

## CSA JUBILARIAN 2019

**Name of Jubilarian:** Peg Spindler

**Name of Birthplace/Hometown:** Gary, IN/Cedar Lake, IN

**Education: Schools/colleges/universities attended and degrees received:**

Alverno College, Reading, PA – BS Biology & Sec Ed., Minor

Villanova, PA – M-Secondary School Science

Catholic Theological Union, Chicago, IL – M. Arts Pastoral Studies (M.A.P.S.)

**Please name the places where you have ministered; if possible, list years. If you were a teacher, please name the parish or school, location, dates, and grade levels taught:**

1969-70 Perth Amboy, NJ – Teacher of math, science, reading: Grades 6, 7, 8

1970-72 Luzerne, PA

1972-76 Endicott, NY

1976-79 Harrisburg, PA

1979-94 Gary, IN

1994-97 Catholic Theological Union, Chicago, IL – Study/Sabbatical

1997-present Sojourner Truth House, Gary, IN

*Share a story about a time, an event, or an experience in your vowed life that affirms or speaks to your lifelong commitment as a vowed woman religious.*

*Share what it means to you to be celebrating jubilee in CSA and in the global Church.*

*Share a poem, a prayer, a reflection that has captured for you, the story of your journey in religious life.*

***Once More (8-14-2002-33 years ago today & 3 days to CSA) by Peg Spindler, CSA***

I renew my gift of everything;  
less fear, more love, more strength I bring.  
Grieving, grateful within my ring,  
my vows to Thee once more I sing.  
This time...."with all devotedness."

Pierced, my heart, through with a lance,  
yet still risks all on the outside chance  
that Your call within is Love's deep'ning trance,  
so my vows to Thee once more I dance.  
This time...."with all devotedness."

Tho the flame of faith burns dim and weak,  
and my courage runs this side of meek,  
yet our growing love spirals to a peak;  
thus, my vows to Thee once more I speak.  
This time...."with all devotedness."

My vows to Thee once more I give.  
I ask, O God, that I might live  
from this time forward...."with all devotedness."

## ***One Day's Dancing***

***By Peg Spindler, February 5, 2005***

*Fear hides behind my tree,  
whispering to my leaves, "There is  
no purpose in your falling, " and  
they cannot let go easily.*

*Fear floods my hungry heart,  
sucking the blood of my courage  
'til my dreams find no action  
to birth them.*

*Fear stays the hand of my watch,  
convincing me there is tomorrow,  
and loving passes someone by;  
living full is emptied out.*

*Fear rasps my feeble voicing,  
erasing the syllables that speak  
my conviction—and the word  
is NOT made flesh.*

*Fear crinkles my eyes shut,  
darkening the path that was calling,  
forcing me to grope for security instead—  
stopped dead in my tracks.*

*Fear shrinks the fabric of my Self,  
leaving me unraveled to "not enough"  
and trying frantically  
to weave more me.*

*But, fear is afraid itself,  
afraid I might let my leaves go anyway,  
afraid I might bleed to birth my dreams,  
afraid I might know the hands of my watch move one hour at a time,  
afraid I will stammer my truth in other ways,  
afraid I will stumble on in the shadows having found the Light within,  
and afraid I could end the panicked weaving  
to dwell in each moment's sufficiency.*

*On the best of days, fear and Love dance tentatively together.  
I pray—today—Love takes the lead.*

**Acts 1:11-Caspar, Agnes & Francis Question Us**  
**By Peg Spindler, July 5, 2008**

*It's all in the perspective, I think, even as tears of gratitude  
Soften the sculptured gardens of past achievement...*

*Blue, blue sky from a mountaintop...  
...a call to fly into?  
...a call to union?*

*Why are you still standing there?*

*The crunch of drying red leaves...  
...a call to the blazing glory of dreaded deaths?  
...a call to tremulous trudging, making a path?*

*Why are you still standing there?*

*The raised limbs of bare trees...  
...a call to naked honesty?  
...a call to uncharted praise?*

*Why are you still standing there?*

*The crisp, cold air...  
...a call to engage the harsh realities?  
...a call to breathe deeply of sharper thoughts?*

*Why are you still standing there?*

*The vastness of the hills...  
...a call to expand vision?  
...a call to the mystery of living in Mystery?*

*Why are you still standing there?*

*The humid warm greening...  
...a call to leavening, to seeding?  
...a call to breaking through encrusted ways of being?*

*Why are you still standing there?*

*"I go before you into the Galilee of these days, so..."*

*For the sake of the planet and your own humanity,*

*Why are you still standing there?*