

## REPORT FROM THE NORTH

Having arrived safely in Chicago, and being ensconced in the rectory of what was my Mother's parish church on 95<sup>th</sup> Street and Lawndale, and having made as many arrangements for meetings, lunches, dinners, golf, as possible so far for the time I'll be here, I went this morning to Watra Church Goods in my old neighborhood, at Archer and Sacramento (which was a furniture store when I was growing up here). I had a great time that you need to hear about.

I finally met Peter McCauley, with whom I and Juan Ortiz had been exchanging e-mails about our risen Christ figure. He is great, and in fact he and their company are also working as consultants for the building of Christ the Redeemer Church in Niceville, just north of the Mid-Bay Bridge. I know the pastor there, Fr. Roy Marion.

I also had a chance to talk at length with Iwona Kosciuch, the artist who is fabricating our risen Christ figure, to see the progress of the work. We consulted on a couple of details and on the overall color of the figure; it is going to be wonderful! Iwona hails from Gdansk, the shipyard city in the north of Poland famous for the beginnings of Solidarity (and, coincidentally, the end of Russian-dominated communism in Eastern Europe). Her work and her cheerfulness are delightful. I teased that by meeting her and discussing the artwork she is producing for us, I felt a bit like Pope Julius II talking to Michelangelo. Perhaps not quite, but it's nice to have something made especially for us, and not just to order some prefabricated clone from a catalogue.

Everything is on schedule for the dedication of the new risen Christ and the older crucified Christ on the parish's feast in September. It'll be a wonderful evening!

There is also the possibility that we will get a couple of sets of vestments (green and red) for the parish—we are in need of something attractive and relatively light-weight. They will be simple yet elegant, I hope, of a rich color and well-made fabric.

The other major "errand" I have is a visit to the cemeteries where my parents and grandparents little brother are buried. The tradition is to clean away the headstones, lay some flowers, and pray (especially praying the Rosary at my parents' graves). It is a tremendously peace-filling thing.

I know you'll be welcoming of Fr. Potts; and I know he'll be impressed by your generosity for Missionary Co-Op Sunday, one week late, even as you have been with the education fund for Temascalapa. When I return it'll be time also to consider more definitively the question of hymnals and baby grand piano. So many exciting things are happening that you are making possible by your goodness!