

CATHOLIC REVIVAL

by DIANE DUDENHOEFER

Despite the fact that my dad had been an assistant army chaplain and sent letters full of faith during the war, they had a difficult marriage—both raised Catholic but mismatched in temperament and family values. There was always arguing and an iciness at home. As I got to the teen years, my relationship with my father deteriorated even further. We were all afraid of him.

In my all girls Catholic High School, friends would often report to me that they'd seen my father somewhere usually with another woman. I brushed it off in front of my peers calling it a business meeting, but I shoved anger and disappointment deep down inside of me. I had no respect or love for him in those growing up years.

My husband, Jim, and I married the day after I completed

my last class for graduation —which was during summer school. I couldn't wait to leave home and move away to Huron, Ohio which was near where Jim had accepted a job with NASA at Plumbrook Station in Sandusky. I stayed home after Eric's birth—most everyone did in those days. Two years later, Kristen was born and I was happily married with a boy and a girl—perfect, huh? Well Jim worked long hours, and they got longer since I was no longer working and bringing home a paycheck.

deficient. About four months after Kristen's birth I began to experience joint pain. I struggled pinning diapers on Kristen (no disposable diapers then), my ankles, shoulders, wrists swelled and sleeping at night was a problem because of the pain as well as a newborn's wakefulness. I ended up at our local doctor's office and bloodwork revealed a diagnosis of rheumatoid arthritis. I was scared to death. The vision of eventual life in a wheelchair loomed in my mind and my nightmares. I was loaded up with meds and gold salt shots in my backside each week—the preferred treatment at the time. Jim said that it raised my personal value!

I was lonely and trying to be a good mother but feeling

When Kristen was about two years old my friend, Marge, excitedly shared with me about a weekend conference that she had attended at her Episcopal church. She told me all about the "Baptism in the Holy Spirit" and "speaking in tongues". She was very excited but I thought the whole thing sounded weird. Of course she was Protestant, not Catholic! She gave me some books to read. The first one was "The Hiding Place" the story of Corrie Tenboom a Holocaust

survivor who's faith enabled her survival in the midst of great

study group with her and when I left, I remembered my silent retreat in high school. I felt like that again! The Holy Spirit was stirring within me. More books! I read about the gifts of the Spirit and the renewal that was occurring in churches all over the world. Miracles were happening! But was it in my

The faith of my childhood was sparked. I went to a bible

horror. I was hooked.

Catholic Church? After all, I was a member of the one, true Church! But no one at Church ever mentioned it.

One night, I was in a lot of pain and couldn't

sleep. Everyone else was asleep so I got out one of Marge's books and read a prayer to receive the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. For those of us who had been Confirmed it was a renewal of that Sacrament, an enlivening of all that was promised to us in that Sacrament. It was an Episcopal priest who had written the book so it was much in line with what I had learned about the sacraments in my Catholic education. I prayed and I waited. I thought maybe tongues of fire? At least a mighty wind? At that moment in time, I didn't notice a thing. I was a little disappointed but I was told in the book to trust that if I asked, it happened. God would answer this prayer without hesitation. Well, I never did get any tongues of fire, but I experienced a hunger for scripture. I had learned my catechism as a student and had theology in college but I

never hungered for scripture like I did after that prayer!

I soaked up everything I could read—but I was still

to hear an Episcopal speaker. We walked in and were

kneelers! We sort of stiffly sat down and listened and

observed all that was going on. After the singing and the

speaker they called people to come for healing prayer. My

Nana had fallen, broken her hip and was hospitalized so I

decided to go for prayer in proxy for her. Jim decided to stick

suffering with the arthritis. Marge and Jerry invited Jim and I

stunned—all were singing in tongues and there weren't any

with me. So, up we went for prayer and a Salvation Army captain came over to me to pray. I told him my prayer request and he put his hands on my shoulders and prayed in English then in tongues. Both Jim and I were frozen in place. We left and went out the door as soon as it was appropriate to leave. Both of us shared that we had been a bit scared but that it had been quite an experience!

About a week later, my mother called and told me that my

Nana, who was hospitalized wasn't doing well. I guessed that

my experience with healing prayer wasn't successful. Very

shortly thereafter, she died. We went back to Erie for the

funeral. But during this time I seemed to be in remission with the arthritis. The inflammation was gone, I was sleeping well and movement was back to normal. What was going on? In the midst of grieving the loss of my grandmother, I went to my doctor for my usual checkup. He asked me some questions, found out that I had stopped taking some of my meds, and sent me to the hospital for blood work. The blood work revealed that there was no sign of rheumatoid arthritis. Jim and I rejoiced and that evening he looked at me and said, "Do you think you received the physical healing and Nana's

healing was heaven? I was speechless and too cautious to

We began a Catholic prayer group as we discovered that

share our thoughts with anyone.

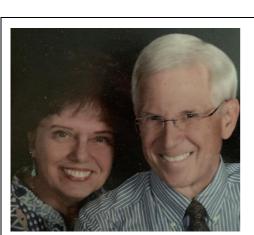
the Catholic Church had embraced this Charismatic Renewal all over the world. I was ecstatic that my Church affirmed my experience and that there were prayer groups, bible studies, conferences and beautiful spirit-filled Masses all over—and best of all—Cleveland and Toledo were alive with this renewal. Jim and I and our children thrived in this very alive community!

When we follow Jesus there is a ripple effect. Jesus changing me helped to make my family different than the one I grew up in. Jesus changing me helped my father make an important phone call before he died. Instead of all of us looking in, being self-centered, we were graced to look out at the one who saved us and loves us and He makes all the difference!

I don't know where I'd be today if Jesus hadn't opened my eyes to see and experience His love and grace. My prayer is that my entire family and all grow up to be stronger and stronger in the faith and more and more in love with their Savior, Jesus Christ!

"I have come to bring fire on the earth, and how I wish it were already ablaze!"

Luke 12:49



JIM & DIANE DUDENHOEFER

Anchored in their beloved St. Peter Church in Huron, and particularly as parents and grandparents, for many years Jim & Diane have been pillars of Spirit-filled, Catholic revival in the Toledo Diocese and beyond.

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Right now you can think of at least one moving moment in your life. An example of "God with us." Please take a moment now to simply email me the possible subject of your story. If you're motivated, sure, write it out (no more than 500 words). We'll help you land it. Many will be blessed. We want to feature a new story every week.

Thank you in advance!

So blessed to be united in building the Kingdom,



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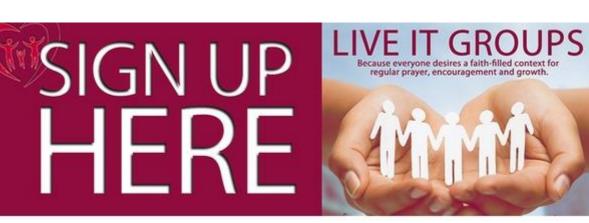














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