

PRIESTS FOR TOMORROW



DIOCESE of LA CROSSE

Office for Priestly Vocations

December 2015

Hello from Renéé

My name is Renee' Orth and I am the new Administrative Assistant in the Office For Vocations. I have been here since May and am thoroughly enjoying the job! Father Wierzba has been so kind and patient – teaching me and letting me learn at my own pace. It has been so much fun to get to know all the seminarians and their families. I look forward to a long and rewarding career here!

My husband and I live in Minnesota (about 45 miles from here). I have 3 grown step children, 7 grandchildren, and one beautiful 2 year old great granddaughter who has me completely smitten!

I enjoy visiting with those of you whom I have met and welcome the opportunity to meet the rest of you! I have so much respect for those who chose religious vocations. Thank you for your sacrifices! And thanks to everyone who help support them in so many ways.



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Christmas Memories

Season's greetings from the Office for Vocations! Thank you for your ongoing support of our priests for tomorrow, the seminarians of the Diocese of La Crosse. The older a person grows, the more important the memories from the past become, and for many people the Christmas season is a time to remember cherished family moments and traditions that are so meaningful.

Christmas trees always remind me of childhood and how Christmas Eve our family of eight would pile in the station wagon and go to my grandparents' house just a few miles away. While we kids ate cookies and played with all the other cousins, mysteriously my dad and uncles would disappear for a few hours. Later in the evening, we would head back home to discover that Santa had visited our house. All the presents were wrapped and under the tree. Somehow we always missed getting home in time to catch Santa. Christmas Morning Mass was always important and then spending Christmas day visiting relatives. Good memories.

In this issue of the Priests for Tomorrow Newsletter, your seminarians share their favorite Christmas memories. Perhaps their stories of Christmas will inspire you to share your favorite memory with those you love too. Merry Christmas!



BISHOP WILLIAM PATRICK CALLAHAN

I celebrated my Mass of Thanksgiving as a priest on 1 May 1977, the day after my ordination to the priesthood, 30 April 1977. For the Mass parts, I chose the work of the Italian born, music director and organist of St. Patrick Cathedral in New York, Pietro Yon's Mass of the Shepherds. A light and beautifully romantic Italian piece, it was the ideal music, and one of the first pieces of choral music I ever learned in high school.

My favorite Christmas memory centers on another piece composed by Pietro Yon: Gesu Bambino (sometimes called: When Blossoms Flowered 'Mid the Snows.) It was my Christmas as a Deacon (1976) at John XXIII Parish in Toronto. We were blessed to have a number of extremely talented young men from the St. Michael Choir School to belong to our parish and sing in our choir. That night—Midnight Mass—the lead tenor was sick and could not sing Gesu Bambino in the choral prelude before Mass. It was the featured piece and the lead into the entrance procession of the Mass. I've never seen so many sad singers

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in my life! They had worked so hard—just to be the choir behind such a beautiful piece sung with such a beautiful voice. We were all resigned to the sadness and so let down.

Our brilliant young organist had an idea. He asked his father, a prominent oral surgeon, to sing the song. He agreed. In a clear—somewhat more mature—tenor voice, he led the choir and the congregation into one of the most memorable renditions of the hymn that I've ever heard! As we processed into the small church with the image of the Christ child, there was not a dry eye in the church.

The doctor has since gone to his eternal reward, but he has left me with a lovely Christmas memory that renews itself clearly in my mind and my heart each year!



**JUAN PEDRO ROBLEZ
BALTAZAR**

Christmas season is so special in Mexico. In fact, the most important dinner is not on December 25th, but on Christmas' Eve. One of the things I love the most about these days is a Tradition we call "Las Posadas".

It starts on December 16th. At night, people get together and pray the Rosary. After that, we make the "petición de posada" (asking for lodging), that is a song that recalls when Saint Joseph and the Virgin arrived to Bethlehem and could not find a place to stay overnight.

Some of us are indoors and others are outside holding candles and carrying the image of "los peregrinos" (the pilgrims, Joseph and pregnant Mary). Then, people that are outdoors knock at the door and start singing. I cannot help quoting some lyrics of this beautiful song:

"En el nombre del cielo,/ os pido posada/
pues no puede andar/ mi esposa amada".
In heaven's name/ I beg you to grant me
a place to take lodging/ since my beloved
wife/ cannot walk anymore.

The last verse, that is supposed to be sung when doors are open by people who were indoors, is my favorite because it makes me think Our Lord is still looking for a place, a very special one we can give to him only if we want to.

"Entren santos peregrinos/ reciban este rincón/
que, aunque es pobre la morada/ os la doy de corazón".



Come in, O holy pilgrims/ accept this little place/
even though this dwelling is poor/ I'm offering it from the bottom of my heart to you.



AARON BECKER

One of my most cherished memories of Christmas occurs every Christmas morning out in the barn. Despite the holiday, the cows still need to be milked and so my dad, mom, sisters, and I would start the operation at 5:30am as usual. While milking the cows, Christmas songs were usually sung, in or out of tune. (It really doesn't matter at such an early hour). After the cows were milked, they were chased outside in order to clean the barn. With the cows gone, the once warm air in the barn began to rapidly cool down. A sort of fog ensued, enveloping the barn. As the fresh cow pies steamed my dad would always say, "Isn't this cool kids? This is just what Jesus experienced on the first Christmas morning. Aren't you guys so lucky." Our answer was always a resounding "No!!!" However I will never forget those Christmas mornings in the barn. The sight of the steam covering the mangers, and the copious amounts of cow manure made quite the impression on me. So many times I have gone to Christmas Mass and forgotten that Christ was not born in a clean and germ free hospital room, but a barn with animals relieving themselves all

around Him. Jesus chose to be born in a dirty barn to exhibit His unconditional love for us. I treasure these memories as they remind me over and over again of the cause of celebration during Christmas—God's great love for us.



MATTHEW BOWE

My most memorable Christmas memory is not a single memory, as per the intent of these memorial reflections. Rather, if I may, I would like to string a common thread through all of my Christmas memories. For me, the spirit of Christmas and other liturgical feasts continuously occur throughout the year and heightens during a specific period. My family begins to heighten the Christmas spirit when we gather together to bake sugar cookies (and frost them), chocolate-covered pretzel rods, peanut butter and chocolate crackers, monster cookies, fudges, and chocolate-covered peanut butter or coconut balls. Now, it may seem that food is the common thread, but that is only a characteristic of the true common thread. In early to mid-December, the extended family (the descendants of my great-grandmother) gather to catch up on events in our lives, to wish each other well, and to eat a buffet of food. This cumulates to the Christmas mass, either the midnight mass or the midmorning mass. On Christmas day, we travel to my father's parent's farm to enjoy a full day of card and

game playing, eating scrumptious food, and enjoying each other's company. Despite the struggles, the hardships, and the grueling endeavors of this past year, all of that is forgotten during this season. Instead, we focus on the truly blessed things: the easy access and abundance of food and drink, warm beds and comfortable clothes, luxuries, and friends. Most of all, we have each other. We are still a family. My most memorable Christmas memory is the simple fact that no matter where I am in life my family is forever with and within me. I am truly blessed and loved.



PAUL BUCHMANN

My favorite Christmas memory is not of a single Christmas, but rather the memory every year of seeing my extended family. I do not often get the chance to see them, especially as everyone gets older, so I have really come to treasure those moments when we can come together and celebrate. This is especially true for my cousins on my mom's side, since many of them are quite a bit older than I am and are not always able to make it to family events.



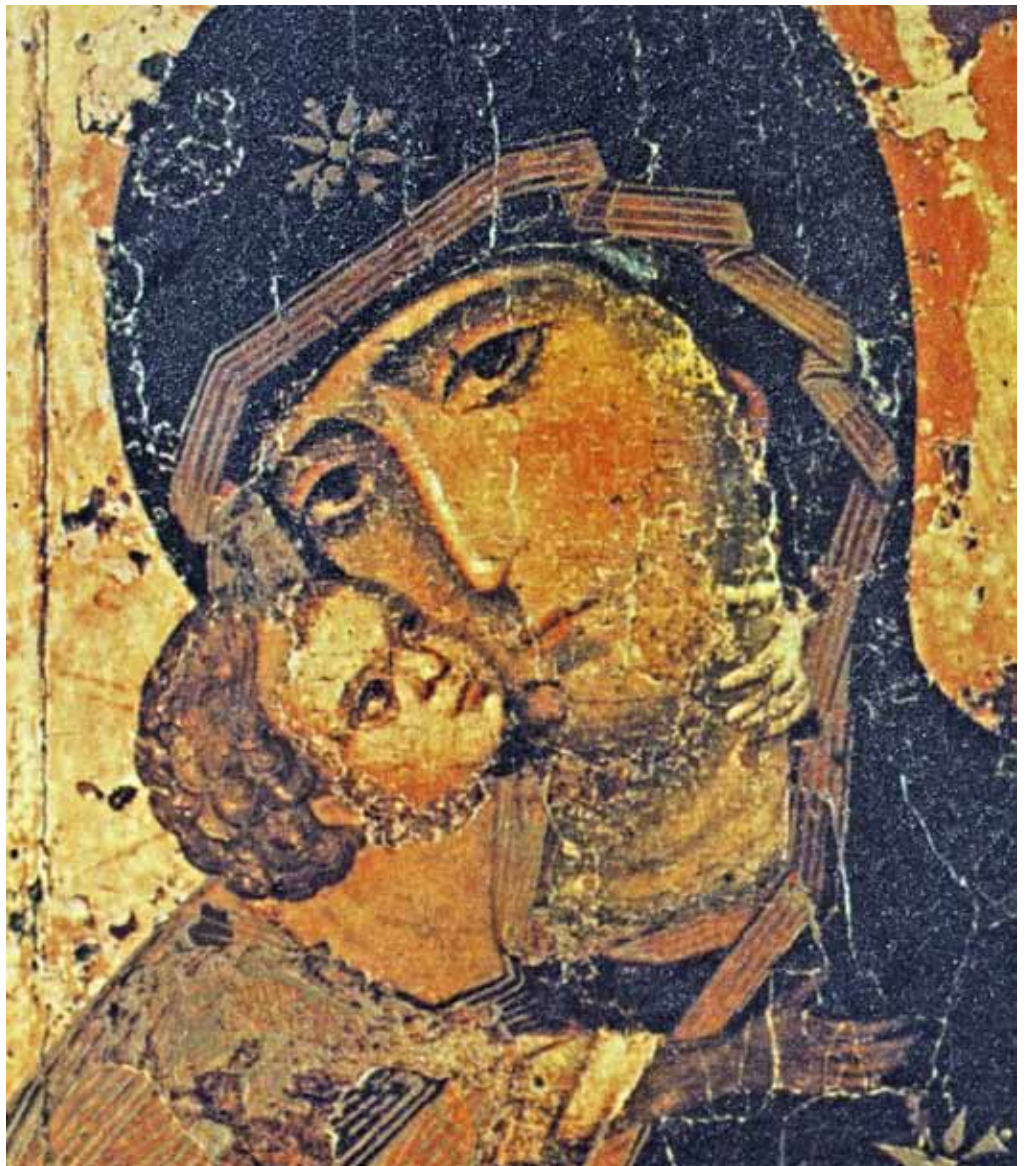
MATTHEW CANTER

A few years ago, we moved into our house on December 23rd. Snow was already falling, making for dangerous roads and a slick porch to move heavy awkward pieces of furniture inside the house. I secured a free Christmas tree from Home Depot that night making a Charlie Brown-esque experience. By Christmas Day we had the oven and refrigerator working and a store cooked ham prepared for the feast. Despite the frustrations of the preceding 36 hours with an empty house, a crappy tree and a failing heater, the great consolation was the warmth and comfort of midnight Mass. We had only been received in the Church a fortnight before, and now we were participating in receiving Christ both liturgically and physically at the Mass.



JARED CLEMENTS

When I was about 10 years old, I went to my first Midnight Mass. Our family was all dressed up in our really nice clothes and were walking into the church. At that moment, the entire church was decorated and everything was absolutely beautiful. That mass was the best mass that I had ever been to at the time. We had all the brass instruments and incense; the choir was singing all the



beautiful Christmas carols and everyone joined in for a boisterous "Joyful, Joyful, We adore thee..." And after mass, everyone was so happy. I was most proud that I had not fallen asleep and that I smelled like incense. That is my best Christmas memory.



ALVARO DIAZ

My favorite Christmas memory is the first Christmas I spent with my family in Los Angeles after having left to become a seminarian in Wisconsin. My normally quiet, reserved, collected and demure mother, Esther, was so joyous that she decorated the entire house herself with the help of my nephew and niece who were toddlers at the time. She doesn't drive and she doesn't like bothering people, but this time she had asked several people to take her shopping and bought presents for everybody. She prepared a great feast and organized a party. She was laughing out loud when normally she would smile reservedly. Her laughter

was like a beautiful Christmas carol. Her blue eyes shone brighter than the Christmas lights and her entire face was beaming and glowing. She was enjoying everything and everyone around her and was so incredibly joyful and overflowing with that joy at having most of her family, including her sisters and nephews there, that it was simply a joy and a blessing seeing, sensing and knowing that she was happy in a way that I have rarely seen her be happy. Her exuberant happiness was the best Christmas present I've ever experienced.



ANDREW DUCHEK

My favorite Christmas memory was singing for midnight Mass on Christmas morning. Singing in the birth of Christmas and proclaiming Hosanna with the congregation is always joyful and consoling.



PHILIP GRYGLESKI

It was Christmas Eve of my senior year in high school. Our family was going to sing in choir for the late night Mass. Earlier in the day we ate dinner. After dinner my stomach was in terrible pain. The pain ended up causing me to go to the hospital that night, preventing me and my father from singing for Mass. We found out at the hospital that my colon had expanded (excruciatingly bad gas), so that's why it hurt so bad. So after pumping me with pain relievers and doing a scan of my stomach, the doctors said we were able to go home, and it was nothing serious. Here's where the cool part happens! Since I didn't go to Mass for Christmas Eve, I was going to go the next morning. My sister and I found out that our choir director at church needed cantors for the 10:30 AM Mass. So my sister and I sang, and I was filled with so much joy. I thanked God for that beautiful Christmas morning. It was such a blessing of great pain and suffering turning into God's blessing and joy! It

now reminds me of the sacrifice Jesus made for us on the Cross, which is literally present at every Mass.



BRANDON GUENTHER

While I certainly have many wonderful Christmas memories the one that stands out in my mind was really a Christmas miracle. During my first year at seminary my brother, Ben was deployed in Afghanistan as a US Marine. Unfortunately, he had not been able to call home for some time. So Christmas day comes, we go to mass, visit family, and all of those good things, but still no phone call. Of course, my mother was worried about him and missed him and I suppose I did too. Up until this point I had been praying St. Andrew's Christmas novena that we all may be together on Christmas. As I was on my way home (we had driven separately) I had finished the last prayer of the novena and walked inside. Mom was on the phone with my brother. We were all together on Christmas. St. Andrew's Christmas No-

vena: "Hail and blessed be the hour and moment in which the Son of God was born of the most pure Virgin Mary, at midnight, in Bethlehem, in piercing cold. In that hour, vouchsafe, O my God! to hear my prayer and grant my desires (mention your intentions here), through the merits of Our Savior Jesus Christ, and of His Blessed Mother. Amen." (This novena has traditionally been prayed 15 times daily from the feast of St. Andrew on November 30 through Christmas day)



ETHAN HOKAMP

A funny Christmas memory I have is from when I was probably about four or five years old. My dad's side of the family was having a Christmas party at my uncle and aunt's house, and by the time we had finished opening up presents it was dark outside. My sister, brothers, cousins, and I were at the kitchen window looking out at the stars, and we were all pretty young. My two cousins who lived there were quite older than the rest of us. As we were looking out at the stars we saw a red light in the sky, and one of the adults said that it might be Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer. We smiled and kept looking up at the sky as my two older cousins went outside. All of a sudden we heard a gunshot. Then my cousins came back into the house, and one was holding mounted deer head with antlers and said, "We got him!" and began to laugh. We were shocked because we thought they had shot Rudolph, even though the adults told us they were joking. At the time, we children were a little traumatized, wondering whether we would still get presents on Christmas day, but now it is a funny story to look back on.



MICHAEL IWANSKI

My favorite Christmas memory isn't one, single event but it always happens on one, single day--December 24th. Each year on Christmas Eve my family would make the trip to my grandparent's farm house only thirty minutes away to celebrate the birth of Jesus with my mom's side of the family. We would get to my grandparent's house shortly after 10 AM and proceed to visit and spend time with all of my aunts, uncles, and cousins. This time included playing games, sharing stories, participating in practical jokes, and maybe even a little wrestling when grandma wasn't looking. After eating lunch and sharing more laughs with each other, the Christmas carols would begin being sung by my mom and all

of my aunts. (Secretly, I enjoyed this part!). After opening presents and spending more time with all of my relatives, we'd head home to make it back in time to go to Mass. Although the first part of the day was always awesome, going to Mass with my family was the most awesome! Not only did I get to celebrate the birth of Jesus, but I also got to receive Him in the Eucharist—which makes for the greatest gift of all. The best part of my favorite Christmas memory... is that it happens every year!



PETER KIEFFER

My favorite Christmas memory was when I was about six years old. I came down one morning on Christmas to find a pile of presents underneath the tree. I thought it would be fun to see if the presents could cover the entire floor of the room. With that thought in mind, I started spreading the presents across the room, until there was barely any space to walk in the room. It definitely made my family smile. Even though we eventually had to pile the presents back up by the Christmas tree, I never would forget that one Christmas morning.



ZECHARIAH KITZHABER

Every Christmas, we gather with my mom's side of the family at her parents' house. Between my mom's four brothers and sisters there are seventeen cousins, so it's always a full house. One year, we decided to get out the snowmobile and hook up a sled behind it. We flew around the field for hours until we were half-frozen and covered in snow. We were going to head inside, but someone threw a snowball and next thing you know we're building forts, stockpiling snowballs, and waging all-out war on each other. By the time finally made it inside we were soaked from head to toe and shivering so much we could barely talk. So we wrapped ourselves up in Grandma's warm quilts and sat down with big mugs of cocoa to watch our favorite Christmas movie, Home Alone.



AUSTIN KLEMAN

My favorite Christmas memory would have to be a few years ago when I was about 11. It was the year that the whole family from both sides got together at one house and we had one big celebration. We don't often celebrate Christmas with both my Dad's and Mom's sides of the family on the

same day and that year was a blast. From more food and games, to laughs, and just having everyone together, it was a day I know I won't forget



KYLE LAYLAN

Christmas has always been a great time in my family. I have five brothers so it was always exiting opening up presents and we always had a lot of great food. I would always serve mass at my parish Christmas morning, usually with a couple of my brothers. While these memories are great, and I always really enjoyed Christmas with my family, the most memorable Christmas was when I was studying in Rome for a semester

during college seminary. My brother, Chris, was visiting me in Rome at that time and together we celebrated Christmas. We went to the Basilica of St. Mary Major in Rome, one of the main churches in Rome (Pope Francis' favorite I believe), for the Christmas Eve mass. The following day we joined other students who were living in the same residence as myself and sang Christmas Carols in St. Peter's Square at the Vatican. It was neat to have people from all over the world join in on our caroling. It was an incredible moment to be there among the crowd from so many different places in the world, drawn together in the faith to celebrate Christmas. In such a diversity of people, it was great to be part of a Faith which brings unity.





ERIC MASHAK

My favorite Christmas memory is from when I was about twelve years old. On Christmas morning, after opening presents and doing other Christmas festivities, I spent the day with my family making fudge, playing board games, and eating chocolates. Among the most fun things I did was nighttime sledding with two of my brothers. I remember that the moon was so bright that we could sled very late at night and still see everything almost as if it was daytime.



SAMUEL MCCARTY

Remembering, I would say, is a very Catholic thing to do. Christmas itself is a remembrance of the Nativity, and the purpose of the great feast is to make present again the Incarnation and the Infant in the manger. Appropriate to this theme of re-presentation, I don't have just one Christmas experience that comes to mind, but instead one that my family does every year. The night before Christmas, we go early to mass and listen to a duet play Christmas music on the harp and violin – setting the mood for the Savior's imminent arrival. After celebrating the mass of the Nativity, we hurry home (hopefully amidst fresh snowfall) and have ham sandwiches and drink miniature cans of Coca-Cola, "mini-Cokes." The arrival of the mini-Cokes and ham sandwiches are to my family what the angels were for the shepherds in Bethlehem: an announcement of great joy, that Christ the Savior is born.



NICHOLAS MCNAMARA

My favorite Christmas memory happened 5 years ago when I was 13 years old. It all began with the Midnight Christmas mass which I had the pleasure of being able to serve for. That night, we had the entire choir in attendance singing their songs which they had been practicing for months beforehand. Everything about that night stays with me to this day. My exhaustion, the beautiful liturgy, and most especially the singing. My strongest memory from that night would be when the exit antiphon was playing and the servers and I turned to face the altar to bow and I beheld the most beautiful sight. The altar was bedecked in white light with what sounded like the voices of a thousand angels singing "Joy to the World," praising the birth of our Savior. What happened that night stays with me to this day, and that is

one of the reasons is why I will always have a special place in my heart for Christmas.



TIMOTHY REITHER

My favorite Christmas memory is just sitting around the living room with my family, and knowing that our family is one of the greatest gifts God has given to us. That is what makes Christmas so special.



JOSEPH RICHARDS

Roughly seventeen years and eleven months ago, I had the perfect plan to catch Santa Claus in the act. I had always heard that if you catch him before he gets back up the chimney he legally has to let you ride in his sleigh, so I had my game face on. Back then I was a bit smaller, so I had no problem fitting myself behind the couch in the living room without anyone knowing I was there, so once everyone went to bed I snuck downstairs all quiet like, climbed behind that sofa, and waited. And waited. And waited some more. An hour went by, my eyelids started drooping. Two hours, I'm dozing off, but fight through it! Anyway, when I woke up the next morning, sure enough there were all the presents under the tree, and a knot in my back that I'm still trying to get rid of from sleeping behind a couch all night. I'd have to try again next year.



TYLER RIESE

Christmas time often stirs up fond memories of the past for me. One particular memory I have of Christmas is when I was about 12 years old. In my home, Christmas Eve was always a bustle of preparation for the next morning. However, late in the evening we would sit around and read personal letters we had written to God thanking him for the blessings of the past year. Then we would say some prayers as a family and go to bed for a few short hours before the Midnight Mass. However, on this particular year my brother, Theo, and I were unable to sleep due to our growing excitement for Christmas. So, rather than sleeping we proceeded to play board games. As the night wore on, we began to joke around. Best of all, the shorter we got on sleep and the closer Christmas came, the funnier everything seemed. I no longer remember what we found to be so particularly funny that night, but I still remember laughing till my sides ached, wishing that the moment would never end. Although from



a distance it might seem as though nothing extremely out of the ordinary happened that night, it remains as a warm memory from my past. A memory of youthful carefreeness, the excitement of Christmas, and the joy brothers can cultivate.



CHRISTIAN RUF

My favorite Christmas memories are mostly from a tradition that my family started about six or so years ago. We always go to Grandparents and or aunts and uncles on Christmas day. With all of that it makes it always so busy that one does not get the opportunity to truly think about what we are celebrating at Christmas so a few years ago Mom and Dad started the tradition of on Christmas Eve having a nice sit down supper at home and spending some peaceful time with just the immediate family before the more hectic larger family gatherings. During the meal we share what we are thankful for from through the year and just enjoy each other's company and remember why we truly celebrate Christmas. May you all have a Blessed and Holy Christmas and may the Joy and Mystery of God become man truly bring you Peace this New Year and Always!



BARRY SAYLOR

Growing up it was always a tradition to get a pizza Christmas Eve, open presents after dinner and then go to midnight mass to praise God for all He has given us. After

moving away I cherished the times I could be home during Christmas and bond with my family in this tradition, bringing God to the center of our family!



LEVI SCHMITT

It was always an exciting time of the year setting up the Christmas tree when I was younger. Listening to Mannheim Steamroller's Christmas tracks, I and my siblings would help in stringing the lights and arranging each homemade ornament. The decoration of the tree always signaled to me the specialness of the season.



DANIEL SEDLACEK

For several years while growing up, about a week or so before Christmas my dad would take all the kids out to the eighty-some acres of woods on our family farm. Our mission was to find the "best" Christmas tree. Rather than trudging with five plus kids through a couple of feet of snow, my dad would get out the four-wheel drive tractor, and, with some rope, attach about four sleds to the back of the tractor. For a kid, this was one of the most fun things in the world, to get pulled by a tractor through about a mile of field and woods until we "found" the best tree. In reality, our dad would always scope out a few candidate trees weeks beforehand but would let us "find" and choose which one we liked the most. Then we'd make the journey home to show our mom that we found the "best tree in the woods."



ARTURO VIGUERAS

My favorite Christmas memory is going to midnight mass on Christmas Eve. This was when I was five or six years old. because mass was too long I would end up falling asleep halfway through the mass, and my aunt would set a blanket for me to sleep on underneath the pew in the church.



STEVEN WELLER

My favorite Christmas memory is going to my grandma's house with the whole family. It is a nice time to talk with cousins and relatives that I do not see during the year. Typically we start a board game to have some fun. We stay at her house until a little before midnight so we can attend the

midnight mass. On Christmas day, my parents, my brothers and myself play Monopoly, Bingo, or Settlers of Catan (we like to play board games together). After the game we eat dinner, and many times still, we build a fort to sleep in despite having beds. Sleeping in sleeping bags on the living room floor seems to be the best time for my brothers and myself.



DANIEL WILLIAMS

My family has almost always attended the Christmas Eve Mass together known as the "Baby Jesus" Mass. Over the past few years, starting when I was studying in Rome for a semester, I began to attend Midnight Mass as well. It was at Midnight Mass at the Papal Basilica of St. Mary Major in Rome that I was able to celebrate Mass where the crib of Jesus is kept. The Cardinal Archpriest lit candles and the candles of the entire congregation from the candles near the crib and we sang the Gloria! It was a beautiful experience celebrating the moment God was born into the world. Merry Christmas!



JOHN ZWEBER

One of my favorite Christmas memories was the year when we first moved into our new place. A few years ago my family purchased an elementary school with the plan of turning it into our house and woodworking shop. When we finally closed in on the building, it was late fall, and by the time we made some major renovations and moved the shop equipment it was already well into

winter. It was almost Christmas when my dad decided to move our household things, and the first night we spent in our home was Christmas Eve. There was no kitchen, no showers and there were boxes everywhere, but we were together as a family and it was one of the most peaceful Christmases that I can remember. I think Christmas sometimes gets so tangled up in the lights, ribbons and bows that we get distracted from its true meaning. That Christmas really helped me realize just how insignificant the ribbons and bows are to the true joy of Christmas.



RENEE' ORTH

I would have to say my most memorable Christmas was when I was about 7 years old. My father had been a volunteer firefighter for many years. There was a house fire on Christmas Eve and he was gone for hours helping to control the fire. I kept asking why we couldn't have our presents and my mom told me that instead of being concerned about what was under the tree for me, I should think about the people whose house was burning down. A while later Dad called to say the house was a total loss and he was bringing the family to our house until they could make arrangements to stay with family later in the week. My mom hustled around and found things to wrap up for each family member. Granted, not large things, or things of great importance, but she wanted to make sure they had something to share Christmas with us. Quite often I think of the lesson I learned that night - Christmas is NOT about the gifts!



Prayer For Seminarians

*O Lord Jesus Christ, great High Priest,
I pray that You call many worthy souls
to Your holy priesthood.*

*Enlighten the Bishop in the choice
of candidates,
the Spiritual Director in molding them,
and the professors in instructing them.
Lead the seminarians daily in Your
unerring footsteps;
so that they may become priests
who are models of purity,
possessors of wisdom,
and heroes of sacrifice;
steeped in humility and aflame with
love for God and man;
apostles of Your glory
and sanctifiers of souls.*

Amen.

Mary Queen of Clergy, pray for us!

SEMINARIES

You are encouraged to write to our seminarians as a way of showing your support and prayers throughout the school year at the following addresses:

Mundelein Seminary
1000 East Maple Avenue
Mundelein, IL 60060

Pontifical North American College
Via del Gianicolo, 14
Rome RM, Italy 00165

Immaculate Heart of Mary Seminary
700 Terrace Heights
Winona, MN 55987

St. John Vianney Seminary
2115 Summit Avenue, #3496
St. Paul, MN 55105



BIRTHDAYS

January	2	Brandon Guenther
	8	Samuel McCarty
	23	Peter Kieffer
February	7	Philip Grygleski
March	1	Barry Saylor
	3	Matthew Canter
	13	Eric Mashak
	17	Christian Ruf
	25	Kyle Laylan
	27	Zechariah Kitzhaber
April	11	Joseph Richards
May	2	Nicholas McNamara
	2	Tyler Riese
	3	Steven Weller
June	5	Levi Schmitt
	28	Juan Pedro Roblez Baltazar
July	10	Michael Iwanski
	11	Ethan Hokamp
	26	Daniel Williams
August	10	Austin Kleman
	21	Daniel Sedlacek
	23	Jared Clements
	26	Matthew Bowe
September	28	Arturo Viguera
	30	John Zweber
October	6	Timothy Reither
November	13	Aaron Becker
December	12	Andrew Dushek
	15	Alvero Diaz
	18	Paul Buchmann