

# MARYKNOLL FATHERS & BROTHERS

## AFRICA REGION



### MARYKNOLL AFRICA VISITS ASIA

#### **Bangladesh – Living in the Midst of the People**

*By Tom Tiscornia*

Arrival at Dhaka airport was an indication of what laid ahead of my week visit to Bangladesh. It was sort of chaotic and unorganized, dirty and full of the clamor of the masses of people waiting outside. Once through the exit I found Bill McIntyre waiting for me. We traveled by a three-wheeler pikipiki (motorcycle) with a covered seat to the Holy Cross Brothers School where I left my bags. We continued on by bus for several hours to Mymensingh where we then crossed the city in a bicycle rickshaw to another bus that which took us to where Bill is Spiritual Director in the Secondary School Seminary. Here we were carried on another bicycle with a platform in the rear. All of these basic and simple means of transportation were in competition with many of the same on the roadways.

What impressed me were the large populations in the cities and on the roads but there also was plenty of countryside that seemed to be all cultivated with rice. In the north of the country we came across tribal people, the Mandi, who traditionally live in the forests and have over the recent years had some of their traditional rights threatened by the government. An American Holy Cross Father, Gene, is a staunch supporter of these people boldly speaking out in their defense.

The three of us delegates were well received by the Maryknollers there Bob McCahill, Doug Venn and Bill McIntyre. Each one of them has a special and unique ministry. They live apart from one another but they have been very faithful over the years with their monthly two-day gatherings that they use for prayer, PTR, business and community. The models that they live in the midst of the people I found to be very admirable and supportive. Several times I thought -- what if others were to do the same? I wonder if any new / future MM's would be so daring.

Please send change of  
address information to:

Rev. David A. Smith, MM  
P.O. Box 11246  
Mwanza, Tanzania

Or by Email to:

MkIAfricaRFO@hotmail.com

# MARYKNOLL AFRICA VISITS ASIA

## Going into the Thailand Villages

*By Ken Thesing*

I visited northern Thailand, the northwestern part of Thailand, Chiang Mai and Chiang Rai Districts. I had seen the Northeast Diocese of Udon Thani years ago as Superior General and as this part is new for Maryknoll. I looked forward to the visit. We have just one Maryknoll priest in the area, Fr. Mike Bassano. He was a great host and we got out into the villages. I felt right at home; it was like going into the villages here in some ways or like in Shinyanga years ago. But I realized, we were going to them by road, not walking or taking motorcycles (or boat). And usually there were electrical lines trailing alongside the roads, and water hoses running to houses.

So the level of development is so much higher generally in the country and even in these rural areas. But the people were simple and poor. Because our Maryknollers, Mike and the lay missionaries who also are working in the area have specifically chosen to concentrate on the "Hill tribe" people, as they are known. These are mountain people who have come into Thailand from Burma usually and earlier from China and Laos. The King of Thailand gave them permission to settle on Royal land. But they have the burden of learning Thai language before they can apply for citizenship and begin to get rights. Most are/were illiterate farmers, highly cultured indeed, but not schooled in the ways of operating in bureaucratic systems with education and sophisticated programs.

So our missionaries start with pre-schools, and primary and secondary education for the kids. For the adults there is simple agriculture but they need money too and so they look for simple employment or money producing schemes for the women and men. The Karen and other tribes are very open to Christianity and many have been evangelized already in Burma and others are in catechumenate programs now in Thailand. I thought, I could fit right in here; so much is similar. And then I went to the rectory and they said, "Want to watch a movie (VCR)?" And what was it but *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*. Not hardly out a day and already pirated versions were on the streets there. I knew I was not in Metangula!!

And on the way back down from the north to catch a plane in Chiang Rai for Bangkok we made a stop at **The Golden Triangle**, where Laos, Burma and Thailand meet. The "cash crop" now is tourism but it brought back memories of events of 35 years ago. It is a fascinating area; I think you would all enjoy it and enjoy the missiological differences and similarities if you get a chance to visit.

---

## Maryknoll, Vietnam and Tanzania: A Contrast

*By Mike Snyder*

In late January, while en route to Bangkok, I was invited to visit our missionaries stationed in Vietnam. With my vocation work these days I thought this was a good idea as there are many young men from the Vietnamese-American community expressing an interest in pursuing a missionary vocation. So off I went on my first journey to Southeast Asia. Immediately upon arrival in Hanoi my image was shot. I expected bits of rice fields and hot, humid weather. Indeed I did encounter the rice fields immediately upon departing the airport. However, the weather was cold and damp. I spent all my spare time just trying to keep warm!

On my first full day, we were crowded into a bus for short folks and traveled for three hours to a technical school that trains over 500 students in the fields of computer technology, carpentry, welding and garment making. This was Maryknoll's first project upon entering Vietnam many years ago. Begun by Fr. Tom Dunleavy, today it is a thriving center for rural education. Upon completing their courses, the graduates, who are mostly poor, are usually able to secure jobs with ease and thus assured a livelihood for their families.

On the second day I visited an acupuncture hospital for children in Hanoi. Again, all come from poor families from throughout the country. The head doctor is considered a world expert in acupuncture. He and all the staff volunteer their services in this health center that serves the children. Maryknoll through Fr. Tom O'Brien supplies funds to enable them to treat the children without charge. Later, I visited a detention center for youth that have fallen prey to drug addiction. Fr. Charlie Robak visits this government center and is able to relate with the

*(Continued on page 3)*

## MARYKNOLL AFRICA VISITS ASIA

*(Continued from page 2)*

youth and offer them counsel. It's clear that the youth like him very much and trust Charlie as a friend. Whenever he shows up their faces brighten as they run to greet him.

Due to historical circumstances our people are not allowed to preach openly in Vietnam, nor are we permitted to staff parishes. Our formal activities are always monitored. During my stay, government hosts accompanied us as we visited the projects. So our posture is that of witness to the gospel message of Jesus Christ. We do this through service to the poor in projects like those mentioned above. At a small reception held in our honor, the head doctor of the acupuncture hospital praised Maryknoll for its compassion to the poor. He said that to him Maryknoll means charity. Compassion and Charity: what a beautiful way to describe our missionary presence in Vietnam.

Hanoi is a large and crowded city with bicycles and motorcycles everywhere! Traffic is a mild term for what I saw. Motorcycles served as taxicabs, and could even accommodate not just one, but also two and sometimes three passengers! The country is poor but still there seemed to be so much going on, so much opportunity for the people.

Reflecting over my Tanzania experience, I could not get over the contrast. There seems to be so much more development and possibilities for a better life among the peoples of Vietnam. They seem to believe that they can be the masters of their own development. As I recall this too was the dream of Mwalimu Julius Nyerere. What a novel thought and noble vision to which a follower of Christ could devote a lifetime. While Africans remain hope-filled, the realities demonstrate that poverty will only increase for them as the years pass on. The Vietnamese, on the other hand, while considered among the poorest countries of Asia, seem to see a light at the end of a long tunnel. So much more the reason for Maryknoll to direct its future personnel, energies and resources to Africa!

---

### Asia After 25 Years

*By Dick Baker*

I was invited to visit China. I had been to Hong Kong and Macau more than twenty-five years ago. At the time I had been studying language in the Philippines and then working in Indonesia. This trip brought me not only to Hong Kong and Macau but to Mainland China as well. As Bill Galvin led us through the complexities of securing a visa to the mainland and through the immigration posts in the mainland, then in Macau, and then in Hong Kong, I was impressed by the development that the past years has brought. I looked for rice fields in vain. South China was a developed and developing business, industrial and commercial area.

However, within all the development, there still stood the beginning of our Society's mission efforts. The church, parish house and convent built in 1928 in what was then Kongmoon and is now Jiangmen are the still used facilities that our ancestors designed and set up. A local priest and a community of sisters of the Official Catholic Church welcomed us warmly as they have welcomed many Maryknollers who pay pilgrimage to this site. In the same city, with its 'global' traces in Kentucky Fried Chicken, MacDonald's, and other Western chains, we visited Carmine Lamazza. He resides at the local University and teaches English and film to college level students. While unable to preach or worship public ally, he avails himself to students for conversations on all topics of interest to them. Faith and religion often are subjects of those conversations. His own gentle and reassuring manner preaches volumes to these students. Outside of Jiangmen but in the same province, we visited Brother Bob Butsch. He has brought his talents and skills from Egypt to China by helping sufferers of Hansen's disease (Leprosy) to regain their ability to walk by custom making shoes for each person's specific need. He works with a Salesian priest at the Leprosarium, which was founded by Maryknoll, built by Brother Albert, and staffed by Frs. Sweeney and Cairns. Some of the residents still remember those two Maryknollers with joy. About a third of the residents have maintained a live faith. We celebrated the Eucharist with them. It was presided over by the parish priest from Jiangmen.

*(Continued on page 4)*

## MARYKNOLL AFRICA VISITS ASIA

*(Continued from page 3)*

We arrived at Sancian Island by boat. Sancian Island is famous for at least two reasons: St. Francis Xavier died there and Bishop James Edward Walsh was ordained Bishop there. I turned 57 the morning after our arrival on the island. All of us prayed at the shrine church and statue of St Francis Xavier before catching a boat that brought us to the road leading to Macau and then on to Hong Kong. *NOTE: Sancian Island is now a playground for wealthy Chinese.* There are many hotels that line the beaches of the island.

Bangkok is a vibrant city, alive with traffic and people. I remembered Bangkok as a congested but manageable city 25 years ago. Today, it is many cities within a city, each of which is like a version of Nairobi or Addis, only hot and still very much congested. An overhead railway and river taxis ease the car traffic to an extent but any trip into Bangkok takes patience sitting in traffic and waiting for the long red lights to change. The dominant vision of Bangkok is its Temples. Beautiful constructed Buddhist temples and stupas (place where relics are kept) catch the eye no matter how crowded or developed an area of the city may be. Many office buildings, shops, and small industries boast small or sometimes relatively large shrines that are placed in an easy to see place. These temples and shrines let us know that Bangkok is truly a Buddhist city and that interreligious dialogue must be an important component in integral evangelization.

I had the opportunity to visit with Tom Dunleavy and Bill O'Leary after the chapter sessions and before returning to East Africa. Both are engaged in important and compassionate work with migrants and illegal aliens.

It is difficult to compare Africa and Asia without long residence on each continent. My concern was that Africa has been marginated from the great leaps of material development that characterized the 80's and 90's in Asia. It would be so easy to 'forget' Africa. Its populations are relatively small, still less educated than other parts of the world, and unable to attract the kinds of investment that could make it a bigger player in the international economy.

---

### Hong Kong, China, Sancian Island, Macao

*By Frank TenHoopen*

They are one country but I list them separately because they seem to be different countries because of visas. I flew from New York with Mike Snyder and Dick Callahan. We met up with Ray Finch and Steve De Mott in Japan. We visited with each other for some time before each of us caught our different on going flights. I arrived with Mike Snyder in Hong Kong late at night. I stayed at a hotel because I did not want to try to find my way in the middle of the night to the Stanley House. Also after these long flights my back always kills me.

In the morning I went to the Stanley House and basically we started our tour. For the next few days we moved. We saw many things and people. Hong Kong was impressive because the men that I saw were happy and proud of what they were doing. They were happy to take time out to show us and entertain us. The food was great. I, as always, overate but I do that even here.

The next day we took a ferry to Mainland China. We checked into a hotel and then started to tour. Bill Galvin was our guide. We saw the University where some teach and Carmen La Mazza took us to a primary school where he and an Italian nun were teaching English. Later that night we found out that the nun, a PIME nun, knew me. We had lived in the same seminary years ago. I did not recognize her but she recognized me. We had a lot to talk about. We also went to see our first Center House in China. It was a big compound with a lot of activity. There are Sisters living there now. The next day we went to visit Bro. Bob Butch's mission, the Gate of Heaven Leprosy Hospital. It was built by Bro Albert and still is there in good condition. Bob is still doing what he does best and that is to make shoes for lepers. A lot of things there could only make we Maryknollers proud, the past and the present.

After this we went to Sancian Island where Francis Xavier died and was buried for a while. We went to his chapel twice and prayed there. It was also on this island that James Edward Walsh was ordained a bishop. There is history there. The history of Xavier and also Maryknoll. It was a strange thing feeling all that history in such an ordinary place.

# MARYKNOLL AFRICA VISITS ASIA

## New Model Of Mission In Cambodia

*By Bill Stanley*

I was very happy that I would be going to Cambodia for the exposure trip. I really did not know what to expect--and coming from Africa--Southeast Asia was a very different reality. The plane landed at the International airport in Phnom Penh and I was reminded very much of the airport at Mwanza. It was small and somewhat informal compared to the airports of Europe and the U.S. The weather reminded me of Dar--in the worst of months--being both hot and sticky.

The Cambodian Maryknollers worked as a well organized team in picking up the nine Maryknollers who would be arriving at all hours of the day and night. The team was composed of Jim Noonan, and Ed McGovern, four Maryknoll Sisters, and MMAF families and single missionaries. I was impressed how they saw our visit as a shared responsibility and all worked together to make us feel welcome and to show us, in the week we were allotted, the reality of Cambodia and her people.

The missionaries and most all of the people we met shared with us that the ancient Khmer culture is the bedrock culture of all of Southeast Asia. The countries of Vietnam, Thailand, Burma, and Laos all owe a great deal to the Khmer culture. My visit began with an overnight trip to the Angkor Wat temple complex an hour plane ride away from Phnom Penh. In the space of 36 hours I tried my best to take in one of the architectural wonders of the world. It was one of the few places on earth that, I could truly say, takes one's breath away.

The second impression I will take away from my week in Cambodia is the devastating effect the Pol Pot regime had on the people and their country. Most of the institutions were destroyed and almost all of the educated people were exterminated. All in all over 2 million lost their lives in the killing fields or through the starvation and ill health that followed. We went out to see one of the many places in the country where executions were held and where the bodies of some of the millions were buried. The government had raised a seven-story glass chapel filled with the bones of the dead to mark one of the worst places of execution. It seemed almost everyone was affected. We also went to a secondary school that had been turned into a torture center by the Khmer Rouge. The evidence of our inhumanity to each other deeply affected all of us. It seemed each of the nine Maryknollers was affected in a different way.

The third impression from my visit is the new model of mission that is being practiced in Cambodia. It is a very different model than what we are familiar with here in Africa. The NGO model of mission made sense in Cambodia because of the different understanding of "mission" held by the government. I was impressed by how the team of Maryknoll and MMAF made such an important impact in the country. Even though they were not many they were all contributing on the local and the national level. As the nation is desperately trying to heal its wounds and rebuild the infrastructure, the Maryknollers, Sisters, and MMAF were making real contributions in Cambodia. As a Maryknoller I was very proud of them and will always be thankful for their warm welcome and all they did to help us to share their reality with us.

---

## Vilima Havikutani Lakini Binadamu Wanakutana (Mountains Never Meet but People Do)

*By John Sivalon*

Mount Kilimanjaro, two majestic peaks reigning over the African floor, and Mount Everest, one peak among many in Mother Earth's crown, attract tourists to Africa and Nepal. Similarities end here between what I saw on my mission exposure trip to Nepal.

In Tanzania and most of Africa the Church has flourished in terms of people explicitly responding to the Gospel. In most African countries the Church has become a self-sustaining indigenous institution. Nepal's context is quite different. As a Hindu kingdom laws remain on the books restricting conversion and active proselytizing. However, profound proclamation is taking place by Joe Thaler, Jack Corcoran and other Christians through their Spirit-filled witness of humble service. It was striking to hear that there is only one Catholic Church building in the country but even more striking to see how inculturated the architecture is and to hear the depth of faith of the community members. One of those members clearly explained his conversion in terms of the witness of the Sisters of Charity with whom he had worked.

Two learnings that I took to Bangkok from this exposure trip were: a) the influence of context in defining what we do and b) the truly integral nature of the elements of evangelization found in "Sent to Proclaim Life."

# MARYKNOLL AFRICA VISITS ASIA

## Evangelization as Witness" in North Vietnam

*By Bob Jalbert*

Myself and the other six members of our Chapter Preparation Committee were in Hanoi from January 22-30. In addition to meeting for finalizing our preparations for the opening of the Chapter in Bangkok, we visited with representatives of the Ministry for Social Services under which Maryknoll functions in Vietnam as an NGO. We had the opportunity to visit several projects and works in and around Hanoi in which our Maryknollers Tom O'Brien and Charlie Robak are involved. I also experienced the hospitality, receptivity, and gratitude of our Vietnamese hosts as very similar to what we know and have become accustomed to here in East Africa. Although somewhat limited in their use of the local language, Tom and Charlie nevertheless exhibited a great deal of enthusiasm for, and commitment to, the various apostolates that they're involved in.

In comparing and contrasting missionary ministry as we know it here in East Africa with what I was seeing and experiencing in Vietnam, I was struck by two significant differences:

1. Almost exclusively, Maryknoll as an NGO in Vietnam is engaged in "evangelization as witness" by helping to provide and enable specific social services to meet peoples' immediate needs. "Evangelization" in Vietnam is very subtle and indirect and is not easily measurable or discernable.
2. The lack of a "public" ministerial and liturgical role for the expatriate missionary is also very evident. Our Maryknoll Society is one of the very few expatriate missionary groups present in and around Hanoi and I couldn't help but ask myself: "How does one as a missionary speak and act out the "Church" reality in that environment?"

Our meeting with the Cardinal of Hanoi on the last afternoon of our stay in that city surfaced for me a cross and a suffering for the local Church as well as for ourselves as "guest missionaries" there. There are apparently many more potential local vocations to priesthood than can be accommodated in the seminaries under the government's current restrictive policy of allotting very few spaces for candidates from each Province. The Cardinal's question to us at that time as we parted is an invitation and a challenge to us as an expatriate missionary society there: "How can Maryknoll help us to form and train outside of Vietnam the many potential seminarians who are not permitted to enter the seminaries within the country?" It is my hope and prayer that the Mid-Chapter Consultation Working Papers "Promoting Missionary Involvement By Local Churches Including The U.S. Church" and "Identity And Relationships In Mission" would move us to at least begin addressing in Vietnam what the Cardinal has asked.



## Happy Birthday to You!

Edward Phillips	1 Sept.	Loren Beaudry	7 Dec.
James Kuhn	2 Sept.	Tom Shea	11 Dec.
John Frangenberg	15 Sept.	Kenneth Sullivan	13 Dec.
Richard Quinn	27 Sept.	Michael Kirwen	15 Dec.
John Wohead	28 Sept.		
William Daley	4 Oct.		
Richard Hochwalt	18 Oct.		
Paul Fagan	24 Oct.		
Edward Hayes	13 Nov.		
George Cotter	22 Nov.		
James Conard	27 Nov.		
Arthur Wille	29 Nov.		





There are many examples of Fr. Tom Shea's generosity to me and going out of his way to help Maryknollers and me. But one thing stands out in my memory. Fr. Tom graciously provided his mission at Wira to be the site of those wishing to make their yearly retreat. It was an ideal location for this purpose. The peace and tranquility during those days come readily to mind. He took upon himself the burden of preparing the excellent food, working with his staff. Especially enjoyable was the companionship and conviviality of the sundowner time. We went back to our schedules refreshed.

Fr. Tom also provided the same services for the seminars and retreats for the diocesan priests as well. We thank him for all he has done. He will be in my memory and prayers. May he rest in peace.

~ Cyril Vellicig



I especially remember Tom Shea as Maryknollers were gathered at Wira for the annual retreat. While we clustered around the shaded sundowner table revving up for a Shea banquet, I noticed a bevy of five or six young women dressed in flags: visitors from Ukenyenge town, I was told. Tom broke off from the cocktails to go over to welcome them. Seems like they had just come over for no other reason than to greet "Padri Tom" on their own Muslim holiday. I later found out that they were some of the young folk from the business center who had fashioned the artful stars hanging from the church ceiling as Christmas decorations. It warmed the cockles of my heart to see Tom including Arabs in his circle of friends. I still remember their flashing eyes and sparkling manner as they talked with Tom before returning home. And I often muse in the aftermath of September 11th, "With enemies like that who needs friends?"

~ Lou Quinn



Tom was taking daily radiation treatment for his cancer back in December, 1994. The reason I remember the occasion is that he was doing so at the same time that I was at St. Teresa's Residence at Maryknoll. I spent six days there following my by-pass surgery at NYU Hospital in NYC on 8 December, 1994. Tom was of course one of those who came to visit me.

After six days at Maryknoll I was due back at the hospital for a check-up. If there were no complications Dr. Culliford, MD said I could fly home to Wisconsin. I was sure that the results of the checkup would be good and that I would not be coming back to the Knoll. I must have conveyed that message to Tom because he in his concern asked about my trip from the hospital to LaGuardia Airport. Not being a frequent flier out of New York I told Tom that I really didn't know just how I was going to get there, but somehow I was going to get to the airport and back to cold Wisconsin.

Immediately Tom said that he had a radiation treatment that morning and that when he was finished he would meet me at the 39th St. House in NYC. He did just that. And from there he guided me to an airport bus not far away. He helped me with my suitcase that still seemed heavy to me. I was only supposed to lift five pounds. He got on the bus with me, rode out to the airport, made sure I was at the right place at the right time. He said goodbye and was off. I will never forget standing at the entrance to the airport and seeing Tom pulling away in the bus - my guardian angel for that day.

~ Paul Fagan



To a person coming from a large family of eight children, Tom seemed very different to me. Not better or worse---- just different. His house was decorated differently, all of the windows filled with plates or bottles filled with different colored water, cups and saucers. It looked like a picture right out of the New Yorker. A piano always sat in the center of the room that Tom used as a sitting room. One day I asked him to play something, expecting some sort of song out of the 101 Best Songs Book. He gently took out a sheet of complicated looking music from the piano choir, a classical concerto of some kind. He proved to be quite an accomplished piano player. He seemed to enjoy playing for someone else.

He lived for a time with Charlie Callahan. I think that was good for Tom or else he may have become a person alone, apart from the other Maryknoll men. He did live apart from Maryknoll priests for a long time and seemed more at home with a few close African friends.

Tom was very faithful in his work of visiting outstations. At Wira he had many and he visited each one every month. No one but Tom would ride a motorcycle with a stocking cap with slits for the eyes, erect as a British gentleman.



~ Dan Ohmann

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 7)

The thing that comes to mind when I think of Tom is how unusually generous he was in helping the Maryknoll members. Priests and brothers who needed supplies, medicine, food and spares for our cars, motorcycles, or solar---the list goes on endlessly----could always rely on Tom. He reminded me of Dave Jones in his help to us when the border was closed.

Recently, I realized that Tom was very concerned with justice and fairness. He wanted the Maryknoll Society members to be treated fairly and also the African priests.

The "open rectory" was part of his lifestyle. His love of all things English was very visible. He was very interested in fine cooking and had many quality cookbooks. If the turkey at Thanksgiving was tasty know that Tom given me many good tips and advice. I will also remember Tom's love of the piano and music. If you pass by my room now and hear misty music or mood serenades of Jackie Gleason know that they are all from Tom Shea.



~ Leo Kennedy

When I think of Tom Shea I will always remember his courage and the inspiration that he gave to me in the way in which he faced his battle with cancer. Working in Musoma for my first 5 years I never really knew Tom well. I had met him at retreats and at assemblies where he always impressed me as a pleasant and friendly individual. It was only after his return from the U.S. to Tanzania and my subsequent move to Shinyanga that I began to get to know him.

Shortly after his return I was reading the latest issue of the Maryknoll Magazine and I came across an article by Tom sharing his experiences as a "cancer survivor" and the support group that he participated in during his treatment in the USA. I remember it as one of the most moving articles that I had ever read in our magazine. Tom honestly expressed the struggle that he had been engaged in while we were all going about our day-to-day mission lives. I can remember how moved I was and how impressed I was with Tom's ability to express himself and what he went through. He did not shy away from the reality that the cancer most probably would come back and he remained hopeful and outward looking in the time that he was granted.



Tom's commitment to the people and to his ministry will always be what I will respect most about him. Even in what would be his last days in Nindo, and in spite of the fact that he had lost the full use of his legs, he celebrated three Palm Sunday masses. To the end he remained devoted to the Wasukuma people. I believe with all my heart that Tom is very happy knowing that part of him will remain with them forever.

~ Bill Stanley

I remember Tom Shea especially from our visit to the missions of Ngulyati, Bariadi, and Old Maswa. One day Fr. Tom Shea was going on an inspection tour of the missions to see about their progress and the proper use of "monies" requested by Maryknoll. Fr. Herb Gappa and Fr. Paul Fagan had asked in the past that Br. Cyril and myself should come up and visit them. This was a good opportunity so I asked to go along.

Before our trip it had rained several days and the roads were slow and slower. We would be late in reaching Fr. Bill Stanley's mission for lunch. After many water holes we saw the sign for the mission of Ngulyati. As we turned left Fr. Stanley and his workers welcomed us with warm greetings -- waving their hands and greeting us. As we pulled up to the house --- it was about 2 p.m.-- they had kept the food warm and ready for our arrival. The food was deliciously prepared and the house was well made. After lunch we toured the mission and some outstations.

He had many beautiful flowers planted all over the place and a good size banana plantation and about 40 "kangas" (guinea fowl).



Next Tom led us to Bariadi, and Old Maswa where we enjoyed the hospitality of Herb Gappa and Paul Fagan. It was a good trip and I will remember Tom for our travels together.

~ John Wohead

Tom was ordained one year ahead of me. Some memories are...

1. Music: I fondly remember Tom playing the organ for seminary liturgies for all those years. Here in Tanzania he was very strong on traditional Sukuma songs and music making in the liturgies.



2. "The Nairobi Kid": Tom had lots of safaris to the big city and helped many by shopping for us.

3. Pastoral: a. He planned and printed his schedule of mass safaris for many months ahead.

b. He stayed only with the Sukuma language for his entire career.

~ Herb Gappa

(Continued on page 9)

*(Continued from page 8)*

Fr. Tom was a great missionary among us who strived hard hand in hand with us to see that the Kingdom of God is established here in Shinyanga Diocese. He not only fully made himself one of us but he also made us part of him. He was a gift among us. He was a great son of Maryknoll and the church of Shinyanga. The diocese will live to remember him and Nindo, which was already his home, will not forget him...

With great faith we thank the Good Lord for having put him among us and we now entrust our dearly beloved Fr. Tom and all his good works to God saying, "You gave, you have taken back, blessed be thy name."



*~ (Part of the Condolence Letter signed by Bishop Aloysius Balina and priests, sisters and lay people of Shinyanga Diocese)*

On Saturday, 20 April, 2002 we had a Memorial Mass for "Marehemu" Tom Shea at the Maryknoll Society House in Dar es Salaam. The whole Maryknoll family participated - priests, sisters, MMAF. During the Shared Homily all five reflections referred to Tom's great love for music. We recalled his playing the organ at Maryknoll, New York even playfully disguising Here Comes the Bride as the priests, brothers and seminarians processed into chapel for High Mass, his organ playing at Sing Sing Prison during our seminary days, his piano at Wira Parish, his trips to Nairobi for concerts and plays, his enjoyment of Broadway Musicals on video and audiotape. Tom would have enjoyed the songs Rick Bauer led during the liturgy. To cap off the day during lunch we played instrumental music from one of Tom's favorite Music Channels on the Multi Choice Digital Satellite Television.

A Final P.S.: As I was editing this story in the Dar es Salaam House I put on Channel 3 ("Beautiful Instrumentals")



## **Water Project in the Foothills of Mt. Kenya**

*By John Lange*

The Almighty has done great things! That sums up my involvement in the Sagana Maganjo Water Project in the foothills of Mt. Kenya, 100 miles North and East of Nairobi, Kenya. In May of 1997, Aloysius Wambugu, a member of my Bible Discussion Group, begged me to come and see the fallen dam that the 200 members of the project had built. I dodged the invitation for several months, but finally went up. Just what I feared would happen, happened. I felt sorry for the poor people who had raised \$6,000 all on their own and had worked so hard. In my naiveté I thought that all that was asked of me was to help them build a new and stronger dam. We did that. But now my foot was in the door. I hated to bail out after investing \$9,000 or so for the new dam. Now, after six years of building three huge water-storage tanks, laying nine miles of piping, fitting umpteen air valves, wash-out valves, etc., etc. 196 farms are receiving water for their animals, domestic use and several acres of irrigation.

We had our big dedication on 23 February, 2002. As one good lady said: "Now we can pay school fees." They do this by raising cabbage, French beans, ordinary beans, green peppers, passion fruit, potatoes, tomatoes, you name it. But the biggest satisfaction for me is that the irrigation has helped save two corn crops for the past year. How often do we see corn get to two-thirds maturity and then wither away for lack of rain? You're probably asking: "How much did all this cost and where did you get the money?" I did get \$125,000 from the Maryknoll Regional Budget in 1997, 1998, 1999. And that's one reason for this story-report. I didn't invest in one half of a big white elephant. The final bill for the project was close to \$300,000. That's where God stepped into to help this babe in the woods. A personal friend from Dubuque gave me a LOT. And a benefactor from NYC picked up on my project from the Internet and gave \$49,000. I'd like to say that the project is completely finished, but on the day of dedication, I promised to pay half of the bill for putting in bigger pipes in the upper line which serves 38 of the 196 farms. Recently they handed me a list of needed pipes, etc. that comes to about \$17,000. They had forgotten the "half". Selected amnesia. I told them if they come up with 10%, I'd count that as half.

A long time ago one of my first cousins cajoled me for my Band-Aid ministry in the slums. "Why don't you do something for development?" I hope that she is satisfied now.