



Fr. Ronan Newbold, C.P.

Associate Director

August 9, 1942 - March 6, 2022

Autobiography

Birth: Date August 9, 1942, Indianapolis, Indiana

Family: Father, Robert Gulde Newbold and Mother, Cyrilla Barbara Hoeschen Newbold
Brother, Mark A. Newbold and Uncle, Thomas More Newbold, C.P.

Father's work: United States Deputy Marshal followed by Clerk of the Federal Court
in Indianapolis. Father died October 27, 1993.

Mother's work: Home maker and Kitchen supervisor at Immaculate Heart of Mary grade
school in Indianapolis from 1950 to 1955. Mother died November 1, 2002.

Our family has 4 sources of life and inspiration. One is 6460 Broadway in Indianapolis where our house was and where we lived a good life. One time dad brought home two beagle pups because I liked dogs. Well, they were gone the next day due to their need of constant care. My brother Mark and I did a lot of bicycle riding together. He taught me sports. We still have a lot of good times together.

The second was St. Joan of Arc Catholic Church and School followed after one year by Immaculate Heart of Mary Church and School closer to home. Education was under the Sisters of Providence at I.H.M. We had an exemplary pastor in Fr. Edwin Sahn who one Sunday morning before the Indianapolis 500 mile race was to take place, condemned the race as a waste of gasoline and a danger to life. The men's club in the parish expressed disappointment in the sermon and told Father Sahn in no uncertain terms what they thought. Father never mentioned the race again - as far as I know. He went to our football games and was occasionally on the playground when we were out for recess. The school of I.H.M. was built first. That left an open dirt field. During recess in 5th grade, Sister Paula Marie would join us in our tag football games. She was a fast runner, a good passer, and could catch the ball like a pro. We won the city football championship in my 7th grade with the coaching of Chuck Galbraith – a football graduate from the University of Illinois. It was truly a high point in grade school. I remember dad coming with us on Boy Scout outings at Turkey Run state park – where I grew to like nature. It was during these years, especially in 6th grade that I began to see myself as a priest. Fr. Simon Herbers, C.P. came to our school and talked about vocations. He later came to our house and gave us the concrete steps for entering the prep school in Warrenton, MO.

The third was 310 Main Street, Rushville, Indiana, home of my father and his 5 brothers – one of whom was Fr. Thomas More Newbold, inspiring intellectual, spiritual and loving uncle. We cousins would gather there for Christmas and Spring Vacation and under the influence of Marymom, our grandmother, we would go to Mass daily. Church was within walking distance.

These times with Fr. Tom and Marymom in Rushville were part of the start of my vocation to the Passionists and priesthood.

The fourth source of life was mom's cottage on Birch Lake near Grey Eagle, Minnesota. Mom, born and raised in Freeport, MN, youngest of 3 brothers and 2 sisters, bought this cottage when she was 23 years old. Her siblings made fun of her. It turned out to be a source of their envy and my summer's source of fun and relaxation from the time I can remember until now as I write this at the age of 72. Coming home from Japan in the summer for 3 months every 3 years from 1969 to 1999, I would spend a couple of weeks in one of our Passionist residences and then head for the lake" which was Birch Lake. After ordination, I would go up there to be with mom and dad and would help the pastor in Grey Eagle with his mission church in Ward Springs. That was a 10:00 a.m. Mass with a full church of folks on vacation at the lake. Some clear Sunday mornings we would celebrate Mass outside due to the crowd.

Sacraments:

- Baptism was at St. Joan of Arc on August 10, 1942 by Fr. Thomas More Newbold, C.P. I would have to look up my sponsors.
- First Communion was at Immaculate Heart of Mary Church in my second grade, May 15, 1949
- Confirmation was at Immaculate Heart of Mary Church in my 6th grade and my uncle Luke (Louis Newbold, youngest of the boys) was my sponsor.

One final note, my father showed much patience with one of his brother-in-laws who was lost on how to do life. I am still impressed with dad's patience. On October 27, 1993, I was cleaning the leaves out of the gutters on one of our monastery store houses in Takarazuka, Japan. Suddenly, a vision of Dad appeared against the white wall of our retreat house. Dad was smiling, had his legs crossed in the Lotus position and arms folded over his chest, and was ascending up into the sky. My brother called Japan about 5 hours later and told me that dad had died.