



Catholic War Veterans of the USA
Father Vincent Capodanno Memorial Post
To Heal, Serve, Love, Heal

Eleventh Edition

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Father Vincent Robert Capodanno, M.M.

MEETING NOTICE
NEXT MEETING IS WEDNESDAY
February 1st AT 7:00 PM
At Our Lady of Mercy Country
Home
2115 Maturana Dr.
Liberty MO

What's Happening

We have sent in our selection for the "Keep Christ in Christmas" Poster contest. It was a submission by Miss Elizabeth Crossett of St. James Parish in Liberty, Mo. In our humble opinion, she has done a fantastic job. We are hoping she does well at national.

We have copies a video off of the national web site and are in the process of making DVDs. The video does a very good job of explaining what the CWV is all about. Our intention is to send the video to the pastors of the various

parishes in our diocese, one at a time, with an introductory letter asking to speak at their parish Masses on weekends for recruitment. Our

first attempt was to St. Charles Borromeo Parish. Hopefully we will hear something soon; we are trying to get into the parishes now, during ordinary time and before Lent begins.

In February we will be meeting with Mr. David A. Malanowsk, the chief financial officer for our diocese. We will be developing a portfolio to present to national officers before and during the March national board meeting. Until the final decision during this year's national convention as to where the national office is to be moved, we will continue trying to sell our diocese and the Catholic Center.

I received the form for advertising in this year's convention program. Since the convention will be held in St. Louis and the CWV works closely with the Knight of Columbus, I sent the form and a dvd to the state deputy of the Knights. I also sent the same to our diocese. The form is included in this newsletter. So, if you know of any organization you think might wish to advertise, you can use this form.

Veterans Retreat

Again this year the White House Retreat House just south of St. Louis will be conducting a Veteran Retreat. The retreat will be conducted from June 30 to July 2, 2017.

This retreat is open to men and women of any denomination who have served in the United States Armed Forces. That being stated, share the flyer that is at the end of this newsletter with all the veterans you may know who might be interested in this.

The retreat will help veterans focus on their military experience and how God was with them and continues to be with them. It does require that participants be able to enter into quiet reflection and be able to listen to the experience of others. It digs in to trauma created by PTSD and guilt and shame that can accompany military experience

White House operates on a free-will offering basis asking attendees to simply give what they feel they can at the conclusion of the retreat. The only requirement is a \$50 deposit to register for the retreat.

Also, if anyone is in need of prayers and would like to be placed on a prayer list, we will start placing those requests in our monthly newsletter. Just let me know. post1974@cwv.org

VA Phone Number

VA is introducing 1-844-MyVA311 (1-844-698-2311) as a go-to source for Veterans and their families who don't know what number to call. This new national toll-free number will help eliminate the feeling of frustration and confusion that Veterans and their families have expressed when navigating the 1000-plus phone numbers that currently exist.

If anyone needs an application for membership or brochure about CWV, just let me know. I will be glad to send some to you.

Story about St. Michael

This is the true story of a Marine wounded in Korea in 1950. Writing to his mother, he told her of a fascinating encounter he experienced in the war. Father Walter Muldy, a U.S. Navy chaplain who spoke to the young Marine and his mother as well as to the outfit commander, always affirmed the veracity of this narrative.

We heard it from someone who read the original letter and retell the story here in all its details and in the first person to better convey some of the impact it must have had when first told by the son to his mother.

Dear Mom,

I am writing to you from a hospital bed. Don't worry, Mom, I am okay. I was wounded, but the doctor says that I will be up in no time.

But that's not what I have to tell you, Mom. Something happened to me that I don't dare tell anyone else for fear of their disbelief. But I have to tell you, the one person I can confide in, though even you may find it hard to believe.

You remember the prayer to Saint Michael that you taught me to pray when I was little: "Michael, Michael of the morning..." Before I left home for Korea, you urged me to remember this prayer before any confrontation with the enemy. But you really didn't have to remind me, Mom. I have always prayed it, and when I got to Korea, I sometimes said it a couple of times a day while marching or resting.

Well, one day, we were told to move forward to scout for Commies. It was a really cold day. As I was walking along, I perceived another fellow walking beside me, and I looked to see who it was.

He was a big fellow, a Marine about 6'4" and built proportionally. Funny, but I didn't know him, and I thought I

Seafarers' Prayer

O Mary, Star of the Sea, light of every ocean, guide seafarers across all dark and stormy seas that they may reach the haven of peace and light prepared in Him who calmed the sea.

As we set forth upon the oceans of the world and cross the deserts of our time, show us, O Mary, the fruit of your womb, for without your Son we are lost.

Pray that we will never fail on life's journey, that in heart and mind, in word and deed, in days of turmoil and in days of calm, we will always look to Christ and say, "Who is this that even wind and sea obey him?"

Bright Star of the Sea, guide us!
Pope John Paul II

Health Update

Here is an update on our member and good friend John Parton. First of all, thank you all for all of your prayers. John came through the surgery pretty good, with only one complication, which was corrected fast. He is home now beginning to recuperate and regain his strength. As always he has that big smile on his face and his usual outstanding positive attitude. Please continue to keep him and his family in your prayers for his complete recovery.

knew everyone in my unit. I was glad to have the company and broke the silence between us:

"Chilly today, isn't it?" Then I chuckled because suddenly it seemed absurd to talk about the weather when we were advancing to meet the enemy. He chuckled too, softly.

"I thought I knew everyone in my outfit," I continued, "but I have never seen you before."

"No," he agreed, "I have just joined. The name is Michael."

"Really?! That's mine, too."

"I know," the Marine said, "Michael, Michael of the morning...."

Mom, I was really surprised that he knew about my prayer, but I had taught it to many of the other guys, so I supposed that the newcomer must have picked it up from someone else. As a matter of fact, it had gotten around to the extent that some of the fellows were calling me "Saint Michael."

Then, out of the blue, Michael said, "There's going to be trouble ahead."

I wondered how he could know that. I was breathing hard from the march, and my breath hit the cold air like dense clouds of fog. Michael seemed to be in top shape because I couldn't see his breath at all. Just then, it started to snow heavily, and soon it was so dense I could no longer hear or see the rest of my outfit. I got a little scared and yelled, "Michael!" Then I felt his strong hand on my shoulder and heard his voice in my ear, "It's going to clear up soon."

It did clear up, suddenly. And then, just a short distance ahead of us, like so many dreadful realities, were seven Commies, looking rather comical in their funny hats. But there was nothing funny about them now; their guns were steady and pointed straight in our direction.

"Down, Michael!!" I yelled as I dove for cover. Even as I was hitting the ground, I looked up and saw Michael still standing, as if paralyzed by fear, or so I thought at the time. Bullets were spurting all over the place, and Mom, there was no way those Commies could have missed at that short distance. I jumped up to pull him down, and then I was hit. The pain was like a hot fire in my chest, and as I fell, my head swooned and I remember thinking, "I must be dying..." Someone was laying me down, strong arms were holding me and laying me gently on the snow. Through the daze, I opened my eyes, and the sun seemed to blaze in my eyes. Michael was standing still, and there was a terrible splendor in his face. Suddenly, he seemed to grow, like the sun, the splendor increasing intensely around him like the wings of an angel. As I slipped into unconsciousness, I saw that Michael held a sword in his hand, and it flashed like a million lights.

Later on, when I woke up, the rest of the guys came to see me with the sergeant.

"How did you do it, son?" he asked me.

"Where's Michael?" I asked in reply.

"Michael who?" The sergeant seemed puzzled.

"Michael, the big Marine walking with me, right up to the last moment. I saw him there as I fell."

"Son," the sergeant said gravely, "you're the only Michael in my unit. I hand-picked all you fellows, and there's only one Michael. You. And son, you weren't walking with anyone. I was watching you because you were too far off from us, and I was worried.

Now tell me, son," he repeated, "how did you do it?"

It was the second time he had asked me that, and I found it irritating. "

How did I do what?"

"How did you kill those seven Commies? There wasn't a single bullet fired from your rifle."

"What?"

"Come on, son. They were strewn all around you, each one killed by a swordstroke."

And that, Mom, is the end of my story. It may have been the pain, or the blazing sun, or the chilling cold. I don't know, Mom, but there is one thing I am sure about. It happened.

Love your son,

Michael

Prayer of a Soldier in France

By Joyce Kilmer

*My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).*

*I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).*

*Men shout at me who may not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).*

*I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.*

*(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy agony of Bloody Sweat?)*

*My rifle hand is stiff and numb
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).*

*Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.*

*So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen*

For Those Who Served...Let Us Now Serve You



Spiritual Retreat for U.S. Veterans

What: A series of talks will be presented followed by small group breakout sessions. Attendees will each receive private accommodations and all meals are provided.

Why: The retreat will help veterans focus on their military experience and how God was with them and continues to be with them. It does require that participants be able to enter into quiet reflection and be able to listen to the experience of others. It digs in to trauma created by PTSD and guilt and shame that can accompany military experience.

When: June 30-July 2, 2017 {Friday-Sunday}. Check in is from 5:00 PM to 6:30PM on Friday June 30th and the retreat will conclude at 2:00PM on Sunday July 2nd.

Where: **White House Jesuit Retreat-** 7400 Christopher Drive, St. Louis, MO 63129.

Who: This retreat is open to men and women of any denomination who have served in the United States Armed Forces.

Cost: White House operates on a free-will offering basis asking attendees to simply give what they feel they can at the conclusion of the retreat. The only requirement is a \$50 deposit to register for the retreat.

Space is limited! Call 314-416-6400 or visit us online at www.whretreat.org to reserve your space.

This type of “retreat” is a good thing!

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