

Good seed fell on good ground.

This week we buried Father Val Peter who believed with Father Flanagan that when it comes to children, there is no bad soil.

Children need the seeds of compassion, acceptance, faith, hope and love planted in their hearts and they will flourish.

For 20 years Father Val Peter planted those seeds at Boys Town.

One of my fondest memories of Father Val was a reflection he gave on the theology of Beauty, thus the last verse of my poem...

For his funeral, I composed the following poem:

Akin to Prince Valiant:

Fire in his belly,

Brilliance in his mind,

Compassion in his heart

Undaunted hope in his spirit.

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He gathered the ragamuffins

at his round table

knowing each by name

Come in abused and abandoned

There is always room for more.

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He was a wise sage

who lit theÂ lamp of learning

Enlightened scholars' minds

Showed a moral path to tread

Taught by what he said and did...

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His family heritage:

Scholarly truth seeking

Newspapers, books

Carl Peter and Karl Rahner

Angelic Doctor and Vatican II

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His lodestar:

Father Flanagan

He walked in his shoes

Prayed at his tomb

lived out his dream.

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His faith sought understanding

May his feisty spirit

rest from his many labors

and bask in the beauty

of the Beatific Vision.

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