



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

Thirty-Ninth Edition

est. 11/24/2015

May 2019



Father Vincent Robert Capodanno, M.M.

MEETING NOTICE
NEXT MEETING IS WEDNESDAY
June 5th AT 7:00 PM
At Our Lady of Mercy Country
Home
2115 Maturana Dr.
Liberty MO 64068

DUES

Last call for all who have not paid there 2018-2019 membership dues. In July we will start collecting dues for the 2019-2020 membership year. As of this writing there are still five members who have yet to pay. Remember, dues are only \$30.00

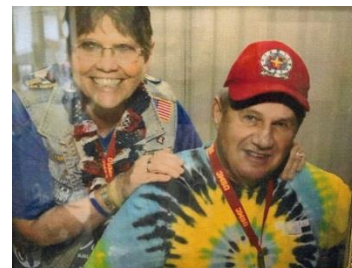
I will notify everyone when I receive the 2019-2020 membership cards.

Thank You

WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING

On Saturday morning, May 18, 2019, Ann Marie Roberts, our service officer and welfare officer, and Gary Puck, before a large crowd exchanged their solemn vows and became husband and wife. In a beautiful ceremony the couple was blessed by Father Michael Roach. We wish them all the happiness that our loving God can give them as they begin their new life together.

As one who has been blessed with a wonderful wife for over 47 years, I pray that they can experience at least half the happiness I have received. That would give them at least 23 ½ years. God bless you both. Keep them in your prayers.





MEMORIAL DAY

For the past three years the Father Vincent Capodanno, MM Memorial Post 1974 has conducted a wreath laying ceremony at our local Catholic Cemetery. This year, the directors of the cemetery suggested that we forgo the memorial ceremony and instead, participate in their 911 Remembrance Ceremony. We will be with them in September. As the date draws near, I will have more information.

USS Capodanno

A couple of weeks ago I was given information about the annual reunion of the USS Capodanno, The notice gave the email address of the organizer. So I emailed him and we started conversing back and forth. We were invited to the reunion, in Florida. Being on a beer budget it is impossible for me to attend. But, I did send him a copy of "Called and Chosen", the movie about Father's life and death, along with several prayer cards. In the letter that I went with the cards and movie, I explained how Father's intercession was one of the reasons my daughter survived her bout with leukemia and that his shipmates didn't have to be Catholic to pray and believe. I also sent several of our post's brochures.

"THE VETERAN'S CREED"

I am a United States veteran

I mastered the weapons, tools, and techniques of war and security and I make no apology for this proficiency.

I became a leader by my willingness to both serve and subordinate myself -- to my superiors, the mission, and the needs of my team.

Foremost among first responders, I earned the ribbons of a volunteer, endeavorer, defender, warrior, rescuer, problem-solver, and model citizen.

I am the visible conscience of a nation with regard to the costs of war and freedom's true price.

I do not fail to support another vet who crosses my path with any need, large or small; he or she may have wounds or hardships that few others would understand.

I am part of the eternal flame of memory, of my brother and sister veterans who died in service to our country.

Honor, courage, and commitment define me to this day. I maintain my readiness, health, and fitness in order to serve again, should my community or nation call.

In all of the remaining moments of my life, I will be a steadfast guardian of American ideals, freedoms, and history.

I am a one-percenter of the noblest order; I am ... an American veteran

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Located on the second floor of Our Lady of Mercy Country Home, also our post home, is a room dedicated to veterans. In the room, our national flag is painted on the wall and tribute to all veterans of all branches of our military. There is also a large picture of Father Vincent Capodanno, MM for all to see. I still have to make of a short bio and place it by his picture. If you are ever in the area, stop by and see the room.

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Chaplain's Update: Vol. 5 Issue 6
After Effects Day 516 or 520

Greetings from Kuwait.....Family, Friends and Interested Readers,

The phrase 'After Effects' is commonly referenced with drugs and medications. It highlights what one can expect to experience after ingesting a drug or applying a medication. Besides the main desired positive effects, for example of weight loss or pain reduction, we learn there are the not-so-nice other after effects like nausea, incontinence or depression. The phrase though can also be applied to many areas of our lives for there are after effects from meeting a new friend, seeing a movie, ordering something on the menu, listening to a motivational speaker, reading an article and from serving in a war zone.

Like many other Soldiers, as this mission comes to an end and I start my redeployment journey home, the reality of its after effects on myself and others is something worth reflecting on. A most common referenced after effect of serving in a combat zone is Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome (PTSD). There are though, dozens of other fairly common after effects, both good and bad, that our troops experience once they arrive home. The unfortunate ones include: the physical, mental and moral injuries, the damaged marriages and faded friendships, weight gain from the mess hall buffets and a greater tendency to use one's expanded cursing vocabulary.

In the fortunate after effect column, there could be: significant financial gain, a greater appreciation of dearly missed loved ones, new unit and international friendships, blossoming romances, improved physical condition from spending hours at the gym, increased performance of Soldiering skills and knowledge of other cultures as well as a greater valuing of co-workers and their talents. It has been my mission and my hope that many people will have also experienced a positive after effect of my ministry. In addition to those who were baptized or became fully initiated Catholics through my pastoral care, there were those who God touched through the experience of: the Masses I celebrated, the homilies I preached, the classes I taught, the counsel I offered and his love and mercy that I was privileged to impart through

the Sacrament of Reconciliation. The consistent faith witnessing by hundreds of personnel certainly has contributed to the after effect of energizing me to continue ministering to the military.

Be the after effects positive or negative, it is fair to acknowledge that some happened as a result of intentional effort and others by accident. For the Soldier on Active Duty who returns to his family life on a military base and is struggling with any unfortunate after effects of war, there are many support services as well as leadership oversight and guidance. For Reservists like myself who completely leave the military environment for a while, dealing with after effects can be more challenging since the support services may be far away at a military post and interaction with other Soldiers may be non-existent for many months. The Veteran's Administration has the enormous task of assisting all of our military personnel who are hindered by the after effects of serving in combat. You have my permission to drop a hint if you notice any negative changes in me other than a few missing or grayer hairs since we last met.

With the start of the New Year in January, I temporarily shifted my focus from ministry to Argentina. To reduce some negative after effects of being deployed, those serving in a combat zone for more than 9 months are entitled to a 15 day Rest and Recuperation break at any safe location on the planet. Since I met the criteria, I put aside the bullet proof vest and helmet as well as the uniform for a change of scenery. As I prepared to go, I complimented the Catholic Faith Community for putting up with me as their only priest for the previous 13 months and for their willingness to gather for a Liturgy of the Word each Sunday in my absence. The visit to Evita Peron's mausoleum, the scenes of the Iguazu Waterfalls, and the neighborhoods of Buenos Aires as well as the food, beer and native people all contributed to a positive after effect of the adventure.

Like other Catholic communities, we began the season of Lent with the distribution of ashes on Ash Wednesday. That afternoon, while visiting the bomb disposal unit, a soldier politely commented that I had dirt on my forehead. The group went silent and after a long pause, another soldier informed him what day it was. I just smiled and acknowledged it as a teachable moment. In addition to gathering to pray the Stations of the Cross each Wednesday, the faithful were encouraged to fast and refrain from eating meat on Fridays. This can be quite a sacrifice since the mess hall serves Bang Bang Chicken and grilled steak on Fridays. To avoid the temptation, last year I began to skip going to dinner on Fridays and have a peanut butter and jelly sandwich at my desk. The after effect of my abstaining from meat has turned into a weekly enjoyable treat every Friday since.

Even though being in a foreign country and war zone can have its limitations, I was able to offer the community the full Catholic Holy Week experience to include palm branches on Palm Sunday, 3 sessions for Confession on Monday, the Washing of the Feet on Holy Thursday, 2 services of the Passion with the Veneration of the Cross on Good Friday, a sacred Holy Saturday Easter Vigil with the special fire, several scripture reading,

blessing of the new Easter Water and much singing. The week concluded with a glorious Easter Sunday celebration. I was particularly moved by the many people who came forward not only to proclaim the scripture readings, sing in or with the choirs and assist with the distribution of Holy Communion but also to clean the chapel, have their feet washed and take some of the new Easter Holy Water for drinking purposes. (Holy Hydration!!!!)

Other interesting practices of the faithful that I have observed during this tour included: having one's picture taken with the priest to prove to your family that you went to Mass (We do not produce a weekly bulletin.); the choirs asking me to bless them at the end of each practice that I attend; removing one's shoes before entering the Blessed Sacrament Chapel; stopping outside the window of the Blessed Sacrament Chapel to say a prayer; 'Jesus is King' graffiti scribbled in the port-o-john; the readers at Mass having a rifle slung across their chest or the communion ministers having a pistol secured at their hip.

It is fortunate that nearly all of the events involving my ministry or military base are of a positive nature. This is in part because our NATO mission is to Train, Advise and Assist the Afghan government and military forces so they are out in front. The tragedies you here about happening in Afghanistan usually are taking place far from my base. Still we have to be on our guard regardless because since the last update at the end of December, the United States has had 6 combat casualties in Afghanistan.

These past few weeks, in addition to my regular ministry, I have been packing to leave and setting up the next priest for success. He can't get here till the end of May so I prepared the community to once again gather each week for a Liturgy of the Word. He also can't stay beyond August and since it has been difficult for the Army to find a priest to take over the mission from him, I have agreed to return to Afghanistan in late September for another tour. That I would be returning in 5 months to journey in faith with this special community, made my departure easier for me and for them to accept.

At the final Mass before I departed Afghanistan, I thanked the community for witnessing to their faith and accepting me as their pastor these past 17 months. I also asked them to calculate and share how many months they had been in Afghanistan supporting the mission. For the military, the answers were mostly in the range of 2 to 12 months. For the civilian contractors who support and work alongside the troops, the number of months went from 5 to almost 95. I commended them for their dedication to God and the mission.

Thanks for your interest in my ministry. I hope this mission concluding update and the previous ones produce only positive after effects. Feel free to share the updates with anyone who might be interested. Also please offer a remembrance for the 6 US soldiers who made the ultimate sacrifice this year as well as those who grieve their death. May everyone who interacts with you experience a positive after effect.

Blessings.....

Chaplain Jim Krische

Transformation By Shon Pernice

As I sit in my cell
My tears start to swell
I hurt so many people
The story I shall tell

My life filled with strife
I took someone's life
I'm the one' to blame
She was my loving wife

I came home from the war
And was confused on this shore
I was on the river of madness
Without any oars

My life was filled with vice
I even rolled the dice
Spending time at casinos
My emotions cold as ice

I made a lot of people sad
And it makes me so mad
The things that I done
I was a horrible dad

I wanted to be a good parent
And my ways became errant
I lost family to poor decisions
I pray my sincerity is apparent

I cannot change the past
Or how long the pain will last
The wounds I created
Won't be fixed with a cast

Sitting in my cell
My thoughts start to swell
When I was on the streets
I didn't do so well

From my bunk I shout
Please let me out
No one else mattered
I just wanted to pout

I live in a cell that's 12' x 6'
Things get broken-never fixed
My cellmate likes to complain
I can't hang my crucifix

The inmates are filled with false hope
That's how they cope
They watch house bills pass
As they pray to the Pope

They say time is hard
The kitchen uses lard
It will clog your arteries
And end up in the medical ward

The clothes don't fit right
Either too loose or too tight
When you first come to prison
Your clothes are blight

Some say there's nothing to gain
When you feel emotional pain
I say that they are wrong
It's my soul that I stained

They say the legal system is just

Incarceration is a must
My time spent in prison
I've watched people rust

Walking the prison yard
I was filled with emotional scars
So lost and confused
I never noticed the stars

It's hard to sleep at night
After I had a big fight
Apologies are required
To make things right

It doesn't matter how tough
Sorry is never enough
Atonement is the key
The road will be rough

I thought I was going crazy
I never was lazy
There's not much to do
As the years become hazy

There were feelings I dread
So I got off of my meds
I took full responsibility
Finally, it was real tears that I shed

Prison is a time to look
And read a good book
You may come out on top
And even learn to cook

Guys in prison create art
Most have a good heart
Just give them a chance
And a good healthy start

I'm on year nine of my incarceration
It's not a good proclamation
I'm finding my purpose
And now I'm a new creation

You'll encounter lots of friction
If you have an addiction
Treatment is needed
To end the affliction

You would have thought I had blindness
I was oblivious to sadness
Now my duty is to perform
Random acts of kindness

Some men in prison have no feelings
That doesn't keep me from dreaming
I pray to be free
Before the altar I am kneeling

Now I talk on the phone
About when I'll be home
Public speaking and educating
I'll impact time zones

There's a lot I have to gain
As I push through the pain
Hope is on the horizon
I'm on the redemption train

I'm at the end of my incarceration
Filled with fear and anticipation
I have grown a lot
And owe my community more restitution