

Whoever wishes to come after me...must take up his cross...

Today. Aug. 27, they buried a hero in Omaha. At age 18, just out of South High School, this S.O.B.--South Omaha Boy,

son of a devout Polish family joined the U.S. Marines.

He would be among the 6th wave of Marines who stormed ashore on Iwo Jima. under terrible fire from Japanese hidden guns.

As he crawled forward on the black sand, he saw other Marines blown to bits beside him.

The blast of so many shells bursting around him would echo down through the years.

He prayed on that beach for life.

And it was given to him in abundance. He would after his Marine service enter the seminary and in 1956 be ordained a priest for the Archdiocese of Omaha. After many parish duties he spent the last 30 years of his active ministry as Chaplain for Veterans Hospital.

One winter night at 3:00 am he got a call to come and anoint a dying Vet. It was snowing and his car would not start, so he walked several miles to reach the hospital.

Of such fiber, heroes are made.

As a young priest in my 20's I followed him at St. Adalbert's. In fact I think he made room for me there because I was recovering from a serious illness. He was very kind to me and always called me Bill whereas I usually went by Fitz.

"Come after me." says Jesus in today's Gospel.

He did.

He died at age 95, a member of "the Greatest Generation."

R.I.P. Monsignor Richard Wolbach

Semper Fi!

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