



Dominican
Volunteers
USA

Sharing the Charism

Summer 2009

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The Young and the Experienced

By Anthony Butler, Executive Director



The DV's gather with Sr. Marcella Connolly, OP (center) to celebrate her sixty years of service and their one year of service.

Sinsinawa Mound can be an intimidating place for those who arrive there for the first time (it has been known by Native Americans as the *place where the Spirit dwells*). It sits well above its surroundings in the gently, but definitely, rolling hills of Southwest Wisconsin. This is not the flat Midwest that many speak of, but from the Mound one can see for miles. Likewise, the Mound is visible from long distances due to both its altitude and its immensity. The vistas are breathtaking, and spring is a particularly beautiful time to take in the



Brother Joseph Kilegevics, OP, leads the group in interfaith prayer.

glory that abounds. Such vistas would have been well known to St. Dominic where he lived both in Caleruega, Spain, and Fanjeaux, France. The intimidation factor soon fades, however, when one steps through the doors.

The Dominican Volunteers arrived in three separate carloads on June 4, 2009, many of them never having laid eyes on the Mound. It is very different from Racine and Houston where the other retreats were held this year. However, once on the

property and inside the doors, Dominican hospitality that has been extended time and time again to them was abundantly present. I am always surprised by how many people I know at the Mound; five years of being in ministry with Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa will do that I guess.

The days of retreat began with Sr. Ann Willits, OP, (*right*) challenging the volunteers to remember how they have seen God this year. She continued to probe them about what makes them cry and what makes them laugh. She assured them they are part of the Dominican Family forever and that they must continue the mission to which they've been called. Sr. Ann left the volunteers to consider how they might continue the preaching, how they might carry forth the spark that has ignited in them during this year of mission.



Sr. Christiane Althaus, OP, led the group through the Fr. Samuel Mazzuchelli collection depicting the life of the founder of the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa. Fr. Mazzuchelli's cause for canonization is now in the hands of Vatican officials, but a number of miracles have been attributed to the missionary pioneer preacher. Fr. Samuel was made Venerable in 1993 by Pope John Paul II.

On Saturday, June 6, the volunteers were pleased to welcome Br. Joseph Kilegevics, OP (Central Province) to speak about and experience interfaith spirituality and how it is embraced and promulgated by the Dominican Family. The volunteers and some other friends were invited to sacred dances using words of prayer from Islam, Judaism, Buddhism, Hinduism and Christianity. It was a rich and peace-filled time of prayer.

The weekend also was a time of celebration for both the volunteers and for many of the Dominican Sisters celebrating their Diamond Jubilee. Sisters were honored for their sixty, seventy, and seventy-five years of faithful service within the Order of Preachers. One of the sixty-years honorees was Sr. Marcella Connolly, OP, who founded the Apostolic Volunteer program in 1972-73. The volunteers were blessed by the congregation, who was led by Sr. Patricia Mulcahy, OP, Prioress of the Congregation. On Sunday, all present were at Mass to celebrate with the Jubilarians.

The weekend was a reminder to all that the Dominican Family spans many generations and all of the years are woven by one mission of proclaiming the Gospel by using the gifts with which God has endowed us.

DOMINICAN VOLUNTEERS USA

Dominican Volunteers USA searches for new frontiers for the faith by inviting men and women to walk with us in mission as volunteers. Together, we respond to the needs of our sisters and brothers, especially those who are poor and marginalized. We live out the Dominican mission of proclaiming the gospel through our ministry, common life, prayer and study within a diverse, intergenerational community.

Mailing address:
PO Box 891121
Chicago, IL 60608
708-524-5984 (Tony)
708-524-5985 (Stefanie)

Physical Address:
1914 South Ashland Avenue
Chicago, IL 60608

dominicanvolunteers@gmail.com
<http://dvusa.org>

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Sister Karen Vollmer, OP (Racine), showed up with treats and blessings from the Sisters at Siena Center in Racine, Wisconsin.

Overprotected

by Lisa Boris, Casa Juan Diego, Chicago, Ill.

As I sit here and try to process what has happened to me in the past two years, I am at a loss for words (which is unusual for me). So far, I have started three reflections (all of which I don't like enough to finish), but I think that the best way to summarize my experience is to, as I did in my Confirmation classes this year, relate it to pop culture. The italicized phrases that follow are from the Britney Spears song *Overprotected*, and while I am not condoning Britney or agreeing with all of her choices, most of her songs share harsh realities and inner thoughts that others are thinking but do not dare to say. In reality, don't most Dominican Volunteers do the same thing? We understand the harsh realities of today's world and we are ones daring enough to do something about it. Our lives and actions express our desire for change and greater understanding. Maybe I am stretching this a little too far, but either way, the words to *Overprotected* really do sum up the entirety of my experience as a Dominican Volunteer; from overprotected and under experienced college graduate to now, wondering how to continue to be daring enough to do and say the things that most people won't.

I am slightly exaggerating how overprotected I was. I had been on several mission trips before, including one out of the country; I had seen people living on the streets and asking for money; I had worked on Habitat for Humanity houses; I had read books and taken classes on social justice.

However it wasn't enough to satisfy my thirst for justice and truth. Throughout my college experience, I changed my mind several times about what I wanted to do after graduation, but when it came down to it, I did not feel ready to be a youth minister yet (in part because I was so overprotected). I needed time to figure out what I wanted to do with my life, and I needed to act-to work for change, to experience different kinds of love.

Joining Dominican Volunteers was my way of saying to the world *say bello to the girl that I am... I don't wanna be so damn protected*. For some reason, even my little sister had, until this point, experienced more than I had-and this really bothered me. She had the car, the boyfriend, and the trips to Europe I never had, and I needed something to outdo her-I was, after all, the big sister. I had always been a pretty well rounded person, I was a peer leader at church, captain of the Knowledge Bowl team...

To see the rest of Lisa's reflection, check out our webpage at <http://dvusa.org> and click on Current Volunteers and look for Lisa



Challenges through Love to Growth

by Sara Brabec, St. Elizabeth/Immaculate Conception, Oakland, California

Opportunities for growth arrive in many different packages. I've known this for a while, but my experience as a DV allowed me to re-learn—and therefore learn at a deeper level—this fact. Our closing retreat in Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, provided me the setting to think about the different ways I've grown and seen growth over the past year. Some of my experiences were humbling and painful; some were so joyful that they brought me to tears. I could address a number of different aspects of my life as a volunteer, but here I will focus on ministry and prayer. I present my reflections on those experiences in a very abridged form.

I'll start with a story. Allow me to preface my story with this: I am not a rabble-rouser. I wish I were; I have great admiration for many who are. But I'm not. I'm a rule-follower and a peace-keeper and a conflict-avoider. I identify strongly with the prophets and their “nope, I'm-pretty-sure-you're-looking-for-someone-else” responses to God. Fortunately, I have a pretty strong sense of just and unjust that I find difficult to ignore.

The priests at my first ministry site are good men. We're all good. We're human too, so we screw up a lot—myself included. The ministry description for me when I arrived last August was to run the parish's social service program: the food pantry, clothing room, and financial assistance program. Our parish in East Oakland has great economic need; the parish staff itself is also stretched beyond capacity: two priests and five staff for well over 2,000 parishioners. Having a volunteer to run the program was a great asset for the parish.

However, being new to the community and unfamiliar with its resources and challenges, I needed guidance that the priests could not provide. My questions went unanswered; my ideas were rejected; my presence was ignored. Then, at a parish council meeting, one of the priests berated a woman for a suggestion she had made. I was embarrassed for him and for the woman and outraged that someone in a position of leadership in our Church could act with such lack of compassion. I went home that night and cried.

Yet, out of a situation of frustration and sadness came new life. I learned what it felt like to be voiceless and unseen. I learned, even if only to a slight degree, what many of the women I had come to minister to and with feel on a daily basis. I experienced first-hand the oppression that I had only read about in books. So I learned to speak up. I learned to ask for the help I needed. I learned to persist in requesting that help. And finally, after the particularly difficult night at the parish council meeting, I learned to nonviolently confront abusive behavior. The priest and I talked about the meeting, what had happened, and why his kind of response was unacceptable. And he apologized. He called the woman, asked her to stop by the rectory, and said he was sorry. I don't think I fixed anything in its entirety, but I do believe we both helped each other grow. He helped me learn to speak out against injustice—both in that instance and on multiple occasions since—and (maybe) I helped him learn to be more loving.

Ministry also developed into teaching religion with a class of second-grade students at the parish elementary school. Second grade is the year for First Reconciliation and Communion, along with learning lots and lots about love (which is really what the first two come down to as well). I certainly learned a lot about being a teacher (and learned to love being a teacher). I had never worked extensively with kids before and I was suddenly in charge of a classroom of 20 squirmy bodies for 45 minutes every afternoon. Dozens of requests for water, permission to go to the bathroom, and sharpened pencils can get crammed into that period of time. The most enjoyable (and sometimes, saddest) part of being in the classroom with my students was watching them change over the year. One student went from not speaking or raising her hand at all at the beginning of the year to raising her hand and eagerly answering questions at the end of the year.

Without a doubt, the most surprising part of this year has been the joy of living with the community of Dominican Sisters at St. Elizabeth Convent. Before last August, I had never known any Sisters; then I moved in with 14 of



Sara helping a student at St. Elizabeth Elementary School.

them. Part of the rhythm of life in our community is that of daily prayer. Together we gather, both morning and evening, to pray. There are prayers of gratitude and petition, prayers in silence and aloud. We are present as individuals, but also as one community. I found that starting the day with prayer is grounding and centering. While I have always been taught and believe that God loves each of us, that has remained abstract to some degree. By some great grace, I came to know that in an entirely new, intense, and personal way over the year. The intensity with which I continue to feel that Love brings me to tears. This increased awareness draws me not deeper into myself, but out into community and greater ministry with others. It is beautiful and mysterious.

I am grateful for the opportunity to serve, to grow, to confront myself and others, to seek justice, to see God through the eyes of children, to deepen my prayer, to love, all of which I have done this year. Life constantly involves making choices. I am grateful for my choice to embrace the mission of Dominican Volunteers.

Choice to Succeed

By Kevin Kingdon, St. Luke School, Bronx, NY

“St. Luke School: The Place to Be,” reads the faded paint on the wall of the school’s front courtyard. I noticed this sign the first time I came to my ministry site on a balmy August afternoon. I was struck by the message, and even took a quick snapshot of the sign. As I stand within two weeks of completing my ten months of ministry, this simple message echoes in my mind. I have learned that St. Luke’s claim to be “the place to be” is not based on having the best resources, the perfect staff, or the most well-behaved students; ultimately St. Luke’s changes lives because it serves as a beacon of hope in this often tumultuous community.

When I first applied for Dominican Volunteers, I made it very clear that I wanted to teach. Within a day, the directors connected me with Tracey Coleman at St. Luke’s. Although it was hard for me to imagine teaching in the Bronx, New York, I gladly took the invitation to join the staff for the upcoming year. I knew very little about the Bronx itself and nothing about my new school.

As I later learned, St. Luke’s school has stood for almost one hundred years in the midst of a changing south Bronx neighborhood. When I moved in August 2008, I was entering a community that has become an expert in serving the newly immigrated. From the Germans and Irish in the church’s conception, St. Luke’s has created a history of opening its doors to immigrant children. Now, my class of Puerto Ricans, Dominicans, Mexicans, and South Americans offers an amazing cultural array. Entering the classroom, I became just another viewpoint in this diverse menagerie.

I cannot lie and say that my time at St. Luke’s has been easy; however, it has been blessed. After all, I didn’t even know what I would be teaching until a few days before school started. But I persevered under the guidance of my fellow staff members and a lot of prayer. In this chaotic, yet extremely supportive, environment I have flourished in following my dreams.

I consider myself lucky because I could not have picked a better place to begin teaching. I have truly learned to see the world in a different way. I have come from a privileged existence, growing up in a white suburban world, going to college in a private Midwestern university, and living disconnected from the “ills” of the world.

When I finally had the chance to enter the lives of my students, it became clear that there is more to their lives than nuclear families, dinner at six, and bed at nine. Just as my student’s do everyday, I witnessed firsthand the many plagues of poverty: drug use, untreated physical and mental conditions, violence, and apathy. I experienced the lockdown when a man was beaten across the street during recess. I lived through the Halloween threats of gang initiations that brought the Bronx to a halt. My stories of college and opportunity meet their tales of shot friends, abusive parents, and addicted uncles. I was here to teach them, yet their life experience already outweighed mine.

I quickly learned that education is a lot more than passing on grammar rules and metric conversions. In fact, content always comes second. Education is truly engaging



Kevin Kingdon teaching students at St. Luke School

students to see the world in a new way. I made it my goal, although I did not know how, to help my students see the choices of their lives. I wanted them to see that their actions were not mandated by anyone but themselves. The freedom and responsibility of choice is a glorious and frightening thing.

As I strived to reach my goal, I created system after system that rewarded success. I took students on monthly reward field trips to museums, plays, and movies. I created a reward auction where students’ earned money with every 100% they [scored]. I organized a poetry slam, a school play, and a mock trial. I knew my students were not going to remember so much I taught them (that was evident on their tests), but I wanted them to remember the feeling when they tried something different and succeeded.

Now that graduation is one week away, have I accomplished my goal? Well, pardon my mock trial pun but the jury is still out. I know that I will probably never know the impact of this year on my students. Like Oscar Romero’s prayer says, we are only here to plant the seeds of tomorrow.

One thing that I do know for certain is the lasting impact this year will have on me. I have truly learned the power of a life grounded in truth, prayer, study, and service. In pursuing my goal to teach my student’s about their choices and success, I have realized what success actually means: striving to be like Christ, no matter how hard it may be.

Who knew? Even the teacher continues to learn.

A Better Shepherd than I

by Kelly Biddle, *Shepherd's Corner/Dominican Learning Center, Columbus, Ohio*

“For thus says the Lord God: I myself will look after and tend my sheep. As a shepherd tends his flock when he finds himself among his scattered sheep, so will I tend my sheep. I will rescue them from every place where they were scattered when it was cloudy and dark. I will lead them out from among the peoples and gather them from the foreign lands; I will bring them back to their own country and pasture them upon the mountains of Israel [in the land's ravines and all its inhabited places]. In good pastures will I pasture them, and on the mountain heights if Israel shall be their grazing ground. There they shall lie down on good grazing ground, and in reach pastures shall they be pastured on the mountains of Israel. I myself will pasture my sheep; I myself will give them rest, says the Lord God. The lost I will seek out, the strayed I will bring back, the injured I will bind up, the sick I will heal [but the sleek and the strong I will destroy], shepherding them rightly” Ezekiel 34:11-16

I am not a very good shepherd. The other night I had to do evening animal chores at Shepherd's Corner (the ecological ministry of the Dominican Sisters of Peace in Columbus, Ohio), which includes getting the sheep in from the field and closing the gates. When I arrived the sheep were mostly in the pens, but a few stragglers were moseying along, taking their own sweet time getting from the pasture to the pens. I decided to walk down to the field to make sure there were no sheep left behind. A quick walk and search showed that all the sheep were accounted for, so I turned around to walk back to the pens only to find that the entire herd of sheep had followed me. The sheep were exactly where I **didn't** want them to be because I, their shepherd, had led them there.

But you know, I can say it's not entirely my fault. The truth is sheep are [not too bright]. Their herd mentality is so ingrained they will follow anyone, even some one like me, who never saw a sheep before she came to Ohio. Once, I saw a sheep bolt across the field after being surprised by a nesting goose, and all the other sheep immediately followed, not because they saw the goose, but just because one of their companions was doing it. Where one goes all go.

So, when God says that we are sheep and God is our shepherd, it's a beautiful, loving image, but it's not a very complimentary one. Is God calling us stupid? He is comparing us to animals that will follow anyone anywhere and He's right. There are so many false shepherds in the world around us, and so many people lining up to follow them right off the cliff. It's easy to get caught up in a herd, and so very, very difficult to break out of one.

I've been parts of many different herds in my life from family to college friends to graduate school herds. Dominican Volunteers is a herd. The Dominican Sisters of Peace is a wonderful community, and right now it's one of my herds. I'm not trying to be insulting here; humans are communal animals. We like being surrounded by like-minded people who will support us and encourage us. Most of us cannot survive without the love and support that communi-

ties provide, and I, for one, know I wouldn't want to. I love my herds. However, that makes breaking free of them all the more painful.

When I decided to become a Dominican Volunteer ten months ago, it meant abandoning my old herds for ones that were completely new and foreign. The people around me didn't understand my choice. I wasn't following any shepherd they could see. Then I met the other nine DVs in Racine, Wisconsin, and I became even more scared. We all seemed so different from each other, and we were all being shipped off to different places. How were we supposed to interact, to support each other, when we were spread out from one coast to another?

I soon learned the answer to that question. Never underestimate a resourceful, devoted herd. All ten Dominican Volunteers have bonded together through some amazing retreats, fresh baked cookies, birthday cards, e-mails, HILARIOUS birthday videos, in-person visits, you name it. We have become a community, guided by the leadership of Tony and Stefanie, and following our one shepherd wherever we're lead (and trust me, I think we've all gone to some *interesting* places!)

Now, however, our herd is breaking up. We are all seeking out new flocks—new jobs, new colleges or grad schools, new families, new lives. The community is splintering and disintegrating physically. But then again, our community was never that physical to begin with. I have a feeling the e-mails, the joking, the prayers will continue. The fellowship will continue. The bonds we've made in this short time will not be forgotten, and who knows maybe we'll find each other in a new flock, in a new pasture, sometime down the road.

All I know for sure is my shepherd is leading me somewhere else now. Where, I'm not sure—I'm just a sheep following her shepherd. I pray I'm following the right one, but I know that no matter what, this shepherd won't let me stray too far. Wherever my shepherd leads me, I know it is where I am supposed to be. You see, he's a much better shepherd than I am.



Kelly gives her best Reba McEntire impression singing, "Fancy" during midyear retreat.

Looking Back

by Gina Mincy, Highbridge Community Life Center, Bronx, NY

Typical me waiting until the last minute to do something. Yes, I waited until the end of the year to contribute to the DVUSA newsletter. So now, how do I even attempt to write this without asking the question, "Where



do I start?" How *do I* begin to reflect upon these last 10 months? Well, here is my attempt. Wish me luck.

The Bronx Community was a community of volunteers only. It was Mike, Angela, Kevin and I in the Bronx. Yes, our situation was different, because we did not live with religious. So, we were not exposed to that dynamic as well as the other DV's may have been. But, I believe that we were still exposed to something great. We were exposed to love, we were exposed to service, and we were exposed to goodness, selflessness, wisdom, charity, laughter and joy. I found that in my community. I found that in the people I serve, in the people I encounter everyday. We were exposed to Christ. God has been present this whole time. I learned (am still learning), I have prayed, I have served, in numerous types of community. That sounds like the Dominican Charism, don't ya think?

Living here and working here is of course an experience in itself. But, it can be so easy to forget that a lot of things go on when you are *not* exposed to or actually living in it. What bugs me is that poverty, homelessness, abuse, etc. exist in the first place. Why? Why do these things exist and why can't we get rid of them? I, like most people want to fix things and make them better.

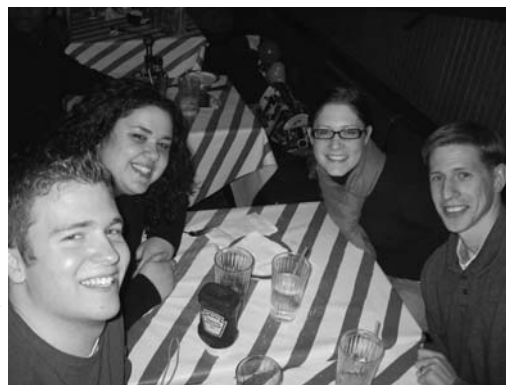
I want to fix the people that I have encountered who are suffering their poverty. That sweet teenager I worked with that is so extremely lonely, dying for love and still haunted and hurt by the memory of her father beating her mother when she was little. I want to fix that beautiful young woman, Jazmin, who came into the Back to Work program months ago, sat at my desk and just started crying. She explained to me that she was scared and overwhelmed being so young, pregnant and with someone who hurt her sometimes. I want to fix Milton, a very intelligent middle-

aged man, who, because of a language barrier, couldn't find a good job in the U.S. He had to come to our program and wait months before he could start an ESL class. That was extremely hard and he was so worried about providing for his daughters. I want to fix Yvonne, a lovely lady who watched how fast I typed when helping her and was embarrassed and frustrated with herself for not typing as fast, among other things, forgetting the tremendous amount of things she *could* do.

I want to fix them. I want God to fix them. I don't want these people to suffer. It hurts to watch any kind of suffering. It hurts to imagine it. It must hurt even more to be living in it. Yes, we all have our own stories of suffering which should not be discounted. Yes, we were exposed to so much by living in the neighborhood and serving at our ministry sites, but that still barely skims the surface. Sometimes we all forget how good we have it, and we need to be reminded of how blessed we are and to always, always pray for those who are struggling. We also forget that we are not meant to get the answers to everything, to fix everything, to understand everything. We need to remember that. I need to remember that.

Yet, in these same people I mentioned and so many others, aside from sadness and anger, there is so much more. There is joy; there is happiness, there is laughter, there is love, and there is God. God is everywhere and God is here. I see God when I talk with participants and they show me pictures of their children or tell me with a smile on their face how one of their daughters recently received a scholarship to law school. When they email me or stop in to tell me and the other staff how much they truly enjoy their new job. I see God when I give the sign of peace during Mass, and Martha, a lector, waves with both of her hands and a big smile while she says, "Peace be with you!" I see God in the man I pass everyday on my way to work who sells the Daily News and always waves to me, smiles, and says, "How you doin?" God is here. God is in the staff at Highbridge. They work tirelessly to get more money, jobs, counseling services, anything is necessary. God is in the Dominican Sisters I have met this year whether from the congregations of Caldwell and Hope, or Racine and Sinsinawa. So much joy, enthusiasm, generosity and spirit dwell within the hearts of these women. They have such

genuine interest and concern for people. Talking with some of these sisters, one can see glimpses of God.



The Bronx Community gathered together sharing a meal.

Continued on next page

Looking Back continued...

God is in my community. My “little brother” Kevin, so full of life and creative energy. He reminds me not to take myself so seriously, and without knowing it, encourages me to push myself and be more comfortable in my skin by bringing the humor and uninhibited playful side out in me. Angela, my “sister”. My “Angelurr” as Tony Danza would probably call her with his Brooklyn accent. Angela reminds me that I need time to be “still”; time to, “pray on it”, as she says, whatever that “it” may be. She has warmth about her, plus a subtle, hilarious humor. Mike—the first person I connected with on a deeper level because of our time together at ministry—is a great example of a strong man in many ways. He is constantly searching for truth and acquiring knowledge. He is always willing to share that knowledge, and *so much more* of himself.

Mike and Angela together are wonderfully inspiring examples of people striving to imitate Christ’s love for each other through their marriage. Watching their interactions with each other, how they share such a deep love for each

other is beautiful. They are also striving to imitate Christ’s love for others. We are all struggling to do that. Nobody in my community, including myself, is perfect. But living with Angela, Mike and Kevin has been such a blessing for me. I have only shared a minuscule insight into their personalities. There is so much more to be seen. I am so blessed to have shared these past ten months with people I can now call my friends.

I can’t help but feel so overwhelmingly grateful and blessed for all that I have been given. I am grateful for Sr. Melissa Waters, OP, encouraging me to apply for this program last June. I am grateful for Tony giving me the chance to apply at the very last minute. I am grateful for meeting the nine other wonderful Dominican Volunteers and for having an instant connection with them and my roommates when we all met. I am grateful for a blessed year and a blessed life. I can only hope and pray that we all continue to share our gifts, continue to seek truth and continue to share our love so that we can set the world aflame with the light of Christ just as St. Dominic did.

Grateful for Your Service

by Anthony Butler, Executive Director



This year we were saddened to have to say good bye to one of our corporate board members who had been a voice to uplift us when our spirits were down. She always spoke kind words, and her prayers for Dominican Volunteers USA were strongly felt.

Sister Mary Carol Burke, OP (above), died on April 18, 2009, in the 52nd year of her religious profession with the Dominican Sisters of Sparkill after suffering from a prolonged illness. She brought a “zest of life” to all with whom she ministered. She often prepared wonderful prayer experiences for our corporate board meetings incorporating her love of liturgy and her gift of music. We are so grateful to the joy and enthusiasm that she brought to Dominican Volunteers, and that was true to the very end of her life.

May Sister Mary Carol rest in the comforting arms of our loving God.

This year also marked the final year as a board member for Claire Noonan. Claire was on the founding board of Dominican Volunteers and was part of the effort that gave birth to a vision of an integrated, national program of the Dominican Family in the United States. She

has served as both vice president and president of the board.

Claire served as an Apostolic Volunteer in Atlanta, Georgia. Following her volunteer experience, she became the co-director of the AV program under the direction of Sister Mary Ann Mueninghoff, OP. Claire left the Apostolic Volunteers to complete an MDiv at the Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley, and is currently a candidate for the Ecumenical Doctor of Ministry at Catholic Theological Union.

Claire is the mother of Mary Siena Schmitz and is married to Anthony Schmitz, who previously served on DVUSA’s board of trustees. Claire has been a university minister at Loyola University Chicago and is ministering now as the director of the St. Catherine of Siena Center at Dominican University in River Forest, Ill.

We are grateful for Claire’s tireless dedication to Dominican Volunteers and to the wider circle of post-graduate volunteering. She has held the program to a high level of integrity and professionalism, and for all this and more we are deeply indebted. We bless her as she completes her studies and continues to provide exceptional lay leadership for the future.



Tony Schmitz and Claire Noonan



DOMINICAN
VOLUNTEERS
USA

1914 SOUTH ASHLAND AVENUE
CHICAGO, IL 60608
[HTTP://DVUSA.ORG](http://DVUSA.ORG)

