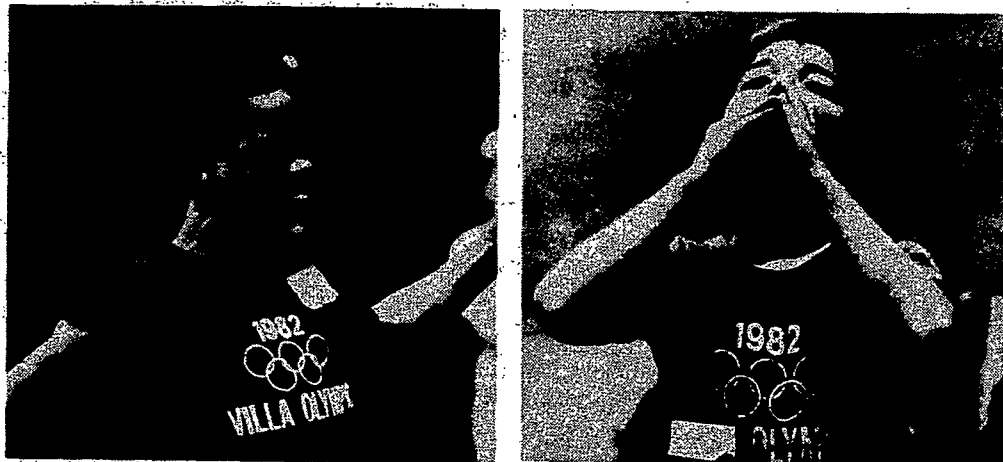
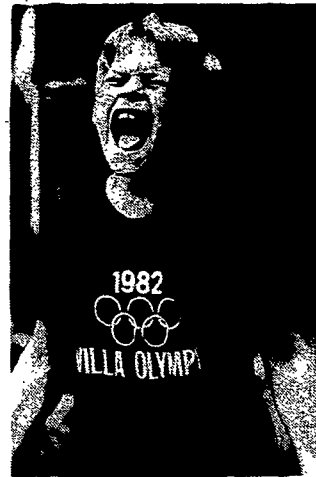


Villa's 14th Olympics Are Quite a Scream



More than 140 residents and staff members of St. Joseph's Villa participated all last week in the 14th annual Villa Olympics. Competitions included track and field, swimming, obstacle course, basketball, volleyball, tug-of-war, and one event that proved extremely popular, a yelling contest. Clockwise from left, Shawn Mang scurries across a human ladder, the rungs being held in place by his teammates; Craig Brown strains during the yelling contest; Charlie Miller lets Tarzan know he's on the up and coming; David Rivers, Billy Carter, staff person Linda Evans, William Nelson and Gary DeBruyn giving their all during the tug-of-war; Jimmy Hayden made perhaps the best face during the yelling contest; but young DeBruyn gave his best oratorio some classic style. Competition concluded with an awards ceremony, followed by a cookout for the entire group.

Photos by Terrance J. Brennan



After 40 Years... A Memory

By M. Krug Wiemer

(M. Krug Wiemer is a graduate of the old St. Patrick-St. Mary's School, opposite St. Mary's Hospital 43 years ago. She now volunteers her time working on special projects for St. Joseph's Villa, this year celebrating its 40th anniversary.)

My first drive into St. Joseph's Villa was wonderful as I viewed the separate cottages, play area and green trees and grass. I parked and rolled down the window to gather the sounds, and heard a basketball thump-thump and a robin sing. "Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily."

A teacher was talking to a young boy and I heard, "Yeah, and every day I wake up older." I laughed, but I also was surprised by the give-and-take so easily done.

My eyes followed the brick-red-vested robin and I drifted...

Circling an old stone building opposite St. Mary's Hospital, I saw a skeleton fire escape, and I remembered the dozens of children climbing to the fourth floor in white cotton nightgowns... Girls were separated by age groups and the dormitory was lined with snug single cots. Those children woke and did everything to the sound of bells or claps of the black-garbed nuns. We marched to school, church, meals and bed in lines. The playground was long and oven-hot in summer, because there wasn't one tree inside the eight-foot high fence surrounding the yard.

I remember a ride we called the "ocean" because we would stand on the seats, grasping the rails, and get it rocking or waving. Of course this was

forbidden, but we gleefully did it every chance we got.

My great friend, Father George Vogt, told the greatest vampire and ghost stories that scared and thrilled me. I've loved him all my life for the fantasy he created behind those walls. Children should always be able to hear fun stories...

Back to the lovely 40th anniversary gathering, meeting old friends and new, with their own families now. I listened to a great band, and heard one nun teased about not wearing her uniform ("The only time I'll wear it is to a Hallowe'en party," said she).

Children ran freely anyplace they wanted. A pool and field for ball stand ready for fun. A kite would be nice.

The ashcan-gray sky cleared at the moment Bishop Matthew H. Clark

raised the Host, and the sun burst through. A song sparrow swooped low, and a branch swayed where he landed and began to sing. His bright, short notes and trills were enchanting.

Yes, this was a good place to be. Lovely. The outdoor Mass and the young lady who sang and her fellow musicians were like the wonderful stories told by Father Vogt — so satisfying. It was complete.

Now, in my retirement I am younger; but it has been a long time, and so the enjoyment is tamer, perhaps. My time is now spent in creating and helping when I can. I like being around the "older" children at the Villa.

Happy 40th, St. Joseph's Villa! And here's to the next generation of alumni! I wonder what they will remember...