

[anonymous] Our Jesuit Father John Broderick will be returning for his twenty-sixth year in Wyoming after all the fuss about his not being able to see to drive. When told a car would not be available to him, he wrote he would not come because he wouldn't be a burden to the parishioners. Dubois has one street, the highway, the priest lives in the basement of the church and goes two blocks to the post office and three to the grocery store, gas next door. Some parishioners wrote and called to say that they would drive him around, but he was gently adamant. Father Espenshade was in a quandary about what to do, so I broke the deadlock by calling Broderick in Boston to tell him how much the people and clergy want him back. I added that I wanted him back to bring his history of the church in Dubois up to date and somehow help with our history of the Catholic Church in Wyoming (he is a retired church history professor of Weston School of Theology and already wrote an excellent and complete history of the Dubois church to 1987 which I simply scanned for our history). Father Espenshade learned that Broderick, who is ninety, has a Massachusetts driver's license and drives in Boston! How can we forbid him a car in Dubois? So he didn't. Broderick is imperious and Espenshade is not. So Broderick will return the end of June and stay through the end of September. Many Yellowstone-bound tourists go to that church in summertime where there will be Masses both Saturday and Sunday for them, and the pious love to go to Mass everyday. As it is, when we serve the Dubois church from here, we have one Sunday evening Mass, and only because I like to stay up there (the pastor and deacon don't), we celebrate a 7am Mass on Monday. So now everybody is happy (except the deacon whose calling it is to ferret out the other side of every situation, a gift useful to everybody). And if everybody is happy, the bishop will perforce be, although he wondered what would happen if Broderick died (we agreed to throw him in a pickup, bring him to town, and load him on the next plane to Boston) and Espenshade, our Philadelphia lawyer pastor, worries about liability. Something for everybody.

For me, Father Broderick's return (I should add like a good monk, and as he did once, "if I live") means that we will not have to tend that church for those twelve Sundays. To do the three missions according to the present schedule means a 240 mile roundtrip, not counting the prison honor farm Mass or communion service. Father Lukefahr, the Vincentian email catechist, is to come to live at St. Edward's in August. That's when my extended if fragmented vacation starts easily because I will not be needed much and both pastor and deacon will have had a month off each. Desert in August, from time to time, and Yellowstone, or thereabouts, for the elk rut from the full moon in September to the autumnal equinox. Then it's the Presbyteral Institute, October when Father Espenshade will go to Australia, then November 12, when we see if the pelvic tilt therapy worked on my body, and then...? Father Espenshade has strongly recommended to the bishop that I be appointed associate pastor of the cathedral in Cheyenne so that I would be near to the chancery and a house of old and wise priests to finish our history. A canonical regulation makes it necessary for a priest who is seeking incardination into a diocese that he serve under two pastors within three years. We have had the usual run of extraordinary circumstances here, which might continue, which has our country canon lawyers thinking along the lines that since the time is not written into the canon law, one could serve a pastor for two years and three-

hundred and sixty four days, be appointed to the new parish for one day and the law is fulfilled to the letter. So I just might be in Cheyenne for the rest of the century.

Father Broderick, the ninety-year old Jesuit who has been tending Dubois for fifteen summers, has written that he is in excellent health, is ready to come back, and offers to take Kinnear off our hands while he is here. Evidently and the fuss and concerns of the bishop and the provincial has not reached his ears. The bishop is afraid he will die up there. So, the old boys will load him in a pickup and bring him to town. A real worry is his driving now that he cannot see very well. The solution is simple – no car. The good old boys and girls have tacitly agreed to drive him – where? Across the street to the post office, or another block to the grocery store. So now poor Father Espenshade is in a quandary about telling him and called the bishop for moral support. I offered to tell Broderick, but Espenshade believes it his duty. Remember that whenever we had a serious confrontational crisis around here, I was the hatchet man – Standing Elk and the drunken Indian nation and last year's principal. I hope he comes back for everybody's good. Just, no car. Simple.

BRODERICK

Father John Broderick, SJ (Weston School of Theology, Boston), an historian who spent his summers in Dubois for more than a decade and who published *Catholicism in the Upper Wind River Valley: A History of the Catholic Church in Dubois, Wyoming, to 1987* (1987) read the texts and gave us helpful critical advice about the method to proceed.

Broderick's death was not unexpected. He was of the New England Province, born 17 Sept. 1909. His last assignment was "praying for the Church and the Society" at our Campion Health Center located in Weston, MA, where the theologate was before it moved to Cambridge, while keeping the name "Weston."