

from the CLOISTER

Christ The King Church, Nashville, Tennessee
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A Pilgrimage to Honor the Year of Mercy

By Maureen Schlacter and Martha Weissert

From June 17 to the 25, Father Dexter and 15 parishioners made a pilgrimage to Rome to celebrate the Extraordinary Jubilee Year of Mercy. During this special period of time in the Church, Pope Francis calls all Catholics to be profound witnesses to mercy and to “find the joy in rediscovering and rendering fruitful God’s mercy, with which we are all called to give comfort to every man and every woman of our time.” This amazing eight day journey included a Papal audience in many languages, a tour of St. Peter’s, including Mass celebrated by Fr. Dexter in a small chapel in the crypt, daily Mass in several of the traditional pilgrimage churches, and tours of the Sistine Chapel, the Vatican museum and gardens.

We walked about seven miles each day and took local transits to learn about and pray in many churches. We walked through the open Holy Doors in four Basilicas: St. Peter’s, St. Paul’s Outside the Walls, St. Mary Major and St. John Lateran, giving us the opportunity to receive a special plenary indulgence. In addition, we visited three other Basilicas: St. Lawrence, Santa Croce in Geusalemme and St. Sebastian. Together these seven churches make up the traditional pilgrimage. Some of the group made a special act of love climbing the Scala Sancta, thought to be Pilate’s steps.

Other tours took us to see the Catacombs at St. Sebastian, the Basilica of San Clemente, and the Jewish Ghetto and Synagogue.

We had daily debriefings over *aperitivo* and dinner in our Roman apartments with orientation to the next day’s events. Our parish community became a family living together and sharing our faith experiences.

Those still standing after dinner wandered out for gelato and to see the sights of Rome at night: the beautiful lights of St. Peter’s, the Tiber, a full moon over the coliseum, Bocca Della Verita and the Trevi Fountain. Often we found ourselves by the Four Rivers Fountain on the Piazza Navona surrounded by strolling musicians, horse drawn carriages and endless restaurants.



DAVID STAMPS

The pilgrims included Anne and Mike Fontaine, Willa and Dale Holmer, Steve Meyer, Maureen and Mike Schlacter, Sarah and David Stamps, Jeanne and Bill Stejskal, Martha and Earl Weissert

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Our pilgrimage has impacted all of us in different ways. Below are the thoughts of several of the pilgrims.

Mille grazie to Father Dexter, Robin Jensen and Patout Burns for leading us on this spiritual journey, and to Andrea Maneschi for our Italian lessons. ✠

REFLECTIONS OF THE PILGRIMS

“Following in the footsteps of the Popes, Saints and the faithful in the Vatican makes me feel that I am a part of the history and future of our Catholic faith.” — Earl Weissert

“The arts of the Vatican connect me to eternity.” — Martha Weissert

“One of my most favorite memories was when we celebrated Mass at St. Peter’s, and you could hear people in other chapels singing in Italian, speaking in German, singing in Spanish and CTK in English — one, holy, catholic and apostolic church all celebrating the Eucharist. It was special.” — Jeanne Stejskal

“It was a little overwhelming to pass through the Holy Doors of the four ancient pilgrimage churches of Rome during the Jubilee of Mercy with my wife and friends. What a blessing.” — Bill Stejskal

“We appreciated the opportunity to experience these places and churches with friends who were seeing them for the first time; it renewed our appreciation of them.

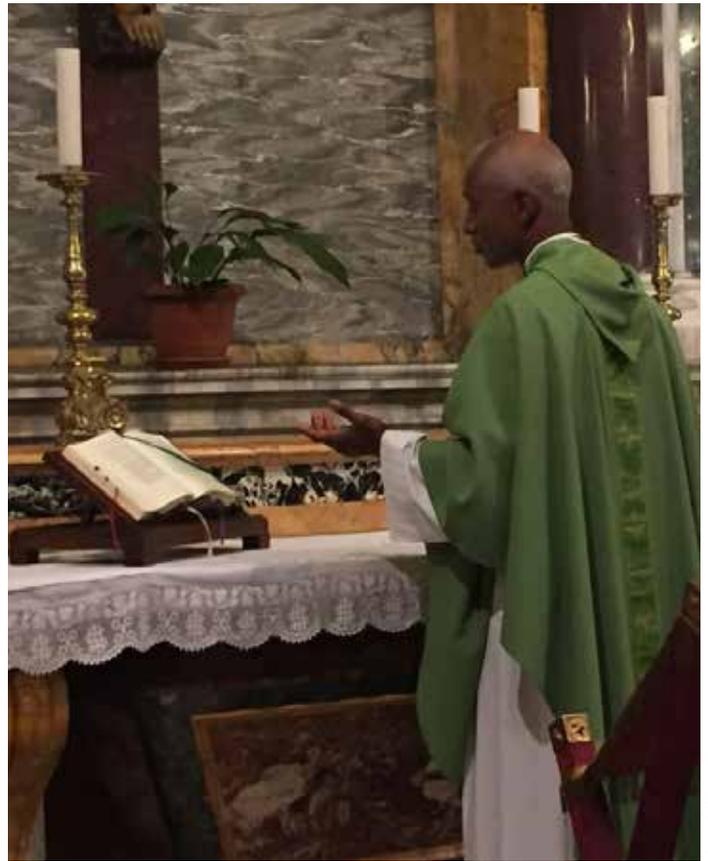
The papal audience brought home to me the great diversity of the Catholic Church.” — Robin Jensen and Patout Burns

“It was a great experience to be able to walk the halls and grounds of the Vatican. A place I had known and heard about all of my life, but never had seen. It was difficult to process the sheer enormity of it all.” — David Stamps

“My most memorable moments were seeing a piece of the cross Jesus was crucified on, the nail and thorn which pierced Jesus, the pillar Jesus was scourged on, and the manger in which He laid as an infant. Also to crawl up the stairs which Jesus walked up to be sentenced.” — Sarah Stamps

“It was incredible to experience St. Peter’s and the other Papal Basilicas, and to walk through the Holy Doors in this Year of Mercy.

Seeing the crowds of fellow pilgrims from so many nations, thinking of all those who have gone before us, we were reminded that we are a part of something much bigger than ourselves as individuals in one parish. It makes the Communion of Saints so real. It is so comforting and so humbling to realize that God’s Mercy is His gift to all of us forever.” — Anne and Mike Fontaine



DAVID STAMPS

“The churches, gardens, chapels, catacombs and Jewish Ghetto add deeper dimension to the history of our Church. The art represented in sculptures, paintings, castings and frescos show the growth and development of the clergy, religious and laity over these 2000 years.

Pope Francis being within 30 ft and kneeling and praying at the relics and/or burial places of many saints, including St. Stephen, St. Therese the Little Flower, St. Paul, statues of Andrew, James, paintings and frescos of Elizabeth, Daniel and Joseph, and all patron saints of our children provided many moments close to Christ and opportunities to seek their intercession.” — Mike Schlacter

“It was wonderful to travel to Rome for the first time as a pilgrim rather than a tourist. As I walked through the four Holy Doors, visited the traditional pilgrimage churches and walked the ancient roads, I felt a strong connection to our “one, holy, catholic and apostolic church. What a gift to experience these holy places as part of that family.” — Maureen Schlacter

“Visiting the major basilicas and so many more ancient and Christian sights along with fellow CTK pilgrims was a special privilege. Participating with thousands of people from all over the world at the papal audience filled us with joy. Daily mass in wondrous locations — what an energizing and spiritual experience.” — Willa Holmer

Reflections on *Amoris Laetitia*

By Jon Stotts

At the beginning of April, Pope Francis released the apostolic exhortation *Amoris Laetitia* (The Joy of Love), his reflections on the 2014 and 2015 synods on the family. In it, the Holy Father articulates his vision of the Church as a communion of families nourished by a love specific to marital and family life. The love between husband and wife is a sign of the fecundity of the love of God. This love generates life; it establishes and maintains relationships of trust and mutual self-giving; and it confirms our inestimable worth as daughters and sons of God. *Amoris Laetitia* is remarkable for its eloquence, its deft handling of psychological, social, and theological issues, and its attentiveness to the specific conditions of the lives of Catholics today.

According to Pope Francis, the fate of our societies depends on the health of the families that make up these societies, and the health of family life is measured in joy. The pope wants us to see that joy is the result of relationships lived rightly and lovingly, and that the task of a family is to cultivate joy through concrete instances of love.

Amoris Laetitia does not change the moral teachings of the Church regarding marriage and sexuality. Instead, it asks for something more challenging. It encourages us to shift how we think about morality. Many Catholics think of moral living as the attempt to follow trustworthy rules as closely as possible. Obedience — to parental expectations, to societal pressures, to Church precepts, to God's law — is seen as the primary goal of morality. But the Pope asks us to recognize that mere obedience to the fixed laws of the Catholic Church does not guarantee us the joy necessary to a meaningful life. And he reminds us that, left to our own devices, we have neither the wisdom nor the emotional resources to keep joy alive. For this, we need the people of the Church; and the Church, in turn, needs families filled with joy.

The Pope seems to have been listening to married people. He grasps the difficulties that face people who make lifelong promises to one another in the face of unforeseeable life changes. With confidence in the Church's competence to teach our moral obligations, Pope Francis nevertheless understands that people normally come to hear God's good news when they most need it: in the midst of complicated and painful moral situations. Resolving the problems that face married couples and families is difficult work. It takes the willingness to listen, to suffer, to be vulnerable.

Sometimes resolution is impossible. Church leaders and committed Catholics cannot be satisfied with shouting the Church's moral principles at people struggling to make material and emotional ends meet and chiding them when they fail. We must learn to grieve with those who are grieving, to ask with outstretched hands that God might fix the wounds that don't seem to heal on their own. Pastoral ministry, says the Pope, is about helping people take one solid foot forward from wherever they happen to find themselves. This next step

is rarely to the moral high ground, and so Pope Francis urges us to recognize that those who do not live up to our standards are the more beloved by God because of their more desperate need for God's love (see Luke 7:36-50).

Pope Francis does not underestimate the difficulty of the church's pastoral ministry to couples and families. He insists that the Catholic Church cannot provide a one-size-fits-all legislation of moral norms and pastoral guidance for a people created by God in the midst of a glorious and dizzying difference of circumstance. The Pope places the burden of responsibility on the diocese, but especially the parish as a source of healing and guidance. To get through the innumerable moral crises that face us, we need the ministry and attention of real people — people who can hear our stories and who are committed to our well-being. The Catholic Catechism is no substitute for personal, human care. The responsibility for pastoral care does not belong only to the ordained, but to all of the baptized. We all are responsible for the joy of the families in our midst.

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Over my short tenure here, I have come to be convinced Christ the King, with only a small team of mentor couples and a local partnership with professional marriage and family therapists, is already doing more than most parishes to prepare its couples for marriage. But, in light of Pope Francis's vision, we can do more to cultivate the joy of love. We must spend time with our newly married couples, letting them know that the hardships that can arise in these early years are normal and unavoidable. We need to speak about the difficulties of marriages and families with one another, choosing not to hide behind our strengths but to find solidarity and comfort in our needs. We need to provide settings in which couples and families in crisis can share their experiences safely, before shame and silence create irreparable divisions. We need to understand, even expect, that some marriages will break down, and we must care for all those affected without hasty judgments or condescending and ignorant advice. Finally, we must look to the wisdom of those in our midst who have been celebrating the joy of love for decades, asking them, just as we ask God, to teach us how to love.

I have been responsible for Christ the King's marriage preparation process for six months. Now, in light of a tremendous career opportunity, my family and I are moving to Cincinnati, OH. I have come to love the CTK marriage ministry, and so it's with no small amount of sadness and even some trepidation that I entrust it back to you, the people of Christ the King. Be creative and generous with all that God has given you. These are your engaged couples, your newlyweds, your young families, your marriages in crisis. May God bless you as you care for them. ✚

Jesus For Breakfast

By Mike Williamson

I had done my fair share of fretting about driving on the left side of the road in Jamaica. On the flight down, I interviewed the guy sitting next to me on the plane.

“Have you ever driven on the left side of the road? Did you ever get used to it?”

He had just come up for air from what looked to be a very cheesy novel, at least from the little snatches of written dialogue I snuck a peak at while I was waiting very patiently for someone to talk to. Tracey and I had lousy places in the boarding line and we both had last-choice seats, which weren't together.

He told me he had vacationed in Australia, so “Yes,” he had driven on the left. And “No,” you never got used to it — he had backed out into the road while looking the wrong way and almost killed a motorcyclist. As he said this, he seemed to have returned to that rental car backing out into oncoming traffic and looking the wrong way, and a cloud of fear passed over his face. His survival advice was, “Just focus on the car in front of you, and do what it does.”

Our hotel that first night in Jamaica was only a three or four minute drive from the Sangster International Airport in Montego Bay. So the first real driving challenge was the next morning.

We were up and ready to go relatively early. Tracey had already eaten but I didn't want to pay the \$20 fee for breakfast at the hotel and figured I'd grab something on the road. We were in the parking lot, putting our suitcases in the car, when a young Dutch couple we'd met at the hotel was also getting ready to go somewhere. I inquired where and they told us their driver, who they'd hired for the week, was taking them to a Pentecostal church service in the hills above downtown Montego Bay.

The travel guides we'd been reading to prepare for our trip, *Frommers* and *Lonely Planet*, made the spirituality in Jamaica sound mysterious and alluring, so on the spot we asked their driver if

we could follow his car. He agreed, all was right with the world and a great adventure lay before us, complicated only by two intrusive thoughts: “You can't stand going to church” and “You haven't had any breakfast yet.” But my goal for the trip was to get outside my comfort zone, so off we went.

The pervasive poverty of Jamaica was in full view as we followed the Dutch couple's car up the narrow, pothole filled streets to Kings Chapel. In sharp contrast, the church goers were all dressed to the nines in highly colorful outfits. The women almost uniformly wore stylish hats.

We were greeted by ushers and deacons in smart suits. It was about 9:30 and the service was to start at 10:00, as best I could reckon. The Dutch couple was dark-skinned, their parents having come to Amsterdam from the Republic of Suriname, the former Dutch colony on the northeastern Atlantic coast of South America, so Tracey and I were the only Caucasians present — a polar opposite circumstance from our day-to-day lives in Nashville.

There was still a little time before the service started, and the pace was unhurried as people arrived and lots of children went this way and that. I struck up a conversation with the deacon who showed me where to park (his attire was too fine not to be at least a deacon), or perhaps he struck up a conversation with me. After a few minutes of chit chat, I asked him, “Am I going to feel it?” He replied, “Oh yes, brother, you are going to FEEL IT.” Then he added in sort of a confidential aside, “Some peoples say it's better to felt it than be tell't it.”

In the church, people came and went as they needed or wanted. The huge rotating fans provided some relief from the heat. Various men and women across a wide age range took turns speaking — some inviting response from the congregation, some leading short songs. I could not discern the structure or order of the service but assumed it would roughly follow what I was familiar with: singing, a reading, a



Mike and Tracey Williamson in Jamaica

PROVIDED

sermon, more singing. I was not a little freaked out by the length of the service, which promised to be at least 2 hours. But I was really interested in trying to be present with the spiritual experience of these people whose culture was pretty different from mine. I was equally determined not to expend my resources on agreeing or disagreeing with, or having any opinion whatsoever about, the content of their theology. That commitment came in handy.

The sanctuary was open air with a roof, but no sides like you'd see in churches in the U.S. The temperature was quite hot, the setting very casual, with people coming and going at all times, and audience participation was lively, loud and continuous — quite unlike church as I've experienced it. The singing and music was sort of start and stop, at least at first. I really, really liked it when the band and choir would get in a groove, that's the part I could go with.

Then came the preaching. As fate would have it, the regular preacher was attending a conference in America's IT city, Nashville. The guest preacher was a shouter. The microphone was, in her hands and to my ears, more weapon than aid. Her sermon was rambling and from a conceptual/intellectual perspective, just a mess. I tried to discreetly plug my ears when it got really, really bad, which was not only when she screamed, “Not my will but THINE be done!” If her sermon had a unifying thread, that

was it, and she repeated it probably (no exaggeration) two dozen times or more.

The repetition of “Not my will but THINE be done!” in no way compared to the number of times she invoked the name of JESUS during her sermon. About an hour into her sermon and thus almost two hours into the service, we joined the others milling around outside the church. I asked three different congregation members, and I tried to be most circumspect in phrasing the question, whether the length of the sermon that day was typical? Longer? Shorter? And each of the three responded with utmost respect and with nearly the same words, “This is a special day, the spirit is really at work today.”

And here is the most startling fact: not only did the congregants tolerate what to my ears was an incomprehensibly, long-winded, incoherent screech, at 1 hour and 15 minutes, she was still

going strong, and if anything continuing to gather momentum as she mopped her brow with a white rag and paced around and in the pulpit. Over time, many had made their way to the front of the church and were swaying together and calling out, “Jesus!” and talking out loud to each other and to nobody in particular. Tracey says they were speaking in tongues, but I’m not sure I could testify to that. I just assumed the Jamaican dialect was why I couldn’t understand them.

Standing outside the open-walled sanctuary, we could still hear it all and no end was in sight. I struck up a conversation with an earnest congregant who, I guessed, was in his mid-thirties. I told him, “Well, I can honestly say that I’ve had Jesus for breakfast.” If I was just being a smart alec, I didn’t know it in the instance — to my mind I was trying to find some common ground to talk about

what I had just witnessed and that’s the best I could come up. Too much practice being a smart alec, probably.

Here’s what happened next. He more or less without even the feeblest resistance from me despite my growing alarm — let’s go ahead and call it panic — somehow led me back in the sanctuary within a few feet of the sweat-soaked preacher and in the midst of dozens held in her sway, and implored me, “Tell him, Mike, tell him, tell Jesus you love him!”

What were my options? I, who’ve spent a lifetime avoiding precisely this type of situation, writ small and large, here I was COME TO JESUS. What the heck, literally, what the heck — I was in the grip of a something of my own doing that I couldn’t get out of. So I raised my arms and started calling out, “Hallelujah” and, “I love you Jesus.”

That was Day One of our Jamaica trip. †

Wine & Cheese

By Margaret Emsweller

Recently, the Parish Pastoral Care Committee held a Wine and Cheese Reception after the 4:30 p.m. Saturday Mass in recognition of our Christ the King widows and widowers. After a loss, it is often difficult for some people to attend social events and reintegrate after years of being a couple. The wine and cheese gathering extends support to those who have lost a spouse and the opportunity to meet other parishioners in the same position. Last fall, over 45 parishioners attended a brunch with Fr. Dexter, also hosted by volunteers from the committee.

For the past two years, the Grief Ministry volunteers have made contact with the surviving spouse or family member after a death. Stephen Ministry Grief Support material is provided during the year following a loss to support parishioners in their grief. On All Soul’s Day, banners are hung in the church that include the names



of those in our parish that have died in the past year. During the Mass on November 2, the assembly lights candles to remember all our family and friends who have gone before us.

Another important function of the Pastoral Care Committee is to visit the sick, elderly and homebound parishioners of Christ the King. Anyone suffering an illness or recuperating from surgery can receive home visits from

trained parishioners who also bring them the Eucharist. Regular visits are made weekly as well to the homebound, elderly and residents of senior facilities.

If you are aware of someone who might benefit from visits or if you would like to join the Pastoral Care Committee as a volunteer, please contact the office, or Margaret Emsweller at 615-243-1557. †

SCHOOL NEWS

By Kathy Reese

Even though it is still technically summer, Christ the King School has not been idle. For a couple of years, the school board has been working on a strategic plan for the school, which included an endowment that would be used to help with tuition and operating costs. The Forever Fund finally came to fruition this past spring. This fund, which is held at and invested through the Diocese, focuses on legacy gifts such as planned giving and wills. Sherry Woodman and Anna Beth Godfrey, along with the school board, are working hard to build the Forever Fund to make it a viable source of income for the school, now and for years to come. To kick things off, the Women's Council made the first gift of \$5,000 to the Forever Fund, and Mrs. Woodman has expressed her sincere appreciation to the Women's Council for their generous support for this initiative.

The new school year will have two new faces among its faculty. Rai-Lynn Wood, a member of Holy Family Parish, is the new librarian. She is replacing Rhonda Keckley who retired in June. Rai-Lynn has experience at the elementary, middle and high school levels as a teacher and librarian. She received her Masters in Education at MTSU and completed her Library Endorsement at Trevecca University. Rai-Lynn wants to utilize the technological aspects of the library to enhance students' experiences. She plans to be available to teachers for support in their work and to be student-centered in her dealings with students. She and Mrs. Keckley have been working hard this summer to prepare the library for the upcoming year.



JEANNETTE VOGT

CTK Cheerleaders working on new cheers

Miss Margaret Holland is the new eighth grade teacher. She moved here from Chicago where she taught in a Catholic school for four years. At her former school, Margaret was the team leader for junior high 1:1 Student iPad Initiative, which shows teachers how to incorporate iPad in their instruction. She received her BA from University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign with certification in English language arts and social studies. Margaret met with parents of her prospective students in July to introduce herself and to discuss fund raising plans for the annual eighth grade trip. As an added note, Margaret will not be "Miss" for long. There is a wedding in her near future.

A new science program for grades 1-8 will begin this year. The Curriculum Committee and the science teachers worked together to select books, materials, etc. that would incorporate a strong STEM (science, technology, engineering, math) curriculum for students. The textbook *Science Fusion* includes access to digital materials, lab materials and leveled readers for younger grades.

Another new development for this school year involves the Pre-K program. Catechesis of the Good Shepherd is a program that focuses on helping children ages 3 through 12 form a relationship with God. Pre-Kindergarten teacher Rachel Mathews took training classes during the fall and spring so that she could implement this program in her class-

room. Some of the components include hands-on learning in scripture, liturgy, and prayer. Rachel has created an Atrium, which will serve as a sacred space for this learning. The Atrium will have Bible figures so students can act out stories, an altar with a Chalice, etc. where they will learn about Mass, and a Baptism center. The materials used in this space will be size-appropriate for Pre-K with the subject matter presented at their level for maximum understanding.

In addition to academic pursuits, several of the athletic teams have been busy this summer. The CKS cheerleaders, under the guidance of new coach Sarah Ella Cole, have been working hard in several areas: learning about the game of football, motion drills, dance, stunts, and, most of all, spirit. There will also be some new "spirit surprises" this year. The 7th and 8th grade football team attended a camp every Tuesday in June. Head coach Dustin Timmons is very excited about the upcoming season. The team has nine returning starters, and the players are eager to show off their skills and team spirit. Basketball players have also been hard at work. Dan Catignani held open gym every Wednesday night in June and July for girls and boys in grades 5-8 so they could improve their skills.

With all this activity, Christ the King School is looking at another successful start for the school year. ✦

The New Christ the King Courtyard

By Jim Byran

The new Christ the King courtyard is complete — well, substantially complete. We still need some additional plants and could use a couple of urns to hold flowering plants, but the project has definitely taken shape. I can remember several conversations in the early 1990s with Clay Railey, a Jesuit priest in residence at Christ the King, about doing something with the area bordered by the wall of the St. Joseph chapel, the dining room wall of the rectory and the breezeway between the sacristy and the rectory. At the time, we envisioned a Thomas Torrens fountain in the center of the area, with tall plants along the ridge to provide a visual screen from the traffic on Belmont Blvd. Those discussions were never more than pipe dreams as the entire parish soon turned its attention to the capital campaign to construct the parish center.

Much has changed since those days, both in our parish community and our campus. But I never completely abandoned the thought of creating a courtyard in this area, with some type of water feature to provide a place for quiet contemplation or conversation. Now, I think we have it!

The water feature was designed and constructed by Derek Johnson at JVI Secret Gardens. A recirculating pump propels the water over the Indiana limestone slab, which matches the limestone in the church, and then trickles over the slab back into the reservoir, which holds 97 gallons of water. At night, the water feature is lit by LED lights at both the base and the center of the limestone. Father Dexter selected the verse on the slab from 1 Corinthians 13:13, “So faith, hope, love remain, these three; but the greatest of these is love.” We are grateful to Father Dexter for the support and encouragement he provided to see the project through to completion, even in the face of obstacles and delays.

We are also thankful to Tony Emmanuel for his generous donation of all of the plants located in the



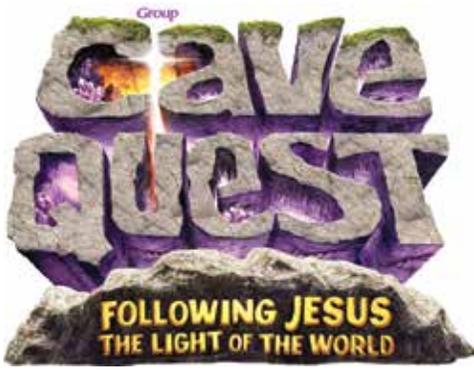
JIM BYRAN

courtyard, which will ensure its natural beauty for years to come. We are extremely grateful to parishioner, Peggy Cook and her husband, Ron Cook for the generous donation of the Celtic Cross from the garden of their former home. The rustic cross, which has a base below ground which is 26 inches square and 8 inches deep, and weighs approximately 500 pounds, (based on personal experience). We appreciate the assistance of former parishioner, Bob Fajardo for his help in removing the cross from the Cook's former garden and placing it at its new home at Christ the King.

We would also would like to acknowledge the assistance of Brett

Wesnofske for his valuable assistance in getting the hardscape installed and overseeing the construction of the entire project. We are thankful for the generosity of the Knights of Columbus and the Women's Council for their contribution of the teak benches. The Knights have dedicated their bench to Father Jim Mallett, Pastor Emeritus of Christ the King, who founded Council 12256 in 1998. The Women's Council dedicated their bench to the past, present and future women of the parish for their service and philanthropy.

The courtyard will be dedicated on August 15, and Father Mallett plans to be present. Watch the bulletin for details. ✠



By Kathy Skinner

We have just wrapped up day one of Cave Quest, VBS 2016. The energy that descended upon the Christ the King campus this morning was indescribable. 196 children arrived as almost 100 teens and adults waited to greet them. Old friends and new faces prayed, played and sang as we kicked off an amazing week exploring how Jesus is our light. I have been working within a vacation bible school ministry since I was fourteen years old and I am always surprised at how the enthusiasm increases each year. What touched me most was at our set-up party. The teens worked hard as a team to put together all of the stations and fine tune the details for the week. Their willingness to jump in and assist in any way they could was impressive and inspiring. It just gets better every year.

I think the best way to share the experience is to let others share the thoughts of many involved.



“I help because I love to see kids connect with Jesus. He loves them so much and I enjoy sharing that great message with them. I feel great knowing we are raising up an army for Jesus in a fallen world. We are helping these little ones get to Heaven and raising future saints! I love seeing their joy for God.” – Louisa Bateman, parishioner and VBS parent

“I just enjoy hanging out with the kids for the week.” – Luke Shuba, FRHS senior





“I enjoy building the set because it is fun and challenging. My hope is that our efforts encourage kids in our community to explore their relationship with Christ.” – Steve Probst, parishioner



“That was some serious fun at VBS today.” – Luke Meyer, age 5

“I like VBS because it is so fun and you get to be involved with all of the kids. Being able to help all the kids makes me feel really good.” – Ashlynn Caylor, FRHS sophomore



PHOTOS BY KATHY SKINNER

Voices From Elizabeth Ministry

By Jan Dunn

The Elizabeth Ministry hosted a Spring Tea for the women of Christ the King Parish on April 17, 2016. Brie Head served as committee chair and did a fabulous job of coordinating the group to provide a wide variety of goodies, including fruit and cheese, muffins and cookies, as well as tea and coffee. The tables were covered in blue tablecloths and decorated with arrangements donated by the Women's Council.

Deborah Williams, who was in charge of decorations, also entertained the group with a quiz game. Kathy Reese won for being the first guest to arrive at the tea. Bea Hooker won with the longest membership in the parish and Kristen Linton was the newest member. Corey Rogers was the only person in attendance who had graduated from CTK School. Donna Hicks was the winner who has the most grandchildren and Kristen Kovar had the youngest baby — just to name a few of the winners. Those who won were awarded the table arrangements as prizes. It was wonderful to be able to get together for a casual afternoon and enjoy each other. Many brought their babies which was an added delight.

The mothers who have allowed us the privilege of ministering to them during their pregnancy were asked to submit pictures of their babies. The poster of those sweet faces was a reminder of the great blessing their new life has brought to the parish. ✦



Around the Table: [left to right] Marisa Cannata, Mary Virginia Dunn, Kim Dunn, Corey Rogers holding Jazmyn Cannata, Laura Thigpen, Becca Bradley and Erica Sechrist with daughter, Maggie.



Admiring the Poster: Abbie DeBlasis with daughter Lucy, Amy Meyer, Kristen Kovar and Kathy Reece.

Join the CTK Zumba Class

By Diane Stacy

For those of you who do not know, Zumba Fitness is a total workout combining all elements of fitness: cardio, muscle conditioning, balance and flexibility. You will have boosted energy and a serious dose of awesome each time you leave class. It is perfect for everybody and every body.

Zumba takes the “work” out of the workout by mixing low intensity and high intensity moves in a calorie burning dance fitness party. Once the Latin and World rhythms take over, you'll see why Zumba Fitness classes are often called EXERCISE IN DISGUISE.

Class is every Monday evening from 6 p.m. – 7 p.m., in the Parish Hall. Your very first class is FREE!

From there:

10 classes for \$35

5 classes for \$20

Or \$5 per walk in.

I look forward to seeing you there. ✦



MILESTONES IN FAITH

February 2016 – July 2016

WEDDINGS

Brad Michael Borchers &
Andrea Kathleen Erikson
John Patrick Clifford III &
Erin Kathleen Ogden
Kevin Francis Grosch &
Jessica Noele Dvorak
Zachary Labold Grunow &
Lauren Jessica Yono
James Patrick Hiller, Jr. &
Alyssa Nicholle Folk
Scott Lorn Kibby &
Kendra Leigh Smith
Brian Maurice McGee &
Mercy Adaobi Udoji
Daniel Robert Ogg &
Ragan Marie Todd
Christopher Lawrence Rucker
& Laura Ann Cullman
Michael Alan Slowey &
Megan Victoria Mullaney
Adam Charles Van Becelaere
& Jessica Leigh Hobbs
Joseph Robert Whitney &
Kristen Marie Vogt
Lee Carpenter Williams &
Meghan Beth Authement
Seth Allan Williams &
Meaghan Elizabeth O'Bryan

BAPTISMS

(and Newly Received into the
Church)

Charleston Isaiah Baker
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Remembering Margaret Ann Hostettler

By *Kristin Hostettler*

My first “office” is in a tiny house in Berry Hill. When I walk in it smells like stale coffee and mildew. The screendoor snaps shut behind me. I’m immediately confronted by a large, mid century wooden desk. The stale smell came from the cups littering the desk. Or maybe the stale smell was older, from the coffee stains in the papers stacked everywhere. This was the Broker’s desk.

The Broker sits, smiling with her manicured dusty rose fingernail over her lips. She’s busy making a deal. She gives her tiny little wave, letting me know she can’t be bothered. It’s Saturday and she’ll be telling everyone she can about the open house she’s having in just a few hours.

“So glad you’re here, I’ve been wondering when my secretary would come by and see me.” Quiet and kind, Joe City

My Grandmother made work look like so much fun. Saturdays were always spent with Grandmother, she’d load us up in the back of the Cadillac and we’d go all over the city.

greets me from the main room. I pull out a red crayola from my briefcase. I’m ready for anything.

It’s 1991 and I’ve just been dropped off at my Grandmother’s office, Hostettler Realty Company. I’m five and eager to work. We have buyers who need houses and houses who need buyers. I’m going to be flipping through the weekly Multiple Listing Service (MLS) pages to find the houses. I just circle any of the ones that look like a princess lives there.

Three weeks ago on February 24, Nashville lost an amazing lady. Margaret Ann Hostettler was a well-known and well-loved lady in the Nashville Real Estate world. I called her Grandmother, but Margaret, Miss Margaret, Margaret Ann is the loving southern Real Estate lady I aspire to be. I watched her work my entire life. As a kid I didn’t play “house” with my cousins, I played “office.”

My Grandmother made work look like so much fun. Saturdays were always spent with Grandmother, she’d load us up in the back of the Cadillac and we’d go all over the city. I am in awe to think of how much she saw this town grow in her lifetime here.

Eventually she moved out of the little office in Berry Hill. It’s now a delicious pie shop called the Loving Pie Company. It brings me great comfort to walk in the front door, hear the snap of a screen door and be confronted by a large mid-century bar and a kind woman who loves her work.

I am reminded of her a thousand times a day. Grand-

mother brought her office to HND’s headquarters quite a few years ago. I now sit at her large midcentury desk, surrounded by stale coffee mugs and cascades of paper. Some things must be hereditary.

The last year or so has been hard watching Grandmother drift in her dementia. I am so blessed to have strong memories of seeing her at the top of her game. She was always so tickled to see that I was enjoying Real Estate as much as she did. She taught me one thing, over and over, years before I realized what I would be when I grow up, “Always tell the truth.”

Tell the truth, even if you’re the one who marked up the MLS books with red crayon. Tell the truth even when you made mistakes in a Real Estate transaction. Tell the truth to your clients. Tell the truth to your broker. I have felt her presence so strongly the last three weeks. I am so relieved to know she knows. She knows the truth. She’s no longer in the clouds of dementia. She knows how much I love Real Estate. She knows she gave me the best genes possible. She knows she taught me how to love my work. ♣

from the CLOISTER

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Parish Office 615.292.2881, ext. 300

Pastor

Father Dexter Brewer

Editor-In-Chief

Deacon Bob True

Editor & Art Director

Suzanne Lynch

Assistant Editor

Grace Robinson

Contributors

Jim Byran

Jan Dunn

Margaret Emsweller

Patty Carroll Farmer

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The Cloister is a community publication and we welcome any news or stories that Christ the King parishioners would like to contribute.