SEE POEM, **GROUND HERO**, page 140]

OR JESUS GIVING HIS MOTHER THE OPPORTUNITY TO TELL THE STORY OF WHEN,
“I SAW YOU FALL WHEN YOU WERE 3,” OR
REMEMBERING “THE FIRST TIME YOU SKINNED YOUR KNEE,”

PEELING THE ONION,
LETTING HER TALK,
ASKING OPEN-ENDED QUESTIONS,
THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
AND YOU FELT . . . ?
AND YOU SAID. . . ?
“FOR YOU, WHAT WAS THE WORST PART . . . ?”
“ARE YOU OKAY, NOW?”

WORDS OF REASSURANCE,
“JOHN WILL BE WITH YOU FOR A LONG TIME . . .”

LORD, I NEVER CONSIDERED BEFORE,
GIVEN ALL THE PEOPLE YOU HAVE ENTRUSTED TO YOUR MOTHER
THAT IT WAS CRITICAL TO HEAL HER OF THE TRAUMA SHE HAD
SUFFERED IN YOUR PASSION AND IN HER PASSION BEFORE
SENDING HER ON MISSION TO BE HEALING MOTHER OF US ALL.

SPIRITUAL EXERCISES, 2023.

[MANY TEARS CAME WITH THIS LENGTHY PERIOD OF MEDITATION.]

**“TO RECITE THE ROSARY IS NOTHING OTHER THAN
TO CONTEMPLATE WITH MARY THE FACE OF CHRIST.”**
SAINT JOHN PAUL II

“JESUS, SOURCE OF ALL CONSOLATION.” LITANY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS

- ONE SCRIPTURE SCHOLAR STATED THAT JESUS ON OCCASION WALKED 40 MILES IN A DAY.

CHAPTER 43. DAD’S LIFE, LAST YEARS AND PASSING.

“AND JESUS WEPT.”
THE SHORTEST VERSE OF THE BIBLE
JOHN 11:35

WHEN I WAS ABOUT 40, AFTER MANY YEARS OF THERAPY, **DR. FRANK CLAYMAN-COOK** PRESENTED ME WITH A VISUAL IMAGE. HE HELD UP A PIECE OF BLANK 8 ½" X 11" PAPER WITH A SINGLE RED DOT IN THE CENTER. HE SAID, "WHAT DO YOU SEE?" I SAID, "A RED DOT." "ANYTHING ELSE?" "NO." HE OBSERVED, "YOU SAW ONE RED BLEMISH AND MISSED A WHOLE PAGE OF WHITE PAPER."

AS I MADE PREPARATIONS FOR MY FIRST MASS TO BE CELEBRATED ON 27 MAY 1973 AT ST. JAMES CHURCH IN REDONDO BEACH, I ASKED DAD IF HE WOULD BE WILLING TO PLAY **BACH-GOUNOD'S AVE MARIA** ON THE ACCORDIAN AS A COMMUNION MEDITATION INSTRUMENTAL. I KNEW IT WOULD BE A STRETCH FOR HIM AS HE WAS JUST COMING OFF A YEAR OF REHAB AT THE V.A. HOSPITAL IN WEST L. A. I KNEW HE WAS ONLY JUST REGAINING HIS STRENGTH, BUT I TRIED TO GIVE HIM SEVERAL MONTH'S NOTICE. IN HIS PRIME, HE'D HAVE KNOCKED IT OUT OF THE PARK. AFTER WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN AN AGONIZING LAST MONTH, I RECEIVED THIS LETTER FROM HIM. IT WAS THE BEST DAD I LOVE SO MUCH. IN HUMILITY, HE WROTE,



Mom and Dad happily remarried.



**Dad and his accordion—
"You could hear the angels sing."**

3-20-73

Dear Mike:

Rec'd your beautiful letter and have been meaning to answer it every day and every minute but I have been kinda under the weather and just haven't gotten around to it. But now I've meant to.

I've played that accordin with all my heart and soul trying my best to get the Ave Maria down to perfect, but Mike I just can't seem to do it the way it should be done at your big and beautiful day. sometimes I can go through it and

never miss a note, and then at other times 5 minutes later, I goof it. - So I guess it's only fair to let you know ahead of time that I better not try it at your ceremony.

I love you too much to make me be ashamed of my real talent that God handed to me on a platter, to ever embarrass you or myself on a day like that. I do love you Mike.

Please write soon
All my love - Your Old
Dad.

SOME AMOUNT OF TIME LATER, IT DAWNED ON ME THAT I HAD **NEVER** RECORDED ALL THE **GOOD TIMES AND LESSONS** DAD HAD PROVIDED FOR ME EARLIER IN LIFE. SO, I SET OUT TO RECORD THEM. A LOT HAS BEEN SAID HERE ABOUT DAD, ESPECIALLY THE INFLUENCE OF ALCOHOL. HERE ARE THE THINGS I HAD FORGOTTEN.

- AGE 1 - HE BOUGHT ME AN AMERICAN FLYER TRAIN SET FOR MY 1ST CHRISTMAS.
- AGE 4 - TOOK ME FISHING ON FISHERMAN'S WARF, SAN FRANCISCO. I CAUGHT A 3' SHARK.
 - HOW TO BAIT A HOOK AND SET A HOOK AFTER A BITE.
 - HOW TO RIDE A ROLLER COASTER. (HIS ARM WAS BLACK & BLUE AFTERWARD.)
- AGE 5 - HOW TO SHOOT A BB RIFLE LEFT-HANDED, THOUGH I WAS RIGHT-HANDED.
 - HOW TO CHANGE A TIRE.
- AGE 7 - (MOM &) DAD GAVE ME THE BOOK, **THE STORY OF JESUS** FOR CHRISTMAS.
 - THAT BOOK LED ME TO A **RELATIONSHIP** FOR LIFE.
 - HOW TO SIT ON HIS LAP AND STEER A CAR ON DIRT ROADS IN NEBRASKA.
 - HOW TO HOSE THE DRIVEWAY TO CREATE AN ICY SLOPE WHEN BELOW ZERO*.
 - HOW TO GO DOWN IT ON A SLED.
 - STOP THE CAR ON COUNTRY DIRT ROADS AND LET ME THROW ROCKS.
 - HOW TO CHOP A CHICKEN'S HEAD OFF AND WATCH IT RUN AROUND A BARNYARD.
 - HE HAD AN ARTIST GIVE ME A REALLY EXCELLENT BOOK ON FIGURE DRAWING.
 - HOW TO SIT ON MY UNCLE'S LAP AND DRIVE A TRACTOR.
 - HOW TO PLAY THE HARMONICA.

AGE 8 - HOW TO RIDE A 36" RIM, 2 WHEEL BICYCLE FOR MY BIRTHDAY. HOW TO SPRAY PAINT IT.
AGE 11 – HOW TO PLANT, NURTURE AND HARVEST A GARDEN; CARROTS, PEAS, RED AND WHITE RADISHES, BELL PEPPERS, CORN, STRING BEANS, AND TOMATOES.

A DRIVING TRIP TO SAN DIEGO TO SEE THE TUNA FISHING FLEET, BOARD A TUNA CLIPPER, MEET A CLIPPER FISHERMAN AND GET A JIG FOR MY 6TH GRADE PAPER.

AGE 12 – PIER FISHING OFF REDONDO PIER AT O-DARK THIRTY.

UNDER CAR WITH DAD, SEEING HOW A CLUTCH PLATE WAS REPLACED.

HOW TO BODY-SURF IN THE OCEAN.

HOW TO HAVE YOUR TRUNKS PULLED OFF IN A RIP TIDE.

SOME TIPS ON HOW TO PLAY FOOTBALL. "HIT THEM GOING FASTER THAN THEY HIT YOU! THE BIGGER THEY COME, THE HARDER THEY FALL!"

AGE 13 – HOW TO ENJOY CLASSICAL MUSIC LIKE THE 1812 OVERTURE, BOLERO, LIGHT CAVALRY OVERTURE, BACH-GOUNOD'S AVE MARIA, AND SCHEHERAZADE,

HOW TO DRIVE IN THICK TULE FOG.

HOW TO DOUBLE-CLUTCH A STICK SHIFT.

HOW TO PLAY THE ACCORDIAN.

HOW TO PROPERLY FOLD A SAILOR'S CAP.

SUNDAY, FAMILY RIDES TO VIEW OCEAN FROM PROMONTORY POINTS AROUND L. A.

IN CAR WHILE DRIVING, A HALF HOUR TALK ON FEMALE ANATOMY AND HOW TO. . .

[INTERESTING FACT. 1965, ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY, BIOLOGY CLASS WITH FR. CHARLES MILLER, HE ASKED, "IN YOUR HOME GROWING UP, HOW MANY OF YOU GOT A TALK ABOUT 'THE BIRDS AND THE BEES?'" OF ABOUT THIRTY STUDENT/CLASSMATES **I RAISED MY HAND, LOOKED AROUND TO SEE *I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO'D RAISED MY HAND.***

THAT WAS A TIME I WAS REALLY PROUD THAT I WAS MY DAD'S SON.

AGE 19 – 2 FAMILY PICNIC VISITS TO THE SEMINARY ON SUNDAYS.

THERE WAS ONE MORE THING DAD TAUGHT ME THAT SAVED MY LIFE, QUITE LITERALLY. HE SAID, "IF YOU EVER GET HELD UP AT GUN POINT, SAY, 'YES SIR' AND HAND OVER YOUR WALLET." CONFRONTED AT KNIFE POINT, I SAID, "YES SIR," AND HANDED OVER MY WALLET. **IT WORKED.**

LESSON #1: THE GOOD GIFTS DAD BESTOWED ON ME FAR OUTWEIGHED THE BAD,

**LESSON #2: I LEARNED IN HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL: NEVER, EVER GIVE UP!
I FOUND THAT ALSO APPLIED TO PRAYER.**

DAD HAD AN "ACUTE EPISODE" AS DR. CHUA PUT IT ON DEC. 16, 2001. DAD HAD EMPHYSEMA FROM A LIFETIME OF CIGARETTE SMOKING. THE DOCTOR SAID IT WAS TAKING DAD MORE ENERGY THAN HE HAD TO BREATHE. HE COULD GET AIR IN BUT DIDN'T HAVE THE STRENGTH TO GET IT OUT. . . . HE WAS EXPERIENCING CARBON DIOXIDE POISONING. HE HAD NOT BEEN EATING BECAUSE HE HAD THE CHOICE OF EATING OR BREATHING. THAT'S A TOUGH ONE. CHRIS, ARTIE, MEGHAN, LINDSAY, LAUREN, OLIVIA, REGINA, SEVERAL SISTERS AND NURSES GATHERED AROUND HIS BED AND I PRAYED **THE SACRAMENT OF THE ANOINTING OF THE SICK**. DAD WAS UNCONSCIOUS, BUT BREATHING, THOUGH HE HAD RECOGNIZED US A FEW MINUTES EARLIER. KATHY AND EDGAR ARRIVED A FEW MINUTES LATER.

CHRIS SPENT THE NIGHT WITH HIM. I HAD SUNDAY DUTIES THE FOLLOWING MORNING AND SO RETURNED SUNDAY AFTERNOON. DAD KNEW I WAS THERE. I REASSURED HIM OF MY LOVE AND PRAYERS SEVERAL TIMES. I SPENT THE NIGHT. THE SISTERS KEPT VIGIL AT HIS BEDSIDE ALL NIGHT. I CAME IN AND PRAYED WITH HIM FROM 3:45-4:45 AM. I WENT BACK TO BED IN THE NEXT ROOM WHICH WAS GRACIOUSLY PROVIDED BY THE SISTERS. THE NURSES WERE SO KIND AS TO BRING BREAKFAST TO MY ROOM.

I HELD HIS HAND ALL MORNING. ABOUT 10:45 AM, I ASKED HEAD NURSE, TONI, DAD'S FAVORITE, IF HE WAS DYING. SHE NODDED, "YES." WE PRAYED **"THE COMMENDATION OF THE DYING"**

WITH ABOUT FIVE SISTERS AND FOUR NURSES PRESENT. DAD WAS *VERY* POPULAR WITH THE STAFF. I GOT ON THE PHONE WITH ARTIE AND KATHY, ASKING THEM TO GET CHRIS AND EDGAR AND GET OVER AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. THEY WALKED INTO THE ROOM TOGETHER BETWEEN 11:30 AND 11:46 AM. I GAVE THEM MY CHAIR BY THE BED. I THINK DAD WAS WAITING FOR THEM. WE WERE ALL HOLDING HIS RIGHT HAND AS WE WATCHED HIM TAKE HIS LAST 10 BREATHS. KATHY AND CHRIS HADN'T GOTTEN THERE MORE THAN 1-3 MINUTES BEFORE HE DIED. WHAT A BLESSING! I LOOKED AT NURSE TONI AND SAID, "IS HE GONE?" SHE SAID "YES." I BEGAN THE PRAYER AFTER DEATH FROM **THE PASTORAL CARE OF THE SICK:**

LET US PRAY:

**ALL POWERFUL AND MERCIFUL GOD,
WE COMMEND TO YOU RICHARD, YOUR SERVANT**
[AT THIS POINT, I WEPT BITTERLY AND HAD TO HAND THE
BOOK TO ONE OF THE SISTERS TO FINISH THE
PRAYER, WHICH SHE DID.]
**IN YOUR MERCY AND LOVE
BLOT OUT THE SINS HE HAS COMMITTED
THROUGH HUMAN WEAKNESS.
IN THIS WORLD HE HAS DIED;
LET HIM LIVE WITH YOU FOREVER.
WE ASK THIS THROUGH CHRIST OUR LORD. AMEN.**

CHRIS TOLD ME LATER THAT WAS THE ONLY TIME HE HAD EVER HEARD ME CRY, AND WHEN HE DID, HE LOST IT TOO.

THE GOOD SISTERS SET UP AN ALTAR IN HIS ROOM, SO I CELEBRATED THE MASS AT HIS BEDSIDE IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS BODY. THOSE SISTERS WERE SO KIND AND THOUGHTFUL—THEY SERVED OUR FAMILY LUNCH IN A PRIVATE DINING ROOM AS THE MORTUARY PEOPLE REMOVED DAD'S BODY. RICE MORTUARY (WHERE MOM HAD WORKED FOR MANY YEARS) AND HOLY CROSS CEMETERY HANDLED EVERYTHING TO PERFECTION.

SUBSEQUENT REFLECTION ON DAD'S PASSING WAS TO YIELD FOR ME CONSOLATION AFTER CONSOLATION... FIRST OF ALL, DAD HAD DIED SOBER. HE HAD 24 YEARS OF SOBRIETY WHEN HE PASSED. THAT IN ITSELF WAS A MONUMENTAL ANSWER TO MY PRAYERS AND I AM CERTAIN TO MOM'S AND DAD'S AND ALL OF US WHO KNEW HIM. I ALSO HAD THE GRANDIOSE FEELING THE NIGHT OF HIS BURIAL THAT MUCH WEIGHT HAD BEEN LIFTED OFF MY SHOULDERS. WE HAD SAFELY DELIVERED HIM TO ETERNAL LIFE AS BEST WE ALL COULD. OF COURSE, DAD HAD DONE ALL THE HEAVY LIFTING.

I AM SO PROUD OF KATHY AND CHRIS AND THEIR FAMILIES FOR EACH PICKING UP A PORTION OF THE LOAD AND CARRYING IT SO WILLINGLY. IN MY WORK, I SEE SO MANY FAMILIES WHO HAVE A LOVED ONE REACH THE TIME FOR NEED AND CARE. ONE SIBLING MAY LIVE CLOSE AND SO "GETS DESIGNATED" AS THE CARETAKER. AS TIME GOES ON, THAT LABOR OF LOVE BECOMES MORE AND MORE DEMANDING UNTIL IT CRUSHES THE "DESIGNATED ONE." OTHERS FAIL TO "STEP UP TO THE PLATE," EITHER WITH TIME, TREASURE OR TALENT AND THE FAMILY SUFFERS IRREPARABLE FRACTURES. "MY FAMILY IS THE BEST I'VE SEEN IN 'MUTUAL AID!'"

WHEN DAD ENTERED "**LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR**" IN SAN PEDRO, THREE YEARS BEFORE HIS DEATH, HE WAS VERY HESITANT TO EVEN CONSIDER GOING. HE WAS LIVING ON HIS OWN AT A **HUD** SPONSORED FACILITY IN HARBOR CITY. HE HAD A SMALL APARTMENT BUT WAS VERY COMFORTABLE THERE. I USUALLY SPENT MY DAY OFF WITH HIM TWO OR THREE TIMES A MONTH. HE HAD AN INCIDENT AND WE ALL KNEW HE WOULD NEED MORE CARE.

I CONTACTED MOTHER MARGARET TO SEE ABOUT AN INTERVIEW. SHE SAID, "HAVE HIM BRING A TOOTHBRUSH." WHEN HE MET HER, HE WAS SMITTEN. DAD HAD ALWAYS HAD A VERY HIGH

REGARD FOR NUNS AND MARGARET WAS VERY SPECIAL. SHE HAD SOMEONE TAKE HIM ON A LITTLE GUIDED TOUR. WHEN HE LEFT THE ROOM, I SAID, "YOU KNOW, HE'S NOT MUCH FOR MASS OR THE SACRAMENTS LIKE MANY GUYS OF HIS GENERATION, BUT HE HAS VERY DEEP FAITH. HE'S CARRIED HIS ROSARY WITH HIM FOR ALL OF HIS ADULT LIFE. IF YOU'D HAVE THE SISTERS PRAY ESPECIALLY FOR THE GIFT OF DEEPENED FAITH, I'D REALLY APPRECIATE IT.

WITHIN A FEW MONTHS, DAD WAS AT MASS EVERY DAY. HE WOULD GET THERE AN HOUR EARLY BEFORE ANY OF THE OTHERS PRAYING SILENTLY. HE BECAME ONE OF THE FAVORITES OF THE SISTERS AND THE STAFF. HE ALWAYS HAD A SMILE AND A JOKE. THEY GAVE HIM A SPECIAL "SMOKING ROOM." HE'D GET OUT OF BED AND MAKE HIS WAY DOWN THERE IN HIS MOTORIZED WHEELCHAIR, FOUR OR FIVE TIMES A DAY. KATHY, CHRIS AND I WOULD JUST ROLL OUR EYES AT EACH OTHER, BUT WE KNEW OUR DAD. MOTHER MARGARET SAID THAT PROBABLY EXTENDED HIS LIFE BY A YEAR!

DAD DIED PENNILESS, BUT HE WAS VERY HAPPY. HE TRULY LIVED THE VIRTUE OF "POVERTY OF SPIRIT." AS WITH MOM, I HAD ASKED DAD THAT IF HE COULD, HE'D LET ME KNOW HE WAS OKAY WHEN HE REACHED THE "OTHER SIDE."

THE DAY OF HIS DEATH, I DROVE TO JOSHUA TREE TO PLAN HIS FUNERAL. **THE SUNRISE THE NEXT MORNING WAS THE MOST SPECTACULAR I'VE EVER SEEN OUT THERE, BEFORE OR SINCE.** I FRAMED THE PICTURE I TOOK OF IT AND IT ALWAYS BEDAZZLES ME WITH ITS BEAUTY. **I KNEW HE WAS OKAY.** YOU COULD HEAR THE ANGELS SING.

DAD AND GOD HAD ANSWERED MY FINAL REQUESTS.



This is a photo of the Navy office where Dad worked from 1943-45 on Ford Island. I find it amusing that Dad is in the lower right typing 120 words a minute while the four officers are apparently sitting and watching.



**Dad with his accordion entertaining the Sailors and Marines
on Ford Island. Pearl Harbor, 1944.**

LESSON: THERE ARE TOXINS IN THE BODY THAT ARE ONLY RELEASED THROUGH THE TEAR DUCTS. SOURCE: BEHAVIORAL SCIENCES UNIT, FBI ACADEMY, QUANTICO, VA.

CHAPTER 44. YOU KNOW YOU'RE GETTING OLDER WHEN

...

REPORTERS INTERVIEWING A 104-YEAR-OLD WOMAN:
"AND WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE BEST THING ABOUT BEING 104?"
SHE SIMPLY REPLIED, **"NO PEER PRESSURE."**

YOU KNOW YOU'RE GETTING OLDER WHEN -
YOU GET WINDED PLAYING CHESS
YOU GET IN THE ROCKING CHAIR AND YOU CAN'T MAKE IT GO
ALL THE NAMES IN YOUR LITTLE BLACK BOOK END IN M. D.
YOU'RE STILL CHASING WOMEN (OR MEN), BUT CAN'T REMEMBER WHY
THE GLINT IN YOUR EYE IS THE SUN HITTING YOUR BIFOCALS
YOUR "BACK" GOES OUT MORE THAN YOU DO
YOU BITE IN TO A BIG JUICY STEAK AND YOUR TEETH STAY THERE
YOUR ELEVATOR DOESN'T GO TO THE TOP FLOOR
THE LIGHTS ARE ON, BUT NOBODY'S HOME
YOU SEE A PRETTY GIRL GO BY AND YOUR PACEMAKER MAKES THE GARAGE DOOR OPEN
AND
THE ALARM GOES OFF IN THE MORNING AND YOU KNOW THE BEST PART OF YOUR DAY IS OVER!

**"FOR THE AGE THAT IS HONORABLE COMES NOT WITH THE PASSING OF TIME,
NOR CAN IT BE MEASURED IN TERMS OF YEARS.
RATHER, UNDERSTANDING IS THE HOARY CROWN FOR MEN
AND AN UNSULLIED LIFE, THE ATTAINMENT OF OLD AGE."**
WISDOM 4:8-9

CHAPTER 45. A COUPLE OF REFLECTIONS

ON SCIENCE AND FAITH.

**“EVERY BOOK OF THE BIBLE IS
ABOUT RELATIONSHIP.
NONE WERE WRITTEN TO TEACH SCIENCE.”**

FR. BILL STOEGER, S.J.

**FORMER DIRECTOR OF THE VATICAN
OBSERVATORY, TUCSON, ARIZONA.**

ALL 72 BOOKS OF THE CATHOLIC BIBLE FOCUS ON OUR RELATIONSHIP WITH GOD, WITH KING, WITH SPOUSE, WITH CHILDREN, WITH PARENTS, WITH SIBLINGS, WITH LEADERS, WITH OTHERS AND WITH ENEMIES. WHAT A TREASURE TROVE OF WISDOM SPANNING A THOUSAND YEARS +.

FACT: 65 BILLION NUTRINOS PASS THROUGH EACH CENTIMETER OF OUR BODIES EVERY SECOND. IT IS ESTIMATED THAT THERE ARE 400 BILLION STARS IN THE MILKY WAY GALAXY. THEY ONCE FOCUSED THE **HUBBLE TELESCOPE** ON A DARK SPOT IN THE SKY NEAR POLARIS (THE NORTH STAR). THE AREA OF FOCUS WAS THE SIZE OF LINCOLN’S EYE IN A PENNY HELD AT ARM’S LENGTH. THE FRAME REVEALED AN ESTIMATED 10,000 GALAXIES.

FACT: **GEORGE LEMAITRE**, CONSIDERED BY MANY TO BE THE FATHER OF THE BIG BANG THEORY WAS ALSO A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

THOUGH SERIOUS SQUABBLES HAVE OCCURRED BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES, TRUTH HAS BEEN SERVED BY DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE DISCIPLINES. I PRAY THAT THOUGH I MAY ACCUMULATE MANY FACTS FROM MY COLLECTIVE INTEREST IN THE SCIENCES, I MAY IN THE END BE A PERSON OF GENUINE WISDOM.

**“THERE ARE ONLY TWO WAYS TO LIVE YOUR LIFE
ONE IS AS THOUGH NOTHING IS A MIRACLE.
THE OTHER IS AS THOUGH EVERYTHING IS A MIRACLE.”**

MOST OFTEN ATTRIBUTED TO ALBERT EINSTEIN.

CHAPTER 46. MY PHILOSOPHY REGARDING MOVIES.

SHARING MOTION PICTURES IS HOW I EVANGELIZE.

THE LONG LIST OF MOVIES AND ACTORS I ADMIRE MAY FLY IN THE FACE OF WHAT I AM ABOUT TO SAY. I HAVE ALWAYS CONSCIOUSLY PREFERRED THE NOTION OF **LIVING MY LIFE AS OPPOSED TO LETTING SOMEONE ELSE LIVE MY LIFE FOR ME** ON SCREEN. ACTIVITY IS USUALLY BETTER THAN PASSIVITY FOR YOUR HEALTH, FOR ONE THING. I HAVE A REAL LOVE-HATE RELATIONSHIP WITH TELEVISION. SO MANY OF US DON’T REALIZE THE HORRIBLE VALUES OUR CHILDREN ARE BEING TAUGHT BY THE TELEVISION OR I-PHONE GUESTS WE BRING IN TO OUR HOMES. I REFUSE TO HAVE A TELEVISION AT MARYCREST MANOR. I’D WASTE SO MUCH TIME. I HAVE ABOUT 200 DVDs THAT I WATCH SPARINGLY AND WITH OTHERS.

1960s MY FRIENDS, THE RAWLINGS, REFUSED TO HAVE TV IN THEIR HOME. HOW MUCH HEALTHIER OUR HOMES WOULD BE IF WE SPENT AS MUCH TIME TALKING TO EACH OTHER ABOUT OUR HOBBIES, INTERESTS, FAITH, OPINIONS AND HOW MUCH WE CARE ABOUT EACH OTHER AS WE DO LISTENING TO NEWS COMMENTATORS TELLING US WHAT THEIR NETWORK BOSSES WANT US TO BE CONVINCED TO THINK. I HAVE A REAL DISLIKE FOR NETWORK NEWS. I HAVE SEEN SO MANY CRIME SCENES IN PERSON THEN SEEN THE MEDIA “SPIN” ON THEM THAT IT MAKES ME SICK

THERE IS OFTEN NO CONNECTION BETWEEN THE TRUTH OF WHAT HAPPENED AND HOW THE MEDIA PORTRAYS IT. I AM VERY DISILLUSIONED BY IT ALL AND FOR NOW PREFER LIMITED PUBLIC RADIO WHICH I SUPPORT.

A GOOD MOVIE CAN, HOWEVER, BE A REAL JOURNEY INTO LIFE AND UNDERSTANDING LIFE. MY DAD OFTEN CRIED WATCHING MOVIES. I DO, TOO AND AM NOT ASHAMED TO BE MOVED BY FEELINGS THAT PORTRAY LIFE AS I HAVE EXPERIENCED IT OR THINK I WOULD IN A SIMILAR SITUATION. I OFTEN USE MOVIES TO DEVELOP GOSPEL THEMES, HOMILIES AND RETREATS.

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES ARE ANOTHER ISSUE. SEEING A GREAT PERFORMANCE ON SCREEN AND THEN FINDING OUT THAT THE HERO WAS A REAL JERK OFF SCREEN CAN RUIN IT FOR ME. THE GREEK WORD FOR AN ACTOR IS "HYPOCRITE." IT IS THE SAME FOR A PRIEST OR DEACON, BY THE WAY.

ON THE OTHER HAND, THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT A GREAT ACTOR, A PERSON OF GOD, PORTRAYING A SAINT OR HERO. THERE ARE SOME OUTSTANDING CATHOLIC ACTORS WHO REALLY "NAILED IT" FOR ME. GREGORY PECK PLAYING THE PREACHER IN **MOBY DICK**, **HORATIO HORNBLLOWER**, **12-O'CLOCK HIGH**, CAPTAIN DWIGHT TOWERS, **ON THE BEACH** OR McKANE IN **THE BIG COUNTRY**, SOPHIA LOREN AS CHEMENE IN **EL CID**, OR HER PERFORMANCE OF A WOMAN OF FAITH TORN TO DO THE RIGHT THING IN **THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION** OR AS DULCINEA IN **MAN OF LA MANCHA**. JOHN WAYNE AS DAVY CROCKETT IN **THE ALAMO**, OR RUSTY IN **THEY WERE EXPENDIBLE**. MILLA JOVOVICH BROUGHT JOAN OF ARC TO LIFE FOR ME IN **THE MESSENGER**. GARY COOPER WAS CATHOLIC AND PLAYED IN **HIGH NOON (DAD'S FAVORITE FLICK)**, AUDRY HEPBURN IN **MY FAIR LADY** AND HAP IN **ALWAYS**, I BELIEVE EACH OF THESE ACTORS BROUGHT THEIR FAITH AND MORALS TO THE SCREEN IN WAYS THAT INSPIRED, WHICH IS NOT TO RULE OUT OTHER GREAT PERFORMANCES BY MANY OTHER TALENTED PEOPLE.

SOME MOVIES THAT REALLY INSPIRED ME TO LIVE A BETTER LIFE INCLUDE **GETTYSBURG**, **SCENT OF A WOMAN**, **BEN HUR**, **MIDWAY**, FIRST VERSION, **THE WIND AND THE LION**, **TAKING CHANCE**, **SAVING PRIVATE RYAN**, **PATTON**, **ALWAYS**, **APOLLO 13**, **CONTACT**, **EMPIRE OF THE SUN**, **UNDER SIEGE**, **A FEW GOOD MEN** AND **TOP GUN-MAVERICK**. I OUTRIGHT DISAGREED WITH THE FAITH, MORALS AND POLITICS (AS REPORTED) IN THE ACTORS OF *SOME* OF THESE MOVIES, BUT THE PORTRAYALS ON SCREEN I FOUND INSPIRING AND WORTHY OF MERIT.

I LET MYSELF GO IN SHARING SOME OF THE LISTS INCLUDED IN THIS MANUSCRIPT. I KNOW SOME OF THESE LISTS WILL BE A WASTE OF TIME FOR THE READER. HOWEVER, FOR THOSE FEW OF YOU WHO MAY SHARE MY PASSION FOR MOVIES (OR SHIPS, OR MUSIC), IT MAY GIVE US SOMETHING IN COMMON TO SHARE IN LATER YEARS WHEN ALL WE CAN DO IS BE PASSIVE!

LESSON #1: EVANGELIZATION IS TELLING THE STORY OF JESUS, THE CHURCH HE FOUNDED AND THE TEACHINGS OF THAT CHURCH ON FAITH AND MORALS.

LESSON #2: REALLY GOOD ACTORS, ACTRESSES AND MOVIES EVANGELIZE.

CHAPTER 47. A FEW FAVORITE SONGS AND SYMPHONIES.

**"IF I LOVED YOU, TIME AND AGAIN I WOULD TRY TO SAY
HOW I LOVED YOU, IF I LOVED YOU."**

"IF I LOVED YOU,"

CAROUSEL

ROGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN SEEMED TO HAVE THE ABILITY TO CAPTURE MOMENTS OF INTENSITY AND AFFECTION LIKE FEW OTHER COMPOSERS. A NUMBER OF OTHERS COULD DO THE SAME. HERE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITES.

SOUTH PACIFIC- YOU'VE GOT TO BE TAUGHT JOHN KERR
 SOME ENCHANTED EVENING ROSSANO BRAZZI
 A COCKEYED OPTIMIST MITZI GAYNOR
 THIS NEARLY WAS MINE ROSSANO BRAZZI
OKLAHOMA OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN' GORDON MacRae
SOUND OF MUSIC WHAT WILL THIS DAY BE LIKE JULIE ANDREWS
 CLIMB EVERY MOUNTAIN MARION DEGLER
 SOMETHING GOOD JULIE ANDREWS
MAN OF LA MANCHA DULCINEA PETER O'TOOLE
 ALDONZA SOPHIA LOREN
 THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM PETER O'TOOLE
CAROUSEL IF I LOVED YOU MARIO LANZA
HIGH NOON HIGH NOON, TEX RITTER, SONG BY FRANKIE LAINE.
CELTIC THUNDER BLACK IS THE COLOR OF MY TRUE LOVE'S HAIR.
AIDA (BROADWAY PLAY) DID I TAKE A STEP TOO FAR SIMONE
PORGY AND BESS (PLAY) I GOT PLENTY OF NUTTIN' PORGY
POPULAR 1962 DANNY KAYE D O D G E R S
COUNTRY PHANTOM 309 RED SOVINE
 TEDDY BEAR RED SOVINE
 DADDY'S GIRL RED SOVINE
COUNTRY BLIND MAN IN THE BLEACHERS KENNY STARR
 [A GREAT METAPHOR OF WHAT IT WAS LIKE PLAYING
 FOOTBALL AND RUNNING TRACK IN HIGH SCHOOL
 WITH NEVER A FAMILY MEMBER IN THE BLEACHERS.]
COUNTRY THE DEVIL WENT DOWN TO GEORGIA CHARLIE DANIEL'S BAND
COUNTRY RAGGED OL' FLAG JOHNNY CASH
CLASSICAL CAPRICCIO ITALIAN PETER TCHAIKOVSKY
CLASSICAL BOLERO RAVEL
CLASSICAL VICTORY AT SEA RICHARD ROGERS
CLASSICAL THE NEW WORLD SYMPHONY ANTON DVORJAK
CLASSICAL THE FIREBIRD SUITE IGOR STRAVINSKY
CLASSICAL ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA RICHARD STRAUSS
CLASSICAL FLIGHT OF THE VAULKERIES, RICHARD WAGNER
CLASSICAL FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN AARON COPELAND
CLASSICAL LIGHT CAVALRY OVERATURE FRANZ VON SUPPE'

"... I DO NOT KNOW WHAT FATE AWAITS ME
 I ONLY KNOW I MUST BE BRAVE
 AND I MUST FACE A MAN WHO HATES ME
 OR LIE A COWARD, A CRAVEN COWARD
 OR LIE A COWARD IN MY GRAVE."
 SONG "HIGH NOON"
 TEX RITTER

CHAPTER 48. I HAD TO TAKE TIME TO PRAY.

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES WAS A FRENCH BISHOP. HE WAS ALSO A VERY WISE, ASTUTE AND PRACTICAL MAN WHO WAS A GREAT SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR. I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO FOLLOW HIS ADVICE SINCE I WAS 14.

THE FIRST THING IS TO MAKE A MORNING OFFERING TO PREPARE
 FOR ALL THE ACTION OF THE DAY. HUMBLE YOURSELF IN THE
 PRESENCE OF GOD; ACKNOWLEDGE THAT OF YOURSELF, YOU ARE

**INCAPABLE OF CARRYING OUT YOUR RESOLUTIONS EITHER TO
AVOID SIN OR DO GOOD. THEN HE SAYS . . .**

“I BEG YOU NEVER OMIT THIS EXERCISE.”

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES

CHAPTER 5, INTRODUCTION TO THE DEVOUT LIFE.

MY CURRENT PERSONAL MORNING OFFERING

**I’M LEARNING, LORD,
I OFFER THIS DAY TO YOU AND ALL OF MYSELF,
ESPECIALLY MY BODY IN PAIN (ESP IN CELIB)
FOR THE SALVATION OF ALL THOSE
I WOULD ENJOY KNOWING
IN MY FREEDOM THAT I RELINQUISH,
IN MY MEMORY THAT I WOULD ENJOY,
IN MY UNDERSTANDING, WHICH ELUDES ME AND
IN MY PERPLEXITY WHICH CONFUSES MY MIND SO OFTEN.
I HUMBLY ASK FOR STRENGTH,
IN FEEBLE IMITATION OF JESUS . . .
MY MESSIAH AND BROTHER.
“I GET IN TO THE BOAT, PUSH OUT IN TO DEEP WATER AND
PRAY FOR THE COURAGE TO FACE UP TO THE REALITY THAT
GOD CALLS ME SAYING, “I NEED YOU.”**

MICHAEL

2025

THERE WAS A STUDY DONE WITH RATS IN ONE OF THE SCANDANAVIAN COUNTRIES AROUND THE 1970s. I WISH I HAD THE PROPER REFERENCES TO ITS OFFICIAL TITLE. HERE’S WHAT I DO REMEMBER.

THEY TOOK A LARGE BARREL AND FILLED IT HALF FULL OF WATER. THEN THEY PLACED SEVERAL RATS IN THE WATER. THEY WERE UNABLE TO GET OUT BY THEMSELVES. AFTER 5 MINUTES, THEY WERE BEGINNING TO DROWN. THE RESEARCHERS THEN REACHED IN, TOOK EACH RAT OUT AND STROKED AND PETTED IT FOR A FEW MINUTES AND PLACED IT BACK IN THE BARREL. THEY SWAM FOR 15 MINUTES. THEY REPEATED THIS PROCESS PLACING THEM BACK IN THE WATER. THEY SWAM FOR 24 HOURS.

LESSON: ANIMALS, MAMMALS AND PEOPLE NEED TO BE AFFIRMED ONCE IN AWHILE, EITHER PHYSICALLY OR METAPHYSICALLY. IT DOESN’T COST A LOT TO COMPLEMENT SOMEONE.

JESUS WAS GIVING COMPLEMENTS TO PEOPLE ALL THE TIME FOR EXAMPLE;
TO MARY, SISTER OF LAZARUS, “YOU HAVE CHOSEN THE BETTER PART,” (LK. 10:42)
TO A SCRIBE, “YOU ARE NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN,” (MK. 12:34)
OF CHILDREN, “THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN BELONGS TO SUCH AS THESE,” (MT. 19:14)
OF JOHN THE BAPTIST, “THERE WAS NOT ONE GREATER,” (LK. 7:28)
TO PETER, “YOU ARE PETER AND UPON THIS ROCK . . . ,” (MT. 16:18)
TO THE CANAANITE WOMAN, “O WOMAN, GREAT IS YOUR FAITH, (MT. 15:21),

AND, WHEN PETER SAYS TO JESUS, “DEPART FROM ME, FOR I AM A SINFUL MAN,”
JESUS INVITES HIM TO FOLLOW ANYWAY, A REAL AFFIRMATION. (LK. 5:8-11).

A WELL-PLACED COMPLEMENT OR COMMENDATION CAN STRENGTHEN AN INDIVIDUAL AND THEREFORE, AN ORGANIZATION.

THE ORDINATION CLASS OF 1972 WAS AN AMAZING, TALENTED GROUP OF INDIVIDUALS. SOME PAID A HEAVY PRICE FOR THEIR INTEGRITY. **MY PERSONAL OPINION IS THAT ONE OF THE GRAVEST SINS OF SUBORDINATES, EQUALS OR SUPERIORS IS TO PUNISH SOMEONE FOR AN ACT OF INTEGRITY-TELLING A TRUTH THAT NEEDS TO BE HEARD.**

ARCHDIOCESE OF LOS ANGELES ORDINATION CLASS 1972	SAINT JOHN'S SEMINARY ORDINATION CLASS OF 1973
27 May	
Joseph Battaglia	Stephen Blair
Jerry Bellamy	Terrance Fleming
Edward Clark	Robert Gallagher
R. David Cousineau	Timothy German
Gerald Fessard	Philip Kavanaugh
Michael Shea Fousie	Richard Kennedy
George Dmitry Gallaro	Richard Krekelberg
Michael Harris	Daniel Laner
Rick Henry	Ruben Lopez
Joseph W. Herres	Michael McCullough
George Horan	Paul R. Montoya
Ted Llanos	Daniel Murray
Ted Olson	Timothy Nichols
Joseph D. Pina	John Schiavone
Douglas Ralston	Christian Van Liefde
Gerald Young	Stephen Vecsey
Jeremiah J. McCarthy (Tucson, June 4)	John Allt (Tucson)
John D. Stoeger (June 16)	Dale Krick (Phoenix)
<i>Dennis A. Young</i>	Robert Spencer (Fresno)
<i>Dennis Velucci</i>	Robert Trupia (Trupia)
	John Terao (Nagoya, Japan)
	<i>GREG KING</i>
	<i>JOE GREGLEY</i>

THE ORDINATION CLASS OF 1973 IS AN AMAZING SOURCE OF BOUNDLESS ENERGY FOR GOOD.

WHEN I PRAY THE CONFITEOR AND SAY, "FOR WHAT I HAVE DONE AND **WHAT I HAVE FAILED TO DO,**" AM I REMEMBERING THE TIMES I FAILED TO AFFIRM OTHERS?

THE DIFFERENCE

**I GOT UP EARLY THIS MORNING
AND RUSHED RIGHT INTO THE DAY;
I HAD SO MUCH TO ACCOMPLISH
THAT I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO PRAY.**

**PROBLEMS JUST TUMBLED ABOUT ME
AND HEAVIER CAME EACH TASK,
"WHY DOESN'T GOD HELP?" I WONDERED.
HE ANSWERED, "YOU DIDN'T ASK."**

**I WANTED TO SEE JOY AND BEAUTY,
BUT THE DAY TOILED ON GRAY AND BLEAK.
I WONDERED WHY GOD DIDN'T SHOW ME.
HE SAID, "BUT YOU DIDN'T SEEK."**

I TRIED TO COME INTO GOD'S PRESENCE;

**I TRIED ALL MY KEYS IN THE LOCK.
GOD GENTLY CHIDED,
“MY CHILD YOU DIDN’T KNOCK.”**

**I WOKE UP EARLY THIS MORNING,
AND PAUSED BEFORE ENTERING THE DAY;
I HAD SO MUCH TO ACCOMPLISH
THAT I HAD TO TAKE TIME TO PRAY.
ANONYMOUS**

**“OH! HOW I LOVE THOSE WORDS SAID THE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING: I WILL DO AND SUFFER
EVERYTHING THIS DAY FOR THE GLORY OF GOD . . . NOTHING FOR THE WORLD OR PERSONAL
INTEREST, ALL TO PLEASE MY SAVIOR!”
SAINT JOHN MARY VIANNEY**

**LET NO ONE THINK HE CAN BE TOTALLY INDIFFERENT TO GOD IN THIS LIFE
AND SUDDENLY DEVELOP A CAPACITY FOR HIM AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH.
THE WISDOM OF FULTON SHEEN.**

LESSON: WE HAVE TO LET GOD AFFIRM US ONCE IN AWHILE. HE DOES SO WHEN WE PRAY.

CHAPTER 49. ENCOUNTERS WITH THE OCCULT.

“I’M AN ANCIENT WIZARD.”

**I MET DR. STEPHANIE BARONE McKENNY, MY FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE IN THE LAPD
PSYCHOLOGIST’S CADRE, ONE DAY FOR A PROFESSIONAL CONSULTATION ABOUT A POLICE
OFFICER. WE MET AT CHASE PARK IN MARINA DEL REY. AS WE WERE SITTING ON A PARK
BENCH, A MAN OF ABOUT 35 WALKED PAST IN A TRENCH COAT OVER COLLEGE-LOOKING ATTIRE.
HE BRISKLY PASSED US GLANCING OUR WAY, STOPPED ABRUPTLY AND RETURNED TO INTERRUPT
OUR CONVERSATION. HE BEGAN QUITE AUTHORITATIVELY. “I’M AN ANCIENT WIZARD!”
WITHOUT A SECOND’S HESITATION, DR. STEPHANIE SHOT BACK TO HIM, “ARE YOU REALLY
NOW?” “YES, I AM.” SHE SAID, “ARE YOU IN THE LIGHT OR IN THE DARKNESS?” HE SAID, “OH,
I’M IN THE LIGHT.” NEVER MISSING A BEAT, SHE LOOKED HIM IN THE EYE AND GENTLY NOTED,
“MY FRIEND HERE IS A CATHOLIC PRIEST. WOULD YOU LIKE HIS BLESSING?” HE DID AN ABOUT-
FACE FASTER THAN A MARINE ON A PARADE GROUND AND TOOK OFF LIKE A RUPTURED
DUCK.**

**I WAS FLABBERGASTED! AN AMAZING CATHOLIC WOMAN, DR. STEPHANIE HAS ALWAYS BEEN
IN TUNE WITH THE DIMENSIONS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR, BUT SHE REALLY ASTONISHED ME WITH
THAT ONE. I WAS QUITE CONFIDENT WE’D HAD AN ENCOUNTER WITH EVIL A WIZARD IS A
MALE WITCH.**

**MY PURPOSE HERE IS NOT TO BE DRAMATIC. IT’S NOT TO SEE WHO CAN TELL THE SCARIEST
CAMPFIRE STORY TO KEEP YOU AWAKE AT NIGHT. I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD AND READ ENOUGH
ABOUT THE DEVIL TO KNOW HE IS REAL; FROM **THE BIBLE**, TO THE **LIVES OF THE SAINTS** TO
BOOKS, ESPECIALLY **UNBOUND** BY NEAL LOZANO AND **THE DEVIL IN THE CITY OF THE ANGELS**
BY JESSE ROMERO. JESSE IS A RETIRED LOS ANGELES COUNTY SHERIFF WHO HAS ACCOUNTS TO
MAKE YOU THINK. I HAVE FIRST-HAND EXPERIENCES IN THE NEIGHBORHOODS HE WORKED
AND OBSERVED OCCULT PHENOMENA. 31 OF MY 49 YEARS AS A DEACON AND PRIEST WERE IN
THE CENTRAL CITY PARISHES WHERE GANG INFESTATION RUNS RAMPENT. EVERY RECTORY I
LIVED IN HAD BARS ON THE WIDOWS. THREE BULLET-HOLES GRACED THE WINDOWS OF MY
QUARTERS AT TRANSFIGURATION. I LIVED AT IMPERIAL AND NORMANDIE, ADAMS AND LA**

BREA, MANCHESTER AND VERMONT, 57TH AND VERMONT AND MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. BLVD AT 4TH AVENUE. I SAW THE HOMES WITHIN WILSHIRE, 77TH, HOLLENBECK AND SOUTHWEST DIVISIONS FROM INSIDE AND OUTSIDE AND HEARD THE TALES OF TRAUMA AND TERROR FROM THE PARISHIONERS WHO LIVED IN THESE NEIGHBORHOODS.

COUNTY SHERIFFS BEGIN THE FIRST TWO YEARS OF THEIR CAREER WORKING THE JAIL IN DOWNTOWN L. A. **JESSE ROMERO** WAS A CERTIFIED CATECHIST TEACHING RELIGION TO CHILDREN IN EAST LOS ANGELES AND PRACTICING HIS CATHOLIC FAITH BEFORE JOINING THE SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT. BEING ASSIGNED TO THE JAIL PUT HIM IN TOUCH DAILY WITH SOME OF THE MOST HARDENED AND NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS IN CITY HISTORY. JAILERS GET TO KNOW THESE PEOPLE THROUGH DAILY ENCOUNTERS LIKE BRINGING FOOD TO THEIR CELLS AND ESCOURTING THEM TO EXERCISE. HIS EXPERIENCES INCLUDED ENCOUNTERS AND CONVERSATIONS WITH PEOPLE WHOSE CRIMES ARE UNTHINKABLE. ONE MURDERED A FAMILY OF FIVE, THEN CANABALIZED THEIR BODIES—ATE THEM. ANOTHER WAS THE FAMOUS **RICHARD RAMIREZ, THE NIGHT STALKER** JUST TO NAME A COUPLE. IF YOU WANT MORE ON THIS STUFF, READ THESE BOOKS.

JUST FOR THE RECORD, THE POLICY WITH LAPD IS IF YOU WORK VICE, YOU DON'T ORDINARILY WORK IT FOR MORE THAN TWO YEARS. BEING EXPOSED TO UNBELIEVABLE DEPRAVITY DAY-IN, DAY-OUT, CAN GET TO A PERSON AND OFFER TERRIBLE TEMPTATIONS. FURTHERMORE, BEING EXPOSED TO DISEASE-RIDDEN ENVIRONMENTS LIKE PARK RESTROOMS, FLOP MOTELS, DIRTY NEEDLES, VENERIALLY DISEASED SUBJECTS AND SUSPECTS ARE UNHEALTHY. AN OFFICER COULD BE INTENTINALLY INJECTED WITH A "DIRTY" NEEDLE DURING A PAT-DOWN SEARCH, INFECTED WITH AIDS ONLY TO DISCOVER OVER TIME HE OR SHE IS A "CARRIER," UNKNOWINGLY TRANSMITTING THE DISEASE TO A SPOUSE, WHO CONTRACTS THE FATAL INFECTION OR PASSES IT ON TO CHILDREN.

IF YOU CAN IMAGINE IT, PEACE OFFICERS HAVE SEEN IT. **PLEASE PRAY FOR THEM.** CONSTANT EXPOSURE TO INFECTED BLOOD, VOMIT AND SPITTLE IS A TOXIC ENVIRONMENT. THAT'S WHY SPITTING ON A PERSON IS A FELONY. CARDINAL MAHONY WAS TAKING A LETTER TO THE MAILBOX ONE DAY AND HAD A VIAL OF URINE THROWN ON HIM. IT IS A COMMON EXPERIENCE FOR LAW ENFORCEMENT. **PLEASE PRAY FOR THEM.** MAINSTREAM MEDIA SOMEHOW NEARLY ALWAYS FAIL TO REPORT THESE TYPES OF CRIMES. I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE ELSE TO PUT THESE TWO PARAGRAPHS.

THE TAKE HOME IS THIS. I RECOMMEND THAT YOU TAKE *satan* SERIOUSLY. I REFUSE TO CAPITALIZE HIS NAME. THE DEVIL IS REAL. HE IS SO REAL SOME MODERN THEOLOGAINS SAY HIS VERY EXISTENCE IS A PROOF OF GOD'S EXISTENCE. THE BIBLE CALLS HIM WHAT HE IS . . . **THE ACCUSER.** IF HE CAN CONVINCE YOU HOW BAD YOU ARE BECAUSE OF SOMETHING YOU'VE DONE, THEN HE CAN CONVINCE YOU THAT YOU ARE SO BAD, GOD CAN'T LOVE YOU. THAT'S ONE OF HIS GREAT LIES.

MY FIRST PARISH ASSIGNMENT WAS ST. AUGUSTINE IN CULVER CITY, 1973. THAT WAS THE YEAR THE MOVIE, **THE EXORCIST** CAME OUT. I HAD AT LEAST 100 ENQUIRIES THAT YEAR ABOUT THE DEVIL. I STUDIED UP MORE THAN I WOULD HAVE WITH ALL THE INTEREST THE MOVIE CREATED. I LEARNED THAT THE DEVIL IS LIKE A MAD DOG CHAINED. HE HAS A CIRCLE WITHIN WHICH HE ROAMS FREE. MOST OF THE TIME, IF YOU STAY OUT OF HIS CIRCLE, YOU WILL BE OKAY. BUT IF YOU GET IN TO **OUIJA BOARDS** AND **TAROT CARDS** AND **FORTUNE TELLERS** AND **BRUJAS**, THEIR SHOPS AND **WHITE MAGIC** BEWARE. YOU HAVE CROSSED A LINE. ONCE YOU'VE DONE THAT, **BLACK MAGIC** CAN FOLLOW QUICKLY. PORNOGRAPHY, DIGGING UP BODIES IN CEMETERIES, HUMAN TRAFFICING, CHILD ABDUCTION, MAJOR CRIME, SEXUAL SLAVERY, BLACK MASSES, THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS AND ALL MANNER OF EVIL ARE JUST AROUND THE CORNER. CHECK THE BULLETIN BOARDS OF WAL-MART AND OTHER STORES. THE NUMBER OF MISSING CHILDREN HOVERS AROUND 300, 000 PER YEAR IN AMERICA. THAT IS ONLY WHAT IS REPORTED. EXTREME VIGILANCE IS IN ORDER. KNOW WHAT GOES ON IN THE HOMES OF BABY-SITTERS. MOVIES DEPICTING THE CHILD KIDNAPPING INDUSTRY, GIVING INFORMATION

TO THE PUBLIC ARE OPPOSED. **WHO DOESN'T WANT PARENTS TO BE AWARE OF THESE DANGERS?** A MOTION PICTURE THAT DEPICTED THE REALITY OF THE DEPTHS TO WHICH EVIL CAN DESCEND RELATING TO CHILD ABDUCTION AND SEXUAL SLAVERY IS **THE SOUND OF FREEDOM**, STARRING JIM CAVIEZEL BASED ON A TRUE STORY PORTRAYING TIM BALLARD, A FORMER US GOVERNMENT AGENT WHO EMBARKS ON A MISSION TO RESCUE CHILDREN FROM SEX TRAFFICKERS IN COLUMBIA (2023). **IF I LEARNED ANYTHING IN 500 RIDE-A-LONGS WITH LAW ENFORCEMENT, IT IS THAT EVIL PLAYS FOR KEEPS.**



MSGR. JOHN ESSEFF, EXORCIST.

REGARDING VIGILANCE DURING TIMES YOU'RE SHEPHERDING CHILDREN, LET ME GIVE YOU A SCENARIO IN A POLICE TRAINING FILM. A MOTHER IS HOLDING A 1-YEAR-OLD INFANT WHILE A THREE-YEAR-OLD IS IN A HANDHELD CARRIER AT HER FEET. THEY ARE IN AN AIRPORT TERMINAL (OR ANY NUMBER OF PLACES) CONFIGURED AS THEY ARE. HUSBAND HAS RUN TO A CONCESSION STAND FOR CONVENIENCE FOOD. A TEAM OF TWO OR THREE ACCOMPLICES STAGE AN INCIDENT, A DISTRACTION. ONE PRETENDS TO ACCIDENTLY SPILL A SOFT DRINK ON MOM, CREATING A DRAMATIC, NOISY SCENE. WHILE MOM IS ESPRESSING HER ANGER AT HER AND HER BABY BEING SPLASHED WITH THE DRINK, A THIRD PERPETRATOR SNEAKS UP FROM BEHIND AND GRABS THE BABY IN THE CARRIER AND VANISHES INTO THE CROWD. **THIS HAPPENS ALL THE TIME.** MOTHER TURNS TO REALIZE THE 3-YEAR-OLD IS MISSING, STARTS SCREAMING, BUT THE CHILD IS GONE, PERHAPS NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN. THE CHILD IS DELIVERED TO A FOURTH ACCOMPLIST IN A WAITING VEHICLE AND THE CHILD VANISHES INTO THE SINISTER WORLD OF SEX SLAVERY. CROSSING INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARIES CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED WITHIN HOURS AND THE CHILD WILL GENERATE \$1,000s IN REVENUE EACH DAY FOR "JOHNS," CLIENTS IN SINISTER "RESORTS" ON ISLANDS OR CITIES ALL OVER THE WORLD. **I'M NOT MAKING THIS UP.** IT IS SO HARD TO IMAGINE THIS CAN HAPPEN, BUT IT IS REAL. SO **BEWARE AND VIGILANT WITH YOUR OWN CHILD OR WATCHING OTHERS' CHILDREN.**

SIN IS REAL. AND WHEN A SOCIETY DENIES THAT SIN EXISTS, THAT SOCIETY IS IN GRAVE DANGER. I HEARD A STATISTIC YESTERDAY (28 MAY 2026) THAT ALARMS ME. POLLS SHOWED 25 YEARS AGO, 3% OF AMERICANS DID NOT BELIEVE IN GOD OR ATTEND CHURCH. MOST RECENTLY, SIMILAR POLLS INDICATE THAT 29% OF AMERICANS DO NOT BELIEVE IN GOD. MISSING MASS OR CHURCH ON SUNDAY TO PLAY SPORTS MAY BE FUN, BUT IT IS DISASTEROUS TO THE SOUL AND EVENTUALLY TO THE SOCIETY. THAT IS WHY THE THIRD COMMANDMENT IS PLACED SO CLOSE TO THE FIRST. **REMEMBER TO KEEP THE HOLY THE SABBATH.** THAT'S WHY NEARLY ALL PARISHES OFFER SATURDAY EVENING AND SUNDAY EVENING MASSES. PUTTING GOD FIRST WILL PAY BIG DIVIDENDS IN THIS LIFE AND THE NEXT. PUTTING GOD SECOND TO ANYTHING WILL JEOPARDIZE ONE'S SOUL AND THOSE AROUND ONE.

IF YOU WANT TO HEAR MY EXPERIENCES REGARDING LIVING IN THE DESERT FOR 6 YEARS AND MINISTERING AT THE NAVAL HOSPITAL FOR THE SAME AMOUNT OF TIME, GIVE ME A CALL. I WAS ASKED TO BE INVOLVED IN **DELIVERANCE MINISTRY** AND CONSULTED WITH SPIRITUAL DIRECTORS WITH TRAINING IN THOSE AREAS. **MSGR. JOHN ESSEFF**, OF MY **COR UNUM** INTERNATIONAL PRAYER GROUP, 95 AND STILL GOING STRONG, IS A FORMER EXORCIST FOR THE DIOCESE OF SCRANTON, PA. I ATTENDED AN 8-DAY EXCELLENT RETREAT HE GAVE ON THE ANGELS. THE devil IS A FALLEN ANGEL. WHAT I EXPERIENCED AT THE NAVAL HOSPITAL ON THE BASE WAS EXTRAORDINARY AND WITNESSED BY NUMEROUS PEOPLE WHO ALL APPROACHED ME SEPARATELY FOR MY RESPONSE—CATHOLIC AND NON-CATHOLIC ALIKE.

EVIL IS SURFACING MORE AND MORE BOLDLY ON EVERY FRONT. MAINSTREAM MEDIA CONSTANTLY BELITTLES RELIGION AND THE WORSHIP OF GOD WHICH IS ANOTHER PROOF OF HIS EXISTENCE. AGAIN, I'M NOT TRYING TO BE SENSATIONALISTIC. I'M JUST SUGGESTING THAT YOU TAKE A HARD, PRAYERFUL LOOK AROUND TO SEE WHAT GOES ON IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD AND NEXT DOOR. ST. IGNATIUS ADVISED US TO DISCERN ALL SPIRITS CAREFULLY. **THE WISDOM BOOKS OF THE BIBLE** WARN THAT THERE IS "NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN." THE BIBLE RECORDS THE CENTURIES-OLD STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE NATION OF ISRAEL FALLING IN LOVE AND OUT OF LOVE WITH GOD. WE ARE IN A DANGEROUS TIME OF DARKENING SHADOWS.

LESSON #1: ONE OF THE BEST THINGS YOU CAN BE INVOLVED IN FOR YOUR SOUL'S SAKE IS A BIBLE STUDY IN YOUR PARISH OR ONLINE. ANOTHER IS TO RECEIVE CONFIRMATION IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY. RECEIVE THE SACRAMENTS OF CONFESSION AND COMMUNION WEEKLY AS A MINIMUM. I PROMISE, IF PURSUED WITH FERVOR, THESE PILLARS OF CHRISTIAN LIVING WILL MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN YOUR LIFE. THE DEVIL HATES PEOPLE IN THE STATE OF GRACE.

LESSON #2: "REST IS RESERVED FOR HEAVEN; ON EARTH WE MUST ALWAYS STRUGGLE BETWEEN HOPE AND FEAR." MAXIMS, ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

COUNTRY SONG, "THE DEVIL WENT DOWN TO GEORGIA,"
CHARLIE DANIEL'S BAND

CHAPTER 50. IT WILL MAKE OR BREAK A COMPANY, A CHURCH, A HOME.

ATTITUDE

"THE LONGER I LIVE, THE MORE I REALIZE THE IMPACT OF ATTITUDE ON MY LIFE. ATTITUDE, TO ME, IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN FACTS. IT IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE PAST, THAN EDUCATION, THAN MONEY, THAN CIRCUMSTANCES, THAN SUCCESSES, THAN WHAT PEOPLE THINK OR SAY OR DO. IT IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN APPEARANCE, GIFTEDNESS OR SKILL. IT WILL MAKE OR BREAK A COMPANY . . . A CHURCH . . . A HOME. THE REMARKABLE THING IS WE HAVE A CHOICE EVERY DAY REGARDING THE ATTITUDE WE WILL HAVE FOR THAT DAY. WE CANNOT CHANGE OUR PAST . . . WE CANNOT CHANGE THE INEVITABLE. THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO IS PLAY THE ONE STRING WE HAVE, AND THAT IS OUR ATTITUDE . . . I AM CONVINCED THAT LIFE IS 10% WHAT HAPPENS TO ME AND 90% HOW I REACT TO IT AND SO IT IS WITH YOU . . . WE ARE IN CHARGE OF OUR ATTITUDES."

CHARLES SWINDOLL

**TWO MEN LOOKED THROUGH THEIR PRISON BARS.
ONE SAW MUD, THE OTHER SAW STARS.**

ARCHBISHOP FULTON SHEEN,
THE WORLD'S FIRST LOVE

LESSON #1: BLOOM WHERE YOU ARE PLANTED.
LESSON #2: IF LIFE GIVES YOU LEMONS, MAKE LEMONADE.

CHAPTER 51. THE WISEST PARAGRAPH IN THE BIG BOOK OF AA.

ACCEPTANCE

AND ACCEPTANCE IS THE ANSWER TO ALL MY PROBLEMS TODAY. WHEN I AM DISTURBED, IT IS BECAUSE I FIND SOME PERSON, PLACE, THING, OR SITUATION—SOME FACT OF MY LIFE—UNACCEPTABLE TO ME, AND I CAN FIND NO SERENITY UNTIL I ACCEPT THAT PERSON, PLACE, THING OR SITUATION AS BEING EXACTLY THE WAY IT IS SUPPOSED TO BE AT THIS MOMENT. NOTHING, ABSOLUTELY NOTHING HAPPENS IN GOD’S WORLD BY MISTAKE. UNTIL I COULD ACCEPT MY ALCOHOLISM—[OR *FILL IN MY OWN PERSONAL “ISM,”*] I COULD NOT STAY SOBER; UNLESS I ACCEPT LIFE COMPLETELY ON LIFE’S TERMS, I CANNOT BE HAPPY. I NEED TO CONCENTRATE NOT SO MUCH ON WHAT NEEDS TO BE CHANGED IN THE WORLD AS ON WHAT NEEDS TO BE CHANGED IN ME AND IN MY ATTITUDES.

PAGE 449, THE BIG BOOK [ITALICS MINE]

THE 12 STEPS OF AA. A SIMPLE PROGRAM TO GROW SPIRITUALLY.

1. ADMITTED WE WERE POWERLESS OVER ALCOHOL*--
THAT OUR LIVES HAD BECOME UNMANAGEABLE.
 2. CAME TO BELIEVE THAT POWER GREATER THAN OURSELVES
COULD RESTORE US TO SANITY.
 3. MADE A DECISION TO TURN OUR WILL AND OUR LIVES OVER
TO THE CARE OF GOD *AS WE UNDERSTOOD HIM.*
 4. MADE A FEARLESS AND SEARCHING MORAL INVENTORY OF
OURSELVES.
 5. ADMITTED TO GOD, OURSELVES, AND TO ANOTHER HUMAN
BEING THE EXACT NATURE OF OUR WRONGS.
 6. WERE ENTIRELY READY TO HAVE GOD REMOVE THESE DEFECTS OF
CHARACTER.
 7. HUMBLY ASKED HIM TO REMOVE OUR SHORTCOMINGS.
 8. MADE A LIST OF ALL PERSONS WE HAD HARMED, AND BECAME
WILLING TO MAKE AMENDS TO THEM ALL.
 9. MADE DIRECT AMENDS TO SUCH PEOPLE WHEREVER POSSIBLE,
EXCEPT WHEN TO DO SO WOULD INJURE THEM OR OTHERS.
 10. CONTINUED TO TAKE PERSONAL INVENTORY AND WHEN WE WERE
WRONG PROMPTLY ADMITTED IT.
 11. SOUGHT THROUGH PRAYER AND MEDITATION TO IMPROVE OUR
CONSCIOUS CONTACT WITH GOD AS WE UNDERSTOOD HIM,
PRAYING FOR KNOWLEDGE OF HIS WILL FOR US AND
THE POWER TO CARRY THAT OUT.
 12. HAVING HAD A SPIRITUAL AWAKENING AS A RESULT OF THESE
STEPS, WE TRIED TO CARRY THIS MESSAGE TO ALCOHOLICS,
[& ALL OTHERS STRUGGLING WITH ADDICTIONS] AND
TO PRACTICE THESE PRINCIPLES IN ALL OUR AFFAIRS.
- I HAVE FOUND IT USEFUL FOR MYSELF OR OTHERS WHO ARE NOT ALCOHOLIC, BUT
HAVE ADDICTIVE PERSONALITIES, TO SUBSTITUTE THESE WORDS FOR ALCOHOL;

SHOPPING, SEX, GAMBLING, NARCOTICS, CONTROL, PRESCRIPTION DRUGS OR PAIN KILLERS, BONDAGE, CO-DEPENDENCY, RESENTMENT, ETC.

- **THE 12 TRADITIONS** ARE ALSO VERY USEFUL ESPECIALLY IF YOU WANT TO START AND/OR CONTINUE A 12-STEP GROUP.

CHAPTER 52. CELIBACY.

VARIETY MAY BE THE SPICE OF LIFE
BUT IT'S MONOTONY THAT PROVIDES THE GROCERIES.

“MANY ARE COLD, BUT FEW ARE FROZEN,”
UNCLE JACK DOLMAGE

THIS WAS THE HARDEST CHAPTER TO WRITE. IT WAS THE LAST I COMPOSED, PROCRASTINATING TO THE END. PART OF THAT IS BECAUSE I WANT IT TO BE THE BEST. **THIS IS THE MOST MEANINGFUL FOR ME OF ALL THE CHAPTERS.**

MY FEELINGS FOR THIS SUBJECT WERE FIRST STIRRED WHEN I SAW **THE MOVIE EL CID**, A DEPICTION OF WHAT I CONSIDER THE HIGHEST FORM OF LOVE. WITH ALL MY FEELINGS ABOUT THE SEA AND NAVAL SERVICE INSPIRED BY **HORNBLOWER**, ANOTHER STYLE OF LOVE IS OCCURRING IN YOUR HEART, FIRST **FOR YOUR SHIP** IF YOU ARE AT SEA. IT IS ALSO IN YOUR HEART **FOR YOUR BELOVED** NO MATTER HOW MANY MILES AWAY THEY MAY BE. YOU LOVE YOUR SHIP BECAUSE SHE TAKES YOU TO WAR, THEN SHE BRINGS YOU SAFELY HOME. YOU LOVE YOUR BELOVED BECAUSE **ONCE YOU HAVE FOUND HER YOU NEVER LET HER GO**, NO MATTER HOW MANY MILES SEPARATE YOU.

MY FEELINGS ABOUT **CELIBACY** WERE ALSO BEING FORMED AT THOSE 50 OR SO DINNERS I HAD WITH FAMILIES (MOSTLY CHRISTIAN) DURING AND AFTER MY HIGH SCHOOL YEARS. THEN AT THAT SPOT AT THE TENNIS COURTS AT ST. JOHN'S THEOLOGATE WHEN I PLEDGED MY LIFE TO GOD, KNOWING FULL WELL HOW WEAK I WAS YET ASKING FOR HIS STRENGTH. **MY FEELINGS ABOUT CELIBACY GREW EVERY TIME SOMEONE FELT I WAS SAFE AND TOLD ME THEIR DEEPEST, BRIGHTEST AND DARKEST SECRETS.** MEETING SOMEONE LIKE **SOPHIA (PSEUDONYM)** AND BEING CHALLENGED TO A HIGHER AND HIGHER LEVEL OF GIVING. THAT WAS GRACE AND MY PRAYER FOR HELP BEING ANSWERED.

MOVEMENTS LIKE *THE DA VINCI CODE* WERE ABSURD WHEN YOU HAVE EXPERIENCED THE TRUE LOVE CELIBACY CALLS US TO. **JESUS IS THE DIAMOND STANDARD.**

JESUS CHRIST LIVED CHASTELY AND THAT SETS THE **TONE** FOR HIS ENTIRE MINISTRY. HE IS A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS. A MAN OPEN TO ALL WOMEN, A MAN OPEN TO ALL MEN. EVERY ENCOUNTER OF JESUS RECORDED IN HISTORICALLY SOUND SACRED SCRIPTURE IS A STUDY IN LOVE, RELATIONSHIP, GROWTH AND CARING FOR THE OTHER PERSON. CELIBACY CALLS ONE TO GIVE ALL FOR THE OTHER UNCONDITIONALLY.

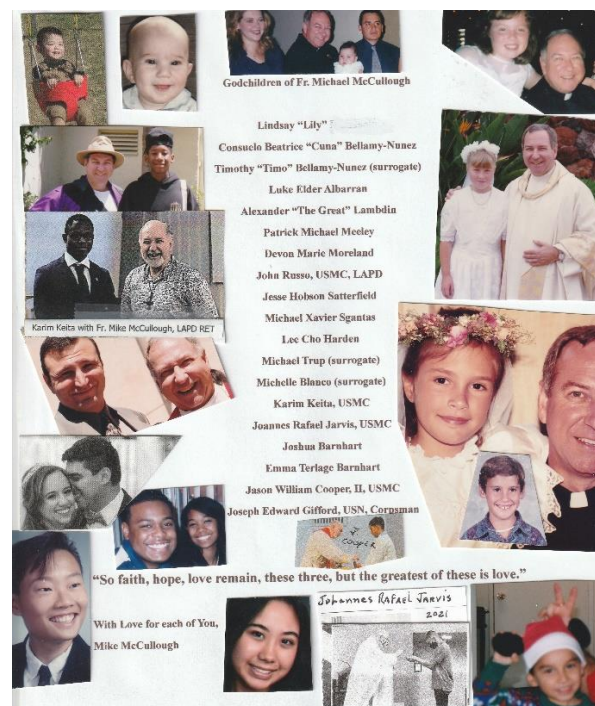
“TRUE LOVE WANTS TO BE FREE *FROM* SOMETHING *FOR* SOMETHING.”
ARCHBISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN
WORLD'S FIRST LOVE, 1952.

I ENTERED THE CELIBATE STATE THINKING I WAS GIVING UP SO MUCH FOR GOD. THE REALITY WAS THAT HIS GIFT TO ME WAS FAR GREATER THAN MINE. **GOD IS NEVER OUTDONE IN GENEROSITY!**

TO GIVE ALL YOU'VE GOT-YET TO WITHHOLD SOMETHING OF YOURSELF THAT CAN ONLY BE GIVEN BACK TO **JESUS** HIMSELF. THAT IS THE GOAL OF CELIBACY. EACH PERSON IN YOUR LIFE GIVES YOU SOMETHING OF GOD HIMSELF/HERSELF. EACH PERSON ASKS SOMETHING FROM YOU IN RETURN. **MOST ASK LESS. SOME ASK MORE. SOME ASK ALL.**

CRITICS SAY UMMARRIED CLERGY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT RELATIONSHIP. **THEY ARE RIGHT IN MY CASE, BUT I'M LEARNING.** I SPENT 18 YEARS OBSERVING A FLAWED MARRIAGE GETTING MENDED. I'VE SEEN HUNDREDS OF GOOD, BAD AND INDIFFERENT MARRIAGES WITH AND WITHOUT CHILDREN. I MAY NOT HAVE LEARNED MUCH ABOUT MARRIAGE IN THOSE OBSERVATIONS, BUT I DEFEND MY BROTHER PRIESTS WHO HAVE. **PRIESTHOOD WELL-LIVED IS ABOUT RELATIONSHIP.**

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS TO BE A FATHER. 17 PEOPLE PICKED ME TO BE A GODFATHER.



A MONTAGE OF GODCHILDREN AND PEOPLE I'VE SPONSORED FOR CONFIRMATION.

FATHER ELICIOUS, THE PASTOR OF BLESSED SACRAMENT PARISH IN 29 PALMS (WHERE I HAD COVERED MASSES FOR HIM FOR SIX YEARS) PAID ME A COMPLIMENT ONE DAY IN FRONT OF THE FULL PARISH HALL. HE SAID, "FATHER MIKE IS THE GRANDFATHER OF THE PARISH."

RETURNING TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF MY GROWING UP, WE WERE A FAMILY WITHOUT A FATHER, WITHOUT A CAR, WITH NO PLACE TO BRING A GIRL BECAUSE WE NEVER KNEW WHEN WWII MIGHT BURST THROUGHT THE DOOR, NO FAMILY DINNER TRADITIONS TO INVITE MALE OR FEMALE GUESTS TO JOIN. OUR WELFARE HOME HAD KITCHEN SEATING FOR FOUR ONLY. NO FAMILY NIGHTS. I'M SURE MANY PEOPLE LIVED LIKE THIS, ESPECIALLY IN THOSE POST-WAR DAYS.

BUT AS SOON AS I WAS ORDAINED, MOM MOVED TO CULVER CITY. WE LOOKED AT OUR SITUATION AND DECIDED WE HAD TO DO SOMETHING TO KEEP OUR BUSY SELVES COMMITTED TO BEING A FAMILY. **THAT WAS OUR COMMITMENT TO FAMILY NIGHT EVERY OTHER WEEK.** THAT WAS 53 YEARS AGO AND **I HOPE AND PRAY** IT WILL STILL GO STRONG IN TO THE FUTURE.

MY MINDSET UNTIL JUNIOR YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL WAS NEVERTHELESS ALWAYS TO BE MARRIED. I KEPT A FILE FOLDER ON HOW I'D RUN MY HOUSEHOLD. WE'D BE A TEAM. WE WOULD PRAY TOGETHER, GOD WOULD BE PART OF EVERY DECISION, STARTING WITH CHILDREN. WE'D HAVE FAMILY NIGHT ONCE A WEEK WHEN EVERY KID HAD TO BE PRESENT FOR DINNER AND QUALITY TIME TOGETHER. NO TV, [NOW CELL PHONES] JUST LOOKING EACH OTHER EYE-TO-EYE. AFFIRMING EACH OTHER. THEN THERE WOULD BE DATE NIGHT JUST MY WIFE AND ME CANDLELIGHT DINNER, RENEW FRIENDSHIP, RENEW PASSION FOR WHAT ATTRACTED "YOU TO ME." OF COURSE INCOME WOULD SET THE BOUNDARIES FOR THESE THINGS.

I LEARNED THESE THINGS OBSERVING GREAT FAMILIES I WAS INVITED TO JOIN FOR LUNCHEES AND DINNERS. THE **PRICES, LANERS, DON DOLMAGES, GRANDMA DOLMAGE, WOLFORDS, LEES, CIFUENTES, BOLLINGERS, CANADY, KELLARS AND YOUNGS**, CELIBATES ALSO TAUGHT ME ABOUT THE GIFT; **JERRY THOMPSON, JOHN McANULTY, BOB HOWARD, V. SELKIRK, MARK MILLER, DOUG RALSTON, REX COMBS AND MICHAEL BUNNY**. BECAUSE OF DISTANCE AND DISFUNCTION, THE ONLY NOTABLE POSITIVE CONTRIBUTION THAT CAME FROM DAD'S SIDE OF THE FAMILY WAS HIS MOM, **GRANDMA (McCULLOUGH) LANGE**.

SO ONCE I DECIDED IN SENIOR YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL TO PUT NAVY ON HOLD AND **TRY** THE SEMINARY, I WAS AIMING AT CELIBACY. I WASN'T EXPERIMENTING AWITH DATING. FOR ONE THING, I DIDN'T HAVE TIME. GETTING THROUGH THE SEMINARY ACADEMICALLY TOOK EVERYTHING I HAD, QUITE LITERALLY. THE FIRST TIME MY LIPS MET THOSE OF A WOMAN (OTHER THAN MOM) WAS TWO YEARS AFTER I WAS ORDAINED AND **I DIDN'T INITIATE IT! Lol.**

WE WERE TOLD IN SEMINARY THE WOMEN DANGEROUS TO CELIBACY WERE NOT THE "FLOOZIES!" IT WOULD BE THE ONES WHO WERE CATECHISTS, COMMITTED TO CAUSES, ACTIVE IN CHURCH, THERE FOR OTHERS. THESE WERE THE ONES TO BE CAREFUL OF. THAT'S WHERE LOVE WOULD BE DISCOVERED THAT COULD TORPEDO CELIBACY.

THE STUDY OF CELIBACY INVITES ONE TO SEE THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES WITH REGARD TO **PORNOGRAPHY**. PORNOGRAPHY, WHICH IS NOT LIMITED TO MEN, IS A FAILURE TO EMBRACE THE WHOLE PERSON, DENYING THE SPIRIT OF THE OTHER. PORN IS A DENIAL OF REAL LOVE. IT'S A GOOD EXAMPLE OF SATAN'S USE OF **HALF TRUTHS**. IT ACKNOWLEDGES THE BEAUTY OF THE HUMAN BODY, THEN PLACES IT ON A PEDISTAL WHERE GOD BELONGS AND WORSHIPS IT. IT IS **A VIOLATION OF THE FIRST COMMANDMENT**. PORNOGRAPHY IS NOT A VICTIMLESS SIN. IT IS PART OF AN INDUSTRY THAT USES ITS VICTIMS, MALE AND FEMALE, WHILE THEY ARE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL, THEN ALL TOO SOON THROWS THEM AWAY BY MURDER OR WORSE. SEE TRACY LORD'S STORY TO KNOW HOW YOUNG PEOPLE CAN BE LIED TO, TREATED AS NOTHING BY A MONEY-DRIVEN INDUSTRY. UNCHECKED, IT IS A ONE-WAY TICKET TO THE INFERNAL REALMS.

**ONE OF THE SEVEN SOCIAL SINS IS
"PLEASURE WITHOUT CONSCIENCE."**

THE MAHATMA GANDHI

ONE REASON I BELIEVE IN THE STUDY OF WARFARE IS THAT'S WHERE WE LEARN THE TACTICS OF THE EVIL ONE. HE LOOKS FOR THE HIGH GROUND TO AMBUSH. HE HIDES AMONG THE INNOCENT. HE STRIKES ON THE FLANKS FROM THE REAR, WHERE WE ARE WEAK AND UNPREPARED. DECEPTION, CAMOFLAGE, SMOKE SCREENS, MIRRORS AND HALF-TRUTHS ARE IN HIS ARSENAL. BRING THESE ISSUES TO YOUR QUIET PRAYER. THEY ARE ISSUES FOR OUR TIMES. **RESISTING THE DEVIL, A CATHOLIC PERSPECTIVE ON DELIVERANCE**, BY NEAL LOZANO AND AN EXORCIST EXPLAINS THE DEMONIC—**THE ANTICS OF SATAN AND HIS ARMY OF FALLEN ANGELS**, BY GABRIELE AMORTH ARE ENLIGHTENING. **THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE AND SPIRITUAL DIRECTION** ARE INVALUABLE AND NECESSARY IN SPIRITUAL WARFARE.

THE SEMINARY WAS HIGHLY TILTED TOWARDS **THE ACADEMIC**. IT WASN'T TILL **COR UNUM**, MY PRIEST PRAYER GROUP CAME INTO MY LIFE, THAT I BEGAN TO PURSUE POVERTY, CHASTITY AND

OBEDIENCE AS LIVED VOWS. I NOW MADE TIME TO APPLY THE **EVANGELICAL COUNSELS** TO REAL LIFE SITUATIONS I WAS EXPERIENCING. AT THE TENNIS COURTS, THAT PHYSICAL SPOT WHERE I COMMITTED MY LIFE TO GOD, I KNEW I WAS EMBARKING ON A LIFE-LONG VOYAGE. STILL, **IT'S A TOUGH CHALLENGE TO TRY TO GIVE UP SOMETHING YOU NEVER HAD. TO HAVE YOUR SOUL SINGED IS AN EXPERIENCE LIKE NO OTHER.** AND THIS IS WHERE DEFINING AND BEING CLEAR ABOUT BOUNDARIES BECOMES OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE.

FOR ME, THE SEMINARY LEANED ON TEACHING FACTS, ISSUES OF THE BRAIN. **COR UNUM** LEANED ON TEACHING AFFECTIVE PRAYER AND ISSUES OF THE HEART. OTHERS MAY DISAGREE WITH ME HERE, BUT THAT IS **MY** PERSPECTIVE.

FOR THE PURPOSES OF DISCUSSION, A CELIBATE PRIEST IS A MARRIED MAN. **I ALWAYS HAD A CONFLICT WITH THE METAPHOR THAT I WAS MARRIED TO JESUS.** I DO NOT CONSIDER MYSELF GAY. I NEVER FELT COMFORTABLE WEARING A CASSOCK THAT LOOKS LIKE A DRESS. THE FULLER PANORAMA OF BEING A CELIBATE SPOUSE TO EVERY MEMBER OF GOD'S CHURCH-GIVING AND GIVING AND NOT COUNTING THE COST (ST. IGNATIUS) AND ASKING NOTHING IN

RETURN, **THAT** MAKES SENSE TO ME! THAT I CAN EMBRACE.

THAT HAVING BEEN SAID, LIKE A "MARRIED MAN," I CAN'T OPEN AND EXPOSE MY HEART COMPLETELY TO ANY WOMAN. THAT MUST BE GIVEN COMPLETELY **ONLY** TO MY MOST INTIMATE FRIEND, IN MY CASE, JESUS.

BUT IT IS IN DEALING WITH REAL PEOPLE THAT WE LEARN HOW TO SHARE OUR INMOST SELVES. AND YOU CAN'T LEARN HOW **TO SHARE YOUR INMOST SELF** WITHOUT SHARING WITH OTHER PEOPLE; **SOME-NOT AT ALL, SOME-A BIT, SOME-A LOT, BUT ALL WITH NONE.** A CELIBATE HAS TO ALWAYS HOLD SOMETHING BACK. YOU CAN'T TELL EVERY SECRET; YOU CAN'T GIVE EVERY BIT OF YOURSELF. YOU CAN'T ASK ANYTHING IN RETURN FOR SPIRITUAL DIRECTION. SO HOW DOES A PRIEST GIVE HIS ALL? A FEW EXAMPLES; **YOU PUT ONE HOUR OF PREPARATION** FOR EVERY MINUTE YOU PREACH; FOR A FUNERAL, YOU MEET 30 MILES AWAY AT THE HOME WITH THE FAMILY TO PLAN WHAT YOU'LL SAY, YOU LET **THEM** PICK THE READINGS, **YOU KNOW THE NAME OF THE DECEASED, WHICH NOT ALL CELEBRANTS DO!** YOU GIVE A NICE FAMILY BIBLE CAREFULLY INSCRIBED TO EACH (POLICE) FAMILY, YOU LOSE SLEEP TO OFFER JUST THE RIGHT WORDS FOR EACH FAMILY, YOU GIVE ALL YOU HAVE AS OFTEN AS YOU CAN. **YOU ACTUALLY COMMIT TIME TO PRAYING** FOR ALL THE PEOPLE YOU PROMISED TO PRAY FOR. YOU OFFER MASS (WITHOUT STIPENDS AT TIMES) FOR THE PEOPLE WHO REALLY NEED THOSE GRACES AND IF YOU OFFER MULTIPLE MASSES OR NOVENAS, YOU DON'T TELL THEM ABOUT IT BECAUSE THAT CAN SEEM CONTROLLING.

YOU'LL NOT TAKE PERSONALLY THINGS PEOPLE SAY THAT HURT OR WHEN THEY NEVER EVER SEEM TO ACCEPT THE FACT THAT YOU EXIST; OR THEY NEVER SEE YOU, NEVER LOOK YOU IN THE EYE. I'M CONVINCED THE **OPPOSITE OF LOVE IS NOT HATE. IT'S INDIFFERENCE.** SOME OF US ARE GOOD AT THAT AND IT MAY BE ONE OF THE GREAT, SUBTLE MORTAL SINS. I'M GUILTY OF IT AND SO TAKE OFFENSE WHEN I EXPERIENCE IT.

CELIBACY IS BEING JUST AS NICE TO THE UGLIEST PARISHIONER AS YOU ARE TO THE PRETTIEST. TO SEE BEYOND THE EXTERNALS. . . TO THE POOREST AS TO THE RICHEST . . . TO SEE THE HEART AND EMBRACE THE SOUL OF THE OTHER. **THAT'S WHAT JESUS DID.** IT'S WHAT MAKES ME ADMIRE JESUS AND STRIVE TO BE LIKE HIM, THOUGH I FAIL ABOUT 83% OF THE TIME. EVERY VIRTUE THAT WE STRIVE TO LIVE BETTER WILL IMPROVE EVERY OTHER VIRTUE.

CELIBACY REMINDS US OF THE PRIORITIES THE BIBLE ADMONISHES US TO HAVE REGARDING **MARRIAGE.** THIS IS ALSO WHAT I HAVE OBSERVED TO BE TRUE. **IF GOD IS NOT INVITED DAILY** INTO YOUR RELATIONSHIP, IT IS HIGHLY UNLIKELY THAT THE MARRIAGE WILL SURVIVE. THE

FAMILY THAT PRAYS TOGETHER STAYS TOGETHER. IF THERE IS **UNFAITHFULNESS** IN A MARRIAGE, BOTH PARTIES USUALLY SHARE RESPONSIBILITY TO SOME DEGREE. THE PARTIES TO A MARRIAGE CAN'T JUST GIVE 50/50%. EACH PARTY HAS TO COMMIT TO GIVING 100/100% TO MAKE IT WORK. MENTAL OR PHYSICAL SICKNESS, FAMILY HISTORY, WAR OR OTHER EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES MAY REQUIRE ONE PARTY TO CARRY THE WHOLE LOAD FOR A WHILE. **MOM WAS A GREAT EXAMPLE**, THOUGH EVEN THE CHURCH DOES NOT DEMAND CONTINUING IF ABUSE IS INVOLVED. IN HER MARRIAGE VOWS, SHE STATED SHE WAS MARRYING DAD FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE, FOR RICHER FOR POORER, IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH, UNTIL DEATH. SHE CARRIED THE LOAD UNTIL DAD FINALLY OVERCAME HIS DISEASE. THE WISDOM LITERATURE OF THE BIBLE STATES THAT MAN AND WIFE NEED TO TAKE **DELIGHT** IN EACH OTHER. IF ANY ONE OR THING IS ON THE THRONE OF YOUR HOME, OTHER THAN GOD, RELATIONSHIPS AND HOME WILL FAIL AND COLLAPSE. GET OFF THE THRONE AND WORSHIP HIM.

**TRUTH WILL ULTIMATELY PREVAIL
WHERE PAIN IS TAKEN TO BRING IT TO LIGHT.
GEORGE WASHINGTON**

ONE OF THE GREATEST CONUNDRUMS OF MY LIFE AS A PRIEST CAME WHEN I WAS ASKED TO GIVE A PRAYER OF BLESSING FOR THE BANQUET AT A WEDDING. I LOVED THE COUPLE VERY MUCH.

WHEN MY NIECE, LAUREN ASKED ME TO BE THE CELEBRANT FOR HER WEDDING TO JUSTIN, I SPENT 20 HOURS IN ONE-ON-ONE SESSIONS REVIEWING THE BEAUTIFUL THEOLOGY OF MARRIAGE IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. THE MAN, THE WIFE **AND GOD** ARE ESSENTIAL FOR MARRIAGE IN THE CHURCH.

THE CONUNDRUM OF THIS OTHER WEDDING CAME WHEN I WAS ASKED TO PRAY A BLESSING AS A PRIEST AT THE BANQUET. I ASKED FOR SOME PERAMETERS, SINCE ONE PARTNER WAS CATHOLIC AND THE OTHER WAS NOT. THE CATHOLIC ASKED THAT MY PRAYER BE **“RELIGIOUSLY NEUTRAL.”**

AS A PHILOSOPHY MAJOR IN THE SEMINARY, I WAS TRAINED TO ALWAYS DEFINE YOUR TERMS. I DEFINE THE WORD “RELIGIOUS” AS HAVING TO DO WITH RELIGION. SO, FOR A CATHOLIC, RELIGIOUS MEANS VESTMENTS, PROCESSIONS, CANDLES, AN ALTAR, ALTAR SERVERS, ETC., THE THINGS INVOLVED IN THE RELIGION. I DEFINE “SPIRITUAL” AS THE THING ASSOCIATED WITH RELATIONSHIP WITH GOD. PRAYER, COMMITMENT TO JESUS, ETERNAL SALVATION, LIFE-LONG COMMITMENT IN MARRIAGE. **I WAS BEING ASKED TO BE PRESENT, BUT NOT AS A PRIEST.** SO I DID NOT WEAR THE TRADITIONAL ROMAN COLLAR FOR THE PRAYER. BUT I DID MENTION THE IMPORTANCE OF **TAKING DELIGHT IN EACH OTHER DAILY AND IN INVITING GOD INTO THEIR LIVES AND HOME DAILY.**

**“A RELIGION THAT DOES NOT LEAD ONE TO *RELATIONSHIP*
WITH GOD AND JESUS CHRIST HAS FAILED ITS PURPOSE.”**

THE MARRIAGE WAS NOT A MARRIAGE IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, BUT IT WAS A UNION I COULD AFFIRM AS A FRIEND. HANDLED THIS WAY, BOTH THE SPIRIT AND THE LETTER OF THE LAW CAN BE FULFILLED AT SOME TIME IN THE FUTURE WHERE THE CATHOLIC CAN THEN PROPERLY RECEIVE COMMUNION AND THE OTHER SACRAMENTS.

EACH OF **THE SEVEN SACRAMENTS** IS AN OUTWARD SIGN, GIVEN BY CHRIST, TO EFFECT GRACE. **GRACE** IS AN INCREDIBLE GIFT FROM GOD THAT NONE OF US DESERVE.

RECEIVING **THE SACRAMENTS OF MARRIAGE AND CONFIRMATION** AS AN ADULT IS OPENING ONESELF TO TREMENDOUS GIFTS FROM **THE HOLY SPIRIT**, THE THIRD PERSON OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

IT HAS BEEN SAID, “THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IS THE HARDEST THE LIVE IN, BUT THE EASIEST TO DIE IN.”

**“FAMILY LOVE SURPASSES CHURCH LAW.
WE WERE NOT ORDAINED TO BE SECURITY GUARDS.”**

BISHOP JOE SARTORIS

I PRAYED A ROSARY WITH BISHOP JOE,
HERE AT MARYCREST, THE NIGHT BEFORE HE DIED.

THE BIGGEST **SURPRISE OF RETIREMENT** RELATED TO CELIBACY CAME AS A REAL SHOCKER! MOVING TO A DESERT PLACE IN **29 PALMS**, THREE HOURS DRIVE FROM MY NEAREST RELATIVE, HAVING A SMALL POOL OF FRIENDS TO DRAW FROM, I WAS FORCED TO MAKE MY-DAY-TO-DAY DECISIONS BY MYSELF. MY PRIEST PRAYER GROUP HAD PROVIDED MONTHLY ACCOUNTABILITY FOR MY BIGGEST DECISIONS FOR 55 YEARS. I OUTLIVED THEM ALL. I BEGAN TO SEARCH FOR NEW, TRUSTED CONFIDANTS. I PRAYED TO FIND THEM. EVENTUALLY, I DID. A GOOD SPOUSE KEEPS ONE ACCOUNTABLE. BEING CELIBATE IS REALLY PAINFUL THOSE FIRST YEARS OF RETIREMENT. I KNOW SEVERAL PRIESTS WHO WENT IN ON HOUSING TOGETHER EARLY ON. THAT WORKED WELL. I RESEARCHED THAT MYSELF. THE PEOPLE I WOULD HAVE TRUSTED FOR LIFE JUST DIDN'T WORK OUT.

THEN, BURYING THE WIVES OF MARINES AND SAILORS AFTER FORTY, FIFTY, SIXTY+ YEARS OF MARRIAGE SHOWED ME PAIN MUCH GREATER THAN MINE. TRYING TO BE THERE FOR THEM GOT ME OFF OF MY PITY POT!

JUST SITTING WITH AND LOOKING AT JESUS IN THE TABERNACLE IS ENERGIZING FOR THE CELIBATE, JUST AS A CANDLELIGHT DINNER IS FOR A MARRIED COUPLE.

IN THIS REFLECTION, I'VE WANDERED ALL OVER THE PLACE AND SAID VERY LITTLE.

CELIBACY IS A MYSTERY

A PROFOUND MYSTERY BECAUSE WE AREN'T JUST BODY AND
WE AREN'T JUST SOUL;
WE ARE A COMBINATION OF BOTH.

**“A CELIBATE SHOWS US WHERE WE ARE GOING.
MARRIED COUPLES SHOW US HOW TO GET THERE.”**

ROSEMARY HAUGHTON

BRITISH, MARRIED THEOLOGIAN

DIED 2024, AGED 97

IN MY LIFE, **CELIBACY** HAS COST EVERYTHING AT TIMES. OTHER TIMES IT HAS GIVEN ME EVERY HOPE TO BE IMAGINED. IF I KNEW THEN, 1971, WHAT I KNOW NOW, I THINK I WOULD SAY “YES” AGAIN, THOUGH **CAUTIOUSLY**.

FRANCISCAN **FR. RICHARD ROHR** POINTED OUT THE WORDS “**I LOVE YOU**” MAN TO WOMAN ARE THE MOST DANGEROUS WORDS IN THE WORLD, BECAUSE NOW SHE HAS CLAIMS ON YOU. NOW, THERE ARE NO LIMITS. YOU OWE HER EVERYTHING YOU HAVE AND ARE. SO, CHOOSE WORDS CAREFULLY AND SAY THEM ONLY AFTER CAREFUL THOUGHT, PRAYER, MEDITATION AND CONTEMPLATION, SO THEY WILL NOT BE MISUNDERSTOOD.

LESSON #1: “COURAGE IS BEING SCARED TO DEATH AND SADDLING UP ANYWAY.”

JOHN WAYNE

LESSON #2:

**IF I LOVED YOU,
TIME AND AGAIN I WOULD TRY TO SAY**

ALL I'D WANT YOU TO KNOW.
IF I LOVED YOU,
WORDS WOULDN'T COME IN AN EASY WAY
ROUND IN CIRCLES I'D GO!
LONGIN' TO TELL YOU,
BUT AFRAID AND SHY,
I'D LET MY GOLDEN CHANCES PASS ME BY!
SOON YOU'D LEAVE ME,
OFF YOU WOULD GO IN THE MIST OF DAY,
NEVER, NEVER TO KNOW HOW I LOVED YOU
IF I LOVED YOU.

RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN
CAROUSEL

LESSON #3: IT WAS THE THEOLOGIAN JEFF CAVINS AND THE WISDOM BOOKS OF THE BIBLE WHERE CELIBACY REALLY STARTED TO CRYSTALIZE FOR ME. NOW IT IS THE DIAMOND OF MY LIFE.

LESSON #4: CELIBACY IS WHERE BODY AND SOUL MEET; AS MY SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR. FR. JIM CLARKE PUTS IT, THE GRIME AND THE GLORY.

CHAPTER 53. TRANSITIONS AND TRANSFORMATIONS.

“IN PERSONA CHRISTI”

WHEN I STOPPED WRITING THE CHAPTER ON CELIBACY TWO WEEKS AGO, I THOUGHT MY MANUSCRIPT WAS NEARING CONCLUSION. IT WASN'T. FOR ONE THING, I'M NOT FINISHED LIVING AS A CELIBATE. I STILL HAVE MORE TO GIVE AND MORE TO LEARN. THE MYSTERY REMAINS MYSTERIOUS AND LIFE-GIVING. THE SAME IS TRUE FOR THE **SACRAMENT OF HOLY ORDERS—PRIESTHOOD.**

LET ME BE PERFECTLY CLEAR ABOUT ONE THING. ONE THIRD OF THE PEOPLE LIKE ME. ONE THIRD OF THE PEOPLE DISLIKE ME. THE LAST THIRD JUST DON'T CARE. THIS IS TRUE WHEREVER I GO, WHEREVER I MINISTER. IT IS ALSO TRUE REGARDING WHAT I SAY AND BELIEVE. I'M QUITE CLEAR ON THAT.

JESUS CHRIST AND MY CATHOLIC CHURCH TELL ME THE PRIEST IS NOT HIS OWN. I AM NOT MY OWN. I AM A SACRAMENT—HOLY ORDERS. I WAS CALLED TO THAT. IT IS AS HARD FOR ME TO WRAP MY HEAD AROUND THAT TODAY AS IT WAS 53 YEARS AGO, THE DAY I WAS ORDAINED. WHAT I **DO** KNOW UNEQUIVACALLY IS THAT I EXPERIENCE THE POWER OF HOLY ORDERS ON A DAILY BASIS. I CANNOT DENY IT. TO DENY IT WOULD BE A LIE.

IN A CONVERSATION YESTERDAY WITH A DEAR TRUSTED CONFIDANT, SHE REMINDED ME OF THE PHRASE **“IN PERSONA CHRISTI,” IN THE PERSON OF CHRIST.** IN CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY, --MOST NOTABLY ROMAN CATHOLICISM—IT DESCRIBES HOW AN ORDAINED PRIEST ACTS AS AN INSTRUMENT OR VISIBLE VESSEL FOR JESUS CHRIST, PARTICULARLY WHEN ADMINISTERING THE SACRAMENTS.

**THE PRIEST IS NOT AN ANGEL SENT FROM HEAVEN. HE IS A MAN
CHOSEN FROM AMONG MEN, A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH, A
CHRISTIAN.
REMAINING MAN AND CHRISTIAN, HE BEGINS TO SPEAK THE WORD
OF GOD.
THIS WORD IS NOT HIS OWN. NO, HE COMES TO YOU BECAUSE GOD**

HAS TOLD HIM TO PROCLAIM GOD'S WORD.
PERHAPS HE HAS NOT ENTIRELY UNDERSTOOD IT HIMSELF.
PERHAPS HE ADULTERATES IT, BUT HE BELIEVES, AND DESPITE
HIS FEARS HE KNOWS THAT HE MUST COMMUNICATE GOD'S WORD
TO YOU.
FOR MUST NOT SOME ONE OF US SAY SOMETHING ABOUT GOD,
ABOUT ETERNAL LIFE, ABOUT THE MAJESTY OF GRACE IN OUR
SANCTIFIED BEING; MUST NOT SOME ONE OF US SPEAK OF
SIN, THE JUDGEMENT AND MERCY OF GOD?
SO, MY DEAR FRIENDS, PRAY FOR HIM, CARRY HIM SO THAT HE MIGHT
BE ABLE TO SUSTAIN OTHERS BY BRINGING TO THEM THE MYSTERY
OF GOD'S LOVE REVEALED IN CHRIST JESUS.
KARL RAHNER,
RENOWNED PRIEST THEOLOGIAN.

MY DEAR, LIFE-LONG FRIEND, **JUANITA MELLER**, WHO GOT ME TEACHING RELIGION TO THIRD GRADERS WHEN I WAS IN THE EIGHTH GRADE, NOW LONG-DECEASED, SERVED ON THE ORIGINAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF **THE DESERT REFUGE**. SHE WOULD SAY, "A NON-PROFIT IS NOT AN INANIMATE THING. IT IS AN ORGANISM. IT IS ALIVE AND EVOLVING. THAT IS TRUE OF THE CHURCH, A PERSON, A POLITICAL PARTY, A COUNTRY, A FAMILY, A RELATIONSHIP, HUSBAND, WIFE, SIBLINGS, THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH OF CORONDALET (CSJs), THE CARMELITES (OCDs). WELL, YOU GET THE PICTURE.

NO CHAPTER OF THIS MANUSCRIPT WILL BE COMPLETE UNTIL AND WHEN I CROSS THE LAST "T" AND *DOT THE LAST "i." I WILL STILL HAVE ONE MORE MINUTE, HOUR, DAY, WEEK, MONTH, YEAR, DECADE OR SCORE OF LIFE TO LIVE. SO I GUESS I NEED TO KEEP WRITING, EVEN IF ONLY IN MY HEAD (IN CASE MY HANDS QUIT WORKING).

SO MUCH FOR SUSCINCT CONCLUSIONS-

I ONCE KNEW A POET NAMED CHAN
WHOSE LINES NEVER WOULD SCAN.
WHEN ASKED, "WHY?"
HE MADE THIS REPLY,
I ALWAYS SEEM TO PUT TOO MANY WORDS IN THE LAST LINE,

THREE ANALOGIES COME TO MIND TO ILLUSTRATE WHAT I AM TRYING TO SAY HERE REGARDING THE END OF THIS MANUSCRIPT;

ANALOGY #1. A CLASSICAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA COMPOSITION. I WAS IN AN OFFICE DEPOT STORE LAST NIGHT. I FOUND THE "MUSIC" PLAYING OVER THE PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM TO BE SOOOOO INCREDIBLY BORING-ONE LINE OF MUSIC, ONE PHRASE, EIGHT WORDS, REPEATED OVER AND OVER AND OVER, LIKE 35 TIMES, BY SOMEONE ONE WITH A PRETTY VOICE. BUT HER VOICE WAS NOT CHALLENGED, THE MUSICAL STANZA COMPOSITION WASN'T VARIED, THE CHORDS NEVER CHANGED. THEY MIGHT HAVE SPENT A HOUR CREATING IT. NOW, I WILL ADMIT, MAYBE BUYING COPY PAPER, I WANTED OR NEEDED TO BE BORED. MUCH OF MY POETRY IS BORING. IT EVEN BORES ME. SO NO CRITICISM OF "BORING!"

BUT, COMPARE THAT WITH THE CONCLUSION OF **BOLERO** (RAVEL) WITH 35 VARIATIONS ON ONE THEME, EACH RENDITION BUILDING ON THE PREVIOUS IN A CRESCENDO TO A DRAMATIC CLIMAX. OR THE ENDING OF **THE 1812 OVERTURE** (TCHAIKOVSKY) OR **THE FIREBIRD SUITE** (STRAVINSKY) DEMANDING INCREDIBLE MUSICIANS WORKING AT THEIR CAREER BEST AND HARMONIES TO PROVIDE MEDITATIONS FOR YEARS.

ANALOGY #2, ST. IGNATIUS' SPIRITUAL EXERCISES. AFTER DELVING INTO DEEP SPIRITUAL REALITIES AND BIBLICAL MYSTERIES AND AUTHOR IS PLUMBING THE DEPTHS OF WHY THE GOOD PERSON SUFFERS IN **THE BOOK OF JOB**, THE ENDING IS THE *COUP DE GRAS*. THE LAST FOUR CHAPTERS OF THE BOOK OF JOB ARE THE BEST LITERATURE I HAVE EVER READ!

THE LAST DAY OF THE 30-DAY IGNATIAN RETREAT, ALSO KNOWN AS **THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES** IS ENTITLED, "**DAY 31.**" BASICALLY, **DAY 31** IS THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. YOUR NOTEBOOK PAGES MAY NOW CONTINUE TO BE FILLED WITH RICH SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.

ANALOGY #3. IN U.S. NAVAL TRADITION, A SHIP IS NOT CONSIDERED SUNK UNTIL THE CAPTAIN SAYS SHE IS, OR ORDERS "**ABANDON SHIP!**" AS LONG AS SHE IS STILL ABOVE THE WATER LINE AND THERE ARE MEN AND WOMEN MANNING THE PUMPS, SHE MAY SAIL AND FIGHT AGAIN.

ONE OF THE GREATEST EXAMPLES OF A SHIP THAT WAS LOST "RESURRECTING" WAS THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE CONTINENTAL NAVY'S *BONHOMME RICHARD* AND THE BRITISH NAVY'S *SERAPIS* IN 1765. THE TWO SHIPS BATTERED EACH OTHER MERCILESSLY. AT ONE POINT, THE AMERICAN FLAG WAS SHOT DOWN. THE BRITISH CAPTAIN BELIEVING THE CONTINENTAL NAVY'S CAPTAIN, JOHN PAUL JONES HAD SURRENDERED, SHOUTED "HAVE YOU STRUCK COLORS?" JONES SHOUTED BACK, "**WE HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO FIGHT.**" DISPIE HIS SHIP GOING DOWN AND HALF HIS CREW LOST, JONES ATTACKED THE BRITISH SHIP, BOARDING HER AND CAPTURING THE BRITISH CAPTAIN. HIS SHIP SANK, BUT HE HAD CAPTURED A LARGER BRITISH VESSEL AS PRIZE.

IN THIS MEMOIR, I WANT TO GO OUT FIGHTING, NOT WALLOWING IN DEFEAT. SOME PEOPLE IN AMERICA TODAY SEEM TO RELISH THROWING THINGS AWAY. WE BUY A NEW COUCH. SOME ONE SPILLS COFFEE ON IT AND WE HAVE TO BUY A NEW ONE. "NEW SEEMS TO BE BETTER."

I SAY "NEW IS **NOT ALWAYS BETTER.**" DON'T THROW THE BABY OUT WITH THE BATH WATER.

SOME PEOPLE SAY, "DEMOCRACY HAS FAILED ME."

"LET'S TRY ANARCHY. OH YA, THAT'S BETTER."

"REALLY?"

"WHY CAN'T WE DIALOGUE AND TAKE THE BEST FROM BOTH POINTS OF VIEW?"

LISTEN TO SOME NEWS SOURCES OTHER THAN ONLY THE ONES WE ALWAYS LISTEN TO.

THAT WAY, YOU GET A WHOLE DIFFEENT PERSPECTIVE.

I'M TALKING TO ALL OF US, MY SELF AND MY PARTY INCLUDED.

THE CHURCH IS A LIVING ORGANISM. SOMETIMES,

A FOOT GETS INFECTED AND WE HAVE TO CUT OFF A TOE.

WE DON'T HAVE TO THRUST 75 SWORDS INTO THE BODY TO KILL THE TOE.

DIVORCE IS NOT THE ONLY SOLUTION TO MARITAL PROBLEMS,

DEAL WITH THEM EARLY AND YOU MAY BE ABLE TO OVERCOME THEM.

MARRIAGES THAT WEATHER STORMS CAN BE MUCH RICHER AND STRONGER.

I'M NOT GIVING UP ON MY CHURCH, MY COUNTRY, MY FAMILY, MY GOD, MY FORM OF GOVERNMENT, EDUCATION, POLICE DEPARTMENT, ETC. I'M GOING TO CONTINUE TO TRY TO MAKE THEM BETTER.

I WAS TEMPTED TO LEAVE THE CHURCH MORE THAN ONCE IN MY CAREER. IT'S A GOOD CHURCH. IT'S **THE** CHURCH. I DECIDED I COULDN'T MAKE IT BETTER IF I LEFT IT. THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE IT BETTER IS TO FIGHT TO MAKE IT BETTER FROM WITHIN. DON'T BURN YOUR BRIDGES. YOU MIGHT WANT TO COME BACK AFTER YOU SEE "THE GREENER PASTURES."

SEABISCUIT NEVER GAVE UP. NEITHER DID MY GODSON, **JESSE.**

TOO MANY MEN AND WOMEN GAVE THEIR LAST DROP OF BLOOD SO THAT I COULD HAVE THE CHOICE. I HAVE NOT YET INVESTED THAT MUCH SACRIFICE.

I'M STRIVING WITH MY LIFE TO BRING CHRIST BACK TO THE FACE OF THE EARTH IN MY PERSON, **IN PERSONA CHRISTI**. A RED DOT ON A PIECE OF PAPER? A BLOT OF SINFULNESS. YES, I HAVE TO GO TO CONFESSION. JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS TRYING TO LIVE VIRTUE AND FAILING.

THERE IS A WHOLE SHEET OF WHITE PAPER WAITING TO BE FILLED WITH GOOD DEEDS, EVEN IF ONLY SMALL ONES; A SMILE HERE, A PICKED-UP PAPER THERE, A BLESSING GIVEN, A CONFESSION HEARD, AN ANOINTING OF HEALING OFFERED, A BABY BAPTIZED, A TODDLER ENCOURAGED TO PRAY, 2 EARS OFFERED IN A GESTURE OF LISTENING.

IF I MAKE A MISTAKE, I'LL MAKE IT THE FIRST NOTE OF A NEW SYMPHONY AND DO MY BEST TO DO BETTER NEXT TIME.

THIS MANUSCRIPT HAS BEEN A *PSYCHOLOGICAL EXCAVATION*.

A SEACHING MORAL INVENTORY. LIKE A GOOD HOMILY, I WANT THIS LAST MESSAGE TO BE HEARD AND CLEAR.

THIS CHAPTER WILL ONLY END IF I SAY IT IS OVER OR IF GOD OFFERS ME MY LAST BREATH.

I THINK I HAVE SAID TOO MANY WORDS. I HAVE SPOKEN MY TRUTH.
MAY I NOW ASSUME THE HONORABLE ROLE OF LISTENING MORE.

CHAPTER 54. YOUR CROSS.

“SO THEY TOOK JESUS, AND CARRYING THE CROSS HIMSELF
HE WENT OUT TO WHAT IS CALLED THE PLACE OF THE SKULL,
IN HEBREW, GOLGOTHA.”

JOHN 19: 16-17

**THE EVERLASTING GOD HAS IN HIS WISDOM FORSEEN FROM
ETERNITY THE CROSS THAT HE NOW PRESENTS TO YOU
AS A GIFT FROM HIS INMOST HEART. THIS CROSS HE NOW SENDS
TO YOU HE HAS CONSIDERED WITH HIS DIVINE MIND, TESTED
WITH HIS WISE JUSTICE, WARMED WITH LOVING ARMS AND
WEIGHED WITH HIS OWN HANDS TO SEE THAT IT BE NOT ONE
OUNCE TOO HEAVY FOR YOU. HE HAS BLESSED IT WITH HIS
GRACE. PERFUMED IT WITH HIS CONSOLATION, TAKEN ONE
LAST LOOK AT YOU AND YOUR COURAGE, AND THEN SENT
IT TO YOU FROM HEAVEN, A SPECIAL GREETING FROM GOD
TO YOU, AN ALMS OF THE ALL-MERCIFUL LOVE OF GOD.**

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES

**WE COMPLAIN WHEN WE SUFFER. WE HAVE MUCH MORE REASON
TO COMPLAIN WHEN WE DO NOT SUFFER, SINCE *NOTHING SO
LIKENS US TO OUR LORD AS THE BEARING OF HIS CROSS—***

THE CURE' D' ARS AND

THE SUFFERINGS INFLICTED ON HIM [JESUS] BY MEN.

CHAPTER 55. CRITICS.

“IF YOU ARE AFRAID OF OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINION,
YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE BECOME A CHRISTIAN.”

SAINT JOHN VIANNEY

IT IS NOT THE CRITIC WHO COUNTS

IT IS NOT THE CRITIC WHO COUNTS, NOT THE ONE
WHO POINTS OUT HOW THE STRONG MAN STUMBLED OR
HOW THE DOER OF DEEDS MIGHT HAVE DONE BETTER.
THE CREDIT BELONGS TO THE MAN WHO
IS ACTUALLY IN THE ARENA, WHOSE FACE IS MARRED
WITH SWEAT AND DUST AND BLOOD, WHO STRIVES VALIANTLY,
WHO ERRS AND COMES SHORT AGAIN AND AGAIN;
WHO KNOWS THE GREAT ENTHUSIASMS
THE GREAT DEVOTIONS
WHO SPENDS HIMSELF IN A WORTHY CAUSE;
WHO IF HE WINS, KNOWS THE TRIUMPH OF GREAT ACHIEVEMENT,
AND WHO, IF HE FAILS, AT LEAST FAILS WHILE DARING GREATLY,
SO THAT HIS PLACE SHALL NEVER BE WITH THOSE
COLD AND TIMID SOULS WHO KNOW
NEITHER VICTORY NOR DEFEAT.”

THESE WORDS OF PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT
WERE SPOKEN ON 23 APRIL 1910.

I THINK MANY AMERICANS ARE UNREALISTIC IN THEIR CRITICISM OF OUR LEADERS. THE
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT HAS BEEN ATTACKED MERCILESSLY (FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE
AISLE). **HAVE WE, IN THE PROCESS KILLED *THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT* IN THE MINDS OF
OUR CHILDREN BY OUR EXCESSIVE CRITICISM OF THE HOLDERS OF THAT OFFICE.**

YES, ONE CAN ABUSE THE OFFICE. BUT CITIZENS CAN FORGET THAT PRESIDENTS ARE NOT GOD.
THEY ARE MEN, AND ONE DAY, WOMEN.

WE WANT THEM STRONG IN CURBING ENEMIES, BUT WEAK IN CURTAILING OURSELVES.
THE SACRAMENT OF CONFIRMATION BRINGS THE HOLY SPIRIT TO BEAR ON OUR DISCERNMENTS.
THE SPIRIT OF GOD SOMETIMES COUNSELS MODERATION.

LESSON #1: A MISTAKE IS A SIGN THAT SOMEONE IS DOING SOMETHING.
LESSON #2: PEOPLE LIKE THE PRIVILEGE OF MAKING THEIR OWN MISTAKES.
BISHOP GEORGE NEIDERAUER

“NO ONE HAS GREATER LOVE THAN THIS,
TO LAY DOWN ONE’S LIFE FOR ONE’S FRIENDS.”
JESUS, JOHN 15:13

CHAPTER 56. “I HAVE LIVED.”

IF I WERE A BETTER POET, THE FOLLOWING WOULD BE THE PERFECT EPITATH
FOR THE LIFE I WOULD HOPE I HAD LIVED. IT WAS WRITTEN BY **THE GREAT**
POET.

THE COMING OF THE SHIP

HOW SHALL I GO IN PEACE AND WITHOUT SORROW?
NAY, NOT WITHOUT A WOUND IN THE SPIRIT

SHALL I LEAVE THIS CITY.
LONG WERE THE DAYS OF PAIN I HAVE SPENT WITHIN ITS WALLS,
AND LONG WERE THE NIGHTS OF ALONENESS;
AND WHO CAN DEPART FROM HIS PAIN
AND HIS ALONENESS WITHOUT REGRET?

TOO MANY FRAGMENTS OF THE SPIRIT
HAVE I SCATTERED IN THESE STREETS,
AND TOO MANY ARE THE CHILDREN OF MY LONGING
THAT WALK NAKED AMONG THOSE HILLS,
AND I CANNOT WITHDRAW FROM THEM
WITHOUT A BURDEN AND AN ACHE.

IT IS NOT A GARMENT I CAST OFF THIS DAY,
BUT A SKIN THAT I TEAR WITH MY OWN HANDS.

NOR IS IT A THOUGHT I LEAVE BEHIND ME,
BUT A HEART MADE SWEET WITH A HUNGER AND A THIRST.

YET I CANNOT TARRY LONGER.
THE SEA THAT CALLS ALL THINGS UNTO HER CALLS ME,
AND I MUST EMBARK . . .

THE PROPHET, KAHILIL GIBRAN

I HAVE LIVED

POEM9-92 (FIRST DRAFT)

IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE THE TIME
YOU THINK IS RIGHT FOR ME
DON'T SIGH TOO MUCH OR CRY TOO LONG--
I'VE LIVED WELL AND FREE.

I'VE KNOWN THE SOUND OF MOUNTAIN STREAMS
AND ROLLING THUNDER BREAKERS
UPON OAHU'S GREAT NORTH SHORE
THOSE WIND-BLOWN WIDOW-MAKERS.

I'VE KNOWN A CHILD'S HUG AND KISS
THE SOUND OF HUMMINGBIRDS
I'VE FELT THE SEA BREEZE GALE FULL
RELISHED THE JOY OF WORDS.

I'VE WRESTLED WITH GOD; OFTEN LOST
ACCEPTED CHALLENGES, TOO
CHEWED OFF MORE THAN I COULD BYTE
DRUNK THE JOY OF DREAMS COME TRUE.

I'VE TAKEN COUNSEL WITH THE BEST
BELOW THE SURFACE PEERED
TRAVELED TO INDIA ALL ALONE;
STOOD WHERE I WAS REARED.

LOST IN LOVE, BUT MORE OFTEN WON
CHUCKLED AT MY SPARE TIRE.
LAUGHED A LOT IT HELPED THE HURT
AND GOT MY SPIRITS HIGHER.

I'VE KNOWN THE THRILL OF A POLICE PURSUIT
FLAMENCO DANCING IN SPAIN
THE MIGHTY CAVES OF MEXICO
DRIVING, TORRENTIAL RAIN. . .

FELT THE RECOIL OF FIRING ARMS,
IN THE LINE OF FIRE, KNOWN FEAR
SHOTGUN, HANDGUN, THIRTY-OGHT-SIX
CAMERA-STALKED A DEER.

I'VE MARVELED AT CARTILAGE SINEW-FLESH
AUTOPSIES REVEAL THE MASTER
PONDERED THE DEPTHS OF MY PSYCHE-SOUL
SCREEN-SEEN MY KIDNEY DISASTER. . .

I'VE SAILED THE OCEAN, FLOWN IN PLANES
NEVER CEASED TO WONDER
THE THICKNESS OF THE CUMULUS CLOUDS
AND WHAT IS DOWN UNDER.

I'VE KISSED THE WIND, CARESSED THE TIDE
BEEN SMOTHERED IN THE SUN'S EMBRACE
FELT THE BITE OF WINTER'S RAGE
IN LOVE SEEN GOD'S FACE.

IN ALL THE PAIN, THE HURT I'VE KNOWN
I'VE NEVER ONCE FELT DEAD
WITHOUT MY LORD AND MOM AND DON
WATCHING MY OAKEN HEAD.

THE FLOWER PETALS DEW AND FOG
THE GRANITE SCHIST OF WHITNEY
THE MASS I'VE KNOWN THE FRIENDS WHO'VE GONE
ALL OVERWHELM AND "GIT" ME.

AS BACK I LOOK, I SAVOR IT
I INHALE AND FEEL GOOD
THERE'S DIFFERENT WAYS I'D DO THINGS NOW
BUT ALL-IN-ALL
I DID THE BEST I COULD.

MICHAEL
2-23-92

CHAPTER 57. POEM, “An Old Pair of Boots”

**They’ve seen better days
Or have they?**

**They hold memories
Of events and places.**

**How like dear Friends
... an old pair of boots.**

**“I’ve grown accustomed
to your feet.”**

**“Yes, I’ve grown accustomed
to your stretch marks.”**

“Your face looks like leather.”

**We used to run
Now we walk.**

Now as then,

We “tell lies” and talk.

**Just an old
Pair of boots.**

**Once we were into
Spit and shines.**

**Now it’s a good “BM”
And old times.**

**Time will come when
Old boots wear out . . .**

As boots are wont to do.

**One’ll go first
Then the other.**

**Two’ll become one
One’ll become two.**

**That’s the design
For every shoe
For every shoe
God will get you two.
Fully re-souled
you’ll come through.**

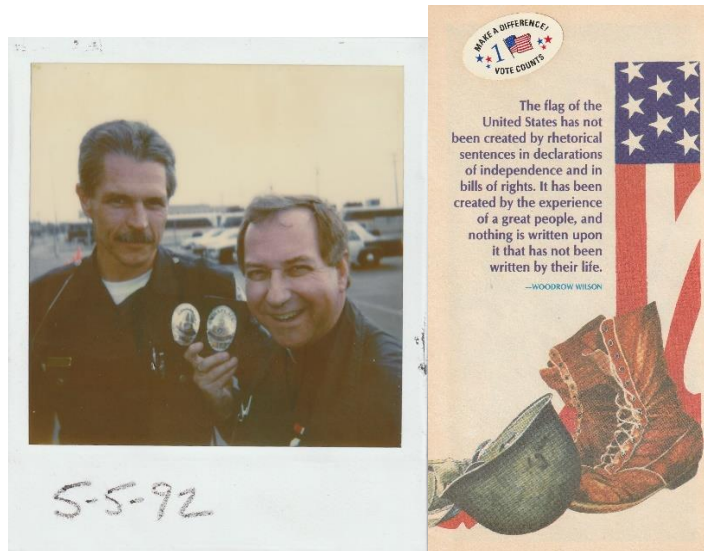
**Make the best of your walks!
Make the best of your talks!**

**You’ll always be a pair
To draw to.**

Fr. Michael McCullough
LAPD Chaplain
© 2009

- **A METAPHOR FOR OLD POLICE PARTNERS.**
- **THOUGH MOTOR OFFICER TIM WIENCKOWSKI AND I NEVER MET AGAIN THAT I RECALL, WE MET OUTSIDE A TUNNEL OF THE COLISEUM DURING THE 1992 RIOTS. HE SPOTTED MY CHAPLAIN BADGE #13. HE WORE HIS DAD’S POLICE OFFICER BADGE #13 AND HE YELLED, “PARTNER, GET THE POLEROID,” AND HIS PARTNER TOOK THIS PHOTO. ONE OF THOSE PEAK PRECIOUS MOMENTS DURING TRYING TIMES.**

**HIS IS THE PICTURE I ASSOCIATE WITH ALL “MY PARTNERS IN BLUE”
AND I DEDICATE THE POEM TO HIM.**



CHAPTER 58. THE MOST POWERFUL PRAYER.

**“HE WAS PRAYING IN A CERTAIN PLACE, AND WHEN HE HAD FINISHED, ONE
OF HIS DISCIPLES SAID TO HIM . . . ‘LORD TEACH US TO PRAY,’ LUKE 11:1.**

THE OUR FATHER

“HE SAID TO THEM, WHEN YOU PRAY, SAY:

***FATHER, HALLOWED BE YOUR NAME,
YOUR KINGDOM COME.
GIVE US EACH DAY OUR DAILY BREAD
AND FORGIVE US OUR SINS
FOR WE OURSELVES FORGIVE EVERYONE
IN DEBT TO US,
AND DO NOT SUBJECT US TO THE FINAL TEST.”***
LUKE 11:2-4



IN 1976, I MADE **THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES** IN AUBURN, CALIFORNIA. I SPENT 6 HOURS EACH DOING A COUPLE OF SKETCHES TRYING TO INVOLVE THE CREATIVE SIDE OF MY BRAIN IN THE RETREAT.

FOR THIS ONE, I USED A PHOTO OF MICHELANGELO'S "**THE RISEN CHRIST**" AS MY MODEL. IT WAS A VERY CONTEMPLATIVE EXPERIENCE. THIS IS A XEROX COPY OF THE ORIGINAL CHARCOAL SKETCH.

IN RESPONSE TO THE DISCIPLE'S REQUEST, JESUS DIDN'T TAKE OUT A CATECHISM AND READ A WRITTEN PRAYER. **HE CONSULTED HIS HEART AND SPOKE TO THE FATHER FROM THERE.** THAT'S ONE GOOD WAY WE SHOULD PRAY. TALK TO GOD IN OUR WORDS AS A CHILD TALKS TO A PARENT. AS I SEE IT, WHEN IT COMES TO SPIRITUAL WARFARE, **NO PRAYER IS STRONGER.** IF YOU ARE HAVING TROUBLE FORMULATING YOUR OWN WORDS TO OUR FATHER, REPEAT THESE.

IN THE APPENDIX OF THIS MANUSCRIPT, I MENTIONED 37 CLOSE BRUSHES WITH DEATH. THERE WAS ONE PERIOD CULMINATING IN A DAY I CONSIDER THE MOST TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE OF MY LIFE. I WAS TERRIFIED BEYOND TERROR AS I FACED EVIL HEAD-ON. **THE OUR FATHER MIRACULOUSLY DEFEATED EVIL ON THAT OCCASION.**

SAINT AUGUSTINE SAYS PRAYER IS SIMPLY TALKING TO GOD. IT'S NOT COMPLICATED AND THERE'S A THOUSAND WAYS TO DO IT, ALL VALID.

THE HAIL MARY

HAIL MARY, THE LORD IS WITH YOU.
BLESSED ARE YOU AMONG WOMEN
AND BLESSED IS THE FRUIT OF YOUR WOMB, JESUS.
HOLY MARY, MOTHER OF GOD,
PRAY FOR US SINNERS NOW
AND AT THE HOUR OF OUR DEATH,



THIS WAS THE OTHER SKETCH I DID ON THAT 1976 RETREAT. I USED A PHOTO OF “**THE MEDICI MADONNA**” FOR MY MODEL.
MICHELANGELO’S MARBLE CARVING IS MY FAVORITE IMAGE OF OUR LADY AND RESIDES IN THE MEDICI CHAPEL
IN FLORENCE, ITALY. IT IS A SIGHT TO BEHOLD IN PERSON. THIS IS A XEROX COPY OF THAT SKETCH. I TITLED IT “**REGINA ANGELORUM**,” (QUEEN OF ANGELS) AND GAVE IT TO MY NIECE, REGINA
FOR HER BIRTHDAY THAT YEAR.

RUNS CLOSE AS THE SECOND MOST POWERFUL PRAYER. THE IGNORANT SAY IT HAS NO MEANING.

INTERESTING THAT MOST WORDS OF THE PRAYER ARE QUOTES FOUND IN SACRED SCRIPTURE. THE WORDS OF GOD’S MESSENGER, GABRIEL, BEGIN, “**HAIL, FAVORED ONE! THE LORD IS WITH YOU.**” LUKE 1:28. THE WORDS CONTINUE, “**MOST BLESSED ARE YOU AMONG WOMEN AND BLESSED IS THE FRUIT OF YOUR WOMB,**” LUKE 1:42. YES, JESUS IS THE FOCUS OF MOST OF THE NEW TESTAMENT WRITINGS, BUT STUDY CAREFULLY THE TIMES **SHE** IS MENTIONED. LUKE 2:19, JOHN 2:5, MATTHEW 2:20-21, LUKE 2:34-35, 50, JOHN 19:25-27, TO MENTION A FEW. MARY HAD THE EAR OF JESUS THROUGHOUT HIS LIFE. HE GAVE HER TO US FROM THE CROSS. ANYONE WHO FAILS TO CALL UPON THE BLESSED MOTHER **IS MISSING ONE OF THE HUGE DYNAMIC GIFTS OF EXISTENCE.**

ON A MOST PERSONAL NOTE, “**CAN A MOTHER FORGET HER INFANT, BE WITHOUT TENDERNESS FOR THE CHILD OF HER WOMB?**”

EVEN IF SHE FORGET, I WILL NEVER FORGET YOU.
SEE UPON THE PALMS OF MY HANDS I HAVE WRITTEN YOUR NAME.”
ISAIAH 49: 15-16

I WAS BORN WITH THE LETTER “M” ON THE PALMS OF EACH OF MY HANDS.
I CHOOSE TO BELIEVE MOTHER MARY HAS CHOSEN ME IN A SPECIAL WAY.

I FIND IT FLABBERGASTING THAT SOME CLAIM TO BE CHRISTIANS, AND YET PAY MARY LITTLE
OR NO ATTENTION. THEY SAY THEY BELIEVE SACRED SCRIPTURE. WHY NOT THE PASSAGES
ABOUT THE INCARNATION? *OH WELL, I TOO HAVE BLIND SPOTS.*

CHAPTER 59. THE MOST POWERFUL WORDS:

I LOVE YOU.

CHAPTER 60. POSTSCRIPT.

“WHERE YOU ARRIVE AT THE
SAME CONVICTION
WALK WITH ME;
WHERE YOU SHARE MY HESITATION,
SEEK WITH ME;
WHERE YOU OBSERVE YOUR ERROR,
RECALL MY EXPLANATION;
WHERE YOU DISCOVER MY ERROR,
CALL ME TO ORDER,
SO THAT TOGETHER WE MAY FOLLOW
THE ROAD OF CHARITY AND TURN
OUR STEPS TOWARD HIM OF WHOM
IT IS WRITTEN:
SEEK ALWAYS HIS FACE.”
SAINT AUGUSTINE

POSTSCRIPT: IF YOU WALK AWAY FROM THIS ACCOUNTING OF GOD’S GIFTS TO ME AND HOW
HE ENABLED ME TO USE THEM FOR OTHERS, AND YOU SOMEHOW SEE ME AS A HERO, ***YOU
MISSED THE POINT COMPLETELY! GOD IS THE HERO OF
THIS COLLECTION OF WORDS. IF YOU DIDN’T GET THAT, I
FAILED.***

MAY I PRACTICE WHAT I HAVE SUGGESTED.

Michael Patric McCullough
Priest by the Grace of God.

CHAPTER 61. “DIGESTIF”—THE AFTER-DINNER CORDIAL.

TRUST ME, I HAD TO LOOK UP, “DIGESTIF.” FANCY WORDS LIKE THAT ARE NOT IN MIKE McCULLOUGH’S EVERY-DAY USAGE. YET, IT SEEMS TO FIT THE TIMING OF A CALL I RECEIVED OUT OF THE BLUE

I’VE SHARED HOW I SET MY SIGHTS ON THE NAVY MANY YEARS AGO
HOW ON 13 JUNE, 2019, I OFFICIALLY RETIRED FROM LAPD.
WELL, 10 JUNE, 2026, I RECEIVED A CALL WITH A JOB OFFER
FROM **COLONEL C. J. HORN, USMC, RETIRED.**

THERE IS NEED FOR A CONTRACT CATHOLIC PRIEST AT **THE
MARINE CORPS AIR GROUND COMBAT CENTER,
SEVEN YEARS INTO MY RETIREMENT!**

HE CAN PULL ALL THE STRINGS TO MAKE IT HAPPEN.

THE NAVY IS DOWN SEVERAL HUNDRED CHAPLAINS, ESPECIALLY PRIESTS.
MY SPIRIT IS WILLING, BUT MY EMOTIONAL RESERVES ARE AT ONLY HALF CAPACITY.

I’M 79 & ½ YEARS OLD AND I’M NOW TOTALLY COMMITTED TO THE
CARMELITE SISTERS HERE AT MARYCREST.

IN MY LIFETIME AS I HAVE SHARED,

I HAVE FLOWN IN NAVY PLANES AND HELICOPTERS
SAILED IN NAVY SHIPS AS CHAPLAIN,

BAPTIZED NAVY, MARINE AND MILITARY CHILDREN

GIVEN FIRST COMMUNION AND COMMUNION TO HUNDREDS,

HEARD 100s OF MILITARY CONFESSIONS,

WITNESSED WEDDINGS AND CONFIRMATIONS

CONDUCTED MARINE CONFIRMATION AND ANNUAL

RETREATS AT **THE REFUGE** FOR 26 YEARS,

SERVED AS CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN, PART-TIME

AT THE BASE NAVAL HOSPITAL FOR SIX YEARS. .

I’VE BURIED SCORES.

ALL THIS OUT OF GRATITUDE FOR WHAT DAD GAVE TO THE NAVY AND OUR COUNTRY
AND WHAT THE NAVY GAVE HIM.

NOW, IN ASSISTED LIVING,

I’VE HAD TO DECIDE TO TURN DOWN THE OFFER, BUT **I CAN STILL PRAY FOR THEM,**
TRUSTING PRAYERS ARE STILL HEARD.

“LORD, PLEASE GIVE THEM THE CHAPLAIN THEY NEED.”

THOUGH THE POSITION FOR WHICH I HAD ALWAYS LONGED,

THAT HAD ALWAYS SPURRED ME ON

AND ELUDED ME

WAS IN MY **LAP. Yet, *MY LIFE STILL HAS MEANING!***

THE OFFER MEANS THE WORLD TO ME.

FURTHERMORE, I AM STILL ABLE TO CONFECT THE EUCHARIST

FOR THE CARMELITE SISTERS AND THE RESIDENTS OF MARYCREST MANOR.

MY CUP BRIMMETH OVER.

THANK YOU, LORD.

**IF THERE IS ONE THING THIS MANUSCRIPT HAS ACCOMPLISHED BESIDES IT’S MAIN
PURPOSE OF DEMONSTRATING GOD’S LOVE FOR YOU, IT WOULD BE THAT YOU AND I MAY AT
LEAST ONCE IN OUR REMAINING DAYS SIT, EYE TO EYE, AND DISCUSS SOMETHING IN THIS
PILE OF WORDS, MY LIFE WILL HAVE REACHED A WONDERFUL CONCLUSION.**

MY DEAR READER, THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATIENCE IN TAKING THIS JOURNEY WITH ME.

YOU HAVE NOW SEEN THE PRIESTHOOD THROUGH THE EYES OF ONE PRIEST.

FAIR WINDS AND FOLLOWING SEAS,

Padre Mike

SEE APPENDIX, CHAPTER 62. BIOGRAPHY, COPYRIGHT STATEMENTS, METAPHOR FOR APOSTOLIC ZEAL, “QUAD 40 PHOTO” AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

**“... FORGETTING WHAT LIES BEHIND BUT STRAINING FORWARD
TO WHAT LIES AHEAD, I CONTINUE MY PURSUIT TOWARD
THE GOAL, THE PRIZE OF GOD’S UPWARD CALLING, IN CHRIST JESUS.”**

PHILIPPIANS, 3: 13 – 14.



PART 4. APPENDIX.

COVER PAGE, LOGO.

THE WORDS, "SERVING THOSE WHO PROTECT AND SERVE," WERE UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED BY THE LAPD CHAPLAIN CORPS EARLY IN 1981. ON 7 MAY, 1981 THE CHAPLAIN CORPS UNANIMOUSLY APPROVED THE WORDING, "TO SERVE THOSE WHO PROTECT AND SERVE" AND THE ABOVE LOGO, TO BE SUBMITTED TO THE LAPD UNIFORM COMMITTEE FOR APPROVAL AS THE OFFICIAL LOGO OF THE LAPD CHAPLAIN CORPS. I SUBMITTED TO THE CHAPLAINS A SERIES OF SKETCHES SHOWING THAT REPRESENTING MANY OR ALL RELIGIONS WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE. SO, I HAD DECIDED THAT THE FLAME IN THE HEART FOR OUR TROOPS WAS THE COMMON DENOMINATOR FOR ALL CHAPLAINS. EVERY CHAPLAIN PRESENT AGREED, WITH NO DISSENTS.

THE LETTER I SUBMITTED TO SGT. TOM DEWEY OF THE UNIFORM COMMITTEE WAS RETURNED WITH THE FOLLOWING APPROVALS AND DATES SIGNED AT THE BOTTOM;

APPROVED BY ASST. CHIEF VERNON ON 10-8-81

APPROVED BY DEPUTY CHIEF LANZARONE ON 10-8-81

APPROVED BY DEPUTY CHIEF SULLIVAN ON 10-30-81

**"LET US OPEN THE DOOR OF THE SACRED HEART, AND SHUT OURSELVES
IN FOR A MOMENT AMIDST ITS DIVINE FLAMES; WE SHALL THEN REALIZE
WHAT GOD'S LOVE MEANS."**

ST. JOHN VIANNEY, CURE' OF ARS

CHAPTER 5. TIMES I ALMOST DIED

- 1951** HIT BY WOODEN SWING CORNER ON FORHEAD, B STREET, HAYWARD, CA. LOTS OF BLOOD.
- 1954** WITH DAD DUI ROAD RAGE CHASING GUY TO PALOS VERDES @ 70 MPH.
- 1959** RACING BIKES DOWN ALLEY IN REDONDO ON AVENUE E, HIT MOVING CAR.
- 1960** FACING DAD DOWN WITH FIST IN MY FACE.
- 1960** SANTA SUSANA PASS ON BIKES AT 50 MPH WITH JERRY BELLAMY.
- 1961** GREEK FREIGHTER **DOMINATOR** WRECK IN PALOS VERDES UNDER CLIFFS TIDE COMING IN.
- 1962** **ROWBOAT, RONCADOR** DRIFTING HALF MILE OUT TO SEA BEYOND KING HARBOR WITH DAD.
- 1966** BIKE FROM REDONDO TO SANTA MONICA NEARLY HIT BY OPENING CAR DOORS 6XS.
- 1966** ON BIKE ON SEPULVEDA UNDER LAX, BARELY MISSING DRAINAGE GRATES AND TRAFFIC.
- 1967** **LONGS PEAK, CO.**, 14,000+ COLORADO WITH JERRY YOUNG, 2,000 FOOT GLACIATED SLOPE.
- 1968** CROSSING FELLED TREE OVER LARGE STREAM WITH 45-POUND BACKPACK.
- 1970** JANUARY – RATTLE SNAKE ON TRAIL UP STRAWBERRY PEAK WITH JERRY YOUNG (VERY UNUSUAL).
- 1974** TRIPLE LANDING GEAR FAILURE BELLY LANDING IN CHEROKEE ARROW, SANTA BARBARA AIRPORT WITH GARY VAN WYK, JERRY BELLAMY AND JACK STOEGER.
- 1978** FAILED DEMONSTRATION OF FRONTAL KICK ON BODY BAG—FLAT ON BACK.
- 1978** WITH LAPD SGT. WILLIE PANNELL, DUI TRAFFIC STOP, FAST LANE, 110 FREEWAY SOUTH BOUND, AS WILLIE WAS HANDCUFFING THE DRIVER, NEARLY REAR ENDED BY CAR DOING 60 MPH..
- 1978** LAPD CALL--HARRY WITH A RAZOR.
- 1980** ABOARD A 60-FOOT FISHING BOAT IN HALF GALE OFF VENTURA--SERIOUS INJURIES.
- 1982** 5-CAR PILE UP 60 FREEWAY **RIGHT** IN FRONT OF ME. EMERGED WITHOUT A SCRATCH.

- 1982 5 FREEWAY AT GRIFFITH PARK DOING 70 MPH--GOLF BALL MISSES WINDSHIELD BY 3'.
- 1982 ENGINE FAILURE MERGING ONTO NORTHBOUND 101 FREEWAY.
- 1982 ENGINE FAILURE MERGING ONTO EASTBOUND 60 FREEWAY.
- 1983 SIDE-SWIPE BY SEMI ON 110 FREEWAY NORTHBOUND, HIT AND RUN.
- 1985 EPSTEIN--BARR VIRUS-- 9 MONTHS IN RECOVERY (ENLARGED SPLEEN CAN BE FATAL.)
- 1986 KIDNEY STONE. PAIN ON SCALE OF 1—10=10. NURSE SAID CLOSEST TO CHILDBIRTH.
- 1991 12" BOWIE KNIFE TO NECK BY FIVE GANGBANGERS, ARMED ROBBERY. (SEE POEM)
- 1994 LADDER FALL AT **REFUGE**, LANDED ON BACK WITH RE-BAR PROTRUDING UP 8-INCHES BETWEEN MY LEFT ARM AND RIBS. NEARLY IMPALED. ALONE. NO PHONE.
- 1995 BURBANK RIDE-ALONG WITH OFFICER EDGAR PENARANDA, 5150 BRANDISHING GUN.
- 1996 STUNG BY SCORPION, **DESERT REFUGE**.
- 1997 SPOTTED MOJAVE GREEN RATTLER 3-FEET BEHIND MY CHAIR, **DESERT REFUGE**.
- 2002 REAR ENDED BY CAR IN FAST LANE, 10 FREEWAY EASTBOUND AT CRENSHAW.
- 2006 29 **PSALMS**, CONSTRUCTION SITE, FELL TRYING TO SWING FROM RAFTERS, LANDED STRADDLING SAWHORSE. WITNESSED BY MY BROTHER. MIRACULOUS.
- 2008 29 **PSALMS**, LOBBING HEAVY BEAM, 24" X 12" X 4" TO SECOND STORY ROOF FROM FIRST STORY ROOF. MISSED THE LOB. IT CAME BACK AND CAUGHT ME RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES, DECKED ME, HITTING THE BRIDGE OF MY GLASSES RIGHT BETWEEN MY EYES. NO BLOOD. MUST HAVE WEIGHED AT LEAST 10 POUNDS. I WAS TRYING TO PREVENT FURTHER ROOF DAMAGE IN 70 MPH WINDS.
- 2015 IN CERRITOS ON SURFACE STREET. GUY RAN A RED LIGHT IN A SMALL MODEL FORD TEE-BONING ME IN MY TOYOTA TACOMA. HIS CAR WAS TOTALED AND HAULED AWAY ON A WRECKING FLAT BED. MY TRUCK HAD A SLIGHTLY BENT RIM AND I DROVE HOME.
- 2016 SCARIEST ROAD DRIVE OF MY LIFE ON THE TWO-LANE ROAD FROM WINSLOW, ARIZONA TO MONTROSE, COLORADO. BEAUTIFUL, FALL, BRIGHT, YELLOW, NORMANDIE POPLARS ALL OVER THE GRANITE SLOPES, 40 MPH SPEED LIMIT, I WAS DOING 20 PRAYED AT LEAST 6 OF THE MOST SINCERE ROSARIES TO OUR LADY FOR TWO HOURS. TWO THOUSAND-FOOT CLIFF TO THE RIGHT, ONLY ABOUT HALF THE STRETCH HAD ANY GUARDRAIL WHATSOEVER. SHEER TERROR THE ENTIRE TRIP.
- 2017 SIDE-SWIPE BY LARGE VAN DOING 70+ MPH, KNOCKING OFF MY MIRROR ON 405 FREEWAY SOUTHBOUND AT EL SEGUNDO. HIT AND RUN.
- 2017 ON FLOOR IN MY BATHROOM AT **TRANSFIGURATION** WITH FLU-LIKE SYMPTOMS, I SNEEZED SO HARD, I CREATED AN ESOPHAGEAL TEAR. LOTS OF BLOOD. A DOCTOR, EDDIE ALEXANDER, WHO HAD BEEN IN MY TEEN CLUB AT ST. AUGUSTINE 38 YEARS EARLIER, **HAPPENED TO BE COMING BY TO SEE ME, CAME IN TO MY ROOM**, TOOK ONE LOOK AND SAID, "YOU'RE GOING TO CEDARS, NOW!!!" HE DROVE ME TO EMERGENCY. THE ADMITTING DOCTOR WAS A FEMALE ISRAELI WHO'S COMMENT AFTER EXAMINING MY THROAT SAID, "YOU KNOW, THIS DIDN'T NEED TO TURN OUT WELL."
- 2018 **TRANSFIGURATION**, MY LAST YEAR IN ACTIVE MINISTRY, I FELL 7 TIMES IN THE SHOWER. DUE TO NEUROPATHY. I ATTRIBUTED NOT GETTING HURT TO THE FACT MY MUSCLES REMEMBERED HOW TO FALL FROM HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL.
- 2023 SERIOUS NOSEBLEED AT 29 **PSALMS**. SUMMONED PARAMEDICS AND FRIEND, MARK MILLER, USMC (RETIRED) WHO ACCOMPANIED ME TO EMERGENCY AT HIGH DESERT TRAUMA CENTER. DURING THE FIVE HOURS I WAITED IN EMERGENCY FOR THE BLEEDING TO SUBSIDE, POSSIBLY FROM LOSS OF BLOOD, I FAINTED, FALLING FORWARD OFF MY CHAIR. HAD MARK NOT SEEN AND CAUGHT ME, I COULD HAVE SUSTAINED SERIOUS INJURIES.
- 2024 IN TEXAS WITH DEAR FRIEND, SAM BARBER, HIT WALKING IN THE CROSSWALK BY A TOYOTA CAMRY TRAVELING 30 MPH ACCORDING TO THE POLICE REPORT. I WAS HIT BY THE BUMPER IN THE RIGHT FEMUR. NO BROKEN BONES. RELEASED WITH CRUTCHES.
- 2024 TWO DAYS LATER, FULLERTON, CALIFORNIA, I WAS IN THE BATHROOM TRYING TO NAVIGATE MY ILL-FITTED CRUTCHES, FELL BACKWARD, HIT MY HEAD ON THE COMMODORE, CREATING A 2 & 1/2 INCH GASH. SPENT THE NIGHT IN ANOTHER

CATHOLIC HOSPITAL WITH A **SUBDURAL HEMATOMA** (BLOOD ON THE BRAIN)
WHICH HAD CLEARED UP BY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, SO I WAS RELEASED.

I HAVE EXPERIENCED 11 OTHER MOMENTS THAT COULD HAVE ENDED POORLY DURING MY
LIFE INCLUDING AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER LANDING AND LAUNCH ABOARD THE USS
KITTY HAWK, CVA -63, BUT THOSE WERE HARDLY NOTEWORTHY COMPARED TO
THE 37 I'VE LISTED.

PLEASE INDULGE ME TO LIST TWO OTHER CLOSE CALLS FOR DEAR PRIEST FRIENDS. **FR. ALLAN
ROBERTS** WAS CAR-JACKED AT GUNPOINT ABOUT A MILE FROM MY RECTORY SOME YEARS AGO.

THE ARSON FIRE OF ST. JOHN VIANNEY PARISH COMPLETELY DESTROYED THE CHURCH AND
ALMOST KILLED **MSGR. TIM NICHOLS** AND THE OTHER PRIESTS IN THE RECTORY NEXT DOOR.
MSGR. TIM WAS READY TO RETIRE, BUT TO HIS CREDIT AND GREAT LOVE FOR HIS FLOCK STAYED
ON FOR YEARS TO COMPLETELY REBUILD A BEAUTIFUL NEW EDIFICE.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL'S NAME IS **THEOPHILUS**, WHICH MEANS "LOVER OF GOD."
WHATEVER HIS NAME AND WORDS I USE TO CONVERSE WITH HIM, I DO SO DAILY.

PRAYER TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

ANGEL OF GOD, MY GUARDIAN DEAR,
TO WHOM HIS LOVE COMMITS ME HERE,
EVER THIS DAY BE AT MY SIDE.
TO LIGHT AND GUARD, TO RULE AND GUIDE. AMEN.

LESSON: BE GRATEFUL.

A CANTICLE OF GRATITUDE TO GOD FOR PAST PROTECTION

SIRACH, 51: 1-ff

I GIVE YOU THANKS, O GOD OF MY FATHER;
I PRAISE YOU, O GOD OF MY SAVIOR!
... , YOU HAVE SAVED ME FROM DEATH
AND KEPT BACK MY BODY FROM THE PIT,
FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE NETHER WORLD
YOU HAVE SNATCHED MY FEET;
YOU HAVE DELIVERED ME,
IN YOUR GREAT MERCY
.... FROM THE POWER OF THOSE WHO SOUGHT MY LIFE;
FROM MANY A DANGER YOU HAVE SAVED ME. ...
FOR HE SAVES THOSE WHO TAKE REFUGE IN HIM,
AND RESCUES THEM FROM EVERY EVIL.
.... DO NOT ABANDON ME IN TIME OF TROUBLE,
IN THE MIDST OF STORMS AND DANGERS.
.... HE SAVED ME FROM EVIL OF EVERY KIND
AND PRESERVED ME IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

CHAPTER 5., CONT'D. SHIPS I TOURED, SAILED ABOARD.

"PUSH OUT INTO DEEPER WATER"
SAINT JOHN PAUL II



**THIS PHOTO EXPRESSES THE EMOTION I EXPERIENCE ANY TIME I AM IN, ON OR ABOARD SHIPS.
PHOTO TAKEN BY MY BROTHER-IN-LAW, EDGAR, BEFORE WE BOARDED USS CLEVELAND FOR
4 – DAY TIGER CRUISE.**

Vessels I toured:

Tuna Clipper (for fishing by hook) and Purse Seiner (fishing by net) 1957, San Diego, CA.

U. S. Minesweeper Squadron, 1958, Redondo Beach, CA.

SS-301 USS Roncador, 1959, Long Beach, CA, Baleo Class, fleet-type submarine.

(Note: her conning tower is now the centerpiece of the entrance to U. S.

Submarine Base H. Q. Pacific Fleet, San Diego, CA)

CVS-33 USS Kearsarge, 1960, Long Beach, CA.

N/S Savannah, first nuclear-powered merchantman, 1962, San Pedro, CA.

CG Cutter, Modoc, Coos Bay, Oregon.

USS Arizona Memorial, Pearl Harbor, Oahu, Hawaii.

DD-946 USS Barry, Washington, D.C. Navy Yard.

United States Frigate Constellation, Baltimore Harbor

(Note: First ship of the U. S. Navy, Flagship of the U. S. Commander-in-Chief,

Atlantic Fleet in WWII from April, 1941 – January, 1942.)

Cruiser USS Olympia, Flagship, The Great White Fleet, Philadelphia Navy Yard.

USS Bacuna, Submarine, Philadelphia Navy Yard.

BB-62, USS New Jersey, Long Beach, CA.

Full-rigged three-master, Star of India, San Diego, CA.

P. T. 562, Patrol Torpedo Boat, Fredericksburg, Texas, Chester Nimitz Museum .

SS Queen Mary, Long Beach, CA.

Russian Attack Submarine, Long Beach, CA.

CVA-11, USS Intrepid, New York, New York.

CVS-12, USS Hornet, Alameda, CA.

BB-63, USS Missouri, Pearl Harbor, Oahu, Hawaii (second visit).

SS Jeremiah O'Brien, Liberty Ship, San Francisco, CA.

Cutter Balcutha, 3-masted square rigger, Hyde Street Pier, San Francisco, CA.

(see photo of me jumping for joy).

SS-383, Palmetto, Baleo Class, Fleet-type Submarine, San Francisco, CA.

United States Frigate, Constitution, "Old Ironsides," Boston, Harbor, Mass.

BB-61, USS Iowa, San Pedro, CA. (multiple visits).

SS Lane Victory, Liberty Ship, San Pedro, CA.

Cruise ships where I was chaplain (part of crew):

SS Island Princess, 2-weeks, Alaska.
SS Pacific Princess, 2-weeks, Alaska.
SS Crown Princess, 2-weeks, Alaska.
SS Crystal Symphony, 7-day round trip, San Pedro – Hawaii.
SS Crystal Ship, 4 -weeks, Australia and New Zealand.
SS Crystal Ship, 2 – weeks, St. Lawrence Seaway Montreal to New York City.
SS Norwegian Sun, 4-day, with Classmates, San Pedro to Vancouver, B.C.
SS Norwegian ship, 2-weeks with Classmates, San Pedro, Mexico, Honduras, Guatemala, Central America, Panama Canal, Cartagena, Columbia. South America, British West Indies to Ft., Lauderdale, FL.
SS Royal Caribbean, Quantum of the Seas, 4-day, San Pedro to Ensenada, Mexico.

Fishing:

City of Redondo, 60-footer, half-day, Redondo Beach.
Voyager, 60-footer San Pedro, all-night to San Clemente Island, 3 times.
20-foot ski boat, shark- hunting, San Pedro Channel (caught 6' blue shark)

With U. S. Navy as guest, Tiger Cruise or as visiting chaplain;

FFG-9, USS Wadsworth, Long Beach to San Clemente Island and back.
AFS-1, USS Mars, 3 nights aboard, Alameda, CA.
CV-63, USS Kitty Hawk, San Diego, 4-days, with air show at sea.
Carrier landing and launch, 50+ miles at sea)..
LPD-7, USS Cleveland, 6 hours aboard as chaplain, off Port Hueneme, CA.
LPD-7, USS Cleveland, 4-days at sea as chaplain, Tiger Cruise, San Francisco to San Diego, CA.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

CIRCA, 1960. I MUST DIGRESS TO TELL THE STORY OF MY 12-FOOT ROWBOAT, **THE RONCADOR**. I BOUGHT HER, BOAT AND TRAILER FOR \$35. SHE NEEDED A COMPLETE REFIT WHICH I PROVIDED THE SUMMER BEFORE HIGH SCHOOL. I RE-FIBERGLASSED A DING IN HER BOTTOM, GAVE HER A FRESH COAT OF WHITE, HIGH-GLOSS, MARINE ENAMEL, REPLACED OARLOCKS WITH BRASS FITTINGS AND PAINTED HER HULL WATERLINE WITH A DEEP GREEN. SHE WAS REFITTED WITH NEW 12' OARS AND I GOT HELP PACKING THE WHEELS OF THE TRAILER. I NAMED HER AFTER A WWII FLEET-TYPE SUBMARINE THAT I HAD TOURED. SUBS WERE NAMED AFTER FISH. MANY DECADES LATER, I CAME TO KNOW THAT **RONCADOR WAS SPANISH FOR “YELLOWFIN CROAKER.”** IT IS ALSO SPANISH FOR **“ONE WHO SNORES.”** [I HAVE SEVERE SLEEP APNEA.]

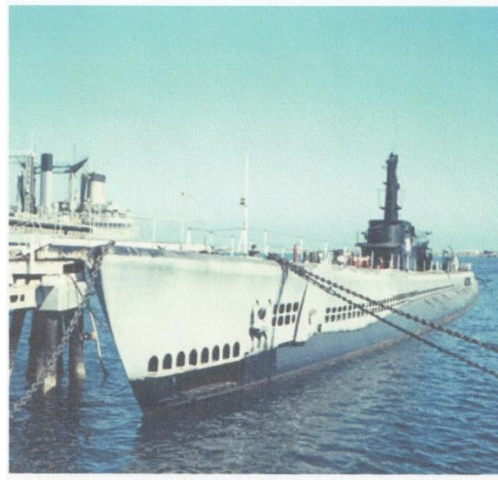
HER FIRST **“SEA TRIALS”** TOOK PLACE AT PUDDINGSTONE DAM NEAR SAN DIMAS. SHE WAS LOWERED BY BOAT HOIST TWO OR THREE OTHER TIMES AT KING HARBOR, REDONDO BEACH. ONE NIGHT, STEVE PRICE, KENN MILLER AND I TIED UP TO A BOUY IN THE HARBOR AND SPENT THE NIGHT. STEVE RECALLED THAT WE CAUGHT SOME FISH, BUT A SEAL ATE THEM DURING THE NIGHT. WE TOOK TURNS AT “WATCH.” SINCE WE HAD NO MOTOR, WE DID NOT NEED RUNNING LIGHTS. JUST A FLASHLIGHT IF APPROACHED BY ANY OTHER VESSEL. I HAD TAKEN A SMALL BOAT HANDLING COURSE FROM THE COAST GUARD, SO WE MANAGED TO STAY AFLOAT.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE CAME WHEN DAD (SOBER) AND I DECIDED TO TAKE HER OUT BEYOND THE BREAKWATER OF KING HARBOR MARINA. WE DIDN'T KNOW THE CURRENT FLOWED IN FROM THE BOTTOM OF A CANYON JUST BEYOND THE ROCKS, THE FLOWED BACK

OUT TO SEA ON THE SURFACE. WE DROPPED OUR FISHING LINES, CAUGHT A COUPLE FISH, LOOKED UP TO REALIZE WE WERE ABOUT A HALF MILE OUT AND DRIFTING TO SEA FAST. I ROWED WITH ALL MY STRENGTH FOR AN HOUR, BUT WE MADE IT BACK SAFELY. THAT'S ABOUT AS SCARRED PHYSICALLY AS I EVER WAS. WE HAD LIFE PRESERVERS, BUT I COULDN'T SWIM!



ME AND THE LAUNCHING OF MY ROWBOAT, RONCADOR.



USS RONCADOR, SS-301.

LESSONS: #1. I LEARNED MANY FROM MY LITTLE VESSEL.

“O GOD, THY SEA IS SO GREAT AND MY BOAT IS SO SMALL.” SIGN ABOARD THE RONCADOR.

LESSON: #2. “A SHIP IN HARBOR IS SAFE. BUT THAT IS NOT WHAT SHIPS WERE BUILT FOR.”

LESSON: #3. I GUESS I’VE ALWAYS LIKED SHIPS. A CONVOY IS ONLY FAST AS IT’S SLOWEST SHIP.

CHAPTER 7. A COUPLE DEFINING MOMENTS.

LESSON #1: “I WILL DIE IN MY BED, MY SUCCESSOR WILL DIE IN PRISON, HIS SUCCESSOR WILL BE MARTYRED.” CARDINAL FRANCIS GEORGE, CHICAGO.

LESSON #2: TALK IS EASY. IT’S THE ACTUAL DOING THAT’S HARD. ASK ST. JOAN OF ARC!

CHAPTER 8. SEE: KOHLBERG’S STAGES OF MORAL DEVELOPMENT.

CHAPTER 12. PRIESTHOOD, ST. AUG. PRIESTLY LOG.

A ST. AUGUSTINE COMMITTEE REQUESTED THAT EACH OF THE FOUR PRIESTS SUBMIT A LOG AND LIST OF OUR DUTIES SO THE PARISHIONERS COULD BE BETTER INFORMED. HERE IS MY REPORT: **FR. MIKE McCULLOUGH 2 – DAY DIARY – APRIL 29 – 30, 1975**

TUESDAY, APRIL 29:

6:45 AM. RISE

8:00 AM. PREACH AND CELEBRATE MASS.

8:30 AM. MESSAGE: SEE THE LADY AT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL – ALSO

WOMAN IN FRONT OFFICE: “WHY DON’T YOU VISIT THE SICK ON YOUR DAY OFF?”
(SHE HAD NEVER TOLD ME HER SON WAS SICK.)

8:50 AM. FINISHED BREAKFAST

9:00 AM. MADE PHONE CALLS
 PREPARED ITEMS FOR 8TH GRADE CLASS.
 9:25 AM. LADY IN X-RAY – COME BACK AT NOON.
 9:35 AM. DROVE TO CULVER CENTER TO PICK UP A GIFT. MAN WITH A LARGE GASH IN FOREHEAD
 LAYING ON THE SIDEWALK (DRUNK) STAYED WITH HIM UNTIL ARRIVAL OF
 PARAMEDICS.
 10:05 AM. 8TH GRADE CLASS TILL 12:00.
 12:15 AM. TALKED TO KIDS IN YARD
 12:25 PM. RETURNED PHONE CALLS
 12:45 PM. LEAVE FOR ART CLASS, WEST L. A. COLLEGE, 1-3 (TUES. & THURS.)
 3:15 PM. MASS WITH /FOR SPASTIC YOUNGSTERS AT MARYCREST MANOR (DAY OF RECOLLECTION
 FOR THEIR CONFIRMATION) – HEARD 6 CONFESSIONS AND PREACHED MASS.
 5:00 PM. MAKE AGENDA FOR EVENING STAFF MEETING.
 MAKE FOUR PHONE CALLS.
 5:45 PM. REST
 6:00 PM. DINNER
 7:00 PM. STAFF MEETING WITH NIGHT HOUSE BOYS WHO ANSWER PHONES.
 7:30 PM. NO SHOW APPOINTMENT—CONTINUE HOUSE MEETING
 8:30 PM. YOUNG WOMAN LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO STAY (ASKED HER TO WAIT IN THE OFFICE
 WHILE I TOOK CARE OF ANOTHER MAN).
 “OTHER MAN” ENTAILED HOUR TALK FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER HOUR WITH HIS
 BEREAVED/DISTRESSED WIFE AND CHILD.
 EARLIER WOMAN LEFT BY THIS TIME.
 11:00 PM. RETIRE

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30.

7:30 AM. RISE
 8:00 AM BREAKFAST
 8:30 AM REVIEW SPANISH MASS – PRACTICE SERMON IN SPANISH.
 9:00 AM. SPANISH FUNERAL MASS FOR YOUNG MAN WITH 2 CHILDREN, ONE IN OUR GRADE
 SCHOOL. ALL CHILDREN PRESENT FROM THE CLASS OF THIS LITTLE ONE AND CRYING.
 10:00 AM. NO SHOW APPOINTMENT.
 10:15 AM CONSOLE C.C.D. STAFF AFTER THEIR READING AN “I OBJECT” LETTER FROM A
 DISCONTENTED PARISHIONER.
 10:30 AM. SCHOOL OFFICE
 10:45 AM. HAD A LONG TALK WITH THE CLASS OF YOUNG BEREAVED STUDENT.
 11:30 AM. BACK TO THE RECTORY.
 11:35 AM. EMERGENCY AT KAISER HOSPITAL (LA CIENEGA AT CADILLAC)
 HEAD NURSE SHOT – CRITICAL
 ANOINTED HER WITH THE SACRAMENT OF THE SICK, ON FLOOR WHERE SHOT.
 I
 WAS CONFINED TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME UNTIL THE WOMAN COULD BE
 TRANSFERRED TO EMERGENCY. SHE DIED WITHIN THE HOUR.
 12:45 PM. ARRIVE PARKING LOT OF HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL.
 1:00 PM. MET STUDENT FOR PSYCHOLOGY CLASS.
 1:15 PM. GAVE CLASS ENTITLED: “TEENAGE PROBLEMS FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF A CATHOLIC
 PRIEST.” FINISHED 2 PM. (DISCUSSED MORALITY, CONSCIENCE AND AFTERLIFE.)
 2:15 PM. ARRIVE RECTORY – GLASS OF MILK.
 2:40 PM. PHONE CALL
 3:00 PM. APPOINTMENT
 3:45 PM. QUIET PRAYER
 4:00 PM. APPOINTMENT ON ABORTION TILL 5:40
 5:45 PM. REST

6:00 PM. DINNER
 6:45 PM. CALL FROM RUNAWAY TEENAGER/SET APPOINTMENT
 6:50 PM. MAN/WIFE, 2 KIDS – NO PLACE TO STAY. GAVE MAN \$12.00 FOR ONE NIGHT IN MOTEL
 (INCLUDING \$5.00 OF PARISH MONEY)
 7:15 PM. TALK TO RUNAWAY REGARDING HOUSING.
 8:00 PM. ARRIVE TEEN CLUB MEETING (1/2 HOUR LATE)
 8:30 PM. NO SHOW APPOINTMENT
 9:00 PM. TOOK ADULT ADVISOR HOME.
 9:15 PM. RETIRE
 9:45 PM. CALLED MOTHER
 10:45 PM. RETIRE AGAIN.
 11:00 PM. WROTE THIS DIARY FOR THE COMMITTEE
 11:30 PM. FINISHED

FR. MIKE - DUTIES, ACTIVITIES AND INVOLVEMENTS.

COUNSELING: 10 – 12 HOURS PER WEEK.
 ADULT EDUCATION (INQUIRY CLASS) 4 ½ HOURS/ WEEK 17 WEEKS. PREPARATION/EXECUTION.
 C.C.D.: ADMINISTRATION 4-5 HOURS PER WEEK,
 JUNIOR HIGH, GO FORTH (9TH GRADE). HIGH SCHOOL TEEN CLUB.
 SCHOOL: TEACHING 8TH (GRADE X2), 3 HOURS PER WEEK, PREPARATION/EXECUTION.
 PROJECT UNITY: 4 HOURS/ WEEK
 HOSPITAL \
 REST HOMES / 3 – 6 HOURS EVERY WEEK
 HOME COMMUNION CALLS /
 EMERGENCIES: 2 – 3 HOURS/WEEK
 S. A. V. E. S.: 2 HOURS/WEEK HANDLING CASES
 YOUTH MASS: 4 – 8 HOURS PREPARATION (NOT COUNTING HOMILY)
 COMMUNITY INVOLVEMENT - CULVER CITY POLICE
 MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION
 GUIDANCE CLINIC
 CULVER AND HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOLS
 WEST L. A. COLLEGE
 (WINTER 2 HRS/WEEK, SUMMER 5 HOURS/WEEK)
 MEETINGS - VARIOUS 1 HOUR/WEEK
 PARISH PLANNING – 3 HOURS/WEEK (IN PRIEST AND/OR STAFF MEETINGS)
 ITALIAN CATHOLIC FEDERATION: 2 -3 HOURS/MONTH, BULLETIN PREPARATION
 MTG ATTENDANCE
 SINNER/SAINTS 1 HOUR/MONTH
 CONTEMPORARY CATHOLIC SINGLES 1 HOUR PER/MONTH
 PRAYER: 1 – 2 HOURS DAILY
 EXERCISE: 1 HOUR/DAY
 CONTINUING EDUCATION 1 HOUR/DAY
 CONFESSIONS: 3 HOURS/WEEK
 PARISH LETTERS: 1 HOUR/WEEK

CHAPTER 17. SONG, “DADDY’S GIRL.”

WHEN MY BROTHER CHRIS’S 4 GIRLS WERE BETWEEN ABOUT AGES 5 AND 14, THEY WERE ALL “DADDY’S GIRL” FROM MY PERSPECTIVE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN. FOR HIS BIRTHDAY ONE YEAR, I REHEARSED THIS SONG WITH THEM AND THEY SANG IT FOR HIM. WHEN WE HAD OUR FAMILY CRUISE IN 2026, I TRIED IT AGAIN FOR HIS BIRTHDAY. AT THAT TIME, THEY DIDN’T SING THE WORDS WITH THE SAME ENTHUSIASM. MEGHAN SAID, “NO WAY AM I SINGING THAT TO MY DAD!” I WAS STILL ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING

IN. THE RELATIONSHIPS HAD SHIFTED SIGNIFICANTLY OVER THE YEARS. BUT I CRY EVERY TIME I HEAR IT. FOR ME, IT IS THE ESSENCE OF MY BROTHER AND WHY EACH OF THEM IS SO INDEPENDENT AND STRONG, A STAGE THEY HAD TO GO THROUGH TO MATURITY.

“DADDY’S GIRL,” RED SOVINE

**I RECALL THE NIGHT THAT YOU CAME INTO THIS WORLD
I COULDN’T BELIEVE THE DOCTOR WHEN HE SAID, “IT’S A LITTLE GIRL.”
I SAID, “NOW DOC YOU MUST BE WRONG YOU SEE I WANT A BOY”
THEN HE LAID YOU IN MY ARMS AND MY HEART SANG WITH JOY**

CHORUS :

**DADDY’S GIRL, DADDY’S GIRL
I’M THE CENTER OF DADDY’S WORLD
I KNOW I’M DADDY’S NUMBER ONE
FOR HE LOVES ME LIKE I WAS HIS SON,
DADDY’S GIRL.**

**I RECALL THE DAY I TOOK YOU TO A BASEBALL GAME
YOU BROUGHT ALONG YOUR BABY DOLL AND HALF ITS BABY THINGS.
WE SAT THERE A PLAYIN’ HOUSE WHILE THE DODGERS PLAYED THE BRAVES
AND EVERYONE IN THE BLEACHERS LOOKED AT US AS IF TO SAY,**

CHORUS

**I RECALL THE DAY I TOOK YOU ON A FISHIN’ TRIP
YOU SAID, “DADDY WON’T THAT HOOK HURT THE FISH’S LIP?”
AND YOU SAID “IF THEY DON’T GET AIR
THOSE THINGS IN THE CAN WILL DIE,”
SO WE TURNED THE WORMS ALL LOOSE
AND CHASED SOME BUTTERFLIES.**

CHORUS

**I RECALL THE DAY THAT YOUR YOUNG MAN CAME TO CALL
SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY, YOU SWAM AND PLAYED FOOTBALL
BUT I KNOW THE TIME HAS COME THAT I MUST SET YOU FREE
BUT NO MATTER WHERE YOU ARE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO ME**

CHORUS

**DADDY’S GIRL, DADDY’S GIRL
I’M THE CENTER OF DADDY’S WORLD
I KNOW I’M DADDY’S NUMBER ONE
FOR HE LOVES ME LIKE I WAS HIS SON
DADDY’S GIRL
DADDY’S GIRL, DADDY’S GIRL
I’M THE CENTER OF DADDY’S WORLD
I KNOW I’M DADDY’S NUMBER ONE
FOR HE LOVES ME LIKE I WAS HIS SON
DADDY’S GIRL.**

I SUBMITTED THE FOLLOWING POEM TO MY POETRY CLASS TEACHER AT EL CAMINO
COLLEGE (I WAS ON A FOUR - MONTH SABBATICAL.)
I RECEIVED AN "A" FOR THE POEM AND AN "A" FOR THE COURSE.
MY SIS, KATHY WAS MY INSPIRATION!

DELTOID THRUST, EARTHBOUND

P01-87

Urgings

primordial

empower upward, outward

clench-fist thrust of

Male energy.

Amniotic sac, contorted s t r a i n s

with his energy as

yet so

potential.

Mother will coddle
breast-feed and bottle
the bundle to feel welcome.
The Female fluoresces
draws inward, caresses
engulfs and unifies.

Masculine, raw lightning
electrocutes complacency
charges the atmosphere
slaughters ideas
worn, wrong, weary and weak--
and looks to the next generation.

Feminine mends and
amends and
eeeases freely deeds feeble
heals the squeals
of pain.
"Coo" sound
rock-a-bye baby
mmmmmmmmmm, home,
Mommy, heartbeat.

Earth pull resists rockets thrusting.

**The gravity of memory
is entirely sufficient
to motivate a safe return.**

**Integrate the two
Wholly androgynous you.
“Go out, Man, and explore!”
Then return to woman for more.**

**May 19, 1987
5th draft
Original composition for
Kathleen
on the occasion of her graduation from
U.C.L.A. School of Law,
May 24, 1987**

**With button-bursting pride,
Your Brother,
Michael**

CHAPTER 19. MARINE CORPS AIR GROUND COMBAT CENTER.

IMMACULATE HEART OR MARY CHAPEL.



SACRAMENT OF CONFIRMATION. ALICE-ANN PATU AND GRANDSON ADONAI'S ARE ON THE 1ST TWO ROWS ON THE RIGHT. MY SPONSOREE, EMMA BARNHART IS IN FRONT ROW WITH ME, 2ND ROW LEFT.

CHAPTER 29. EXPANSION OF “DUTIES.”
L.A. POLICE ACADEMY CHAPEL,
POLICE CHAPLAIN SCHOOL,
U.S. AIR CRASH,
BIRTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE DESERT REFUGE AND
ACADEMY GRADUATION.

CHAPTER 29 IS A COMBINATION OF FIVE MAJOR FORKS IN MY LAW ENFORCEMENT JOURNEY, BECAUSE EVENTS DIDN'T ALWAYS UNFOLD IN NEAT CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER. **FIRST WAS THE BUILDING OF THE ACADEMY CHAPEL.**

1ST PROJECT.
POLICE ACADEMY CHAPEL AND MEDITATION CENTER.
(3 YEARS).

1984 – I PROPOSED POLICE ACADEMY CHAPEL TO CAPTAIN TOM HAYES, O.I.C.
TRAINING DIVISION.

1987 – WE DEDICATED CHAPEL.



**DEDICATION BROCHURE FRONT/BACK
AND INCLUDED PAGES.**

The four foot diameter circular window floods our heart and senses with the goodness of God and majesty of creation. Elements that serve as a basis of spiritual reflection in many religions are depicted: light, mountains, shadows, water, life, rocks, energy, serenity and peacefulness, to name a few.



The border is royal blue flashglass into which has been sandblasted the virtues and goodness that are often associated with closeness to God. They also give a continuity to the opposite facing "Name of God" window.

The windows are designed by Mr. Mark Greenfield, Captain Russell Kindermann (L.A.P.D. Ret., now with Calif. State Police) and Father Michael McCullough. Mr. Chuck Tatreau adapted the design to glass and provided the craftsmanship.

PROGRAM

CONCERT	LOS ANGELES POLICE CONCERT BAND
MASTER OF CEREMONIES	JIM MACKRELL ACTOR
POSTING OF COLORS	LOS ANGELES POLICE COLOR GUARD
PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE	CAPTAIN JACK SMITH ASSISTANT COMMANDING OFFICER, PERSONNEL AND TRAINING BUREAU
NATIONAL ANTHEM	LOS ANGELES POLICE CONCERT BAND
INVOCATION	CHAPLAIN FRANK KELLEY LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT RESERVE CHAPLAIN CORPS,
INTRODUCTION OF SPECIAL GUESTS	JIM MACKRELL
PRESENTATIONS:	LT. JOHN ROGERS, PRESIDENT, LOS ANGELES POLICE REVOLVER AND ATHLETIC CLUB HONORABLE ROBERT TALCOTT, PRESIDENT, BOARD OF POLICE COMMISSIONERS CHIEF DARYL F. GATES, LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT VENERABLE DOCTOR HAVANPOLA RATANASARA, PRESIDENT, BUDDHIST SANGHA COUNCIL OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA RABBI PAUL DUBIN, EXEC. VICE PRESIDENT, BOARD OF RABBIS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BISHOP JOHN WARD OF THE LOS ANGELES CATHOLIC ARCHDIOCESE CHAPLAIN KENNETH MAYES, HEAD OF THE LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT RESERVE CHAPLAIN CORPS. CHAPLAIN SIMON GARCIA, POLICE OFFICER ASSIGNED TO HOLLENBECK AREA
BENEDICTION	REVEREND EDGAR BOYD, PASTOR, BETHEL AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
LIGHTING OF MEMORIAL TORCH FOR FALLEN DEPARTMENT OFFICERS.	
RIBBON CUTTING	
OPEN HOUSE	
DEDEICATIONS	



**LATER PHOTO OF CHAPEL AND BRONZE PLAQUE.
I WAS SURPRISED ON DEDICATION DAY.
SGT. BOB KELLAR DID ALL THE HEAVY LIFTING AND FUNDRAISING
YET HE SAW THAT I GOT ALL THE CREDIT WITH THIS BEAUTIFUL PLAQUE.**



ACADEMY CHAPEL, 25TH ANNIVERSARY CEREMONY, 2013.

Special Thanks to:

Captain Michelle Veenstra

Lt. Michael O'Donnell

Training Division Secretarial Staff

Training Division Gardening Staff

Father Frank Hicks

Rabbi Chaim Kolodny

Fernie "Elviz" Ramirez, Training Division, Art Unit

The Desert Refuge for Peace Officers, Inc.

Gogo's Bistro

2415 East Cesar E. Chavez Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90033

Imperial Awards, Inc.

10661 West Pico Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90064

The LA Police Federal Credit Union

McCullough Tile Company

L.A. Police Emerald Society Pipe Band

The LAPD Chaplain Corps

Work Party Volunteers

Public Safety Interfaith Prayer Service

Commemorating a Quarter Century of
The Police Academy Chapel

Los Angeles Police Academy
September 29, 2013



"No Name of God is Worthy of God."

-- Ancient saying

The name of God is carved in beveled glass (clockwise from the top) in English, Arabic, Hebrew, Spanish, Chinese/Japanese, Latin and Hindi. The choice of seven names is not accidental. If the number six represents imperfection, as it does in some cultures, and the number seven represents perfection, then the number eight acknowledges that God is beyond our notions of perfection. The window contains seven cultural titles for the Deity, but the "negative space" (the blank space around the symbols) represents the eighth title of God - the personal name for Deity which we carry in our hearts. "NO NAME OF GOD IS WORTHY OF GOD." Sandblasted into the blue over the white flash glass are depicted some of the most noble of the police virtues: Protection, Service, Diligence, Courage, Vigilance and Integrity.

25TH ANNIVERSARY BROCHURE FRONT AND BACK AND THE FIVE PAGES FOLLOWING.

Welcome

We gather today, as a Chaplain Corps, to pray with you in gratitude for a quarter century of **The Police Academy Chapel and Meditation Center**. We are blessed as one of the few law enforcement training facilities in the country to have a chapel. Many services have been held in this chapel over these years, including weddings, christenings, baptisms, funeral memorials, anniversaries, Masses, Bible studies, counseling sessions, tears and private meditation to name a few. A 999 key opens the door so that every officer and employee in this Department has a place to pray, 24/7, should the need arise.

We encourage you to visit your chapel when you are here. Pray for all the gifts you have received and for your fellow officers working the field. God has certainly heard and answered our prayers in the past. We believe He will continue!

Michael, the Archangel Patron of Peace Officers

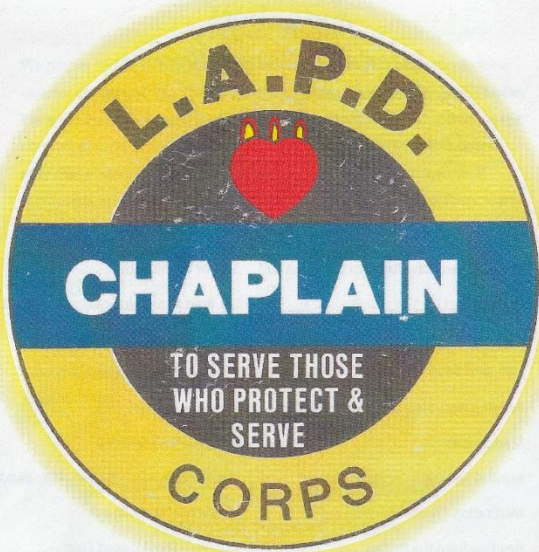
Michael, or Saint Michael the Archangel, is the Law Enforcement Officer par excellence. Michael represents a spiritual as opposed to religious symbol, since Michael is honored across denominational bounds; Book of Daniel, 10:13, 12:1 and 21 (Judaism); Book of Revelation, 12:7-9 (Christianity); Islam also honors Michael and the angels in the Qur'an.

Michael, though a spiritual being, for the sake of grasping his reality, has traditionally been dressed in the garb of a Roman Centurion. Los Angeles Police have been nicknamed "The New Centurions," (refer to the book of that name by Joseph Wambaugh-L.A.P.D. retired).

Public Safety *Interfaith Prayer Service* Commemorating a Quarter Century of The Police Academy Chapel

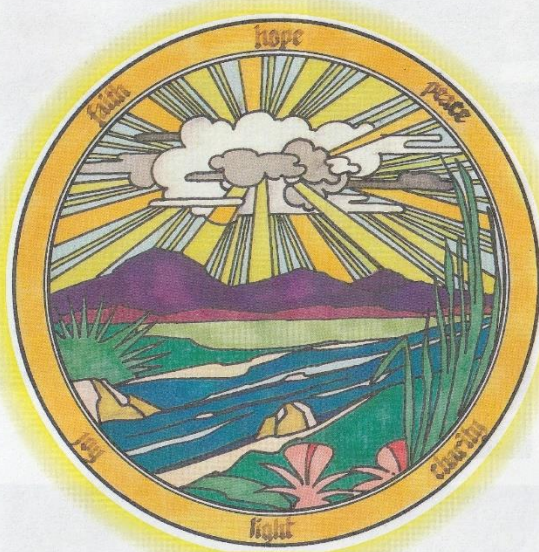
Los Angeles Police Academy
September 29, 2013

Musical Selection "America the Beautiful"	Soloist Yvonne Sevat
Processional	L.A. Police Emerald Society Pipe Band
Welcome	Fr. Michael McCullough Captain Michelle Veenstra
Reading from New Testament, Eph. 6:13	Chaplain Fr. Frank Hicks
Meditation	Chaplain Ed Beardsley
Musical Selection "Amazing Grace"	L.A. Police Emerald Society Pipe Band
Meditation "Archangel Michael"	Fr. Michael McCullough
Reading from the Qur'an	Chaplain Shaykh Asad Qazi
Musical Selection "God of this City"	Soloist Yvonne Sevat
Reading from Jewish Scriptures	Chaplain Rabbi Chaim Kolodny
Moment of Silent Prayer	Chaplain Ken Crawford
Badge Blessing	Fr. Michael McCullough
Presentation	Fr. Michael McCullough
Benediction	Chaplain Ferroll Robins
Recessional "God Bless America"	Soloist Yvonne Sevat



*The Original Chaplain Corps
Emblem Window*

The flaming heart represents the passion that chaplains have for their ministry to law enforcement. "To serve those who protect and serve," is the official motto of the LAPD Chaplain Corps. This window is in the door as you enter the Academy Chapel.



The Nature Window

The four-foot diameter circular window floods our heart and senses with the goodness of God and majesty of creation. Elements that serve as a basis of spiritual reflection in many religions are depicted: light, mountains, shadows, water, life, rocks, energy, serenity/peacefulness, to name a few.

The border is royal blue flash glass into which has been sandblasted the virtues and goodness that are often associated with closeness to God. They also give continuity to the opposite facing "NAME OF GOD" window.

These windows were designed by Mr. Mark Greenfield, Captain Russell Kindermann, LAPD (retired) and Father Michael McCullough. Mr. Chuck Tatreau adopted the design to glass and provided the craftsmanship.



I PRAY OUR ACADEMY CAPTAINS, INSTRUCTORS AND ALL DEPARTMENT CHAPLAINS WILL REMEMBER THAT WE HAVE AN INTERDENOMINATIONAL CHAPEL AND MEDITATION CENTER, A PLACE FOR PRAYER, REFLECTION AND GOD ON OUR ACADEMY CAMPUS (999 KEY OPENS IT 24/7).

**THE SECOND PROJECT WAS THE PROPOSAL AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE
ADVANCED POLICE CHAPLAIN SCHOOL.**

THE ADVANCED POLICE CHAPLAIN SCHOOL

As a requirement for certification to be a Certified Master Chaplain by THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF POLICE CHAPLAINS (ICPC), one needed to write a Master's Paper. I chose the topic of Chaplain School which was approved. The paper was 47 pages long, too much for our purposes here, but I have included a copy of the cover and contents pages showing the areas we treated.

With the approval of Chief Gates and Assistant Chief Vernon we initiated this course. We invited chaplains from the region to join us and much comradery came of the training.

During the Riots of 1992, many of these chaplains came to assist L.A.P.D. The first L.A.P.D. Chaplain Corps Banquet centered around the distribution of diplomas for the attendees. These certificates could be used as evidence of Chaplain training hours toward ICPC certification.

ADVANCED POLICE CHAPLAIN SCHOOL
OF THE
LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT

A Research Paper

Presented to

Howard G. Shockley, D. Min.

International Conference of Police Chaplains
Continuing Education Committee

In Partial Fulfillment
of Requirements for Certification
as Master Chaplain

By

Chaplain Michael P. McCullough

May 3, 1989

C.7

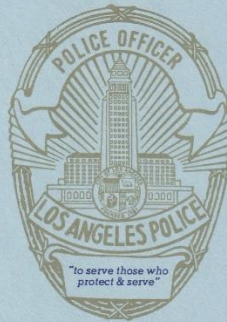
**LEFT BLANK FOR YOUR NOTES AND
REFLECTIONS.**

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. INTRODUCTION	1
Profile of Police Officers in Southern California	2
Profile of Police Chaplains in Southern California	5
Designing Programs	6
II. THE NEEDS OF POLICE CHAPLAINS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA	8
Knowledge of Police Function and Skills	8
Growth in Denominational Sensitivities	8
Growth in Cultural Sensitivities	9
Mutual Support--Networking	10
Prayer Together For Our Officers	11
Growth in Our Professional Capabilities	11
III. RESPONSE TO THE NEEDS: ADVANCED POLICE CHAPLAIN SCHOOL	13
Police Function and Skills	13
Denominational Sensitivities	15
Cultural Sensitivities	15
Roundtable Discussion--Networking	16
Prayer Services	16
Considerations that Provide Growth to Our Professional Capabilities	17
IV. EVALUATION AND FOLLOW-UP	19
V. CHAPLAIN MOTIVATION AND USING THE POSITION	20

VI. CONCLUSION--THE SPIRIT OF THE CORPS	23
FOOTNOTES	25
APPENDIX	27
BIBLIOGRAPHY	44

Los Angeles
Police Department
Graduation Exercises



THE
ADVANCED POLICE
CHAPLAIN SCHOOL

JANUARY 14, 1992
LOS ANGELES POLICE ACADEMY

PROGRAM

PRESENTATION OF THE COLORS
LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT
COLOR GUARD

INVOCATION

CHAPLAIN JERRY POWELL
Department Chaplain Coordinator

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTIONS

DINNER

THE POLICE CHAPLAINCY
"A VITAL SUPPORT ORGANIZATION"
CHAPLAIN JERRY POWELL

REMARKS

DETECTIVE BILL MARTIN
*Employee Assistance Unit
L.A.P.D.*

BISHOP STEPHEN BLAIRE
*Auxiliary Bishop
Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Los Angeles*

RABBI JOHN SHERWOOD
Temple Emet, Woodland Hills

DARYL F. GATES
*Chief of Police
L.A.P.D.*

PRESENTATION OF CERTIFICATES

DARYL F. GATES

BENEDICTION

CHAPLAIN MICHAEL P. MCCULLOUGH
L.A.P.D.

GRADUATES

Robert Arline, Jr.	L.A.P.D.
Chuck Casto	Colton P.D.
Ken Childress	Simi Valley P.D.
Mark Coleman	L.A.P.D.
Alvin Cooper	Hemet P.D.
Clarence Crites	Santa Monica P.D.
Michael Cuozzo	Redlands P.D.
Bob Folbrecht	Oxnard P.D.
Mark T. Frey	La Verne P.D.
Stephen Harris	Redlands P.D.
Harold Hawkins	Redondo Beach P.D.
Arthur Henry	L.A.P.D.
Jeff W. Johnson	Downey P.D.
Robert K. Johnson	Colton P.D.
Albert Jones	Inglewood P.D.
Leon Kahane	Redondo Beach P.D.
Steve Leinhos	L.A.P.D.
Richard McCready	L.A.P.D.
Michael P. McCullough	L.A.P.D.
Raphael Marin-Leon	L.A.P.D.
Neil Matranga	Downey P.D.
Kenneth Mayes	L.A.P.D.
Daniel P. Mettler	Rialto P.D./S.B.S.D.
Ron Moen	L.A.P.D.
Frank Richelieu	Redondo Beach P.D.
Avery Richey	Redondo Beach P.D.
Garfield Robinson	L.A.P.D.
John Roland	Riverside P.D.
Dale Rose	L.A.P.D.
Anthony Sanders	Inglewood P.D.
Ronald Seidel	L.A.P.D.
John M. Sherwood	L.A.P.D.
Kevin D. Smith	L.A.P.D.
Jerry Steele	Chula Vista P.D./F.B.I. San Diego Division
Olan Taylor	Hemet P.D.
Philip E. Thompson	Rialto P.D.
Jerry Westholder	L.A.P.D.
Alvin Williams	Redlands P.D.
Frank Witman	Simi Valley P.D.

U. S. AIR CRASH OF FLIGHT #1493

THIRD WAS THE DISASTER OF THE U.S. AIR CRASH FL. #1493 FOR WHICH I LOGGED 40 HOURS ONE WEEKEND AS I WAS GOING THROUGH THE POLICE ACADEMY IN 1991.

I WAS DRIVING WESTBOUND ON THE 10 FREEWAY WHEN THE NEWS REPORTER ANNOUNCED A CRASH AT LAX. AS I WAS 10 MINUTES AWAY, I IMMEDIATELY CLEARED THE POLICE CHECK POINT WITH MY CHAPLAIN I.D. AND WAS DIRECTED TO THE U.S. AIR CLUB LOUNGE IN TERMINAL ONE. I ALWAYS CARRIED MY EMERGENCY CALL - OUT BAG WITH EVERYTHING I NEEDED FOR EMERGENCIES IN MY CAR. **LAFD FIRE CHAPLAIN MSGR. VAN LIEFDE** WAS NORTHBOUND ON THE 405 FREEWAY. BOTH OF US RESPONDED AT THE SAME TIME, BUT HE TO THE TARMAC AS I WAS IN THE TERMINAL. WE DIDN'T FIND THAT OUT UNTIL SOMETIME LATER.

35 YEARS LATER PREPARING THIS MEMOIR, I WAS TO LEARN **RUTH WAGNER, MANAGER OF THAT CLUB HAD KEPT A DIARY OF THE EVENTS OF THAT DAY.** SHE WAS KIND ENOUGH TO SHARE THAT DIARY FOR OUR PURPOSES HERE. SHE RECORDED A POINT OF VIEW I SELDOM IF EVER SAW. I'LL LET HER NARRATE THE STORY:

**“EARLY 1991: I WAS DRAGGING 5 GAL BUCKETS OF ICE
THRU THE BACK DOOR FROM THE U.S. AIR CLUB TO
GATE 2 IN TERMINAL ONE @ LAX**

**THE FIREMEN WERE FRANTICALLY COVERING THE ENTIRE
GATE AREA WITH STRETCHERS, HOLDING PASSENGERS –
BOTH EXPIRED VICTIMS AND INJURED SURVIVORS.**

**A 737 HAD LANDED ON TOP OF A COMMUTER PLANE ON
THE RUNWAY. SIRENS AND MASS CHAOS FILLED THE
ENTIRE AIRPORT. I RAN BACK AND FORTH FROM THE
VICTIMS TO THE FRONT DESK OF THE CLUB WHERE I WAS
MANAGER. THE PHONES AND DOORBELL RANG
INCESSANTLY.**

**QUICKLY THROUGH THE MAIN DOOR, A MAN ENTERED
WHOSE FACE WILL FOREVER BE ETCHED IN MY MEMORY.
IT WAS A KIND FACE – APPROACHABLE YET RESOLUTE.
GOD’S HELPER.**

**HE WORKED IMMEDIATELY IN COMPLETE UNISON AND
SYNCHRONIZATION, WITH MANNING AIRLINE STAFF
AND COORDINATION WITH HOSPITALS AND PANICKED
FAMILIES. IT SOON EXPANDED TO A CHECKPOINT
CONNECTING OTHER AGENCIES I.E. AIR TRAFFIC/GROUND
CONTROL, NEWS MEDIA AND CORONER.**

**SADNESS PERMEATED THROUGHOUT THE AIRPORT AS
HOPE FELL FOR SURVIVORS. THE FIRST NIGHT WAS
TERRIFYING. THE FOLLOWING DAYS WERE LONG AND
GRUELING AS WE CONNECTED WITH FAMILIES.**

**FR. MIKE LISTENED AND COUNSELED. HE WAS THEIR
GLUE. AND THEIR CONDUIT TO PEACE. HE WAS CALM
AND MEASURED AND STAYED THE COURSE. HE WAS
INDEFATIGABLE.**

SOME SURVIVED BUT MANY DIDN'T. THE DAYS GREW

INTO NIGHTS AND THE WEEKS EVENTUALLY GREW INTO YEARS. I STILL HAVE CARDS OF THANKS, FROM FAMILIES OF VICTIMS AND LOST ONES WHO WERE FOREVER GRATEFUL FOR OUR CARE; BUT MOST GENUINELY MOVED BY FR. MIKE AND HIS DEVOTION.”

RUTH WAGNER, US AIR CLUB MANAGER – LAX.

I WOULD MEET WITH FAMILIES AND RUTH IN THE DAYS FOLLOWING. I WORKED CLOSELY WITH **DR. BOB SCOTT, LOS ANGELES COUNTY RED CROSS MAJOR INCIDENT COORDINATOR** AS HE PREPARED A CRITICAL INCIDENT STRESS DEBRIEFING, **CISD**, FOR 34 OF THE FIRST RESPONDERS AND U.S. AIR STAFF WHO WERE MOST HEAVILY IMPACTED BY THE EVENTS. **IT WOULD BE MY FIRST.**

AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE 4-HOUR DEBRIEFING PROCESS, DR. SCOTT ASKED FOR MY OBSERVATIONS AND IF I WOULD LEAD A CONCLUDING PRAYER. I OBSERVED THAT THERE WERE 34 FATALITIES AND EXACTLY 34 OF US FIRST RESPONDERS IN ATTENDANCE. GOD HAD PROVIDED ONE OF US FOR EACH DECEASED SOUL. I WAS GREATLY HUMBLLED THAT HE ASKED ME TO LEAD THAT PRAYER.

RUTH WAGNER AND I REMAINED IN TOUCH FOR MANY YEARS. I WOULD ALWAYS STOP BY TERMINAL ONE TO SAY “HI” ON MY MANY TRIPS IN AND OUT OF LOS ANGELES. WE DIDN’T CONNECT FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS BUT HAVE RECENTLY RENEWED A FRIENDSHIP THAT WILL ALWAYS BE THERE.

THE DESERT REFUGE.

FOURTH PROJECT WAS MY DREAM OF CREATING THE DESERT REFUGE FOR PEACE OFFICERS AND MILITARY PERSONNEL, INC., FROM 1985 – 2025.

1985 – AFTER WORKING THE SUICIDE DEATH OF BUD JABLONSKI ON THE ROOF OF WILSHIRE STATION, I SET A 20-YEAR GOAL – TO DEVELOP A HOUSE OF PRAYER AND SPIRITUALITY FOR POLICE & MILITARY PERSONNEL. (REFER BACK TO CHAPTER 22. Page 109.)

THE DESERT REFUGE WAS THE FIRST FACILITY OF ITS KIND WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI THAT WE KNEW OF – A RETREAT FACILITY DEDICATED TOTALLY TO MEN AND WOMEN IN UNIFORM FOR WHOLISTIC CARE. MY AUNT AND UNCLE, EDNA & HARRY ROCHON HAD PURCHASED LAND ON THE HOMESTEAD ACT IN JOSHUA TREE, CALIFORNIA IN 1950 FOR \$5.00 AN ACRE. THEY LIVED IN SOUTH LOS ANGELES.

WITH 5 ACRES, THEY HAD TO BUILD A CABIN WITHIN 10 YEARS. MY UNCLE BUILT A 700 SQUARE – FOOT STRUCTURE. I USED TO RIDE WITH THEM OCCASIONALLY ON THE 4 – HOUR DRIVE FROM LOS ANGELES WHEN I WAS 11 YEARS OLD AND EVEN EARLIER.

MY AUNT AND UNCLE DIED, THEIR SON, A BENEDICTINE MONK FR. DAVID ROCHON, INHERITED THE PROPERTY, THEN HE PASSED AWAY A FEW MONTHS LATER. MY SISTER, BROTHER AND I PURCHASED THE PROPERTY FROM THE ESTATE IN 1994. WE PAID IT OFF IN THE LATE 90s AND THEY LET ME BUY THEM OUT.

I NOW HAD A PLACE TO GO FOR MY DAYS OFF. BUT THE NEEDS OF FIRST RESPONDERS WERE SO PRESSING, WE FORMED A BOARD OF DIRECTORS AND IN

1999- INCORPORATED AS A 501©3 WITH I.R.S.

A FEW PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW SOME EVENTS OVER THE FOLLOWING 26 YEARS. I WAS TO LEARN THAT THE AVERAGE NON – PROFIT LASTS 10 -15 YEARS. DURING MY TENURE AS FOUNDER AND EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, THE SIGN - IN BOOKS INDICATE WE AVERAGED 165 GUESTS PER YEAR. PEOPLE CAME TO ATTEND WORK PARTIES, RETREATS ON A WHOLE RANGE OF TOPICS, ANNUAL SUNRISE MASS AND THE LIKE. WE HAD AN ANNUAL RETREAT FOR THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS. WITH SOME CLASS PRESENTERS. OUR FINAL BIG EVENT FEATURED A TUG – OF – WAR COMPTETITION WITH 250 GUESTS IN ATTENDANCE. 4 TEAMS PARTICIPATED; U. S. MARINES FROM 29 PALMS, LAPD SWAT TEAM, SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY SHERIFF AND THE LOS ANGELES COUNTY SHERIFF. IT WAS A PINNACLE OF GUEST PARTICIPATION AND I WAS PROUD OF EVERYONE. THE MARINES WON THE COMPETITION. THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE BASE, MAJ. GENERAL WM. MULLEN WAS THERE TO SPUR HIS TROOPS. IT MADE THE HIGH DESERT NEWSPAPERS.

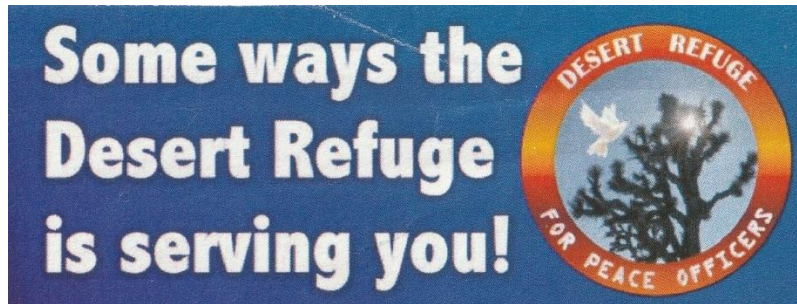
“I had the honor of knowing Fr. Mike for most of his career and witnessed the positive impact he had on our profession. He opened his heart and his soul to the officers. I was asked by Fr. Mike to join the Board of Directors of The Desert Refuge for Peace Officers shortly after its incorporation as a tax – exempt 501c3 organization and be its longest serving board member. Fr. Mike had a decades long dream of creating a retreat for police officers and their families on five acres with a 700 square foot “cabin,” as he called it. He believed that the beauty and solitude of the Joshua Tree high desert was an ideal place for the spiritual, mental and physical healing of police officers. Fr. Mike knew that members of law enforcement witnessed death and depravity that took a toll on their souls.

Years of work by a group of loyal volunteers cleared the property of tons of trash left by previous renters. They built a trail that included The Stations of the Cross, a forest of trees, added a patio, remodeled the home and expanded the kitchen among other improvements. Fr. Mike was not only Executive Director, but also Spiritual Director and he led numerous retreats for families and larger groups over many years. Fr. Mike purchased a small home in nearby 29 Palms which he named "29 Psalms" and reached out to the Marine Corps base there. He expanded the role of The Refuge to also serve military personnel. Fr. Mike continued to conduct retreats after retiring as a Priest and as an LAPD Reserve Officer. 'Hero' is an overused term, but I believe that the lives and careers he saved qualifies Fr. Mike for this title."

Dan Watson, DRPO Board Member (Ret.)
 LAPD Commander (Ret.)
 Police Chief, South Pasadena (Ret.)
 Mammoth Lakes Police Departments (Ret.)

BOARD OF GOVERNORS Charlie Beck, Chief, LAPD Brent Braun, Esq., SSA, FBI, Ret. Frank Clayman-Cook, PhD. Steve Cooley, L.A. Dist. Atty. Ret. Joe Deladuranly, Chief, Irwindale P.D. Ret. Beatrice Girmala, Asst. Cheif, LAPD Mary Glenn, PhD Robert Kellar, Mayor, Santa Clarita David Kesterson Rabbi Chaim Kolodny Scott LaChasse, Chief, Burbank P.D. Jim McDonnell, Sheriff, L.A. County Bernard K. Melekian, Undersheriff, SBCo. Art Miller, Chief South Pasadena P.D. Michel Moore, Asst. Chief LAPD Rabbi Sam Newman Chap. Mark O'Sullivan, P.S. Ed. Resources Sharon Papa, Chief Hermosa Beach, P.D. John Torres, ADIC, ATF, Ret. Frank Virgallito, Sgt. LAPD, Ret. Dennis Zine, L.A. City Councilman, Ret. Keith Bushey, Col., USMC, Ret. <i>Lee O'Connell</i> BOARD OF DIRECTORS Nick Titriga, President Meghan McCullough, Secretary Dennis Roberts, Treasurer Sean F. Alexander Ann Brunzell John Cooley Christine Cooley Fr. Michael Cooper Matt Domyancic Bob Gale Fr. Frank Hicks Rich Laguna Corrie Malinka Patty McNally Ruben Padilla Janis Titriga Andra Vance Dan Watson Wean Khing Wong Garrett Zimmon EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR Rev. Michael McCullough, Founder	<i>"Life can be extremely painful. Together, let's get on with it".</i> Fr. Mike 	 DESERT REFUGE FOR PEACE OFFICERS AND MILITARY PERSONNEL <i>is pleased to present the following information for your review. Please consider joining the effort to build this much needed facility for law enforcement and military personnel and their families.</i>
--	---	---

IN 1992 FOLLOWING THE L. A. RIOTS, I FORMED **THE RESERVE CORPS OF SAINT MICHAEL**, A GROUP OF 25 PARISHIONERS WHO COMMITTED TO BEING **PRAYER WARRIORS** FOR MY MINISTRY TO POLICE AND MILITARY. THEY WERE ONE OF THE GROUPS WHO ATTENDED ANNUAL RETREATS AT THE REFUGE. OTHER GROUPS INCLUDED **THE LAPD FAMILY SUPPORT GROUP** AND SOME OTHERS PICTURED BELOW.



A RESERVE CORPS OF ST. MICHAEL RETREAT AT THE REFUGE.



AN ANNUAL SUNRISE MASS GROUP OF ATTENDEES.



BOARD OF DIRECTORS, LEFT TO RIGHT; BOB ELDER, JIM NEILSON, RT. REV. ALEXEI SMITH (PRESENTER), GARY BRENNAN, DR. FRANK CLAYMAN – COOK MEI LING LEE BARKER, FRANK VIRGALLITO, DAN WATSON, JIM McNAIR AND YOURS TRULY.

MISSING; MICHAEL APODACA, SISTER MARY ELLEN SPROUFFSKE, C.S.J., HELGA WILLIS,

TONY JOHANSING AND ANN BRUNZELL.

LATER WOULD COME ANDRA VANCE AND SEAN ALEXANDER.

WE ALSO HOSTED 12 – STEP GROUPS, INDIVIDUAL AND FAMILY RETREATS, INCLUDING POLICE CHAPLAINS AND OFFICERS FROM NEW YORK, NEW ORLEANS, ORANGE COUNTY, CRITICAL INCIDENT STRESS DEFUSINGS AND

DEBRIEFINGS. WHEN I STEPPED DOWN AS EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, I CONTINUED IN THE CAPACITY OF SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR, OFFERING FREE PIZZA & MOVIE NIGHTS FOR ACTIVE DUTY AND RETIRED MARINES AND SAILORS ON A MONTHLY BASIS, CONFIRMATION AND ANNUAL RETREATS FOR MARINE BASE PERSONNEL AND SPIRITUAL DIRECTION.

ONCE WE KNEW THE BOARD WAS SELLING THE PROPERTY, WE HAD A FINAL MASS TO COMMEMORATE OUR 26 YEARS OF SERVICE. 39 PEOPLE CAME TO ATTEND INCLUDING A MARINE COUPLE WHO DROVE OUT FROM CHICAGO.

WE KNEW WE HAD TOUCHED LIVES. OVER THE COURSE OF THOSE YEARS, THREE PEACE OFFICERS TOLD ME THEY HAD BEEN PLANNING TO "EAT THEIR GUN," BUT AFTER VISITING THE REFUGE, THEY CHANGED THEIR MIND. FOR ME, THAT MADE EVERY DROP OF BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS WORTHWHILE.

ABOUT THE DESERT REFUGE

The Desert Refuge for Peace Officers and Military Personnel (DRPO) is the vision of Father Michael McCullough, Catholic Priest, LAPD Reserve officer and law enforcement chaplain. Through 44 years of ministering to the law enforcement community in its hours of need and to military personnel and their families, "Fr. Mike" knows that many personal and professional tragedies are preventable. DRPO, built on five acres of desert solitude near Joshua Tree, California, offers first responders and their families a place to gather strength and support for dealing with stress and crises of life, career and trauma.

First envisioned in 1986, DRPO began taking shape in 1994. Since then, hundreds of peace officers, military warriors, supporters and their families have helped to raise fences, plant trees, install irrigation, landscape, paint and completely remodel the small building that is the pioneer beginning of the Refuge. In 1999, DRPO was incorporated and work continues in earnest to build a comfortable, functional facility capable of welcoming and nurturing those in need.

MISSION STATEMENT

The Desert Refuge for Peace Officers, is a place of hospitality, healing and solitude for law enforcement personnel, as well as U.S. active and retired military personnel and their families.

The Refuge welcomes all races, cultures and faiths in an ecumenical And inter-faith spirit, to foster personal and spiritual awareness rooted in the divine love for all.

VISION STATEMENT

The DRPO is a facility built through donations Of time, talent, money and prayer. It accommodates and nurtures guests at the physical, emotional and spiritual levels. The DRPO Team makes every Effort to provide safe shelter, healthy sustenance, and religious and emotional support for our guests. Guests are welcomed individually, as family units and in groups. Those in need or just seeking relaxation and balance in their lives will find encouragement when they visit and receive DRPO's many services. These include counseling, classes, stress reduction, solitude, religious support, mentorship, companionship and opportunities for private and group prayer and meditation. DRPO is working toward having full-time staff and availability.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

The Desert Refuge for Peace Officers is a non-profit 501©(3) organization. It is governed by a Board of Directors. All charitable donations help The Refuge further develop the land, build the bungalows that will house the guests, stock the kitchen that will nourish the bodies, raise the spaces that will provide education in self-care and build the new chapel that will replenish the soul. Work parties, another opportunity to contribute, are gatherings of supporters who voluntarily provide the labor that keeps the dream on the road to reality. Prayer for The Refuge, those it serves and those who labor on its behalf, is always welcome.

For further information
PLEASE VISIT OUR WEBSITE:
www.drpo.org
AND VIEW OUR EIGHT-MINUTE MOVIE.

Donations may be made to:
**THE DESERT REFUGE FOR PEACE
OFFICERS, INC.,**

DRPO
P. O. BOX 261367
ENCINO, CA 91426

For information contact:
Nick Titiriga (661) 733-3260
Dennis Roberts (714) 603-9255
Meghan McCullough (310) 283-0922

THE FOLLOWING MEDITATION IS A GREAT DISCRIPTION OF THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE SUICIDAL MIND AND THE GRACE-FILLED MIND. THE TEXT IS FROM:

**THE 8TH CIRCULAR LETTER, 17TH MAY, 1806.
FR. PETER JOSEPH DE CLORIVIERE, S. J.**

“WITH A PIERCING EYE, OR RATHER WITH THE BRIGHT SUPERNATURAL LIGHT WHICH ACCOMPANIES HIM EVERYWHERE, THE SPIRITUAL MAN DISCERNS WHAT HE IS IN HIMSELF AND WHAT HE IS OWING TO DIVINE GRACE.

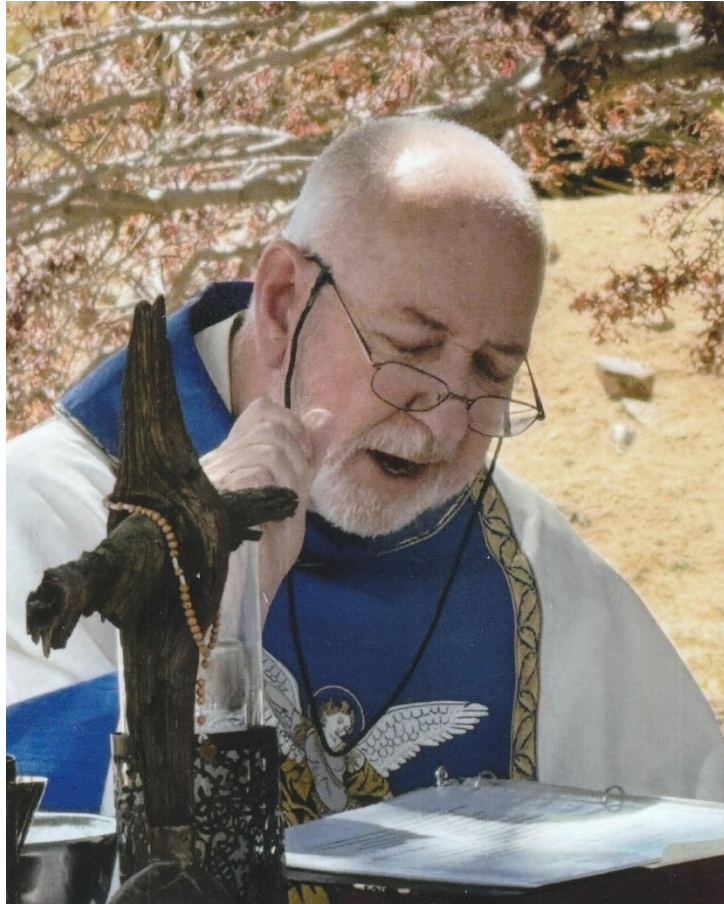
WHEN HE CONSIDERS HIMSELF AND SOUNDS THE DEPTHS OF HIS HEART, ALL HE SEES IS A BOTTOMLESS ABYSS OF MALICE CORRUPTION AND SIN; A CHASM OF WOE, WEAKNESS AND HORROR. HE IS UNWORTHY OF THE LEAST GRACE, HE DESERVES THE ANGER AND THE ETERNAL VENGEANCE OF GOD. IT IS A SMALL THING TO SEE HIMSELF BELOW OTHER MEN; HE GOES TO THE DEEPEST HELL TO FIND A SUITABLE PLACE, LOWER THAN THE DEVILS, LOWER THAN THE PERFIDIOUS JUDAS.

[ISN'T THIS THE ESSENCE OF SUICIDE?]

BUT WHEN THE SPIRITUAL MAN SEES HIMSELF IN GOD, AND KNOWS WHAT HE IS IN VIRTUE OF REGENERATING GRACE AND THE MERITS OF CHRIST, WHEN HE THINKS OF HIS CLOSE UNION WITH JESUS AND, THROUGH HIM, WITH THE THREE PERSONS OF THE BLESSED TRINITY WITHOUT FORGETTING HIS OWN MEANNESS, HE WONDERS AT THE MANY GIFTS THAT THE HAND OF THE LORD HAS HEAPED UPON HIM.

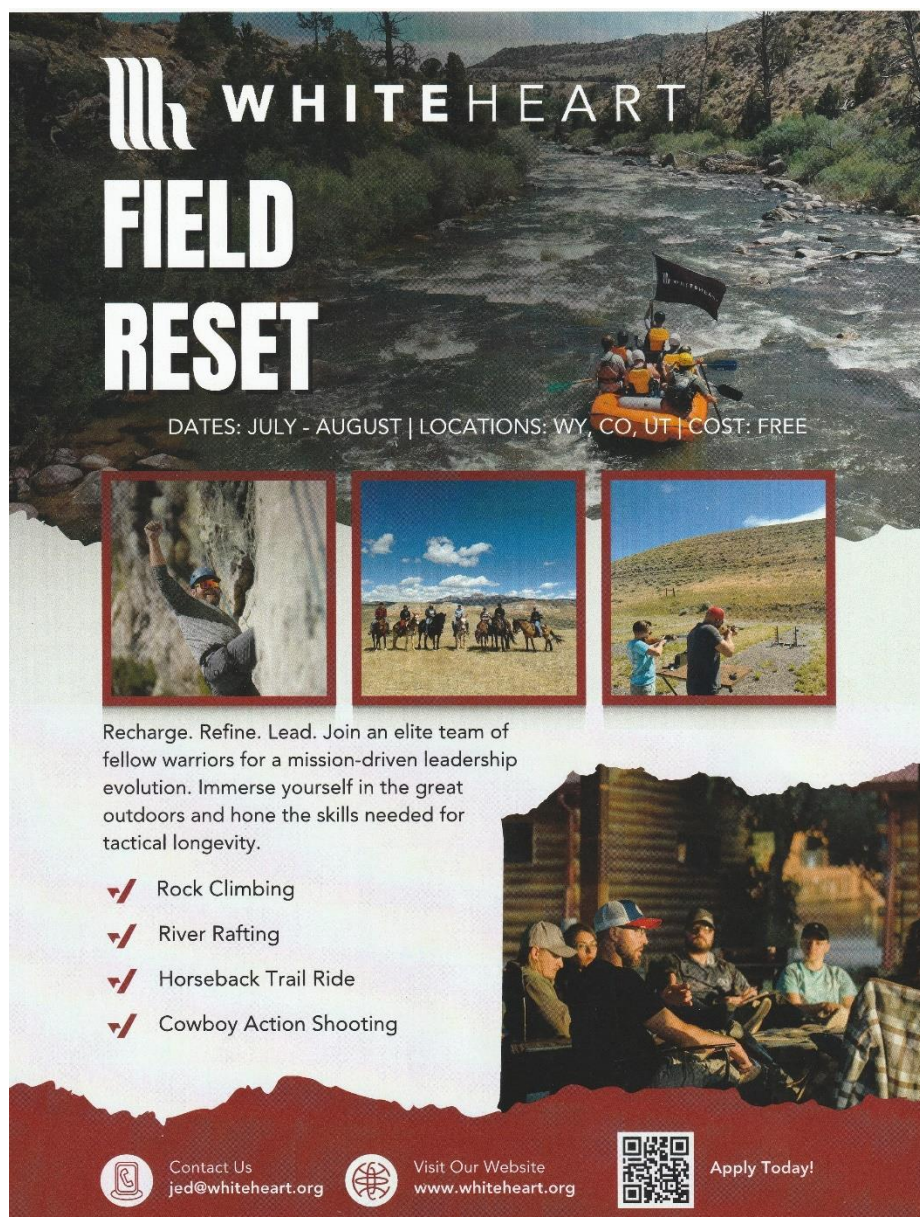
HE IS GREAT, RICH, POWERFUL, AND HOLY BECAUSE, BEING A MEMBER OF CHRIST, HE SHARES THE QUALITIES OF CHRIST. WITH THE LORD'S HELP, HE CAN DO ANYTHING. HE, THE BELOVED CHILD OF GOD, BY SUBLIME THOUGHTS, PURE AFFECTIONS, AND HOLY DEEDS, RESOLVES WITH THE HELP OF GRACE TO BE WORTHY OF HIS NOBLE ADOPTION.

[ISN'T THIS THE ESSENCE OF GRACE?]



Celebrating the last Mass at The Refuge, 2025.

Lesson: The only heroes I know are the ones who didn't come home to their families at the end of watch and whose families must bear that pain of loss for the rest of their lives.



WHITE HEART FIELD RESET

DATES: JULY - AUGUST | LOCATIONS: WY, CO, UT | COST: FREE

Recharge. Refine. Lead. Join an elite team of fellow warriors for a mission-driven leadership evolution. Immerse yourself in the great outdoors and hone the skills needed for tactical longevity.

- ✓ Rock Climbing
- ✓ River Rafting
- ✓ Horseback Trail Ride
- ✓ Cowboy Action Shooting

Contact Us
jed@whiteheart.org

Visit Our Website
www.whiteheart.org

Apply Today!

**2026 – DRPO ROLLED OVER TO
WHITE HEART FOUNDATION,
RYAN SAWTELLE, FOUNDER, C.E.O.**

**AS OF AUGUST, 2026, WHITE HEART FOUNDATION WHICH OPERATES RETREAT
PROGRAMS IN WASHINGTON STATE,
UTAH AND COLORADO ARE PROBABLY GOING TO PUT THE REFUGE PROPERTY UP FOR
SALE. THEY ARE
NOT CURRENTLY ABLE TO RUN THEIR OTHER OPERATIONS AND MAKE ALL THE
REPAIR, IMPROVEMENTS AND MAINTENANCE
PROJECTS NECESSARY TO BUILD UP THE REFUGE. THE SALE WILL END 75 YEARS OF
MY INVOLVEMENT WITH THE**

**PROPERTY. HOWEVER, THE FUNDS WILL INJECT NEW FUNDING FOR THE OTHER
RETREAT OPERATIONS WHOSE
MISSION STATEMENT REMAINS NEARLY IDENTICAL TO OURS.**

PLEASE PRAY FOR THEM.

RYAN SAWTELLE IS 37 YEARS YOUNGER THAN ME

AND FULL OF ENERGY!

SCAN THE CODE FOR MORE INFORMATION.

**SECRETLY, I HOPE AND PRAY SOME MAJOR DONOR(S)
WILL SAVE THE PROPERTY FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
LAW ENFORCEMENT AND MILITARY PERSONNEL.**

Terri Gurrola is reunited with her daughter after serving in Iraq for 7 months



FOR ME, THIS IS PERHAPS THE MOST TELLING PHOTO OF A PAIN THAT MOST CITIZENS NEVER SEE OR THINK ABOUT WITH REGARD TO OUR MILITARY AND LAW ENFORCEMENT. IT IS THE PAIN OF SEPARATION, EITHER ON SHORT TERM FOR EXAMPLE FOR TRAINING, OR DEPLOYMENT FOR 6 – 9 MONTHS ON A SHIP OR A YEAR IF YOU ARE A MARINE GENERAL OR DEALING WITH A NATURAL/MAN-MADE DISASTER IF YOU ARE NATIONAL GUARD. ONE OF THE GREATEST AGONIES ON EARTH!

CHAPTER 30. TIDINGS ARTICLE.

L.A. Police Chaplain Out On Front Lines With His Flock

By Tod Tamberg
TIDINGS ASSOCIATE EDITOR

"Kee your head down out there, Father," warned a shot-gun toting L.A. police officer as police chaplain Father Michael McCullough readied himself to go out into riot-plagued Los Angeles April 30, the worst day of violence. "I intend to," said Father McCullough, looking out from the Police Academy in the hills south of the city toward a downtown completely obscured by smoke from the thousands of fires set by a populace out of control.

As senior chaplain, and one of six Los Angeles Archdiocesan Catholic priests attached to the LAPD, Father McCullough was called to alert status during last week's rioting which erupted in the wake of the Rodney King trial verdict.

As a member of one of the LAPD's eight Crisis Response Teams, Father McCullough said his job is "to respond to situations where an officer has been shot or has been involved in some kind of



FIELD MASS—Los Angeles Police Department chaplain Father Michael McCullough celebrates Mass May 3 for police officers at the department's main staging area at 54th St. and Arlington Ave. in South Central Los Angeles.

imagine what they're feeling looking at 500 angry people and there's only 22 [officers] holding a line? That's got to be about as scary a situation as you can be in."

Though many officers "may

be invulnerable," said Father McCullough. "That's part of their survival training...they are trained to win in difficult situations. They have to win."

However, when police officers see a fellow officer go down "they are suddenly confronted

reassurances that the person needs," said Father McCullough.

"When an officer describes to me how he was scared at the scene of a plane crash where he held the dying pilot in his arms, I'm there to tell him, 'Join the club, friend, anybody going through a horrendous

"Can you imagine what they're feeling looking at 500 angry people and there's only 22 [officers] holding a line?"

human beings who are put into extraordinarily stressful situations almost daily. I'm not a psychologist...I'm going in there as a priest, as someone who is a caring person who is there to listen and to reassure them that feelings of fear in tough situations are quite normal and acceptable."

Father McCullough offered Mass for LAPD officers and National Guard troops May 3 at the heavily defended police staging area at Arlington and 54th streets in South Central L.A.

"Thank God, so far our Crisis Response Team hasn't had to go out on a call," Father McCullough told The Tidings following Mass. "Considering the dangerous situa-



GREETING THE GUARD—Two National Guard military police officers called up by Gov. Wilson to help quell the rioting in Los Angeles are made welcome by Father Michael McCullough, LAPD chaplain.

traumatic situation."

Each team is composed of a department psychologist, two or three trained counselors and a chaplain, he explained. "I provide for the spiritual dimension in the response team."

Father McCullough, a 10-year veteran police chaplain, knows his flock — the human beings behind the badge and gun — and their fears, well.

"My suspicion," he said referring to the emotional state of police officers being sent into chaotic South Central L.A., "is that there's going to be a lot of officers who will be apprehensive. Can you

well be terrified," by the unknowns of a riot situation, Father McCullough said, "police officers are consummate professionals."

All of the police equipment, the riot gear, the weapons and the survival training that officers receive combine to give them "a sense of confidence and a mind set that they

with their own finiteness and vulnerability. And that is a devastating moment for a police officer, just a devastating moment," he said.

"When an individual goes through a traumatic experience like that, if they can be debriefed in an effective way soon after the incident, then that individual will show fewer signs of emotional disruption and fewer signs of post-traumatic stress disorder," Father McCullough said.

Symptoms of post-traumatic stress disorder include vomiting, flash-backs, violent dreams, profuse sweating at night and other fear reactions, explained Father McCullough.

Debriefing includes having the victim relive the facts of the traumatic event, encouraging the person to talk about his/her feelings during the event and then to follow up with any counseling or

experience like that is going to be frightened."

He added, "These officers are

tion, I really think it's miraculous that no [officer] has been seriously injured." ♦

Quality

Meats

FARMER JOHN

FARMER JOHN BRAND WIENERS

SEE YOUR PARISH MARKET

SERVING THE GREATER EAST LOS ANGELES AREA

Finest Food - Lowest Prices

JonSons

- 4831 Whittier Blvd., L. A.
- 2432 Brooklyn Ave.
- 3425 Whittier Blvd., L. A.
- 2009 W. Whittier Blvd., Montebello

CHAPTER 36. POSTSCRIPTS TO POEM, “LISTEN, THESE ARE YOUR GUTS SPEAKING.”

**POSTSCRIPT #1. THE NEXT TIME I PICKED UP THE BIBLE TO PRAY, THE
READING FROM THE PROPHET JEREMIAH HIT ME WITH POWER AND
COMFORT:**

**I, LIKE A TRUSTING LAMB LED TO THE SLAUGHTER, HAD NOT
REALIZED THEY WERE HATCHING PLOTS AGAINST ME: “LET US
DESTROY THE TREE IN ITS VIGOR: LET US CUT HIM OFF
FROM THE LAND OF THE LIVING, SO THAT HIS
NAME WILL BE SPOKEN NO MORE.”**

JEREMIAH 12:19 – 20.

I NO LONGER FEEL I NEED VERSE 20!

**POSTSCRIPT #2. A MONTH OR SO LATER, I RECEIVED A BILL ON MY VISA CARD
ACCOUNT FOR \$37.00 WHICH THESE UNFORTUNATES RAN UP AT A BAR. I WISH
THEM NO PARTICULAR HARM; ONLY THAT GOD MAY HEAL THE DEFICIENCIES
WITHIN THEIR LIVES WHICH CAUSE THEM TO INFLICT PAIN AND SUFFERING
ON OTHERS.**

CHAPTER 38. RESOLUTION, COMMENDATIONS, LETTERS, AWARDS, AHMANSON TRAINING CENTER, PROJECTS INITIATED, AWARDS PRESENTED AND CLASSES TAUGHT.

**“JUST SO, YOUR LIGHT MUST SHINE
BEFORE OTHERS, THAT THEY MAY SEE
YOUR GOOD DEEDS AND GLORIFY
YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER.”**

MT. 5:16

Resolution

By the Honorable Ed Davis, 19th Senatorial District;
Relative to commending

Father Michael McCullough

WHEREAS, Father Michael McCullough has been selected by his division as the Reserve Officer of the Year, in recognition of the dedication and effectiveness that he has displayed in his capacity with the Los Angeles Police Department and of the vital role that he has played in ensuring the safety and well-being of the people of the Los Angeles area; and

WHEREAS, A member of the Training Division for six years, Specialist Reserve Officer McCullough has also served as Chaplain at Southwest, Wilshire, 77th, Hollenbeck during the course of his 11-year tenure with the department; and

WHEREAS, He was the driving force behind the construction of the Training Division's non-denominational prayer and meditation chapel on the grounds of the Police Academy, the first such facility ever constructed at a law enforcement training academy; and

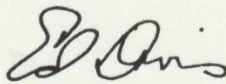
WHEREAS, Since 1984, when he presented his idea for the chapel to his commanding officer, Specialist Reserve Officer McCullough has supervised both fundraising and construction efforts, working tirelessly with his team of volunteers to the ultimate completion of this outstanding addition to the academy in 1987; and

WHEREAS, His integrity, leadership, and commitment to duty exemplify the highest ideals of public service; now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED BY SENATOR ED DAVIS, That he takes great pride in commending Father Michael McCullough, Reserve Officer of the Year, for his exemplary record of service to the Los Angeles Police Department, and he extends to Reserve Officer McCullough sincere best wishes for continued success in all of his future endeavors; and be it further

RESOLVED, That a suitably prepared copy of this resolution be transmitted to Reserve Officer Michael McCullough.

Member Resolution No. 1229
Dated this 15th day of April, 1988.



Honorable Ed Davis
19th Senatorial District

**LEFT BLANK FOR YOUR NOTES AND
REFLECTIONS.**

LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT

DARYL F. GATES
Chief of Police



TOM BRADLEY
Mayor

P. O. Box 30158
Los Angeles, Calif. 90030
Telephone: 485-32022
(213)-
Ref#: 1.1

May 31, 1985

Father Michael McCullough
St. Denis Church
22316 East Valpico Place
Diamond Bar, California 91765

Dear Father Mike:

Your note was, as you always are, very comforting.

What would I do without my good friends. Your concern and your prayers are deeply appreciated.

My best,


DARYL F. GATES
Chief of Police

**LEFT BLANK FOR YOUR NOTES AND
REFLECTIONS.**



DIOCESE OF ORANGE

440 SOUTH BATAVIA ST.
ORANGE, CALIFORNIA 92668
714 - 639-8010 — 639-8011

July 11, 1980

Rev. Michael P. McCullough
Associate Pastor, St. Agatha
2610 South Mansfield Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90016

Dear Mike:

Congratulations on your recent honor as Reserve Officer of the Year by the Los Angeles Police Department.

I remember when you were at St. Augustine's and I was at St. Mark's (eons ago, it seems) and you expressed your great interest in chaplaincy to policemen and their families.

You will notice that I have two new jobs. Please pray that my service to the Diocese of Orange may be fruitful, especially in the area of vocations to the priesthood.

Yours in Christ,

Reverend Daniel J. Murray, J.C.L.
Secretary to the Bishop
Director of Vocations

DJM:tk



**Cardinal Mahony at the Academy Chapel,
Public Safety Mass.**



Congressional Recognition

Presented to

Father Mike McCollough

*in recognition of outstanding and invaluable
service to the community.*

As you celebrate 25 years as a Priest and 20 years as a Chaplain with LAPD

May 31, 1998

DATE

Howard P. "Buck" McKeon

MEMBER OF CONGRESS

**ALL TOO SELDOM DO I GIVE PRAISE AND GLORY TO GOD FOR HIS
GIFTS TO ME!**



Fifth Annual Presentation
of the
SAINT MICHAEL AWARD

For Excellence
in Police Ministry

Presented to

Chaplain Michael P. McCullough

January 22, 1997

**AHMANSON RECRUIT TRAINING CENTER (ARTC).
LOS ANGELES, CA.**

I TAUGHT THE RECRUITS THE FIRST DAY OF THEIR TRAINING HERE AND AT THE ELYSIAN PARK ACADEMY CONTINUOUSLY ON A MONTHLY BASIS FOR MORE THAN 35 YEARS. WHEN I HAD A SCHEDULING CONFLICT, SGT. RON TRAUIG, SGT. RON MOEN, FR. FRANK HICKS OR CHAPLAIN MICHAEL COOPER COVERED FOR ME.



**I was consumed
In freedom's cause.
Regrets? None save one. . .
My Loved Ones' agony.
Remember them for me.**

Ahmanson Academy Memorial.

A CONTEST WAS CONDUCTED BY SGT, DAVE DALTON REQUESTING SUBMISSION OF SAYINGS OR POETRY THAT COULD BE INCORPORATED INTO THE WINNING SCULPTURE IN FRONT OF THE ACADEMY TO HONOR OUR FALLEN OFFICERS. MY COMPOSITION, SHOWN ABOVE, WAS SELECTED.



**SHADOW BOX WITH BOB KELLAR AND KEITH BUSHEY AT MY RETIREMENT CELEBRATION.
COLONEL BUSHEY PUT IT TOGETHER FOR ME.**

IT INCLUDED MY SWORN BADGE #13, MY FAVORITE CRUCIFIX, MY FOUR-OUNCE ST. JOAN OF ARC MEDALLION, MY ST. MICHAEL CHALLENGE COIN, THE CHAPLAIN CORPS CHALLENGE COIN THAT I HELPED DESIGN, THE CHAPLAIN CORPS LOGO PATCH, HASHMARKS, CHAPLAIN CAP PIECE, ICPC PRESIDENT'S COIN, ICPC ONE - OF -THE - 40 - MOST INFLUENTIAL MEMBERS COIN AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, ICPC RESPONSE TO 9/11 RIBBON. IT NOW RESIDES WITH MY

GODSON IN TUCSON, ARIZONA AND WILL EVENTUALLY HANG IN THE COLLECTION OF SGT./DEACON MITCH & ROXANA LAMBDIN HOME IN KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

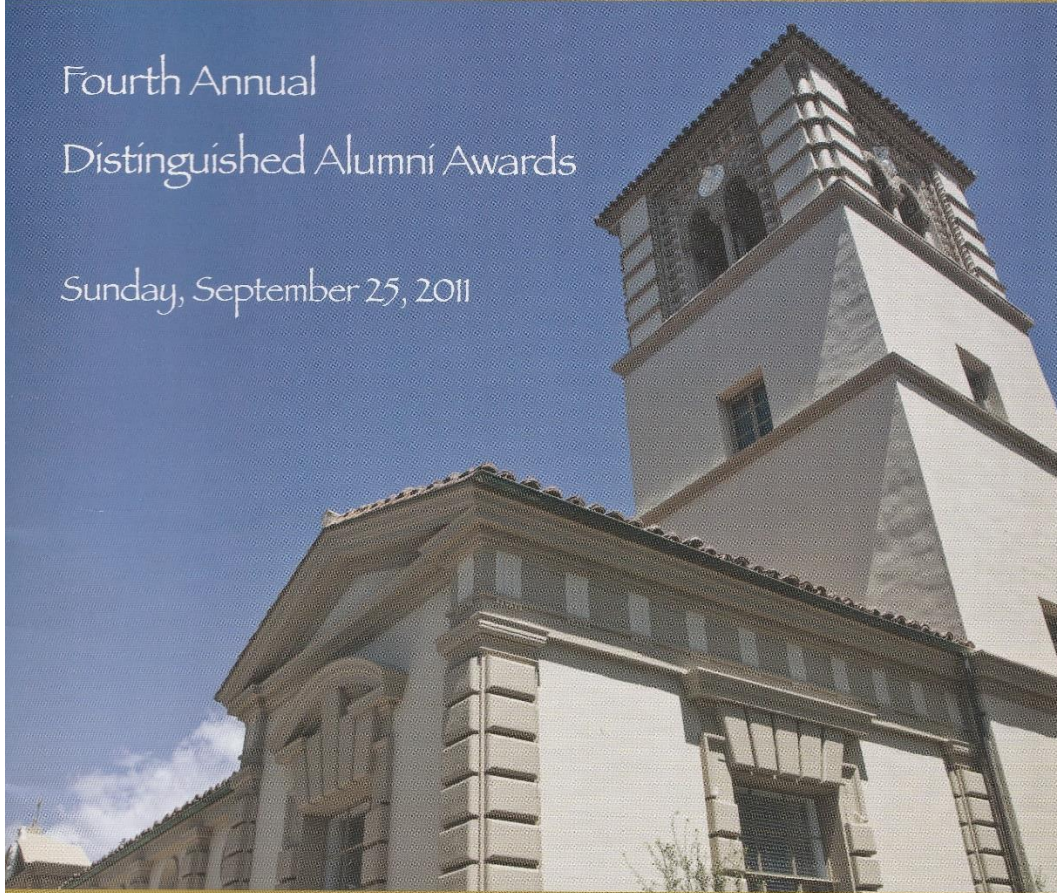


**THE JOHN A. PRICE AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE IN POLICE CHAPLAINCY
IN A LARGER DEPARTMENT,
CHAPLAIN MARK O'SULLIVAN, PRESENTER.**

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY

Fourth Annual Distinguished Alumni Awards

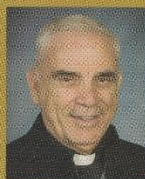
Sunday, September 25, 2011



**Cardinal
Roger M. Mahony**
Archbishop Emeritus
of Los Angeles



**Reverend
Michael P. McCullough**
LAPD Chaplain
Founder of the Desert
Refuge for Peace Officers



**Monsignor
Peter D. Nugent**
Pastor Emeritus
St. John Euclid Parish,
Chatsworth



Mr. Christopher A. Redondo
Retired Faculty member
Chaminade College
Preparatory and Parishioner
St. Peter Claver



**Monsignor
Patrick G. Thompson**
Pastor Emeritus
St. Margaret Mary
Alacogue Parish
Lomita

**IT WAS INCREDIBLY HUMBLING TO BE ON THE SAME STAGE BEING
HONORED WITH CARDINAL MAHONY AND
TWO OF MY SEMINARY PROFESSORS, FR. PETER NUGENT (MUSIC)
AND FR. PAT THOMPSON (MORAL & DOGMATIC THEOLOGY).**



Sandy Jo MacArthur, Assistant Chief, LAPD.

I felt button-bursting honor the night of this prestigious award in the presence of my Family, priest and police Friends. But one of the best emotions was that the person I selected to be my presenter was a woman. I believe I would be the first of the 20 honorees for this award to have a woman presenter. I hope I wasn't the last. By 2011, Sandy Jo was the first woman to rise to the number two rank of Assistant Chief of the Los Angeles Police Department, an unparalleled achievement far exceeding for what I was being honored. I was happy that evening for her and for the Church.

F. Y. I. AHMANSON RECRUIT ACADEMY TIME CAPSULE

IMPORTANT NOTE: I DON'T KNOW WHO IS KEEPING TRACK, BUT ON OR ABOUT 1994, IN THE LITTLE GARDEN AREA EAST OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE AHMANSON ACADEMY, NEAR THE HUGE FOUR-FOOT POLISHED, INSCRIBED BOULDER, A TIME CAPSULE WAS BURIED TO BE OPENED IN 2043. I HOPE SOMEONE WILL REMEMBER TO DIG IT UP. I SUBMITTED A LOT OF MATERIAL REGARDING THE LAPD CHAPLAIN CORPS.



**“DEAR FATHER MIKE, MY BEST WISHES AND
APPRECIATION FOR YOUR DEDICATED
SERVICE TO THE FBI AND TO THE NATION,
LOUIS FREEH, FBI, DIRECTOR-IN-CHARGE.”**

**Photo was taken before a Special Agent Graduation Ceremony
at the FBI Academy, Quantico, Virginia. I was giving the Invocation and
Benediction for the event. I got to talk with Director Freeh for
about 20 minutes prior to the ceremony. He asked me what parish I
lived in. When I said, “Saint Finbar,” he told me
his son was named Finbar.**



I was privileged to be invited to participate in a two – hour “Sat-Cast” (satellite broadcast) at the FBI Academy, Quantico, VA. It was in a movie production studio where I was one of four panelists and we discussed ways for communities to support law enforcement across America. It was broadcast live to police departments and colleges with satellite uplinks across the country. It was real cutting – edge stuff. First time panelist Rabbi Cary Friedman AND I HAD EVER received a facial makeover before appearing on television.

U.S. Department of Justice
Federal Bureau of Investigation
The Behavioral Science Unit

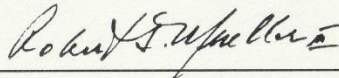
Awards this certificate to

Michael McCullough

In recognition of participation in the

Spirit of the Law Conference

Held at the FBI National Academy
Quantico, Virginia
August 25 - 29, 2003



Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation

CHAPTER 62.

COPYRIGHT STATEMENT,
METAPHOR OF APOSTOLIC ZEAL,
and
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS,
BIOGRAPHY.

**LEFT BLANK FOR YOUR NOTES AND
REFLECTIONS.**

BIOGRAPHY

CHAPLAIN MICHAEL P. McCULLOUGH PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

- 1946 - Born, Los Angeles, CA.
 - 1964 - Graduated, Bishop Montgomery High School, Torrance, CA.
 - 1964-73 Attended St. John's Seminary, College and Theology, Camarillo, CA.
 - 1973-76 First Chaplain, Culver City, CA, Police Department.
 - 1976-77 Chaplain, Oxnard Police Department.
 - 1976-84 Certified as a Master Catechist (Conducted 5 Catechist Formation Courses in the Archdiocese of Los Angeles).
 - 1977 - Appointed Chaplain, LAPD.
 - 1979 - LAPD Reserve Officer of the Year.
 - 1983 - Designed official motto and logo for the LAPD Chaplain Corps.
 - 1983-87 Proposed, spearheaded and dedicated the L. A. Police Academy Chapel (It is the only chapel of its kind at a police training facility with the exception of the FBI Academy in Quantico, VA.)
 - 1987 - Appointed to full-time police ministry by Cardinal Roger Mahony.
 - 1987 - Personnel and Training Bureau Reserve Officer of the Year.
 - 1989 - Certified as Master Chaplain by International Conference of Police Chaplains (there were approximately 30 in the United States then).
 - 1991 - Graduated L. A. Police Reserve Academy (First Priest ever to do so).
 - 1992 - Selected as a member of the L.A.P.D. Crisis Response Team.
 - 1993 - Established the St. Michael Award for Excellence in L.A.P.D. Chaplaincy.
 - 1993 - Selected as Chaplain, FBI--Los Angeles Division.
 - 1993 - Elected to the Executive Board of the International Conference of Police Chaplains.
 - 1994 - Selected to be one of the first five Chaplains ever to serve the Security Force Personnel at the 1996 Olympic Summer Games in Atlanta.
 - 1997 - Selected to receive the St. Michael Award for Excellence in Police Chaplaincy by his peers in the L.A.P.D. Chaplain Corps.
 - 1998 - Received the John A. Price Award for Excellence in Police Chaplaincy awarded by the International Conference of Police Chaplains.
 - 1998 - Presented with The President's Coin by the President of the International Conference of Police Chaplains on the occasion of his 25th Anniversary of ordination to the priesthood.
 - 1998 - Presented with coin from International Conference of Police Chaplains commended him as one of the forty most influential members of the International Conference of Police Chaplains since the organization's founding in 1973. (As of this date, ICPC has 2200 members in 17 countries, worldwide.)
- [Note: During the years of 1973 - 1981, Fr. Mike was also in full-time parish ministry. From 1981 - 1987 he was assigned by Cardinal Manning one day a week to law enforcement ministry. In 1987 has was assigned by Cardinal Mahony to full-time law enforcement ministry.]

PARISHES IN WHICH FR. MIKE HAS SERVED

- As a Deacon: 1971.....St. Francis Cabrini, Los Angeles; 1972.....Holy Family, South Pasadena; 1973.....St. Hilary, Pico Rivera.
- As a Priest: 1973-76.....St. Augustine, Culver City; 1976-77.....St. Anthony, Oxnard; 1977-81.....St. Agatha, Los Angeles; 1981-83.....St. Michael, Los Angeles; 1983-85.....Holy Trinity, San Pedro; 1985-86.....St. Denis, Diamond Bar; 1987-91.....Nativity, Los Angeles; 1991-98.....St. Finbar, Burbank; 1998-Present.....Transfiguration, Los Angeles.

COPYRIGHT STATEMENT

THE U. S. CODE COPYRIGHT BARE USE DOCTRINE OR COPYRIGHT,
SECTION 107 OF THE U. S. COPYRIGHT ACT CODIFIES THE DOCTRINE OF **FAIR USE**. IT ALLOWS LIMITED USE OF COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL WITHOUT PERMISSION OF RIGHTS HOLDER FOR PURPOSES OF CRITICISM, COMMENT, NEWS REPORTING, TEACHING, SCHOLARSHIP OR RESEARCH.

REGARDING PUBLISHING THIS MEMOIR.

I HAVE DECIDED THAT I AM NOT WILLING TO BE CONTROLLED AND CENSORED
BY A PUBLISHER WHO WILL TELL ME WHAT I CAN OR CANNOT SAY
IN MY ACCOUNT OF MY LIFE
AND WHAT FONTS I HAVE TO USE.
THEREFORE,

PRAYER OF PROTECTION OVER THIS MEMOIR.

MAY SAINT MICHAEL, THE ARCHANGEL, PATRON OF POLICE, PROTECT
AND GUARD THIS MEMOIR FROM ANY AND ALL EVILS ASSOCIATED WITH
PUBLICATIONS THAT CAN COME TO THE CHURCH, ANY POLICE
DEPARTMENTS AND/OR ANYONE MENTIONED HEREIN
AND THE AUTHOR THROUGH THE POWER
OF THE HEART AND BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST, AMEN.

METAPHOR FOR APOSTOLIC ZEAL



This photo is a metaphor for the apostolic zeal to which I feel called in my remaining time on earth. These men are manning a quad-40 anti-aircraft gun mount aboard the USS Franklin as she is under attack by kamikazes in WWII. I may not live up to their level of effort, but I am committed to trying. My Church, my values and my flock are under attack from all sides. May I not fail them. That's how hard volunteer Lisa Zenon works to serve others.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

MOM AND DAD WERE ESSENTIAL IN EVERY WAY AND THIS MEMOIR HAS BEEN INTENDED TO GIVE THEM THE CREDIT THEY SELDOM RECEIVED.

DOROTHY WOLFORD AND **MEI LING LEE** EACH GAVE 37 YEARS OF THEIR LIVES IN FRIENDSHIP AND SECRETARIAL LABOR TO TYPING, FILING, RUNNING AROUND, SACRIFICING, REDACTING, ADMINISTRATING, FUND RAISING, BRAINSTORMING, LIVING AND DYING SO I COULD BE A PRIEST AND EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR.

MY BROTHER, **CHRISTOPHER ROBERT** AND **ALL MY FAMILY** HAVE BEEN THERE MAKING AND ATTENDING LARGE AND SMALL EVENTS. THIS WHOLE BIOGRAPHY IS INTENDED TO AFFIRM AND RECOGNIZE THE GREAT FAMILY AND FRIENDS GOD PLACED THERE FOR ME.

FOR THOSE WHO TAUGHT ME SO MUCH, **DAN AND XOCHI LANER**, "**HARRY**" AND **OFFICER DAVID KUBLY**, (REST IN PEACE), WILL ALWAYS OWN A PART OF ANY SUCCESS I'VE ACHIEVED.

IN RECENT DAYS, **LISA ZENON** AND **C. J. AND SUZI HORN** HAVE STEPPED UP IN EVERY WAY TO GET THIS PRODUCTION INTO PRINT. IT COULDN'T HAVE GONE TO PRINT WITHOUT YOU. SPECIAL THANKS TO **RUTH WAGNER**. SHE PROVIDED PROFESSIONAL EDITING, CONTEXT AND PROOF READING SKILLS. CREDIT TO JAY WEISS FOR HIS TECH SUPPORT.

TREMENDOUS ON - GOING SPIRITUAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL GUIDES HAVE BEEN **FR. JIM CLARKE**, PhD, AND **DR. STEPHANIE BARONE McKENNY**, PhD.

THOSE WHO HAVE WRITTEN FORWARDS ARE TREASURED MENTORS AND FRIENDS; **CHAPLAIN MARK O'SULLIVAN**, MDiv, **CARMELITE SISTER TERESA MARGARET, O.C.D.**, CHIEF **DAN WATSON**, **MARK MILLER**, DEACON AND GUNNERY SGT, USMC (RETIRED), LAPD CHAPLAIN **BEN WARREN**, CHIEF **JIM McDONNELL**, LAPD, COLONEL **C.J. (AND SUZI) HORN**, USMC (RETIRED) AND **RUTH WAGNER**, MANAGER, VIP LOUNGE, U.S. AIRLINES, LAX.]

THE LION'S SHARE OF CREDIT MUST GO TO KEITH BUSHEY, COLONEL, USMC, (RETIRED) 25-30 YEARS AGO, HE BELIEVED IN ME AND PLANTED THE SEEDS AND TITLE FOR **POLICE PADRE**. KEITH HAS BEEN A MORAL COMPASS WHO COULD MAKE ME SEE THROUGH MY FRACTURED SELF. HE HELPED ME NAME AND CONFRONT MY SHADOW SELF. HE TAUGHT ME IF THERE WERE PROBLEMS IN MY RELATIONSHIPS, I CONTRIBUTED TO THEM. THAT KIND OF HONESTY IS HARD TO COME BY. HE ALWAYS CALLED ME, "MY CHILD" AND "MY SON" AND I'VE KNOWN HE MEANT IT.



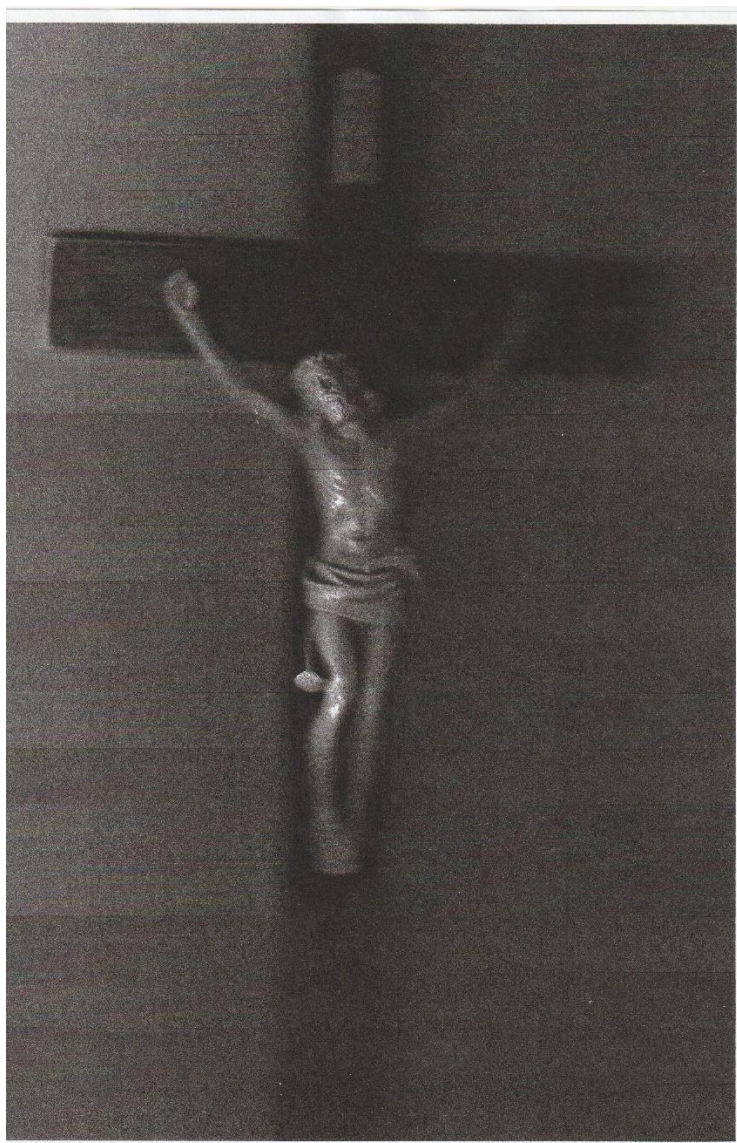
DAD TEACHING ME HOW TO SHOOT. WE HAD GOOD TIMES IN SPITE OF THE BAD.

THE END!

I HAVEN'T YET SOLVED EVERY DILEMMA I'VE FACED, BUT I BELIEVE JESUS IS LOVE PERSONIFIED AND THEREFORE HE CAN SOLVE EVERY DILEMMA I WILL FACE. I GUESS THAT DESCRIBES WHAT I NEED TO DO ON **DAY 31**.

Padre Mike,

22 AUGUST, 2026



DAY 31