

SACRAMENTO DIOCESAN ARCHIVES

Vol 3

Father John E Boll, Diocesan Archivist

No 18

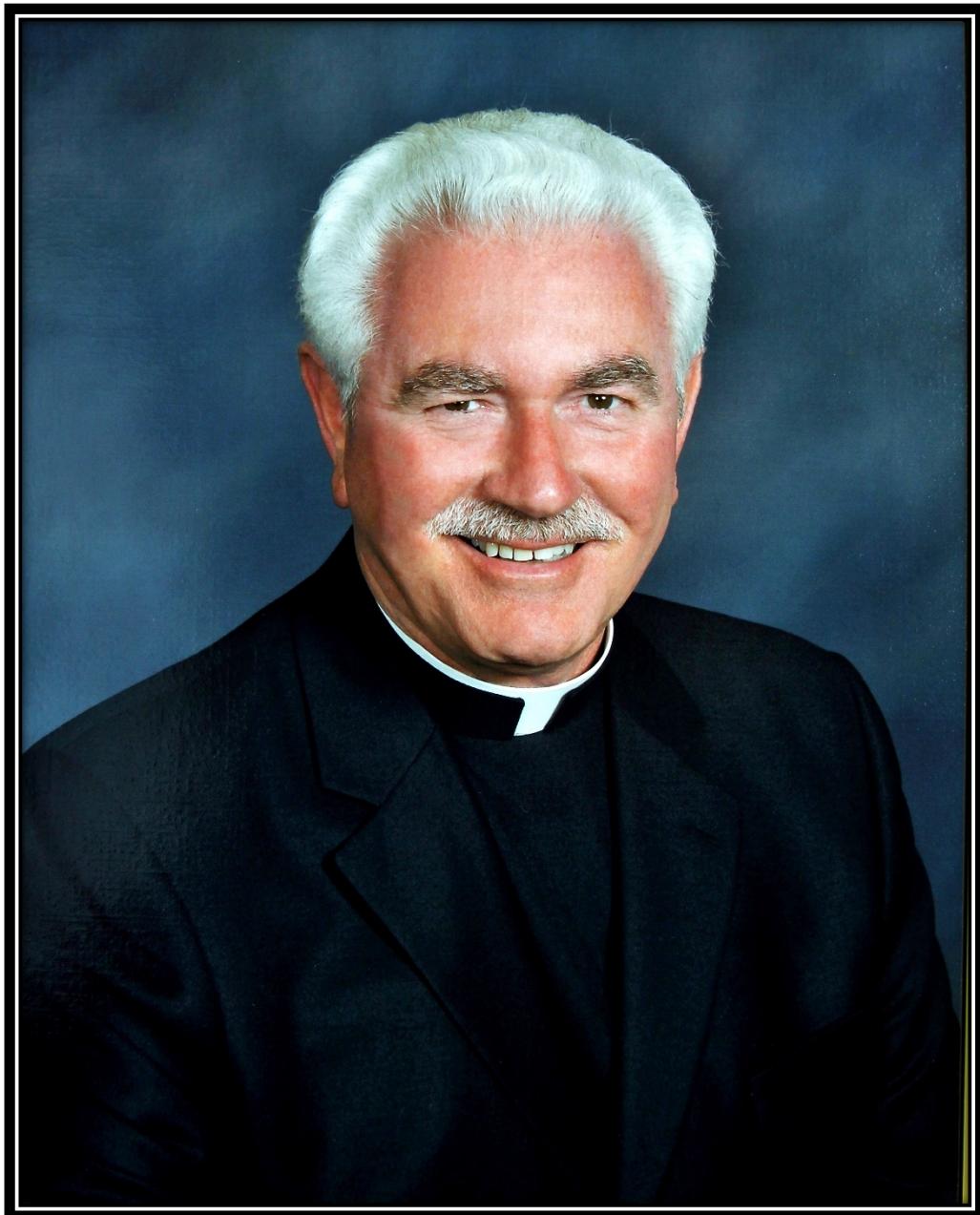
Father John Eugene Boll

Native Son of Placerville, California

Priest of the Diocese of Sacramento

Pastor Emeritus of Saint Anthony Parish, Sacramento

April 2016



I was born on Christmas morning, December 25, 1942, the fifth and last son of Frank Ervin Boll and Katherine Magdalene Pfeiffer. My elder brothers are Fredolin Ervin, Francis Andrew, Clement James and Joseph Anthony.

My mother told me that Christmas Eve 1942 was a wet and cold winter day in Placerville when she went to the hospital to give birth to her fifth son and last child. Doctor Angus McKinnon, MD, was called out of Midnight Mass to deliver me onto the stage of life. I was born at 1:17 AM on Christmas morning at the Placerville Sanatorium Hospital. My mother and I remained in the hospital twelve days after my birth which was the custom in those days.

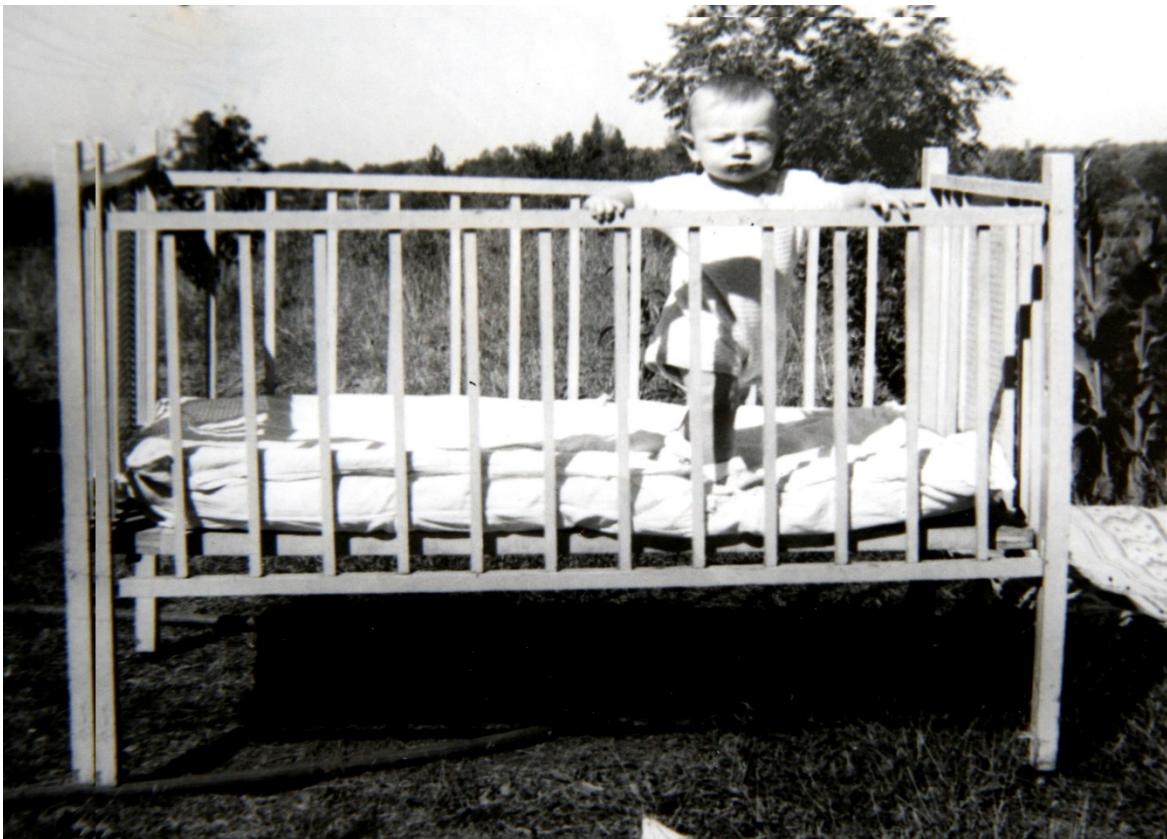


Frank Boll and Katherine Pfeiffer in 1929

I was baptized by Monsignor Thomas J Hayes, pastor of Saint Patrick Church in Placerville, on January 17, 1943. My godparents were Frank Bulhert, a friend of my father, and my aunt, Dorothy Pfeiffer, the wife of my mother's brother, Andrew Pfeiffer.

Boll J. E.	XVII. Jan. 1943	<p><i>Ego infrascriptus baptizavi Joannem Eugenium natum die xxv Dec. 1943</i></p> <p><i>ex Francisco E. Boll</i> <i>ex loco Placerville.</i> <i>et Catharina M. Pfeiffer</i> <i>ex loco codem</i> <i>Patrini fuerunt Franciscus Boller</i> <i>et Dorothy Pfeiffer</i> <i>Thomas J. Hayes</i></p>	<p>ORDAINED A SUBDEACON MAY 29th, 1969 ST. PATRICK'S SEMINARY MENLO PARK, CALIF. + MERLIN J. GUILFOYLE</p> <p>Ordained a PRIEST MAY 23, 1970 CATHEDRAL OF BLESSED SACRAMENT SACRAMENTO by Bishop Alden Bell</p>
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Saint Patrick Church Baptismal Entry with Incorrect Birth Year and Sub-deaconate Date

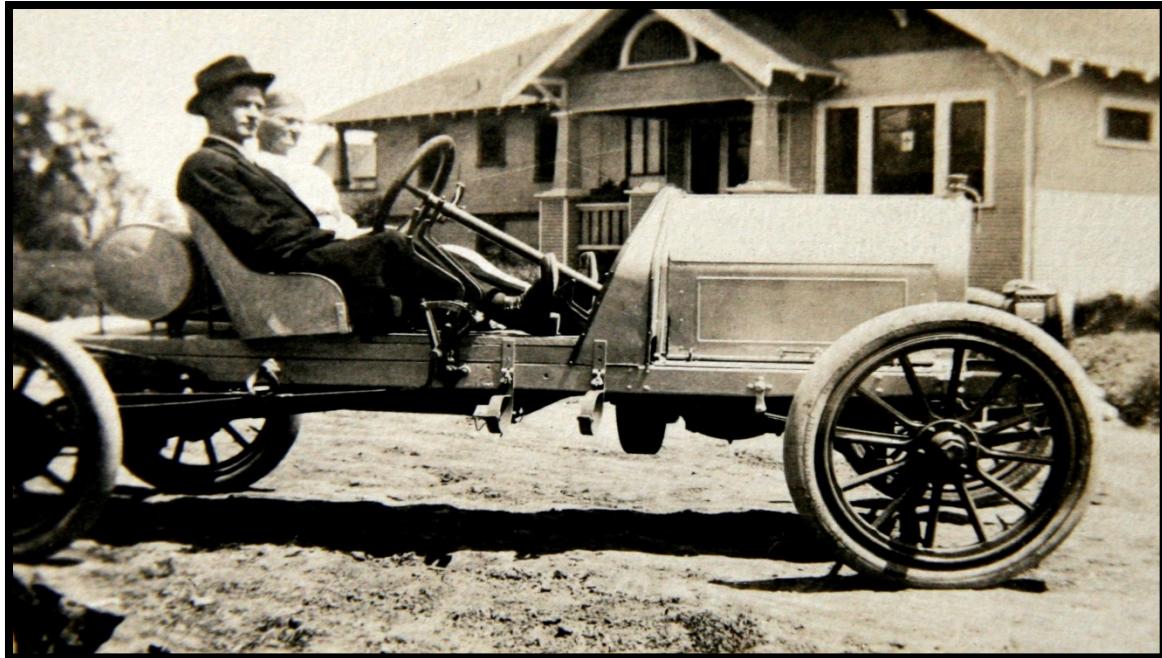


Here I am at nine months of age ready to see the World

I grew up on my family ranch in El Dorado County. My father was a machinist by trade and my mother a full-time homemaker. My eldest brother Fredolin was my senior by 12 years. My mother gave birth to her first three sons, Fredolin, Andrew and Clement, within 30 months. My brother Joseph was born four years later and I came along six years after him. Lucky me, to be born after a gap of six years! We five sons would have been enriched had we had a sister. My mother was very disappointed that she had no daughter. My father bet 60 cigars that the fourth child would be a girl. He lost. When my mother was pregnant with me, he doubled the bet to 120 cigars and lost. He accepted defeat knowing how lucky he was to have five healthy sons!



Wedding Day of my Parents, Frank E Boll and Katherine M Pfeiffer, January 21, 1930



**My Father Frank and Grandmother Josephine in the 1920s in Sacramento
Check out that Jalopy of a Car!**

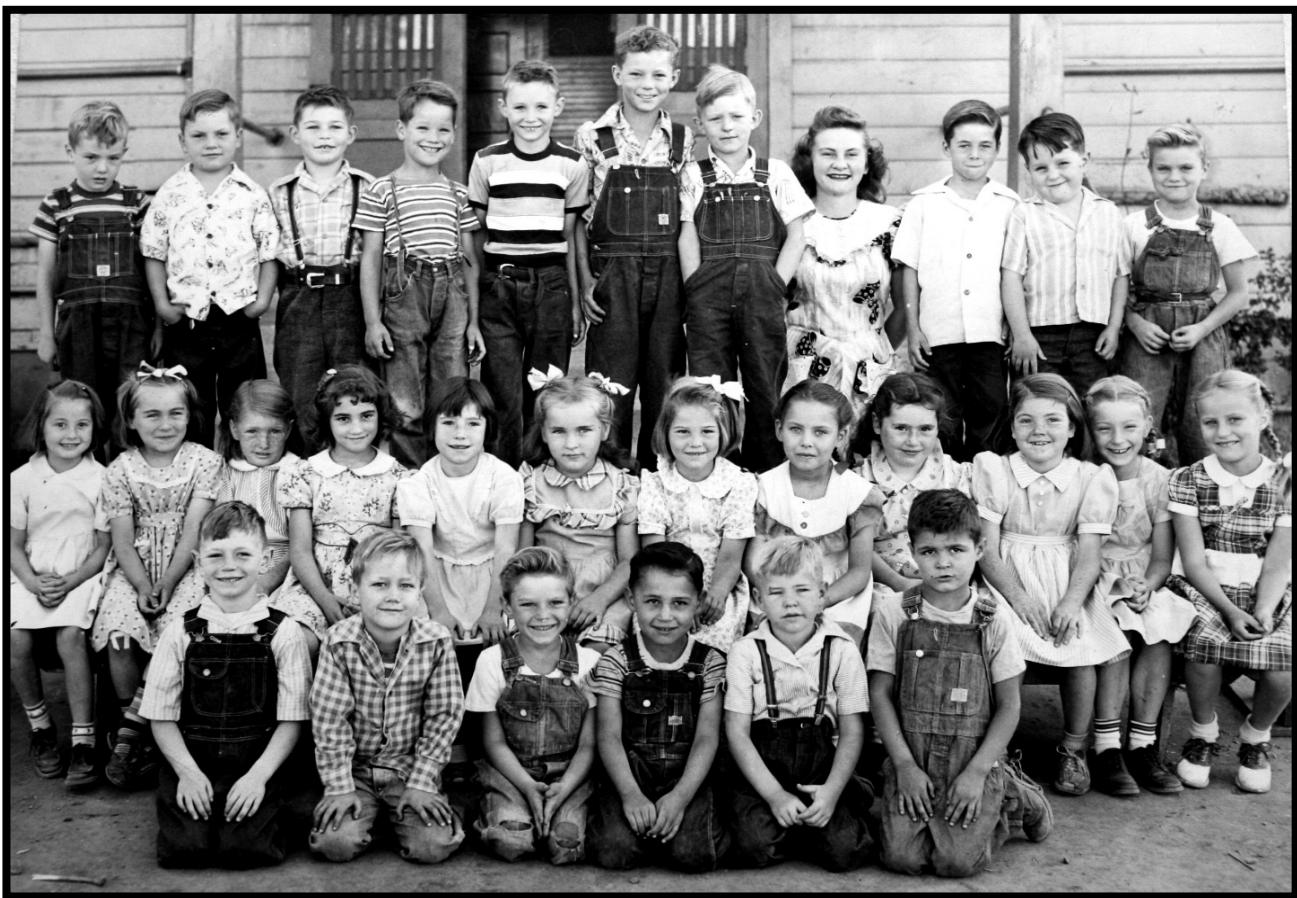
BEGINNING MY SCHOOL DAYS

Since there was no kindergarten yet in El Dorado County when I was a child, I began first grade at the El Dorado Grammar School in the fall of 1948 at the age of six.

I attended school in El Dorado from first through sixth grade. In 1955 the El Dorado and Diamond Springs school districts merged. I attended my seventh grade year in Diamond Springs in a combined class from the two schools. In eighth grade, my class moved to the newly constructed Mother Lode School in Diamond Springs and in May 1957 I was part of the first graduating class of the new Mother Lode School.



Six Years of Age



My First Grade Class in 1948

I'm the first person, left side, front row

Notice the farm boy overall fashions of 1948!

EARLY STIRRINGS OF A VOCATION TO PRIESTHOOD

30 YEARS AGO
Dec. 31, 1942

John Eugene Boll, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boll, is one of those who may never lack a celebration of his birthday, for he was born on Christmas Day, and in 1942. John Eugene completes the basketball team of the Boll family, and in future years may team up with his four brothers to issue a general challenge in the sport. The young man and his mother are reported doing nicely at Placerville Sanatorium.

30 years ago.....

Placerville Democrat Newspaper in 1972

TRAGEDY STRIKES IN THE EIGHT GRADE

During my eighth grade year, my class suffered a tragic loss. It happened on a Saturday morning when my classmate Mickie Mendoza visited classmate Willard Boland. Willard was showing Mickie his rifle when the loaded gun accidentally fired striking Mickie and killing him. When the class found out what happened, we were in great shock. I was one of the pall bearers at Mickie's funeral. Willard dropped out of school and I lost contact with him after eighth grade.



Classmate Mickie Mendoza

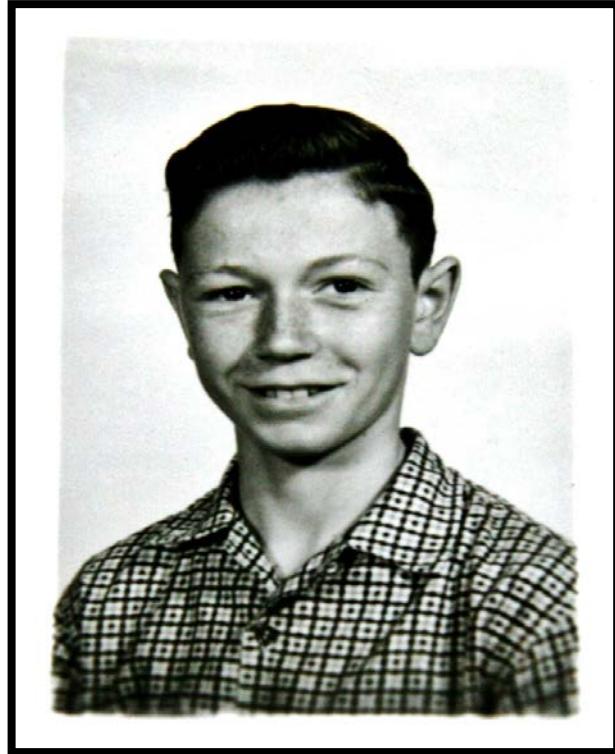
HOW WOULD I SPEND MY LIFE?

Mickie's tragic death made a lasting impression on me and caused me to think seriously about how I would live my life and what I would do. There were three things that interested me: the priesthood; being a funeral director; and working in the travel business so I could travel the world.

One day I asked my mother to take me to Memory Chapel, the local funeral home in Placerville, so I could talk with a funeral director to find out what this work was like. The director was helpful and invited my mother and me to tour the funeral home. He answered my questions and I decided not to pursue that profession.

As a very young child, I felt an attraction to the priesthood. I began serving Mass in my early youth and my desire to be a priest increased. My pastor, Father Joseph Hanrahan, was a quiet man but always very kind and faithful to his ministry. I was one of the acolytes who served Mass for him over the years and I was impressed by his effective and dedicated pastoral care for his parishioners.

As Father Hanrahan's health declined, he had to spend his last few years in a convalescent home in Auburn. My parents and I went to visit him. He died on December 26, 1964 and I attended his Funeral Mass at the Cathedral in Sacramento. He was buried in the Catholic cemetery in Jackson, CA.



Fifth Grade in 1954



My Eighth Grade Graduation Class, Mother Lode School, June 6, 1957

Diploma of Graduation

State of California

Roy E. Simpson
Superintendent of Public Instruction



This Certifies That JOHN E. BOLL

having completed the elementary school course of study in the
MOTHER LODGE UNION School District is awarded this
Diploma of Graduation by the Board of Education of EL DORADO County.



Dated: JUNE 6, 1957

Lorraine E. Nelson
Blaine Wiskart
PRESIDENT
SECRETARY

Eighth Grade Diploma of Graduation

CERTIFICATE OF

Attendance

THIS CERTIFIES JOHN BOLL

is commended for Regularity and Punctuality
in Attendance, having been neither absent nor tardy
from School during the year ending June 6 1957

Awarded at M.L. School this 6th day of June 1957

Falmak Morris

Actis C. Miller, Teacher

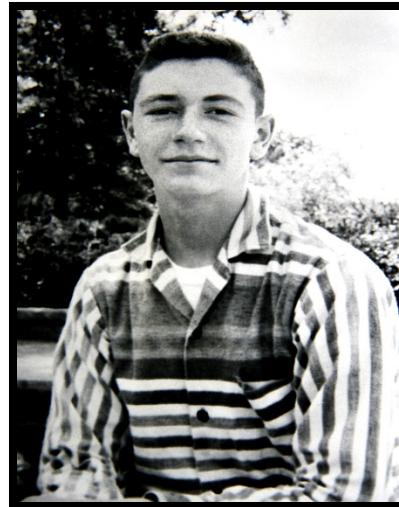
BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY, CHICAGO.

Certificate of Perfect Attendance during the 1956-57 Academic Year

FIRST ATTEMPT TO ENTER THE SEMINARY

During the summer after my eighth grade graduation, I spoke with my pastor Father Hanrahan about my interest to be a priest. I had met Father Cletus LaMere, SDS, the diocesan vocation director, when he came to Placerville to talk to us parish youth about vocations. Father Hanrahan told me he would contact Father Cletus and tell him I was interested in entering the seminary. Father Cletus never contacted me. I signed up for classes at El Dorado County High School in Placerville and began my freshman year of high school.

I enjoyed my first year of high school. One of the most important classes I ever took was freshman typing class. I learned how to type that year and I have used that skill throughout my life, ever grateful for having had the chance to learn how to type well.



Freshman Year of High School

WHAT ABOUT THAT IDEA OF PRIESTHOOD?

At the end of my freshman year, I once again talked to Father Hanrahan about the seminary. For some strange reason, Father Cletus again failed to contact me so I began my second year of high school in Placerville. I decided to take a Latin class just in case I ever did go to the seminary. I began driver's training at school and looked forward with great anticipation to get my driver's license when I turned 16. Everything was going great. A few weeks into the fall semester, on a Friday afternoon when I arrived home from school, mother told me the seminary had called. I stopped in my tracks! A student had dropped out of the seminary and there was a spot open for me if I was still interested in going to the seminary. I had to let the seminary know by Monday if I intended to come.



My Brother Joseph

Well, that was one of the most stressful weekends of my life. I had to make a decision by Monday whether I would go to the minor seminary in Rio Dell some 300 miles away or stay home with my family in Placerville. I remember taking a long walk by myself into the hills on the family ranch hoping for a sign of what to do. I made up my mind that I would not go to the seminary at that point. I walked home to tell my family what I had decided but as I approached the house I heard my brother Joe tell my mother that he was sure I would not go to the seminary. Well, his statement caused me to instantly change my mind. I went into the house and announced: "I've decided; I am going to the seminary!" I could not give my brother the satisfaction of being right on this issue!

As I look back on that moment, my brother's remark was the catalyst I needed to help me overcome my fear and hesitation to leave home and freed me to say yes to my journey toward priesthood. God's hand was involved in that incident and my brother was unknowingly God's instrument to help me to accept the Lord's invitation.

RIO DELL, HERE I COME

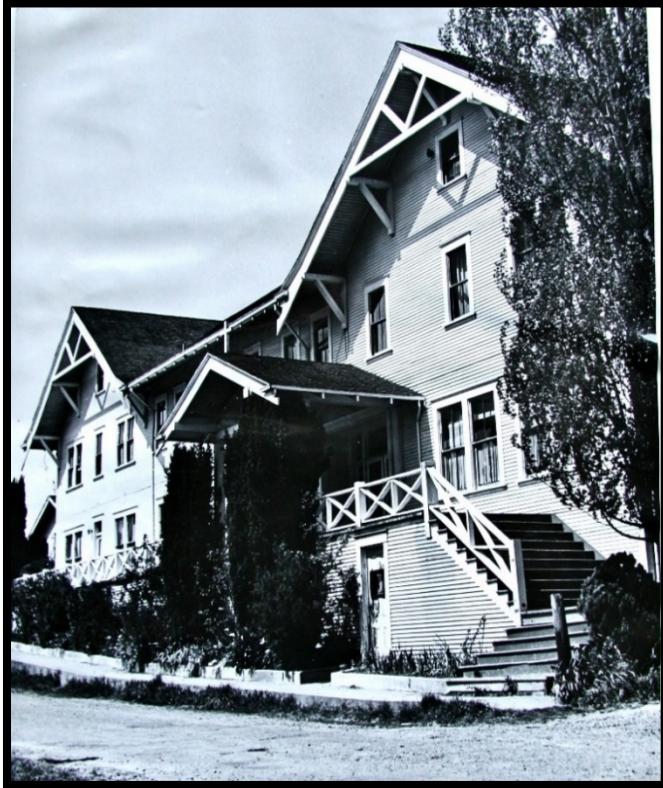


Photo by John E Boll 1958

Saint Pius X Seminary, Rio Dell

After unloading my few possessions from the car, it was time to say goodbye to my family as they began the long journey home. That was a heart-wrenching moment for me as I watched the family car disappear from my sight. The journey to priesthood was about to begin.

DEALING WITH HOMESICKNESS

Although I had been away from home on week-long Boy Scout outings, homesickness those first few months was very real for me. I shared a small room with two roommates, Richard Kocher and Frank Thompson. There was a bunk bed where two slept and a single hospital bed where the third slept. The seminary was a converted two story loggers' hotel that the Diocese of Sacramento purchased from the Bertain Family. There were 28 students in my freshman class that year.

Because I had not taken Latin in my first year of high school in Placerville, the Salvatorians wanted me to repeat freshman year. The view in those days was that the mastery of Latin was a sign that a student had a vocation to the priesthood. Of course, we know that is nonsense but that was the prevailing view in the 1950s when all liturgy in the Latin Rite was celebrated in Latin.

My homesickness finally abated and I began to feel better and to enjoy seminary life. After classes, we seminarians were free to hike and explore the area along the Eel River. Living in the redwoods on the north coast of California was a happy and memorable time for me.

Having made the decision, I contacted the seminary to confirm that I was coming. On Monday, I went to my high school to withdraw from school and on Tuesday my father, mother, brother Joe and I headed north on Highway 101 for Rio Dell some seven hours drive away. I consoled myself by telling my parents that if I did not like the seminary, I would return home soon!

We arrived in Rio Dell around 1 pm and found the seminary which was located along the Eel River. Some students were outside when we arrived and came over to greet and welcome me and my family. We met with the rector, Father Daniel Carroll, SDS. The seminary tuition for the year was \$450 but could be paid \$50 a month. I remember my father writing a check for \$50 for the first month's tuition and board and room.

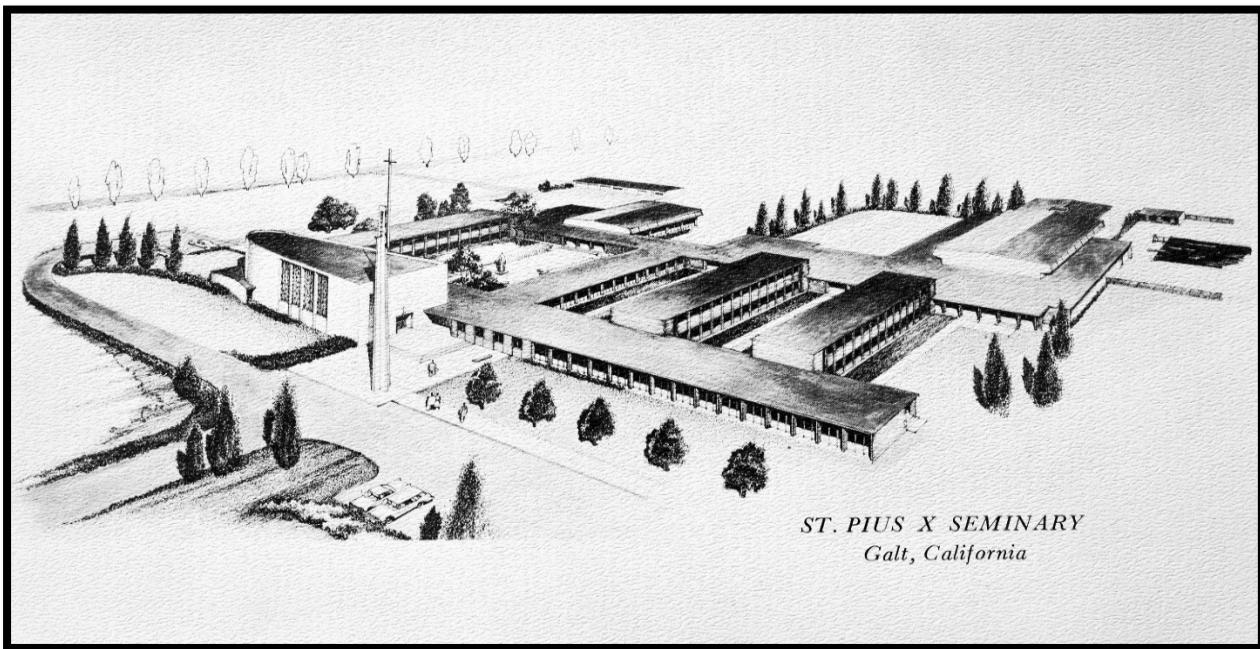
THE SEMINARY MOVES TO NEW FACILITIES IN GALT



Bishop Joseph McGucken

Bishop Joseph McGucken was the bishop of Sacramento. He visited the seminary in Rio Dell usually once a year when he came north to celebrate confirmations. As the number of seminarians increased, we outgrew the Rio Dell facility. The bishop launched a major diocesan fund drive to raise money to build a new seminary on land in the Galt area donated by Henry Need, a Galt farmer.

In 1961, my junior year, when we seminarians left the Saint Pius X campus in Rio Dell for Easter vacation, the move to the new facility in Galt took place. After Easter break, we returned not to Rio Dell but to the new seminary campus in Galt. For the first time in my seminary life, I had my own room!



THE GREAT NATIONAL SHOCK OF 1963

I remember as if it happened today. It was November 22, 1963. I was in Father Justin Pierce's Greek class when the seminary office announced over the public address that President John F Kennedy had been shot in Dallas. We did not know if the President was wounded or if he had been killed. Classes ended and all the seminarians and seminary staff went to the chapel to pray for President Kennedy. Newscasters later confirmed that the President was dead. The nations of the world shared in the American people's grief. With everyone around the world, we students were glued to the television set to watch the unfolding of this national tragedy. America's Camelot with our first Catholic president came to a sudden and tragic end that day.



President John F Kennedy



Photo by John E Boll 1962

Stan Schulte Lights the Torch as the Seminary Olympics Begin



Photo by John E Boll 1962

Let the Games Begin!

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION



Saint Pius X Seminary Chapel in Galt

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

On November 16, 1959, the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, *The Sound of Music*, starring Mary Martin as Maria and Theodore Bikel as Captain Georg von Trapp, began its Broadway debut. It was made into a movie in 1965 and received five Academy awards. It was named best musical of the year.

The real Maria von Trapp made a nation-wide tour and came to Sacramento to speak at the well-known Alhambra Theater. We college seminarians were invited to Maria's presentation and about ten of us attended as she told the real story of the von Trapp's journey from Austria to America. After her presentation, I met Maria back stage and felt honored to speak with the real Maria von Trapp.

Fifty years later, when Father Joseph Ternullo and I toured New England to see the fall colors, we stayed one night at the beautiful von Trapp Lodge in Stowe, Vermont. Maria and her husband Georg are buried on the grounds of their Stowe estate.

I graduated from high school seminary in May 1962. During my senior year, the Salvatorians shocked my class when they asked four or five of the seniors to leave the seminary. After nearly four years at Saint Pius X, it seemed unjust that my classmates were asked to leave the seminary. Their departure reduced my graduating class by about a quarter.

BEGINNING OF COLLEGE SEMINARY

In the fall of 1962 I returned to Saint Pius X to begin my first year of college. The Galt seminary opened a two-year college program and for the last two years of college, my class transferred to Saint Patrick Seminary in Menlo Park.

Joining us in Galt for college were two seminarians from the San Francisco Bay Area, Steve Phelps from Oakland and Jim Ringrose from Burlingame. We happily accepted our two new classmates and we became good friends.



Maria von Trapp

**THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA
PROGRAM OF AFFILIATION**

THIS CERTIFIES THAT

John Boll

has satisfactorily completed the requirements for graduation as

prescribed by St. Pius X Seminary

and by

The Catholic University of America, and is hereby awarded this

DIPLOMA

Granted at Washington, District of Columbia, this twenty-seventh

day of May nineteen hundred sixty-two

Roy J. De Ferranti
DIRECTOR



William J. Mc Donald
RECTOR

Facultas
Seminarii Sancti Pii Decimi

Omnibus has Litteras lecturis Salutem

Notum facimus JOHN EUGENE BOLL huiusce Seminarii
Alumnū curriculū humanitatis et litterarū ad normam rationis studiorū
in hoc Seminario statutae rite feliciterque absolvisse, et, communi magistrorum
judicio, se ad studia philosophiae et theologiae idoneum praebuisse, dignum
declaratum cui conferatur hoc

Diploma

*In Cuius Rei Testimonium Litteris hioce, Seminarii Sigillo munitis, nomen
subscriptissimus.*

Datum ex Aedibus Seminarii Sancti Pii X, apud Galt, California.

die 30 mensis Maii Q.D. 1964.

Rev. George L. Schuster, D.D.
Rector

THE ASSOCIATION FOR PROMOTION OF STUDY OF LATIN
SPONSOR OF
AUXILIUM LATINUM
NATIONAL CLASSROOM LATIN MAGAZINE
B. SOI, ELIZABETH, N. J.
AWARDS THIS

Certificate
OF
HONORABLE MERIT
CUM LAUDE
TO

JOHN BOL

FOR GENERAL PROFICIENCY IN LATIN

HAVING OBTAINED A SCORE OF 96 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 120
IN THE 11th SEMESTER OF THE 1964 SERIES OF THE
A.P.S.L. COMPETITIVE NATIONWIDE LATIN EXAMINATIONS



Albert Clowesley

CHAIRMAN BOARD OF EXAMINERS

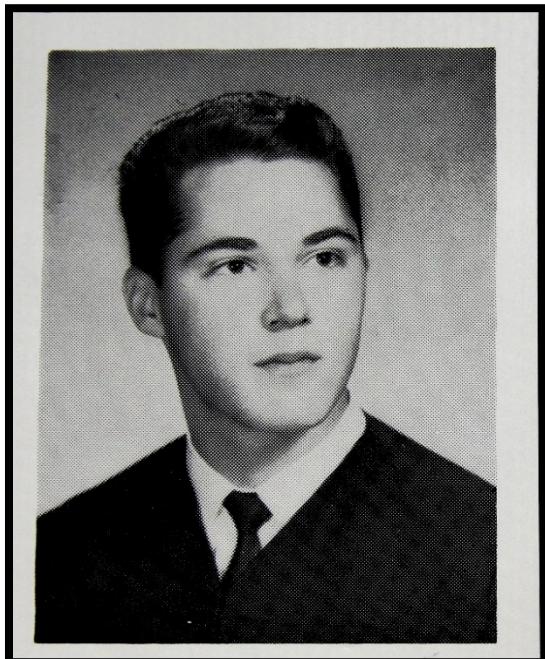


Saint Pius X Seminary Faculty 1962

A TRAGIC DAY FOR THE SEMINARY AND THE DIOCESE

It was a Sunday in early August 1963. I decided to take a motorcycle ride from Placerville to Saint Pius X Seminary in Galt to visit Brother Damien Meany, SDS. On that same day in Sacramento, Dennis Ruzir, a cousin of mine who was about to enter Saint Patrick Seminary in Menlo Park, had just returned home from the Bay Area with his classmate Tim Dempsey.

Some friends of Dennis' brother Peter had stopped by the Ruzir's home on their motorcycles. Dennis asked if he could take a quick ride on one of the bikes, just around the block. He got on the bike and started off. Since he was a novice when it came to motorcycle riding, Dennis drove down the street too fast to maneuver the turn in the street and ran into a tree in the front yard of a neighbor's house. He broke both legs and hit his head on the tree. Dennis was rushed to Mercy General Hospital where he lingered unconscious for about three weeks and died. What a shock and tragic loss!



Dennis Michael Ruzir

December 15, 1942 - August 20, 1963



'May the Angels lead you into paradise'

• • •

Dear Lord Jesus, help me to spread Thy fragrance everywhere I go; flood my soul with Thy spirit and life; penetrate and possess my whole being so utterly that all my life may be but a radiance of Thine; shine through me and be so in me that every soul I come in contact with may feel Thy presence within me and may they who look upon me see not me, but only Jesus. Amen.

For the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, do all the good you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can. Amen.

Dennis Ruzir's Memorial Card

Dennis' Funeral Mass, held at Holy Spirit Church, Sacramento, was packed with family and friends. He was buried in a crypt at Saint Mary Cemetery in Sacramento. His tragic death was a terrible loss to all of us, his family, his friends and the Church of Sacramento. It impressed upon me the truth that death comes like a thief in the night and no one is spared, not even a seminarian full of life and ready to do many good things for God and His people! What a tragic loss to us all.

GRADUATION FROM SAINT PIUS X COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

In May 1964, my class graduated from Saint Pius X Seminary College. Bishop Bell awarded our diplomas. We were only seven graduating students when we completed our first two years of college but we were good friends and enjoyed being together as classmates.



Graduation from Saint Pius X College in 1964

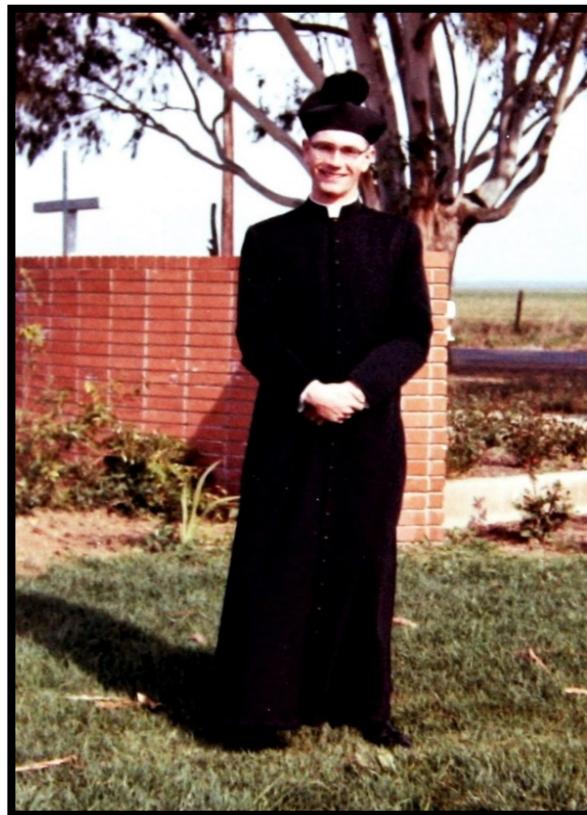
As summer vacation began in 1964, four of my classmates and I went on a month's tour of the United States by car. Classmate Herb Rooney owned a Ford car so the five of us piled into his car and headed east on Interstate 80 to see what the rest of the United States was like. We stayed at some seminaries along the way which helped reduce the cost of the trip.

I experienced first-hand the reality of racial discrimination on this trip. We were driving south along the eastern seaboard on our way to Miami. If there was nothing of interest on the way we drove day and night until we reached our next destination, taking turns driving. We wisely decided that one of us would always stay up with the driver to serve as navigator and to ensure the driver did not fall asleep. The other three slept in the back seat as best they could.



Saint Pius X College Graduates of 1964

L-R Ed Krol, Kevin Daley, John Boll, Herb Rooney, Don Hesse, Steve Phelps and Jim Ringrose



TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES



On Tour of the United States – Here we are at Niagara Falls in 1964
L-R - Don Hesse, John Boll, Kevin Daley and Herb Rooney with Jim Ringrose taking the photo

One early morning we stopped for gasoline in South Carolina. During the stop I discovered there were three, not two toilets at the back of the station. A sign was placed above the door of each; one sign read “*White Ladies*,” a second “*White Gentlemen*,” and a third “*Nigger*.” I had never experienced such racial discrimination before. For the first time I came face to face with the ugly and hateful reality of racism and discrimination in America.

SAINT PATRICK SEMINARY

In the fall of 1964, I entered Saint Patrick Seminary in Menlo Park and began my third year of college. The differences between Saint Pius X and Saint Patrick were startling. At Saint Pius X Seminary, we seminarians had a good relationship with the Salvatorian priests and brothers and enjoyed some freedom. Saint Patrick Seminary was a different story.

My initial reaction to Saint Patrick Seminary was this: I felt I had entered the monastic life. We began the academic year with a silent retreat and for a new student who did not know the seminary community yet, this was a difficult way to begin. For the first six months, the evening grand silence was strictly kept. The Sulpician priests were our professors, not our friends. If a student was caught standing inside another student’s room, that was automatic expulsion from the seminary. For me, the dynamic between students and faculty was neither positive nor helpful in fostering and encouraging a vocation to the priesthood.

My first year at Saint Patrick Seminary was also the first year for the new rector, Father Paul P Purta, SS. In his daily conference with us seminarians, he urged us to be men of balance. The Second Vatican Council was in full swing and seminary life was affected by the changes initiated by the Council. For example, previously, professors used Latin textbooks for philosophy and theology courses but that changed to English the year I began Saint Patrick Seminary. What a blessing! Imagine, trying to understand the intricacies of philosophical thought in Latin! That challenge was more than enough in English!

After the first six months, Saint Patrick Seminary began the process of going from a closed campus to an open one. Some of the seminary professors were not prepared for these dramatic changes which made it difficult for them to accept and adapt to this new way of seminary life.

During my half decade at Saint Patrick, a number of my classmates left to pursue other professions and some of the priest professors left the priesthood. I began to ask myself if these men knew something that I was missing. Should I leave too? Well, I stayed and completed my seminary course of studies.



My Saint Patrick Seminary Class in 1965



Saint Patrick Seminary Faculty with Archbishop McGucken 1965

FIRST TRIP TO EUROPE

In 1967 during my second year of theology, my classmate Robert LaBarbera and I discovered that each of us was planning to make a trip to Europe. We decided to go together and began planning. Father Jim McKnight, the assistant priest at my home parish in Placerville, heard I was planning a trip to Europe. He told me he would be in Ireland at that time and invited Bob and me to begin our European adventure in Ireland. We decided to make Ireland our first stop on our twelve-week adventure through Europe.

In June 1968, we flew to Dublin and Jim met us at the Dublin airport and drove us to Newry, County Down, where we stayed with him and his mother in the family home. Jim gave us a tour of Northern Ireland and then we sailed from Northern Ireland to Scotland to begin a tour of the British Isles. We continued on to Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Austria, France, Belgium, Netherlands, Spain, Switzerland, Italy and Greece. It was a whirlwind trip and we arrived back in San Francisco a few days after the seminary began classes but the rector knew we would be a few days late.



The Berlin Wall in 1968

ADVENTURE TO ALASKA

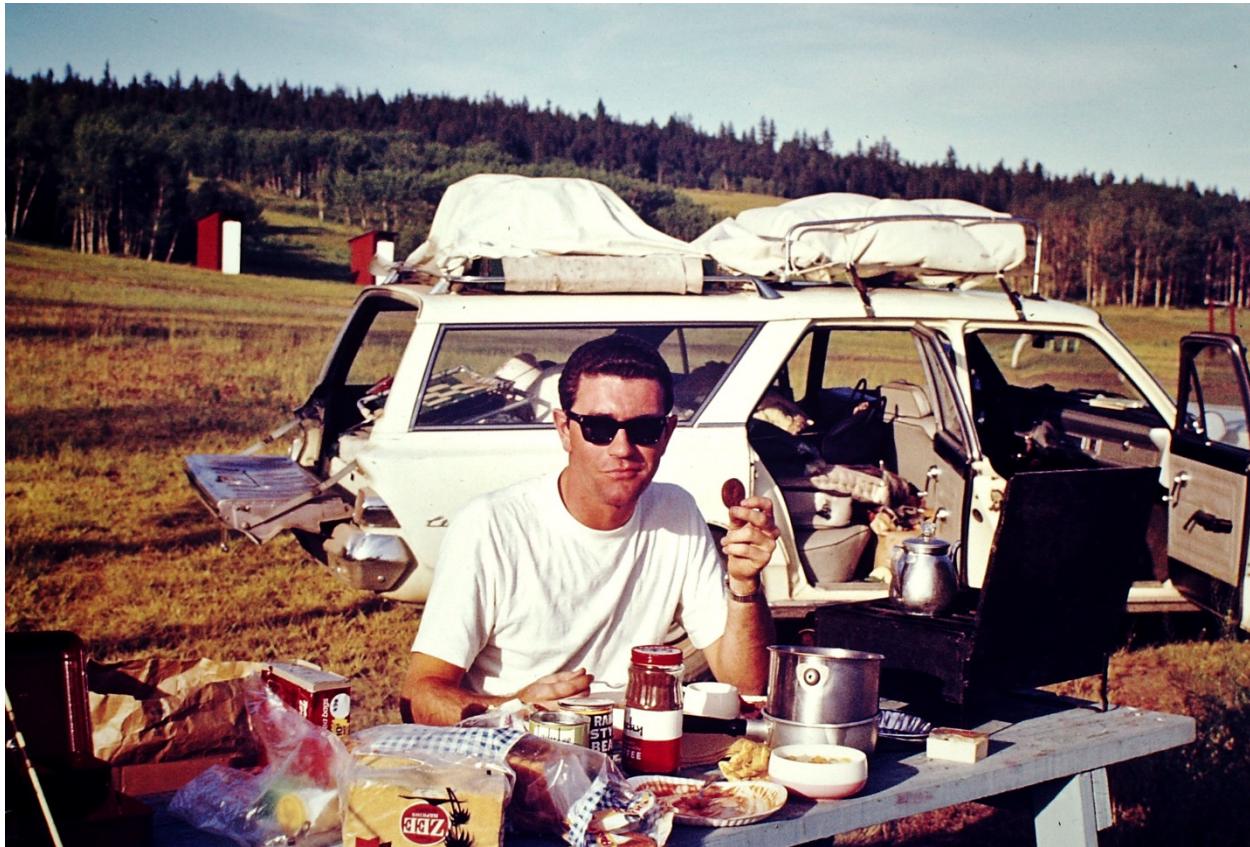


Photo by Jim Erickson 1969

Jim Erickson and I camped in the Yukon Territory on the way to Fairbanks, Alaska in 1969

In the summer of 1969, before beginning my pastoral year, classmate Jim Erickson and I made a trip by car to Alaska. We used Jim's Dodge Rambler station wagon and drove from Sacramento to Fairbanks, enduring the 800 miles of graveled Alcan Highway through the Yukon Territory. We had ten flat tires on the trip usually caused by nail punctures. I concluded that service station owners tossed nails on the road a few miles outside of town so they could increase tire sales and repairs. Whatever the truth, we definitely helped the local economy by buying or repairing tires.

PASTORAL YEAR AT THE CATHEDRAL

Upon returning from Alaska, I immediately began my pastoral year as a transitional deacon at the Cathedral in Sacramento. During that year I quickly learned the reality of ministry in a city center parish. The Cathedral office was flooded with homeless people looking for help day and night. It was common that a homeless person, often inebriated, would ring the Cathedral rectory doorbell at 2 or 3 A.M. On my duty nights, I had to answer the door and try to deal with the needs of the person at the door. Eventually, we wised up and every evening before bed-time we put a wad of paper under the bell clapper so we Cathedral residents could get a night's rest.

I quickly learned the reality of alcohol's addictive and destructive power in people's lives. Not only did I have to deal with alcoholics from the street but also with alcoholics in the rectory. That pastoral year put me on a fast learning curve to appreciate just how broken human life can be!

RENOVATION OF THE CATHEDRAL IN 1970



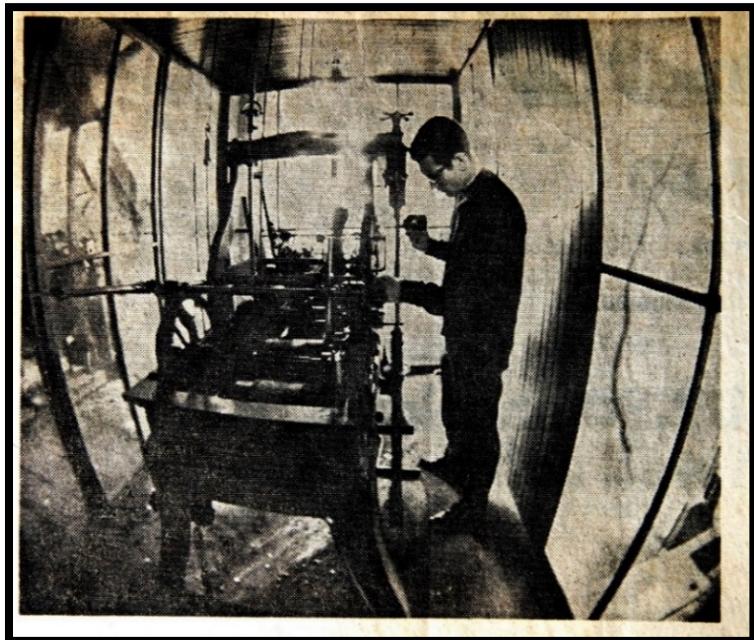
Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament

During my deacon year, plans were underway to renovate the Cathedral. Father Raymond Rolf, Cathedral rector, invited me to sit in on the planning meetings. I remember two issues that were discussed – where to place the ambo and where to locate the baptismal font.

The Cathedral ambo had been located on a side pillar high above the congregation like in Europe. I suggested that the new ambo be placed in the sanctuary on the same level as the altar. Monsignor Patrick McHugh, a member of the planning committee, took issue with me. He reminded me that in the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus went up the hillside in Galilee to preach to the people. I agreed that according to the Gospel of Matthew he was right, but in the Gospel of Luke, Jesus came down the mountain to the seashore where he preached to the people. He even used Peter's boat as his podium. Needless to say, my comment did not impress nor change Monsignor McHugh's view. However, in the end, the committee recommended that the ambo be placed in the sanctuary.

Regarding the baptismal font, I argued for its placement in the body of the church, close to the interior front doors since baptism is the sacrament of initiation into the Eucharistic assembly. We bless ourselves with baptismal water when we enter the church so why not place the baptismal font at the entrance? I also suggested that the new font have flowing water as a visual reminder of the living waters of baptism that give us new life in Christ. The decision was, however, to place the baptismal font on the left side of the Cathedral where a side altar had stood. In the 2003 renovation of the Cathedral, the baptismal font was relocated to the entrance of the Cathedral as I had suggested in 1969 and this time the font has running water!

REPAIR OF THE CATHEDRAL CLOCK



Deacon John Boll Repairs the Cathedral Clock 1969

Deacon Restores Downtown 'Time'

For those who concluded that only a miracle or a bushel of dollars could ever get the Cathedral belltower clock running again, they figured wrong. Simply a case of a young man with curiosity and some know-how who likes to climb high.

Years ago, when the clock "gave up the ghost" as it were, a repairman quoted an astronomical price to repair the timepiece. So downtown office workers and shoppers had to break themselves of the habit of glancing heavenward to check out the hour.

Now, thanks to Rev. Mr. John Boll, an ordained deacon serving his apprenticeship in the Cathedral parish, the clock is back in running order once again.

Some weeks ago, John climbed up into the bell-tower to see for himself what was wrong with the clock machine. He found a broken portion in the works which he took to his father, a machinist, and the piece was soon repaired and reinstalled. All this plus a good cleaning job and once again the clock is pealing out the quarter-hours for passersby.

Article from the Sacramento Bee

ORDINATION TO THE MINISTERIAL PRIESTHOOD ON MAY 23, 1970



Los Angeles Auxiliary Bishop Alden John Bell was named bishop of Sacramento in 1962 after Bishop Joseph McGucken was named archbishop of San Francisco. It was Bishop Bell who ordained me a priest at the Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament on Saturday, May 23, 1970.

ORDINATION DAY

On Saturday morning of my ordination, I was awakened by the sound of chainsaws. I looked out the window to discover that the tree trimmers had chosen that day to trim the large tree in front of the rectory. What, these tree trimmers chose my ordination day to trim that tree! The front of the Cathedral rectory was filled with cut branches that blocked the walkway. Before the procession could leave the rectory to begin the ordination Mass, the workers had piled the branches on both sides of the walkway. It was like walking through the Red Sea on our way to the Promised Land.

In the course of the ordination liturgy, because the inadequate electrical system in the Cathedral was pushed to the limit, the lights began to short out. One by one, all the lights and the sound system shut down. Luckily, Mr Hobrecht from Hobrecht Lighting Company attended the ordination and went into action when the lights began to go out. He replaced blown fuses and restored the lights and sound system. What could go wrong went wrong that day but I was validly ordained a priest by Bishop Bell in the presence of the community and a sanctuary full of priests.



Priests share in and witness the Prayer of Priestly Ordination

FIRST MASS IN PLACERVILLE

The next day I celebrated Mass at my home parish with priest friends and classmates, family and the parish community of my home town. The parish community prepared a very nice reception after Mass in the parish hall for all who attended my First Mass.

The next day, Monday, May 25, renovation of the Cathedral began. The renovation was purposely delayed until the Monday after my ordination and the project took a year to complete.



First Mass at my Home Parish Church in Placerville on May 24, 1970

FIRST PARISH ASSIGNMENT

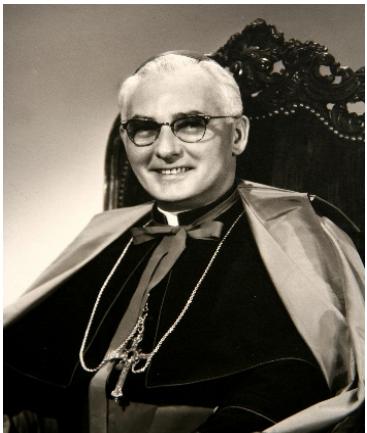
My first assignment as a priest was to the Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament in Sacramento. I did not have to move for three more years. I was content to remain at the Cathedral and enjoyed getting to know better the Mercy Sisters who lived in the convent on 8th and G Streets and the Franciscan Sisters who ran Grace Day Home and taught at Holy Angels School. I took my turn celebrating early morning Mass at these two convents in the parish and celebrating Mass at the Cathedral. I regularly visited the parish school and ministered to those in need at the Cathedral.

Sister Katherine Doyle, RSM and I formed a music group of high school students from Manogue High School who led the music at the 9 AM Cathedral Mass on Sundays. Two of the students, Peggy and Debbie, were excellent guitarists and fine singers; both were blind. The music group had about ten members and the youth were an inspiration to the parish community.



Christmas Midnight Mass in the newly Renovated Cathedral with Bishop Alden Bell in 1971

A SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED CALL FROM BISHOP BELL



In my naïveté, I thought I would be the one to decide when it was time for me to leave the Cathedral. In September 1973, I was scheduled to leave for vacation with some of my classmates. On an August morning, Father Al O'Connor came to the Cathedral looking for me. Al was a member of the Priest Personnel Board and he told me that the Personnel Board wanted to talk with me. I told him I was not interested in talking with the board. He said, "You better come; they are waiting for you."

I went with him to the Catholic School Department where the board was meeting. Bishop Bell began by saying that the board had recommended me to be director of the Davis Newman Center. This took me by complete surprise because campus ministry had never entered my mind. I went on the offensive. I asked Bishop Bell to tell me what qualities he saw in me that made him think I should be chaplain at UC Davis. This caught him off-guard and he made a non-convincing attempt to give me his reasons. I then asked each member of the Personnel Board the same question. At the conclusion of the interview, Bishop Bell asked me to consider the move and to let him know in a few days what my decision was. I thought that was generous on his part.

THE NEWMAN SAGA BEGINS

I went into high gear and contacted Father Michel Gagnon, OFM, who was diocesan director of campus ministry and chaplain at the Sacramento Newman Center. Michel was delighted to hear that the bishop had asked me to be campus minister at UC Davis. I called Father Andy Coffey, pastor of Saint James Parish in Davis, to set up an appointment to talk with him.



Davis Newman Center Chapel

Father Coffey told me he could not meet with me for a few days but arranged to have someone meet me at the Newman Center to open the door so I could see the facilities since I had never been there before. When Saint James Parish relocated to its new site on 14th and B Streets, the old parish facility on Third and C Streets became the Newman Center. The facilities included the rectory, church and a duplex behind the church.

Having told Bishop Bell that I would let him know my decision in a few days and time was passing, I decided to accept the Newman appointment before meeting with Father Coffey. I should have waited to tell Bishop Bell my decision until after I had talked with Father Coffey. When I finally met with Father Coffey, he was not pleased that I had accepted the Newman chaplaincy before I had talked with him and Monsignor John Cummings who lived in residence at the parish rectory. This was an obvious red flag for me since my place of residence was to be Saint James rectory.

Newman chaplain

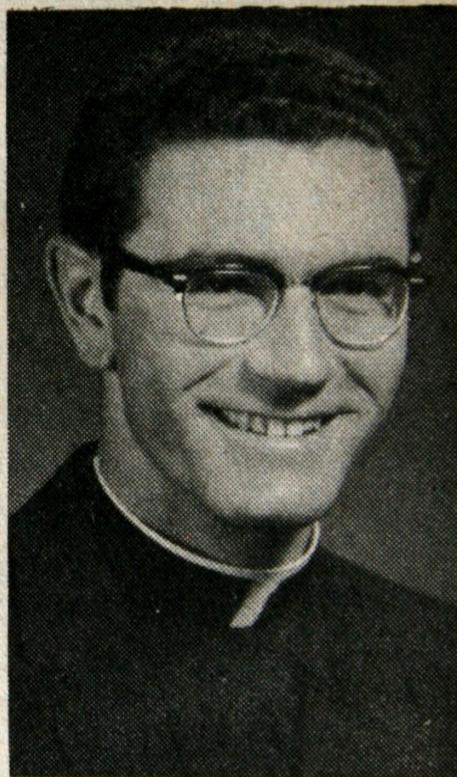
Fr. Boll goes to Davis

Father John Boll, associate pastor at the Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament since 1969, has been appointed Newman chaplain at the University of California, Davis, Bishop Alden J. Bell announced this week.

Born in Placerville in December 1942, Father Boll studied at Saint Patrick's College, Mountain View, where he received an AB degree in 1966. He studied theology at Saint Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park.

After ordination to the diaconate in 1969 he was appointed associate pastor at the Cathedral where he was ordained in May 1970.

Father Boll will live at Saint James' rectory, Davis.



FATHER BOLL
Newman Chaplain

Catholic Herald Announcement of my Appointment to the Newman Center in 1973

SOME HISTORY ABOUT CAMPUS MINISTRY AT THE DAVIS NEWMAN CENTER

Although campus ministry existed at the UC Davis campus since the 1950s through the ministry of the priests of the parish, Bishop Bell elevated campus ministry by appointing a full time chaplain. The first full-time priest chaplain was Father Charles Bencken who took up residence at the former Saint James rectory that was now the Newman Center. Living in residence with him was Father Arnold Meagher who was working on his doctorate degree at UC Davis. During their time at the Newman Center, both Charlie and Arnie left active ministry and married their spouses. Succeeding Charlie Bencken in campus ministry was Holy Cross Father Charles Barrett.

Father Barrett left the Davis campus ministry in 1972 and Bishop Bell asked Father Coffey, pastor of Saint James Parish in Davis, to oversee the Newman ministry until he appointed a new director of campus minister. In the meantime, Father Paul Comiskey, SJ, who was a first year law student at the UC Davis Martin Luther King School of Law and resident at Saint James rectory, agreed to fill in at the Newman Center until a new director was appointed. Father Paul, in addition to his law school studies, generously covered the Newman ministry for the 1972-73 academic year.

THE AGONY AND THE ECSTACY

The great painter and sculptor Michelangelo lived through times of agony and ecstasy of his life. My journey in campus ministry followed that same rhythm of life as this great artist. As I began campus ministry, Father Coffey informed me that he would continue oversight of campus ministry at Davis and the financial records would be kept at the parish office and he alone would sign Newman Center checks. I protested! The bishop appointed me director of the Newman Center and the oversight of the campus ministry in Davis was now my responsibility, not his. For the time being, Father Coffey had the power and would not change his mind on this issue.

THE AGONY INTENSIFIES



Frank and Katherine Boll

In early November of 1973, my father was scheduled for surgery to repair a hernia. He was beginning to become forgetful. My mother pressed him to have his hernia repaired and a surgery date was set. I drove my parents to the hospital the afternoon before my father's surgery so he could check into the hospital. That night, he became disoriented in the hospital and kept other patients awake. The next morning the surgeon told my mother that the surgery was postponed until a private room was available for my father after surgery. By chance, a private room became available so the surgery was rescheduled for the afternoon.

Because my father was beginning to experience moments of angina, the surgeon decided to use local anesthesia during the surgery. My mother and I accompanied my father to the operating room and were there when he emerged from the recovery room. The surgery went well but I noticed that my father's voice sounded like he had caught a cold. What sounded like a cold quickly turned to pneumonia and two days later my father was dead from pneumonia.

The sudden death of my father was a shock to me and my whole family. At first I was angry with the hospital because my father had caught pneumonia. I later realized that with the oncoming of dementia, my father's sudden death was a blessing to us because he would have been increasingly difficult to deal with since he was a physically strong man. I celebrated my father's Funeral Mass at Saint Patrick Church in Placerville, followed by burial at the parish cemetery.

A TIME OF GRIEVING

I did not expect my father's death to be as difficult for me as it was. This was a time of grief for me, not only over my father's death but also because I was still grieving my move from the Cathedral and contending with Father Coffey over the leadership of the Newman Center.

Father Coffey often made a remark to me which I found offensive. He say to me: "Remember, John, you are a guest here at Saint James rectory." The last time he said this to me I reacted forcefully and said to him: "You listen to me, Andy Coffey, the people of this parish built this rectory for all the priests who minister in Davis. The bishop assigned me here. If I am a guest in this rectory, then so are you!" After this, Andy never made that remark to me again.

CONCERN FOR MY MOTHER

After my father's death, my four brothers and I were concerned that our mother was now living alone on the family ranch seven miles from Placerville. She had always told us that she would never live with any of her children. However, she would change her mind on that issue. Since the Newman Center, the former Saint James rectory, had three bedrooms on the second story, I thought I might move there and ask my mother if she wanted to live with me. When I asked her she said, maybe.

I spoke with Bishop Bell, told him of my conflict with Father Coffey and my wish to move to the Newman Center. If possible, I wanted to invite my mother to live there with me. Bishop Bell told me I needed to settle the leadership issue with Father Coffey and he wanted me to remain in residence at Saint James rectory. I told him the Newman leadership issue was not acceptable to me and he needed to settle the issue. To my surprise, he told me I could resign from campus ministry if I chose and he would give me a new assignment. My immediate reaction was to resign on the spot. However, I knew that the Newman community had gone through struggles during the past few years. If I bailed now, I would be abandoning this community. I decided to stay and find a way to heal this dysfunctional situation and make it work.

As a first step, Father Coffey and I compromised about the Newman checkbook. I agreed to allow the financial books to remain at the Saint James parish office but Newman checks would now need two signatures, his and mine. He agreed to that.

THE ECSTACY OF CAMPUS MINISTRY

In my first year at the Newman Center, attendance at Sunday Mass steadily increased. The Sunday Masses had to be increased from two to three and then to four. Campus ministry became very busy and I was enjoying my interaction with the student community and the ecumenical campus ministers.

After my first year, Bishop Bell allowed me to hire an associate at the Davis Newman Center. The Daughters of the Holy Spirit, the religious community who taught at Saint James parish school, told me about Sister Connie Charette, a member of the DHS community working in Massachusetts, who was interested in applying for the campus ministry position. I talked with

Sister Connie by telephone and then invited her to fly to Sacramento for an interview with the search committee. She came to Sacramento for an interview with the search committee which went well. I offered her the position and she accepted. The two of us became a good team ministry together.



Sunday Mass at the Newman Chapel in 1974



The Davis Newman Center Staff 1976

L-R, Sister Connie Charette, Father Tom Pinkel, Mr Jim Lockman, Father John Boll

Sister Connie was on staff at the Newman Center for four years. In addition to her, we added to the staff Carmelite Father Thomas Pinkel, O Carm and a grad student named Jim Lockman who later became a Franciscan. We worked together well as the Catholic campus ministry team.

HOW THE CONFLICT OF LEADERSHIP WAS FINALLY RESOLVED

In early 1975, Father Coffey decided to take a Spanish language course in Cochabamba, Bolivia. Before he left I made sure he signed at least 40 checks so the Newman Center could pay its bills while he was away. When we had only one signed check left and Father Coffey had not returned, I decided it was time to take action. I counter-signed the last check and opened a new Newman Center checking account and moved the Newman money into the new account. When Father Coffey returned home and found out what I had done there was nothing he could do about it so the issue of who was director of the Newman Center was resolved.

SISTER KC YOUNG SUCCEEDS SISTER CONNIE CHARETTE

Sister Connie was elected to a leadership position in the Daughters of the Holy Spirit community which made it necessary for her to return to Putnam, CT. A search committee was set up and Ursuline Sister KC Young was chosen to succeed Sister Connie at the Newman Center. Sister KC brought many gifts to campus ministry and was a wise and experienced co-worker who was well respected by students, the ecumenical campus ministers and the Davis community.



Sister KC Young

**My Mother,
Katherine Magdalene
Pfeiffer Boll
1978**

THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER

My brother Clement and his wife Karen purchased an old Victorian house in Placerville and restored it to its original beauty. They invited my mother to live with them and she accepted. Every morning she walked to morning Mass which she loved to do. On Halloween, I spent an overnight at my brother's house and offered Mass that evening at home, the eve of All Saints Day. The next morning, November 1, 1979, I returned that morning to the Newman Center. That same evening, while my mother was talking to my brother she suddenly collapsed to the floor at about 5 pm. I was about to begin All Saints Mass at the Newman Center when my brother called me. I had to celebrate the Mass first but right after Mass I drove to Marshall Hospital in Placerville where my mother had been taken. She had suffered a massive stroke.

When I arrived, my four brothers were with my mother. I spoke to her telling her I was there. She opened her eyes and looked at me but could not speak. I anointed her with the oil of the sick. The next day I stayed by her bedside all day in the hospital. The attending doctor told me that my mother's chances for survival were not good and he was right.

On the morning of November 3, I returned to the Newman Center to attend to my responsibilities. That evening, my brother called me to tell me our mother had just died. The tears flowed down my face but I was grateful that my mother's confinement was just two days and I knew my parents were together again on the other side of life. My mother had told us that she prayed she would not end her life in a convalescent hospital. The Lord was good to both my parents because neither lingered more than a few days before they died.

I celebrated my mother's Funeral Mass at Saint Patrick Church in Placerville and she was laid to rest next to my father in the parish cemetery. As it turned out, my parents both lived to the age of 77. My father died on November 8, 1973 and my mother on November 3, 1979, six years apart. I was thankful to God that he took them quickly, without any prolonged suffering.



My Parents' Grave Marker, Saint Patrick Cemetery, Placerville

SAVING GRACE

During my first year in campus ministry, I had a difficult start and suffered some emotional wounds. Consequently, I had an important decision to make – would I allow myself to remain angry and bitter over what happened or would I let it go? I pondered the choice before me and decided not to allow myself to become a bitter and resentful person. I did not want to become unhappy, cynical, depressed or hateful old man. That was the wisest decision I ever made!

FIRST SABBATICAL

After my mother's death in 1979, I had worked in campus ministry for nearly seven years. Maybe it was the seven-year itch but I felt it was time to step down from that ministry and take my first sabbatical. I always wanted to live in Israel to experience the land, the culture and the people where Jesus had lived. Bishop Bell had reached 75 years of age and was preparing to retire. San Francisco Auxiliary Bishop Francis Quinn was appointed seventh bishop of Sacramento so I wrote to him in San Francisco to ask if I could step down from campus ministry in June 1980 and take a sabbatical. He granted my request for a sabbatical of study in Israel.

I applied to an Israel sabbatical program offered by Saint John University, Collegeville and Catholic Theological Union in Chicago and was accepted. The Newman community held a memorable farewell celebration for me on May 30, 1980 before the end of the academic year. During that summer I concluded my work in campus ministry and prepared to leave Davis for my new adventure in Israel.

LIFE IN ISRAEL



Photo by John E Boll 1980

View of the Temple Mount in the Old City of Jerusalem

In the third week of August 1980, I flew to JFK Airport in New York where I joined the priests, sisters and seminarians who were part of the study program in Israel. We flew together to Athens where we spent a week visiting the places where Saint Paul had preached and established Christian communities. From the port of Piraeus we set sail for the Port of Akko in northern Israel. From Akko, we traveled south by bus to Jerusalem and on to West Jerusalem, to Ein Karem and the Franciscan monastery where we would live for the next four months. The church at this monastery marks the birth place of John the Baptist who was born and raised in Ein Karem. When I jogged the *wadis* there for exercise I knew that John had jogged those same *wadis* in his youth.

THE SABBATICAL GROUP

Most of those in the sabbatical group were priests from all over the United States and beyond. We had an English born Passionist, Father John McCormick, CP, who worked in Sweden and a diocesan priest from Adelaide, Australia, Father Michael Trainor. There were about six religious sisters from the USA and eight seminarians from Collegeville, Minneapolis and CTU. The two professors who came as teachers were Father Thomas Wahl, OSB, from Collegeville and Father Donald Senior, CP, from CTU Chicago. Our classes were held in our residence at Ein Karem but we also went on a number of field trips to Biblical sites all over Israel and Egypt.

For meals, we divided into teams and each team took its turn to prepare the evening meal. Father Wahl gave the team leader money to purchase groceries at the open-air market in Jerusalem to prepare the evening meal for the whole group. This team effort worked out well and was a great way to cut expenses and build team spirit in the small groups.



Photo by John E Boll 1980

Open Air Market, Old City of Jerusalem

MOUNT SINAI AND EGYPT

During this sabbatical, we traveled to Galilee for a week, spent time in the Sinai desert and even hiked up Mount Sinai at 3 AM so we would be on the mountain top for sunrise. It was a glorious sunrise that morning overlooking the rugged crags of Mount Sinai.

During the last week in November as Americans gathered for Thanksgiving in the United States, we went by bus from Jerusalem to Cairo. After two days in Cairo the sabbatical group took an overnight train to Luxor. At Luxor we visited the Temple of Karnack and then crossed the Nile River to visit the Valley of the Kings and Queens. I visited the tomb of Tutankhamen and took a boat ride on the Nile River. Of all the cities I ever visited in the world, the ambiance of Cairo felt the most foreign to me.



The Top of Mount Sinai



Photo by John E Boll 1980

The View from Mount Sinai



Photo by John E Boll 1980

The Star Marks the Birthplace of Jesus in Bethlehem

When the sabbatical program ended in December, Father Michael Trainor and I remained in Jerusalem to spend Christmas. On Christmas Eve we joined a group of students from Gonzaga University who were studying in Rome for the semester. They came to Jerusalem for Christmas and we joined them on Christmas Eve in Bethlehem. Together, we visited Manger Square to hear the singing of choirs from around the world and then went by bus to a church in Shepherds' Field where we celebrated Midnight Mass. We all returned to Jerusalem after Christmas Eve Mass.

On Christmas Day, my birthday, Father Mike and I took a city bus back to Bethlehem where we concelebrated Christmas morning Mass at the birthplace of Jesus. That was a memorable birthday for me and Christmas Day for us. We returned to Jerusalem and joined the Franciscans at Casa Nova for Christmas dinner in the Old City of Jerusalem.

RETURN TO CALIFORNIA

On December 30, I said farewell to my friend Michael Trainor and flew from Tel Aviv to Athens where I spent an overnight. The next morning, the last day of 1980, I flew from Athens to New York and then on to Sacramento, arriving in Sacramento on New Year's Day, 1981.

CHECKING IN WITH BISHOP QUINN

I was one of the first priests of the diocese to take an official sabbatical. I had asked Bishop Quinn for a year's sabbatical but he was concerned that if I had a year, I might set a precedent so he granted me a semester instead. In early January I met with Bishop Quinn to tell him about my

Israel sabbatical experience. I was expecting an assignment but the bishop told me there was no parish opening at that time so I returned to my brother's home in Placerville.

When Father Charles Brady, pastor of Colusa, was appointed pastor of Holy Spirit parish in Sacramento in early 1981, Bishop Quinn called on me to fill in at Colusa until a new pastor was appointed. I served in Colusa for a month until Father Robert Coffey arrived to take over the parish. The bishop also asked me to fill in for Holy Week in Gridley while Father Vincent Lenehan was recuperating from surgery. After Easter I returned to Placerville until June.

Bishop Quinn wanted to appoint me to Saint Robert Parish in Sacramento as parochial vicar. I made a visit to the pastor, Father Toby Vereker, and told him I was happy to come to the parish but that I was seeking a pastorate and probably would not stay long at Saint Robert parish. Toby thought it best then that I not come since my time in the parish might be too short.

ASSIGNED AS PAROCHIAL VICAR OF PRESENTATION PARISH, SACRAMENTO



Photo by John E Boll

Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary Church, Sacramento

I reported back to Bishop Quinn and in June he appointed me parochial vicar of Presentation Parish, succeeding Father Thomas Prendergast. Monsignor Eymard Gallagher was pastor of Presentation Parish at the time. I served the parish for two years and enjoyed my ministry there. The Presentation Sisters taught at the parish school and became my good friends. I usually visited the sisters in the evening around 9 pm to join them for a cup of tea. They became my support group during those two years and we have remained friends ever since.

FIRST PASTORATE – SAINT JOSEPH PARISH, LINCOLN



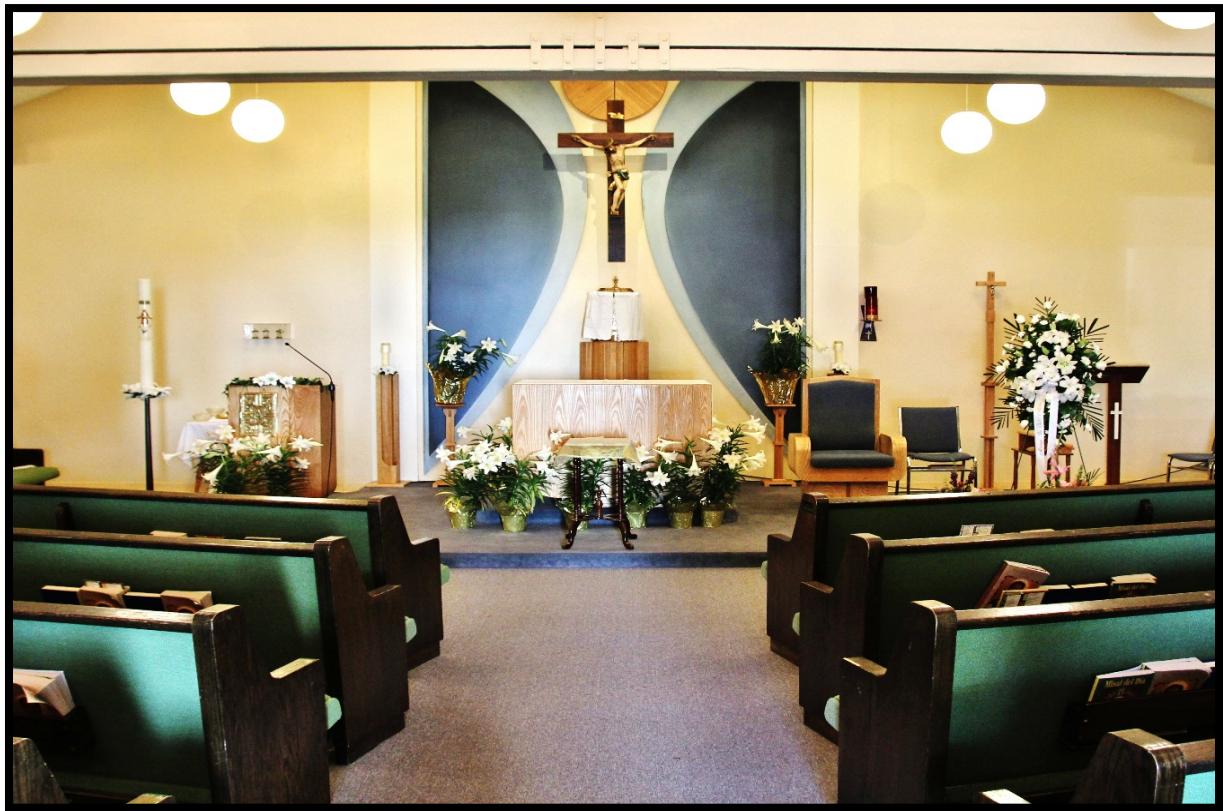
Photo by John E Boll

Saint Joseph Church, Lincoln in the 1980s

After I returned from my sabbatical in 1981, I was elected to the Priest Personnel Board. I applied for every pastorate that became available. On my thirteenth application, the Personnel Board recommended me to Bishop Quinn for the pastorate of Saint Joseph Parish in Lincoln. The retiring pastor, Father Arnold "Lefty" Schaffer, had been pastor of Lincoln for 30 years.

I had never been to Lincoln so I decided to take a quick ride there on my motorcycle to see what kind of parish I had been appointed to. I found the parish and when I walked into the small church on 6th and D Streets, my heart nearly stopped. The church looked run down, paint chipping off the ceiling and everything in need of attention. I met Father Schaffer who showed me the rectory which was in decent condition. However, I knew this parish was going to be a challenge for me.

At my request, Bishop Quinn installed me as pastor. I spent nine happy years as pastor of Saint Joseph Parish. There were two mission churches, Saint Daniel Church in Wheatland and Saint Boniface Church in Nicolaus. During those nine years, I oversaw a parish fund drive to raise money to build a new church in Lincoln. The drive raised a million dollars and the parish received a bequest of land from the Ferrari family as a building site for the new church. I also did some renovation of Saint Daniel Church in Wheatland and Saint Boniface Church in Nicolaus.



Saint Daniel Church, Wheatland



Saint Boniface Church, Nicolaus

INTRODUCTION TO COMMUNITY ORGANIZING

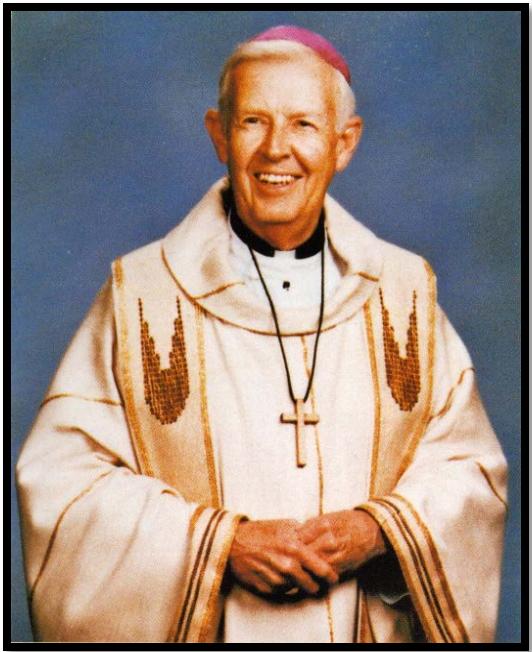


SVOC Leadership Team with Sister Pearl Cesar, Center, Lead Organizer

One day I received a call from Father Colin Macdonald who asked if I would be interested in meeting Mr Larry Gordon who was a community organizer from the IAF (Industrial Area Foundation). Knowing nothing about community organizing, I agreed to meet Mr Gordon. He explained that there are two sources of power that can bring about change - organized money and organized people. Community organizing builds relationships and teaches how to organize people in order to create enough power to address issues and bring about change on issues faced by a community. Larry's explanation made sense so I invited interested parishioners to come and hear his presentation. This was the beginning of my involvement in community organizing for the next 20 years. Over those years, organizing brought about many positive things. Low income families were able to buy new low cost homes with government help through the organizing efforts of the Sacramento Valley Organizing Community (SVOC) which I helped found. I brought organizing to all the parishes I served until I retired.

VICAR FOR PRIESTS

In 1990, Bishop Quinn invited the priests of the diocese to recommend to him a priest from the presbyterate to succeed Father Nicholas Duggan as vicar for priests. I was the one recommended by the priests and Bishop Quinn asked me if I would accept this role in addition to my duties as pastor of Lincoln. For two years I served as both pastor and vicar for priests. The demands on my time increased and I spoke to the bishop about relieving me of one of these two ministries. We talked together and decided that I should become full-time vicar for priests so I stepped down as pastor of Lincoln in 1992.



After serving Saint Joseph Parish for nine years, I became full time vicar for priests. My pastorate of Lincoln which included the towns of Wheatland and Nicolaus had been a positive experience and I loved and appreciated the parishioners of my first pastorate.

I left Lincoln in July 1992 and took up residence at Saint Lawrence Parish in North Highlands with Father Gerald Ryle who was pastor. Jerry and I were seminarians together at Saint Pius X Seminary in Rio Dell in the 1950s and I was happy to live in residence with him at Saint Lawrence rectory. Stella Caldwell, who lived in residence at the parish rectory, was the chef of the house and prepared many excellent meals for us.

Bishop Francis Quinn

In the summer of 1993 while I was on vacation in Canada, I received a telephone call from Bishop Quinn who asked if I would be willing to move to the new parish of Saint Clare in Antelope to serve as administrator. When Father Ben De Leon, founding pastor of Saint Clare Parish, heard that McClellan Air Force Base in North Highlands was scheduled to close, he was pretty sure Saint Clare Parish would not survive with the loss of the largest employer in the North Highlands area. He left Saint Clare Parish to become pastor of Divine Savior Parish in Chico. That left Saint Clare Parish without a priest.

ADMINISTRATOR OF SAINT CLARE PARISH, ANTELOPE

Realizing the pastoral need for a resident priest at Saint Clare Parish, I agreed to move to Saint Clare rectory which was only two miles away from Saint Lawrence Church. When I arrived in this new parish, there were no parish facilities yet, only a three-bedroom house on Shandwick Drive that Father Ben purchased as the priest's residence. This proved to be a comfortable and pleasant residence for me. The Lutheran Church on Watt Avenue rented its church to Saint Clare parish where we celebrated Mass on Saturday and Sunday evenings.

The parish later rented the Bear River School's gymnasium where we celebrated Sunday morning Mass at 9 am which fitted parishioners' schedules much better. I also celebrated morning Mass a couple times a week at Saint Lawrence Parish to help Father Ryle.

As vicar for priests, I traveled the diocese visiting the priests in their parishes. I had to deal with conflicts between pastors and parochial vicars, pastors and deacons, and priests and parishioners. This part of my ministry was not always easy or pleasant but I enjoyed the times I spent with priests in their home and sharing a meal with them at their table. The priests were hospitable to me and appreciated my visit to see how they were doing personally and professionally.



Photo by John E Boll 2015

Saint Clare Church in West Roseville Today

I served as vicar for priests for five years. Bishop Quinn retired in 1993 and was succeeded by Bishop William Weigand on January 27, 1994. I continued serving as vicar for priests and administrator of Saint Clare Parish until November 1994. When Father Cornelius O'Donnell completed twelve years as pastor of Holy Rosary Parish in Woodland, he moved to Saint John the Evangelist Parish, Dunsmuir which was smaller and less stressful for him. When I heard that Woodland was vacant, I instinctively knew that either Father Manuel Soria who succeeded me in Lincoln or I would be asked to serve as pastor of Woodland. Sure enough, my intuition was right; I was the one tapped for this pastorate. By going to Woodland, I ended my ministry as vicar for priests and administrator of Saint Clare Parish.

PASTOR OF WOODLAND

Bishop Weigand appointed me pastor of Woodland and I arrived in the parish on November 17, 1994. I served as pastor for the next eleven years until October 16, 2005.

Holy Rosary Parish was one of the larger parishes in the diocese. Its economic base was farming and business. There were families who had lived in Woodland for generations and immigrants who came from Mexico and Central or South America. My first challenge was dealing with repairs to parish facilities. The roofs on most of the parish buildings needed immediate attention. As I set about the repair work I heard that some parishioners complained that this new pastor was spending all the money Father O'Donnell had saved over the years when he was pastor.



Photo by John E Boll

Holy Rosary Church, Woodland

After completing the initial repair work, the next challenge was leading the parish community forward as we began to plan for the future needs of the parish which included a new parish community center and a new church.



Photo by John E Boll 2004

The New Holy Rosary Parish Community Center

Since 1884, Holy Rosary Parish was blessed to have the Holy Rosary Academy that was staffed by the Holy Cross Sisters from Indiana. In October 1952, the Academy caught fire and was severely damaged. Under the leadership of Monsignor John Tumulty, a new school was built in 1956 but no parish hall was included in the project. For years the parish school's sports teams had to find other venues for practice and playing indoor sports like basketball and volleyball.

As part of the planning process, I involved the whole parish community in deciding what they wanted to build first, a community center or a church. That question was put to a parish vote and the majority voted to build a community center first. In 2002, a professional fund raising firm was hired to lead the parish fund drive. Through parishioners' generosity and some large gifts from friends of the parish, the drive raised \$2.5 million dollars. With the help of a loan from the diocese, Holy Rosary Parish was able to build a 21,000 sq. ft. complex with a high school size indoor basketball court with hardwood floors, three meeting rooms, Faith Formation and Parish Youth offices and a commercial kitchen. By working together, the parish community accomplished the task of building the parish community center which was dedicated by Bishop William Weigand on Sunday, September 22, 2002.

THE PARISH LOW POWER RADIO STATION -- KYLO 93.3 FM

As we were in full swing building the new community center, the parish was notified by the FCC that it was granted a license to begin a low power radio station in the parish. We quickly created a space in the new community center where the radio studio would be located.

With only a few weeks left, the radio station had to be in operation or lose the license. A parishioner told me about a radio technician named Mike Martin-dale who might be willing to help get the radio station up and running. I contacted Michael and he seemed interested in helping. He was a technician for the KVON radio station in Napa and knew what to do. He ordered what was needed and in two weeks, on the day before the permit was to expire, the Holy Rosary radio station was on the air.



Later, I purchased a computerized radio system to operate the station automatically providing both religious and classical music in both English and Spanish 24 hours a day. We also broadcasted Sunday morning Mass from Holy Rosary Church over KYLO Radio, 93.3 FM. Since the station is low power, it has a broadcast radius of seven miles but that covered the city of Woodland with music. I am happy to say that the radio station continues to operate and provides the Woodland area with good music all day, every day of the year.

MY SECOND SABBATICAL -- ROME

It was now twenty years since my first sabbatical to Israel in 1980 and I felt it was time for me to take a second sabbatical. Having spent my first sabbatical in Jerusalem, the next obvious place was Rome. I applied to the sabbatical program at the Pontifical North American College in Rome and was accepted. Joining me on sabbatical were Sacramento priests Father Joseph Ternullo, newly appointed pastor of Saint Lawrence Parish in North Highlands, and Monsignor James Mennis, recently retired chaplain in the US Air Force.

The sabbatical in Rome was a good experience although I was disappointed in the quality of some of the classes. A few days after arriving in Rome in early September 2000, I attended the Mass of Beatification of Pope John XXIII and four others. The Mass was held in the piazza of Saint Peter's Basilica. During my semester sabbatical in Rome I grew to love and appreciate the beauty of Italy and its wonderful foods, wines, gelato and spirited people.



**NAC Sabbatical Group's Audience with Pope John Paul II
Piazza of Saint Peter's Basilica, Rome, November 8, 2000**

This was the day after the disputed US Presidential Election of November 7, 2000 when no one yet knew for sure who was elected US President, Al Gore or George Bush?

***The "Gee, It's Fun To Sing
In Church" Award***



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Alinari-Art Resource

***Is Presented To
Fr. John Boll
In Appreciation For Bringing
The Joy Of Song
To ICTE Liturgies.***



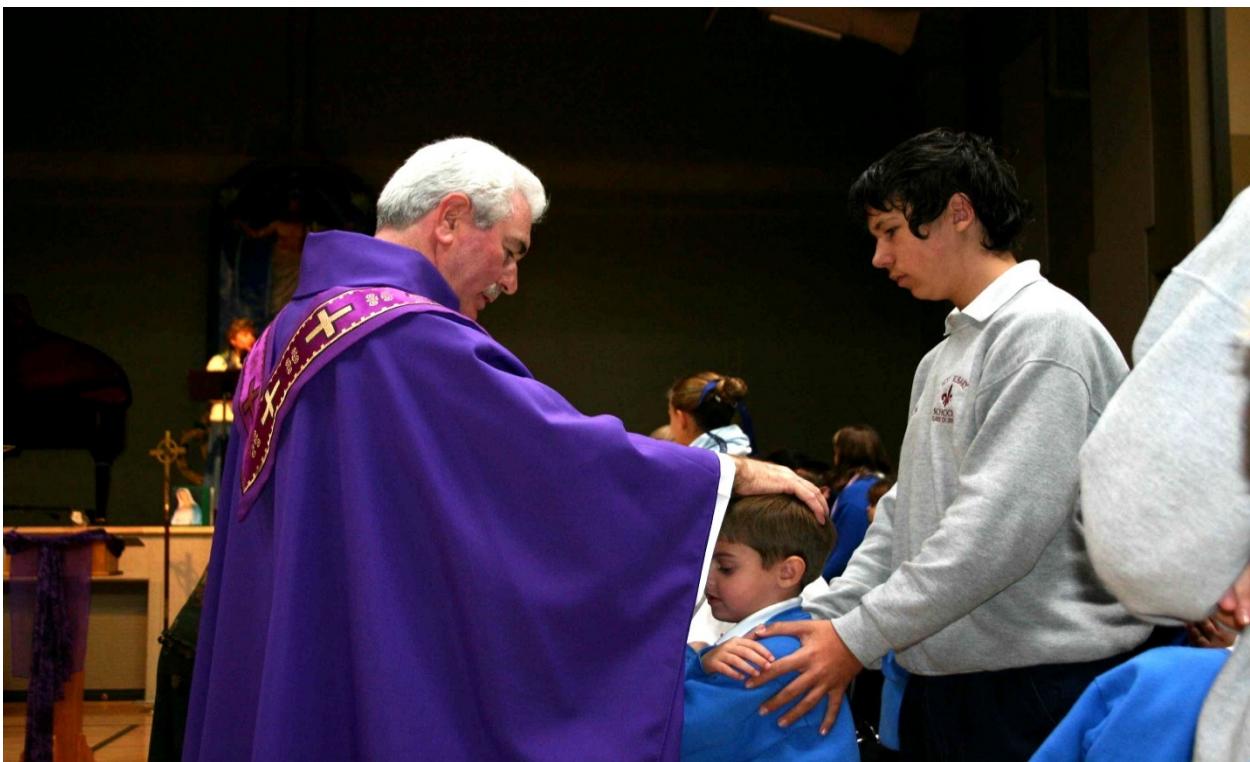
*Given in Rome on this the 20th
Day of November
In the Year of Our Lord 2000*

LAST YEARS IN WOODLAND

During my eleven years as pastor of Holy Rosary Parish in Woodland, there were always three priests on staff since we had nine weekend Masses not including baptisms, weddings and quinceañeras. During those years, I had twelve different parochial vicars in Woodland. The longest serving vicar was Father Colm O'Kelly who served eight years with me. He and I made a good team and I appreciated his many years of pastoral experience.

My plan was to retire from pastoral ministry when I reached 65 years of age. In 2005 I was 62 and planned to remain in Woodland for three more years and then request to retire. However, my parochial vicars Father Colm O'Kelly retired and Father Juan Pérez requested a move for health reasons. With both parochial vicars leaving, Bishop Weigand assigned two new parochial

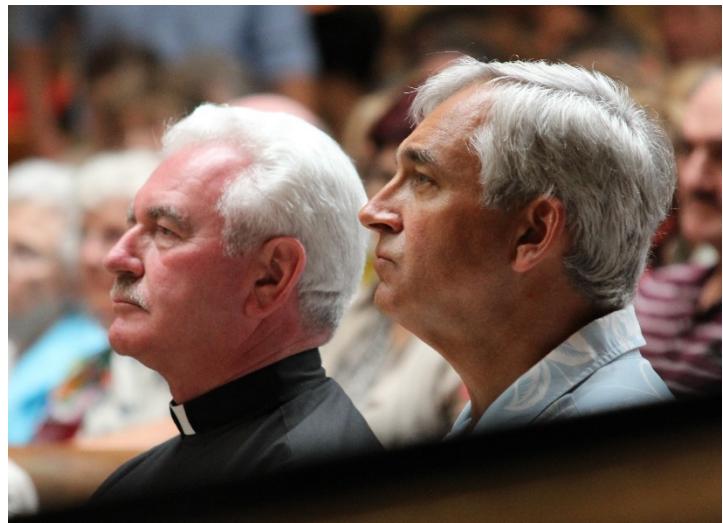
vicars to Woodland. Unfortunately, we had conflicting ideas about ministry and time commitment to the parish. I was debating with myself how to handle this new pastoral challenge.



School Mass at Holy Rosary Parish Community Center

On Friday, the last day to apply for Saint Anthony Parish in Sacramento, I attended a workshop at the Diocesan Pastoral Center. Mr Ned Dolejsi, Executive Director of the California Conference of Bishops and a parishioner of Saint Anthony Parish, asked me during one of the breaks if I had applied. I responded, "Applied for what?" He said, "Saint Anthony Parish." I said, "Why would I apply for Saint Anthony Parish?" He told me that if I came to Saint Anthony parish, all I would have to do is be nice to people and they would do the rest. I knew that was an exaggeration but it sure sounded good!

I did nothing about his suggestion until Saturday evening. After the Vigil Mass, I went to my office at the parish pastoral center and began to compose an email letter of application for Saint Anthony Parish for the Personnel Board. After completing the letter, I sat at my computer debating whether to send it. After fifteen minutes of pondering whether to push the send button or not, my finger suddenly hit "send" and off went the letter. I did not expect to hear anything since my application was sent after the Friday deadline.



Father John and Ned Dolejsi

On Monday afternoon at 5:05 pm, I received a call from Bishop Weigand. He told me the Personnel Board recommended me for the pastorate of Saint Anthony Parish. He reminded me that the appointment was for six years and wanted to know if I intended to stay for six years. I told him I would strongly consider it. With that vague response from me, he appointed me pastor of Saint Anthony parish.

The next day I gathered together the Woodland parish staff and told them I had been appointed pastor of Saint Anthony Parish in Sacramento. We all cried together. This was a very difficult move for me because I was not sure I had made the right decision.

FINAL PASTORATE – SAINT ANTHONY PARISH, SACRAMENTO



Father Brendan O'Sullivan was the founding pastor of Saint Anthony Parish in Sacramento and had served as pastor for thirty years. A number of generations of parishioners had known only him as their pastor. I knew parishioners were mourning his departure just as I was mourning my move. I called to tell him I had been appointed his successor; he was delighted with the news. I had known Brendan for many years and considered him a friend. I was encouraged and hopeful that the transition would be smooth and positive.

The Saint Anthony parish community welcomed me from the first day of my arrival. At my first Sunday parish Mass, the children had prepared a welcome booklet and presented it to me at the end of the 9:30 Mass. From that first Sunday I felt we were off to a good start.

During my five years as pastor of Saint Anthony Parish, I was an on-site pastor. I mixed with the people and attended most of the parish functions. I often was the last one to leave an event.

PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE

About three years into my five years at Saint Anthony Parish, I consulted with the Parish Pastoral Council about inviting Sister Pearl Cesar to do a series of in depth interviews with parishioners to find out what they hoped to see the parish do in the next five years to meet the changing needs of the parish and larger community. The Council supported the hiring of Sister Pearl to do the study. She did in-depth interviews with about 100 parishioners and reported her findings to me and the Parish Pastoral Council. Working with a steering committee, she synthesized what she heard and helped form goals and objectives for the parish community to consider.



Sister Pearl Cesar

The discernment process was brought to completion with a Sunday afternoon convocation when specific proposals were presented to the parish community for discussion and a vote. This process gave the parish a vision for the future and a plan on how to achieve the goals. The parish set about the work of making these goals a reality in order to more effectively minister to the real needs of the local and larger community.

RETIREMENT FROM PARISH MINISTRY

Six months before I turned 67, I wrote a letter to Bishop Soto requesting to retire on June 30, 2010. He granted my request. The Saint Anthony Parish community hosted a retirement farewell celebration for me. Parishioners prepared delicious foods for the 800 + family, friends and parishioners from all the parishes I had served who came to this celebration, including Bishops Francis Quinn and Jaime Soto.



Photo by Christine 2010

Retirement Celebration for me Sponsored by Saint Anthony Parish on June 6, 2010

I invited a representative from each of my former parishes to speak for a few minutes about my ministry in those parishes. It was an affirming and joyful celebration and I greatly appreciated the diocesan community honoring my 40 years of service as a priest of the Diocese of Sacramento.

Photos of my Retirement Celebration



Fr John

Bishop Francis Quinn

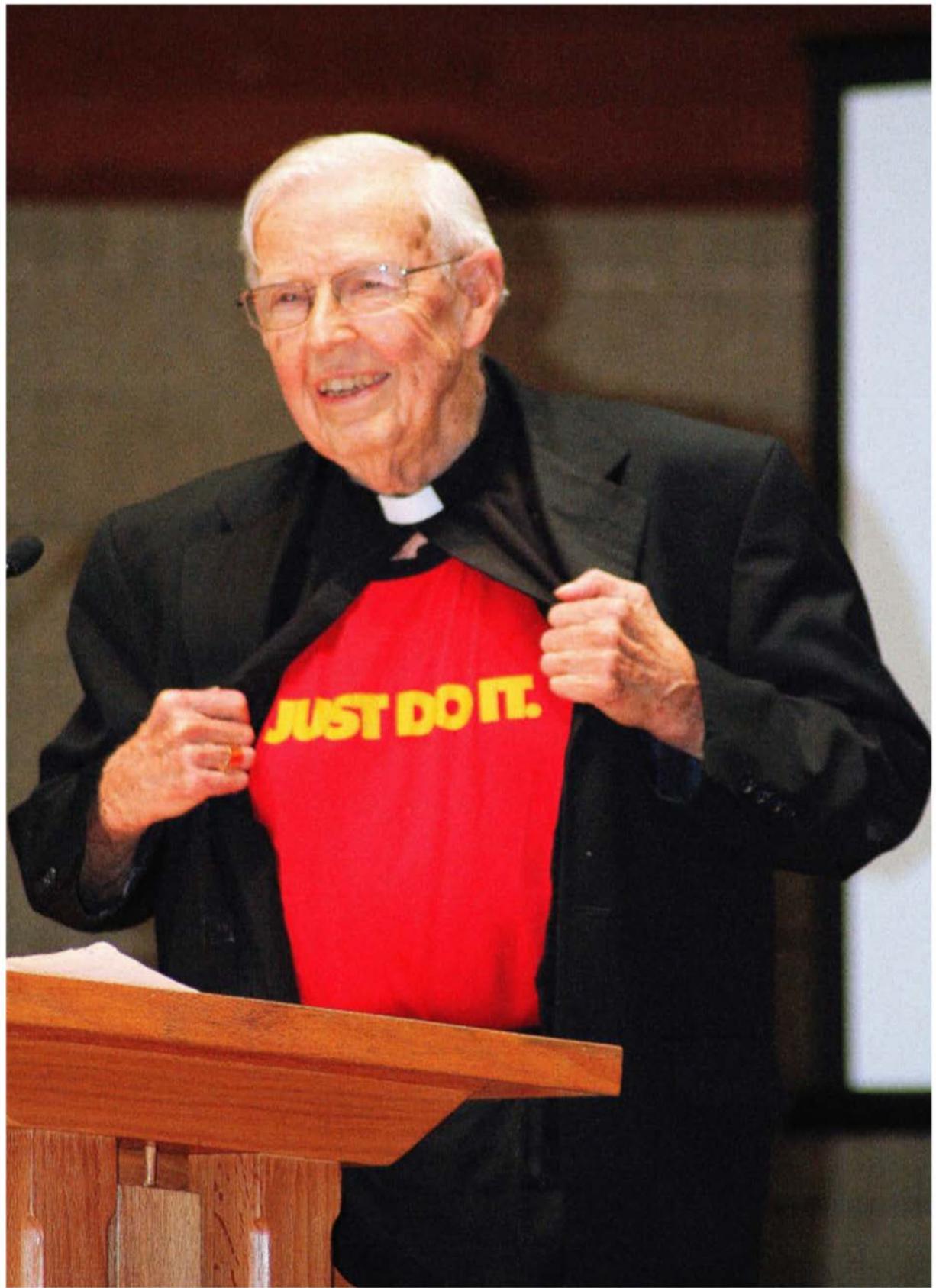
Msgr Brendan O'Sullivan



Bishop Jaime Soto speaks at the Celebration



Father John thanks the Community for their Love and Support



Bishop Quinn says, don't just talk about it; "Just Do It!"



Alex Trussell speaks on behalf of the Saint Anthony Parish Youth Group

Alex was struck and killed by a car as he was walking in Reno, NV in the fall of 2016. He was 24 years old.



Twins, Craig and Kenny Martinez from Woodland, came to wish Fr John a Happy Retirement

AS I LOOK BACK ON MY LIFE

As I stated in the beginning of this autobiography, when I was a pre-teen I thought about three possible vocations: being a priest, serving as a funeral director, or working in the travel industry. Reviewing my life's journey, I was able to participate in all three of my childhood dreams. I have been a priest all my professional life; I worked closely with funeral directors and celebrated hundreds of vigils and funerals; and I continue to travel the world as a chaplain on Holland America Cruise Line. All three of my childhood dreams have been fulfilled. God has been very kind and generous to me on my life's journey.

LIFE IN RETIREMENT

In retirement, I had hoped to live in the Monterey area where the climate is cooler. I contacted Bishop Richard Garcia to see if he could find a rectory in the Monterey area where I could live in residence. He thought that would be no problem but soon discovered that no pastor wanted to give up the extra suite in his rectory in case he needed it for visits from family or friends.

With that option unavailable, I applied for one of the new apartments being constructed at the diocesan Priests' Retirement Village in Citrus Heights. I chose apartment 7B which has become my residence in retirement. On the other side of the wall of the duplex where I live is the apartment of Father Calm O'Kelly. When we ministered together in Woodland, his suite was next to mine so here we are again, neighbors living next to one another once again.



Photo by John E boll 2016

My Apartment Kitchen at the Saint John Vianney Priests' Retirement Village



My residence at the Priests' Retirement Village, Citrus Heights, CA

THE JOY OF RETIREMENT

Since June 30, 2010 when I retired, I have continued to be active. Two weeks after I retired, I was sailing to Alaska on Holland America's *ms Zaandam* as the Catholic chaplain on board. I serve as chaplain on two or three cruises a year. I have visited every continent on earth and in 2013, I was the Catholic chaplain on the World Cruise, making many new friends on that 115 day cruise around the world. As I write this autobiography in April 2016 I am on a five-week cruise to French Polynesia in the South Pacific.

For the past five years I have served as the Diocesan Archivist. When I am home, I often help on weekends celebrating Masses for brother priests who need assistance. This gives me the opportunity to see firsthand how parish life is going in the diocese.

GRATEFUL TO OUR GRACIOUS GOD

God has blessed me with good health all my life. I have never been a patient in the hospital for the past 73 years. My father once told me that if I wanted to travel, I should do it while I am young. I have taken his advice and have traveled somewhere every year for the past 50 plus years.

My life as a priest has been interesting, joyful and fulfilling. If I had the choice to live life over, I would change only a few things. I am grateful to God for the gift of life given to me, the family I was blessed to be born into, the vocation God called me to from my youth, this past half century of ministerial priesthood, my priest friends and the many wonderful parishioners and friends I have made on the adventure of my life.

I am grateful for these years of retirement I have enjoyed so far and the world travel I have been able to do. And to realize that all of this is just a prelude to the life and joy God has prepared for all who love Him.

*Wow, what a great journey this has been
And the best is yet to come!!!*



*I love Sunrises and Sunsets;
They Reveal the Power and Beauty of God.
I end my Autobiography with this Photograph of a Sunrise
I Took in the South Pacific on April 27, 2016.
Thank you God for Revealing the Beauty of your Face
through the Sunrises and Sunsets in our Lives!*

MY LIFE'S JOURNEY THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHS

My Family Ancestors



My Grandmother Josephine Boll



My Father Frank and Grandmother Josephine



My Mother as a Young Lady



My Parents' Wedding Day in 1930



**My Mother
Katherine Magdalene Pfeiffer**

1929



L-R, My Brothers Andrew, Clement and Fredolin circa 1934



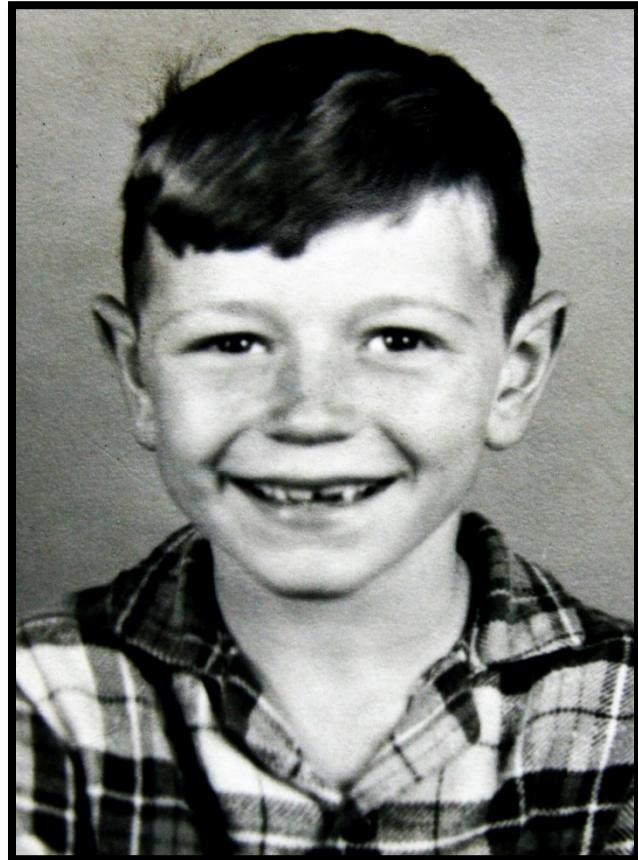
L-R, My Brothers Joseph, Clement, Andrew and Fredolin circa 1938



Family Portrait 1953

L-R Back Row: Brothers Fredolin, Andrew, Clement and Joseph

Front Row: Frank, my father, John, Katherine, my mother



John, Seven Years of Age in 1949



Mass Server at Saint Patrick Church, Placerville, Christmas 1956

THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH



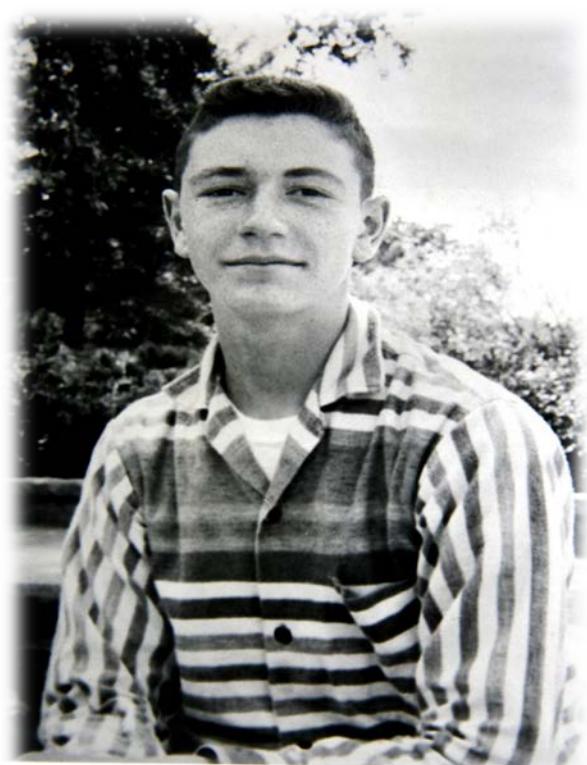
Eighth Grade



Sixth Grade



Explorer Scout



High School Freshman



My Parents, Frank and Katherine Boll



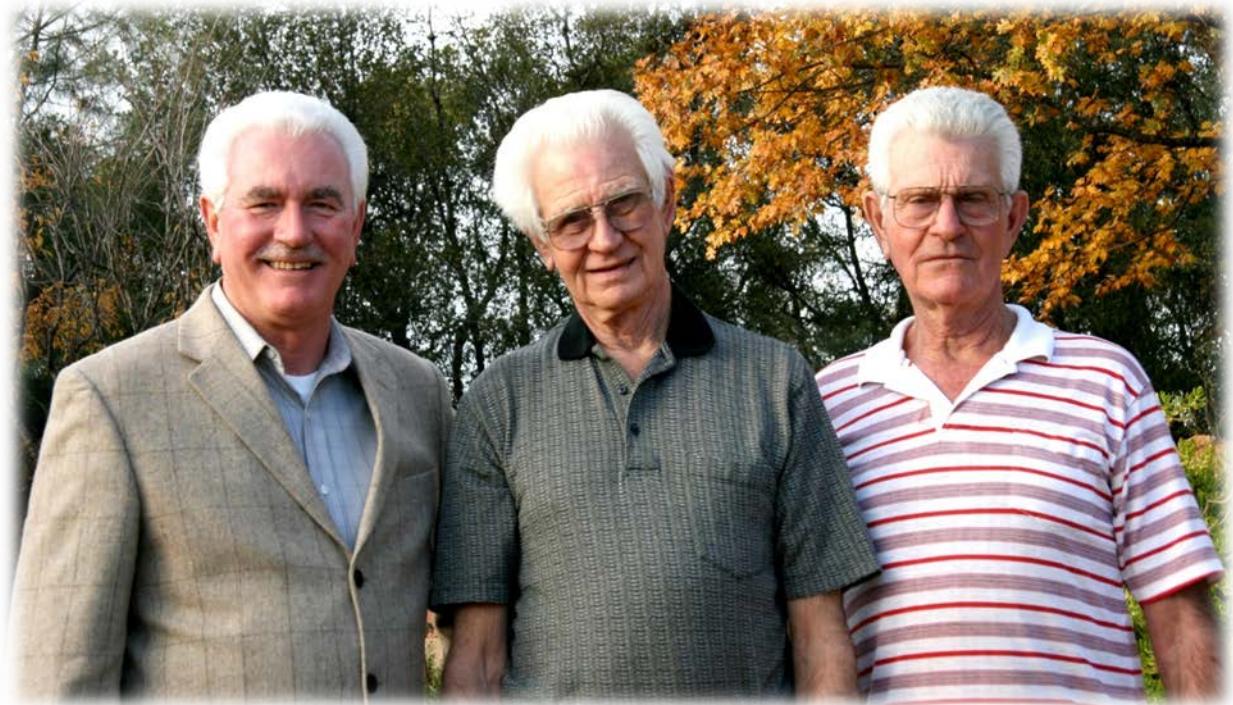
Bikers, Brothers Joe on Left, John on Right, 1960s



My Parents' 40th Wedding Anniversary 1970



Family Photo at my Brother Joseph's Wedding, September 1969
L-R Clement, John, Joseph, Parent Frank and Katherine, Fredolin and Andrew



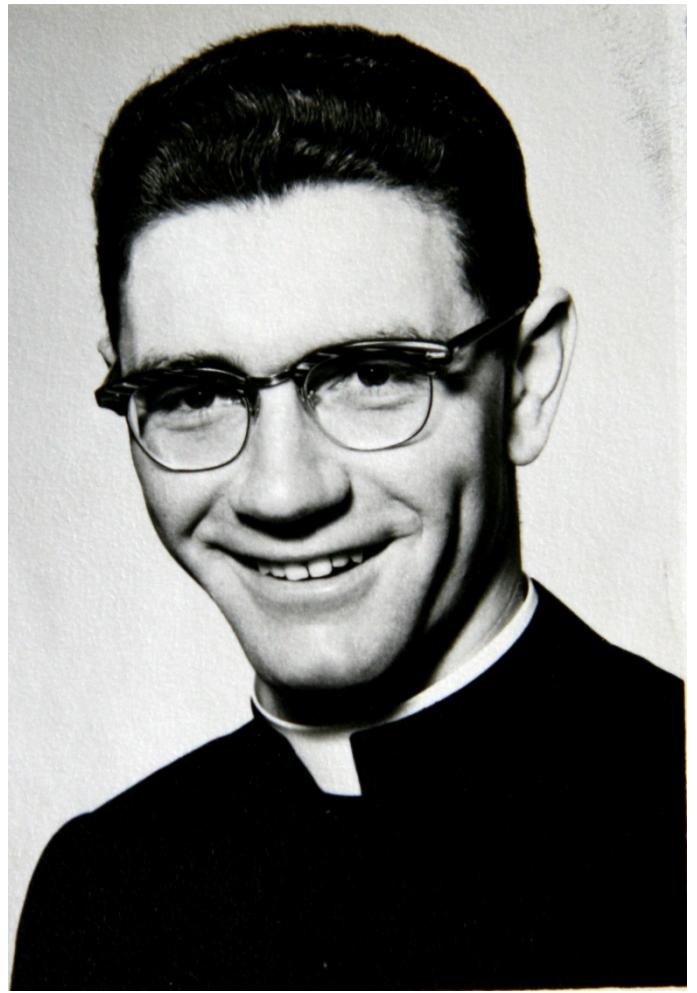
The Three Living Brothers – John, Clement and Joseph, 2009



Some of the Boll Clan, Thanksgiving Day, 2010



Dominican Father John J Boll, OP, pays a visit to Diocesan Father John E Boll



MY LIFE OF MINISTRY



**Diaconate Ordination
Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament
May 29, 1969**



Lighting the Easter Candle, Easter Vigil in 2010



Bishop Soto's Pastoral Visit to Saint Anthony Parish 2010



Blessing a new outdoor Cross donated by Amelia Winters, St Anthony Church

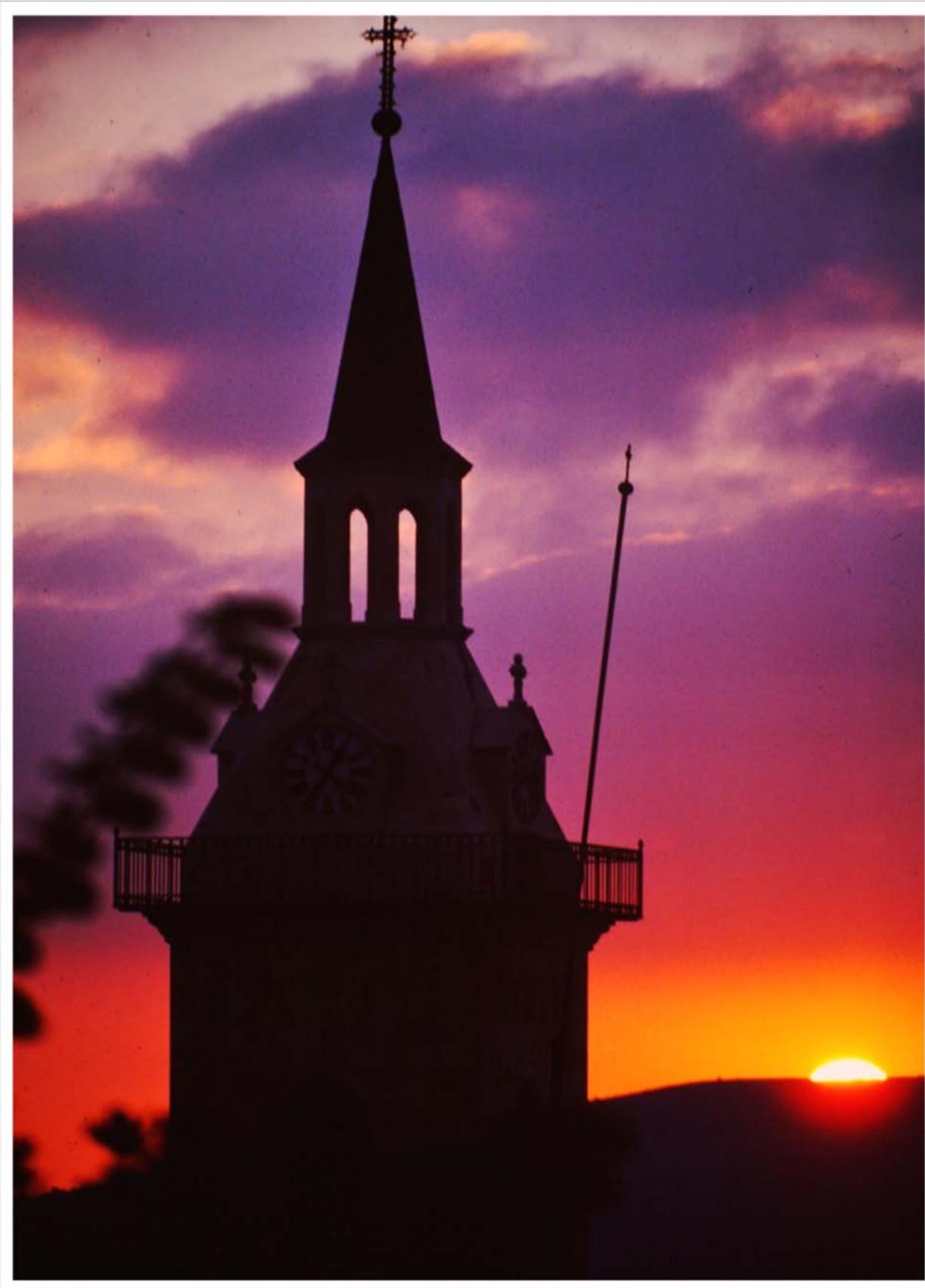


Palm Sunday, Saint Anthony Parish, Sacramento 2008

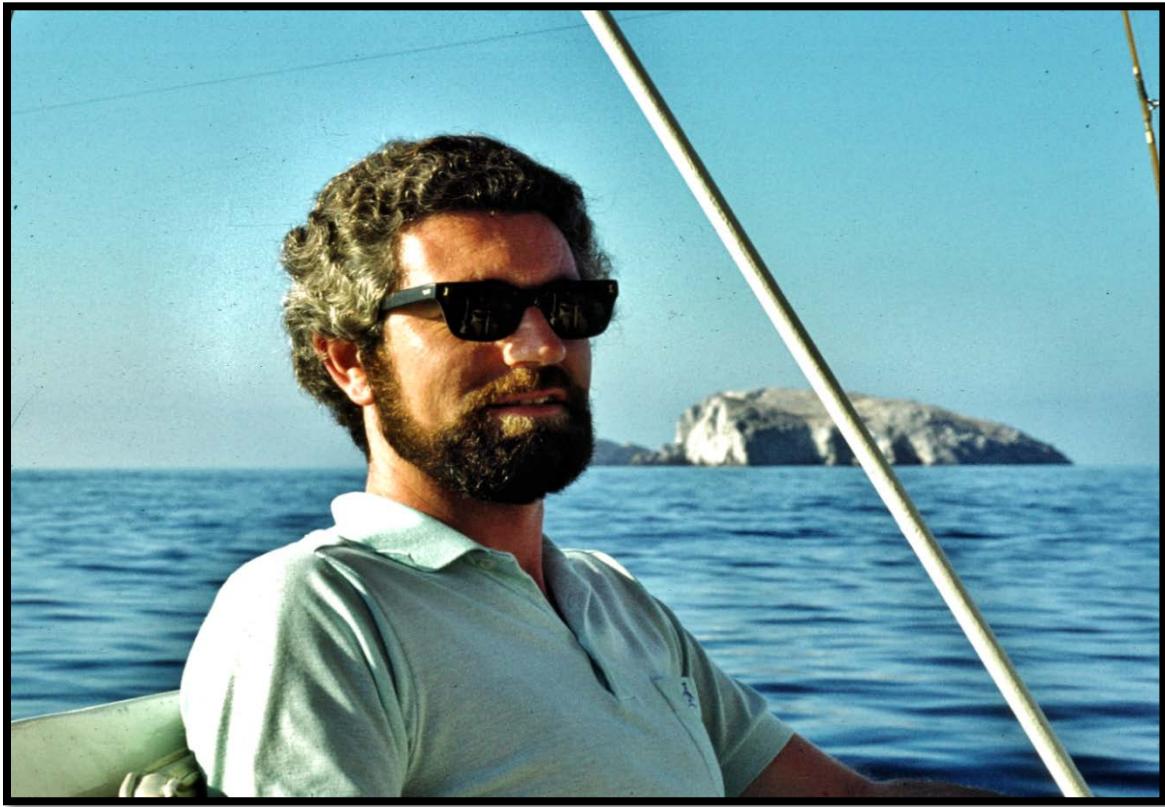
MY LIFE OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE



A Wednesday Ski Day at Heavenly Valley, CA 1970s



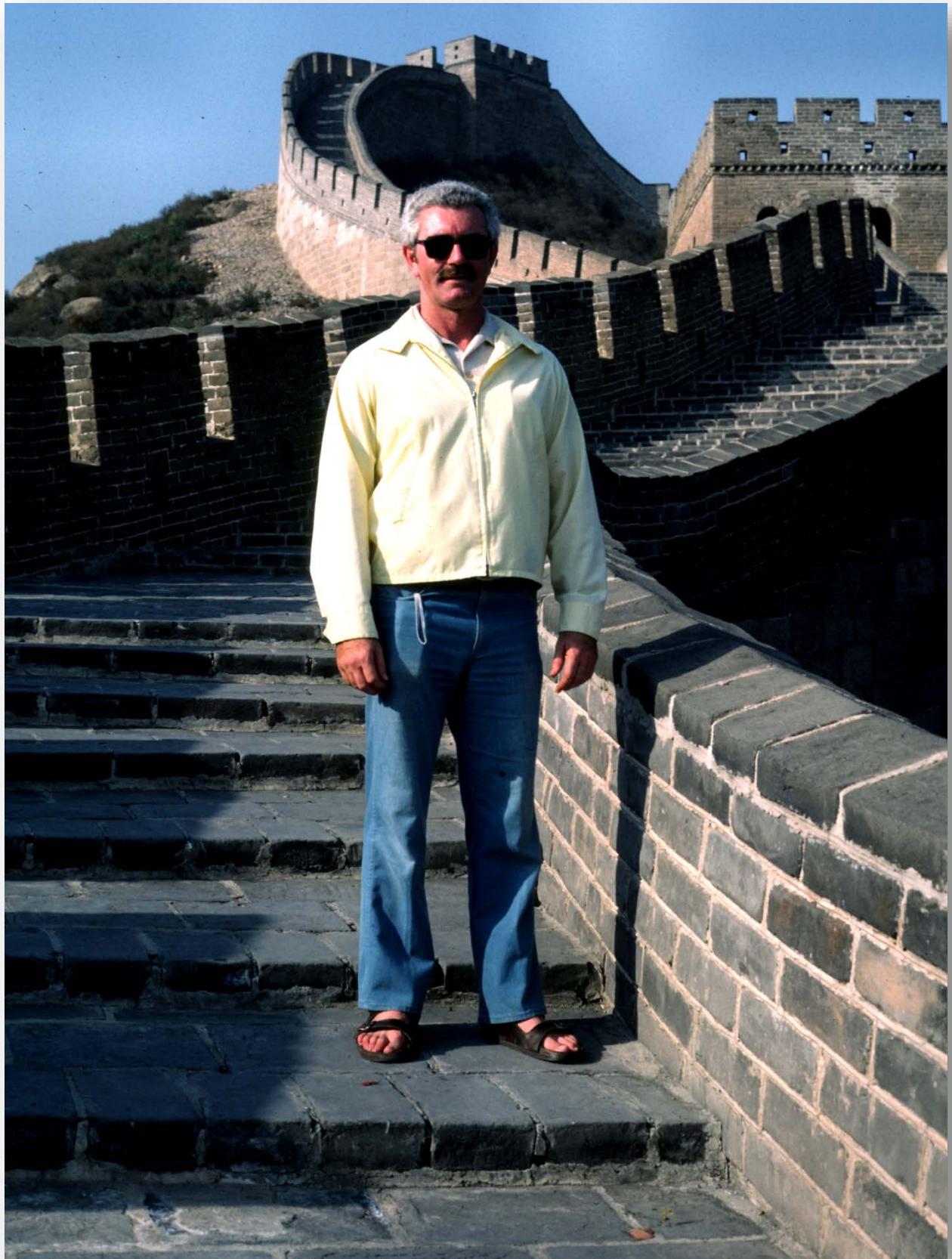
Sunset in Ein Karem, Israel, Birthplace of John the Baptist, Sabbatical 1980



Deep Sea Fishing, Manzanillo, Mexico circa 1975



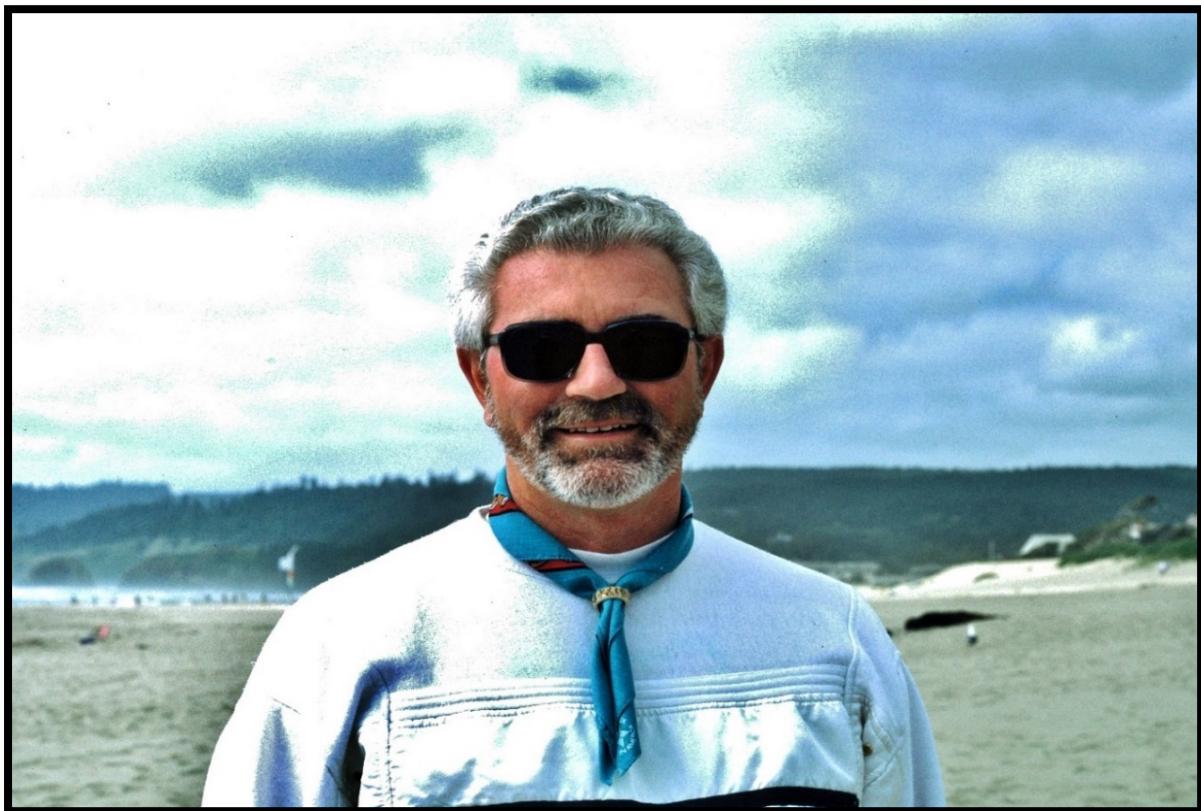
Aztec Temples, Mexico City 1986



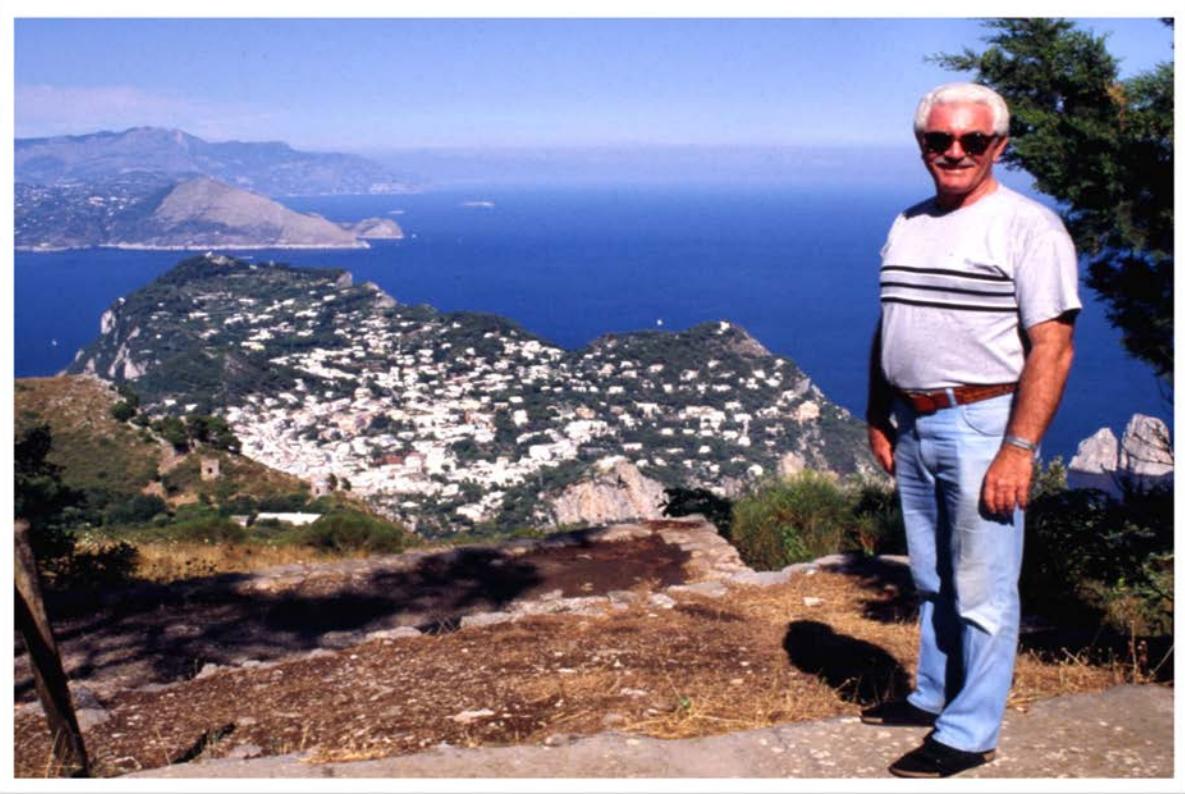
The Great Wall of China, Beijing, China 1987



Lincoln Parish Tour Group in Beijing, China 1987



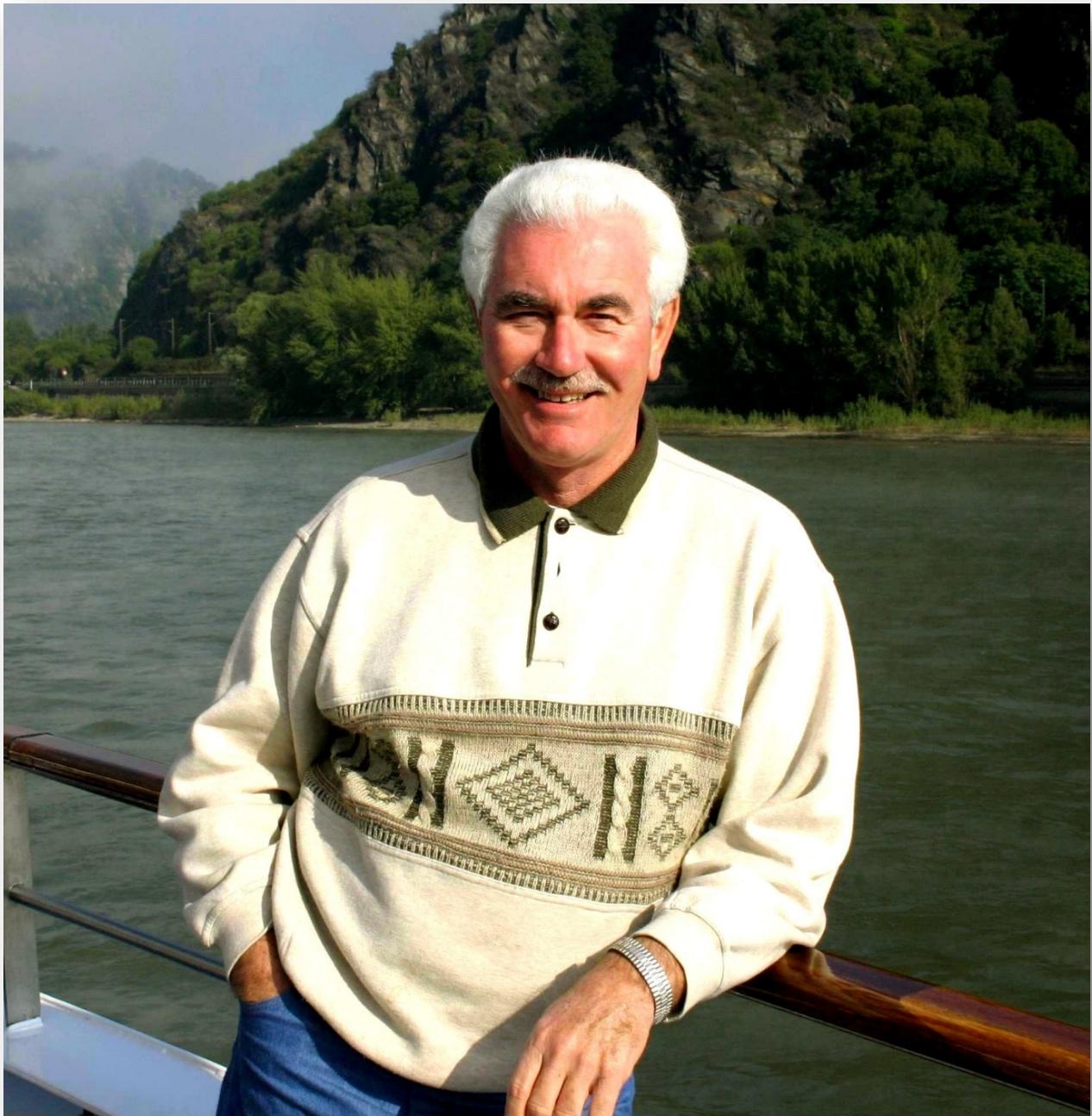
Vacationing at Waterton Lake, Alberta, Canada 1993



Ana Capri, Island of Capri, Mediterranean 2002



Father Joe Ternullo and I at the entrance to Sydney Harbor, Australia 2004



Viking River Cruise through Europe, 2005



Rudesheim, Germany on the Rheine River 2005



Presidential Palace, Buenos Aires, Argentina 2006



Iguazu Falls, Brazil 2006



Machu Picchu, Peru 2006



Deep Sea Salmon Fishing off the Coast of San Francisco 2007



Celebrating Mass at the Church of Saint John Vianney, Ars, France 2007



Parish Group Mass at Taizé, France, Assisted by Deacon Jim Healy 2007



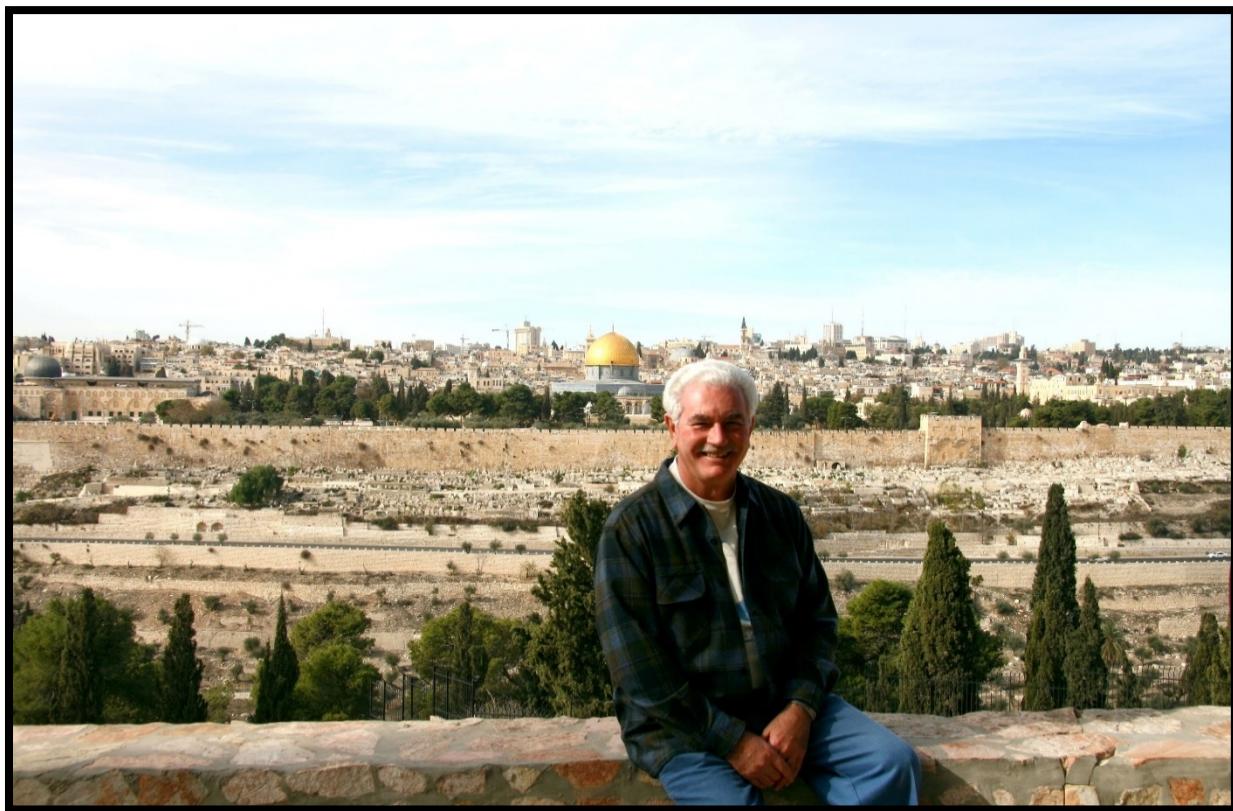
Saint Anthony Parish Tour Group, Pyrenees Mountains, France 2007



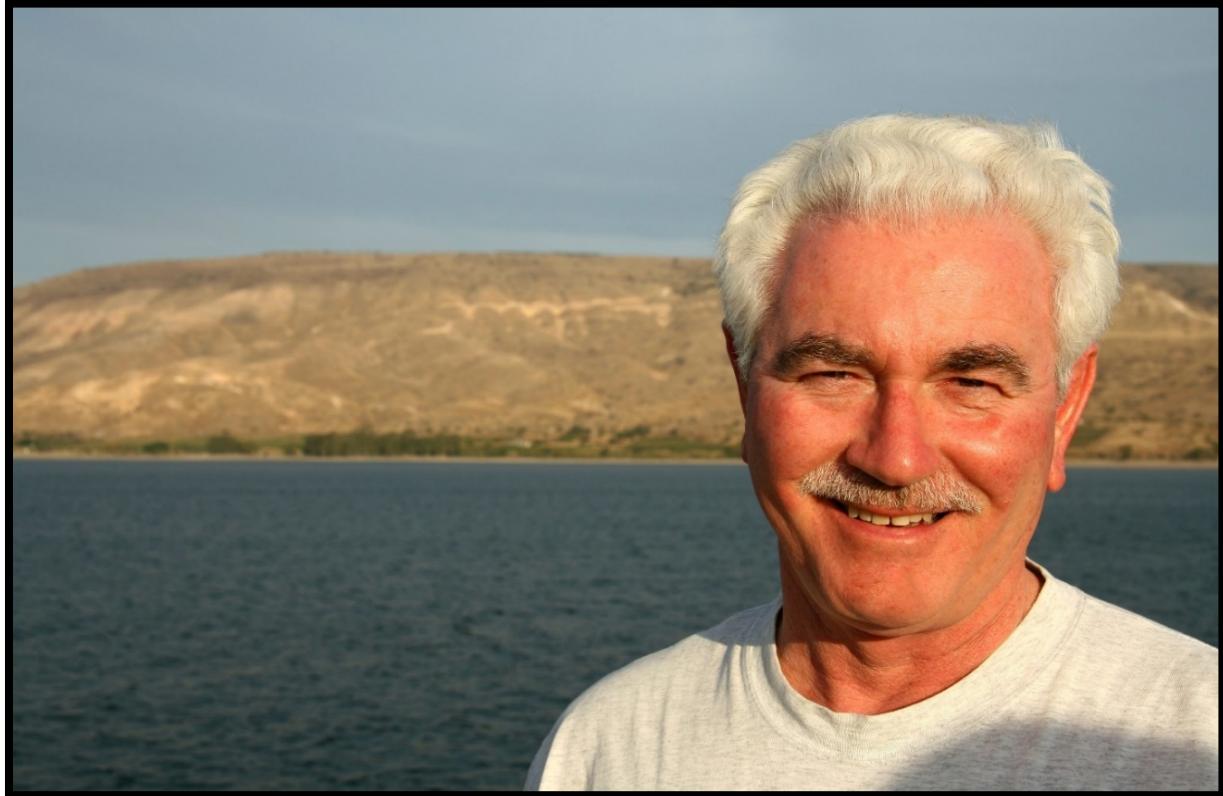
Parish Group at Mass at Rocamadour, France 2007



Pilgrim Mass, Mount of Beatitudes, Galilee, Assisted by Deacon Mike Crowley, 2008



The Old City of Jerusalem and Kidron Valley 2008



A Quiet Moment on the Lake of Galilee 2008



Saint Anthony Parishioners Renew Baptism Vows, the Jordan River in Galilee



Priest Support Group, South of Carmel, 2010

L-R, Fathers Michael O'Reilly, Joseph Ternullo, Antonio Dos Santos, John Boll, Liam macCarthy with Manuel Soria, photographer



Sydney, Australia 2011



Rainbow Springs Kiwi Wildlife Park, Rotorua, New Zealand 2011



Balloon Ride over Cappadocia, Turkey 2011



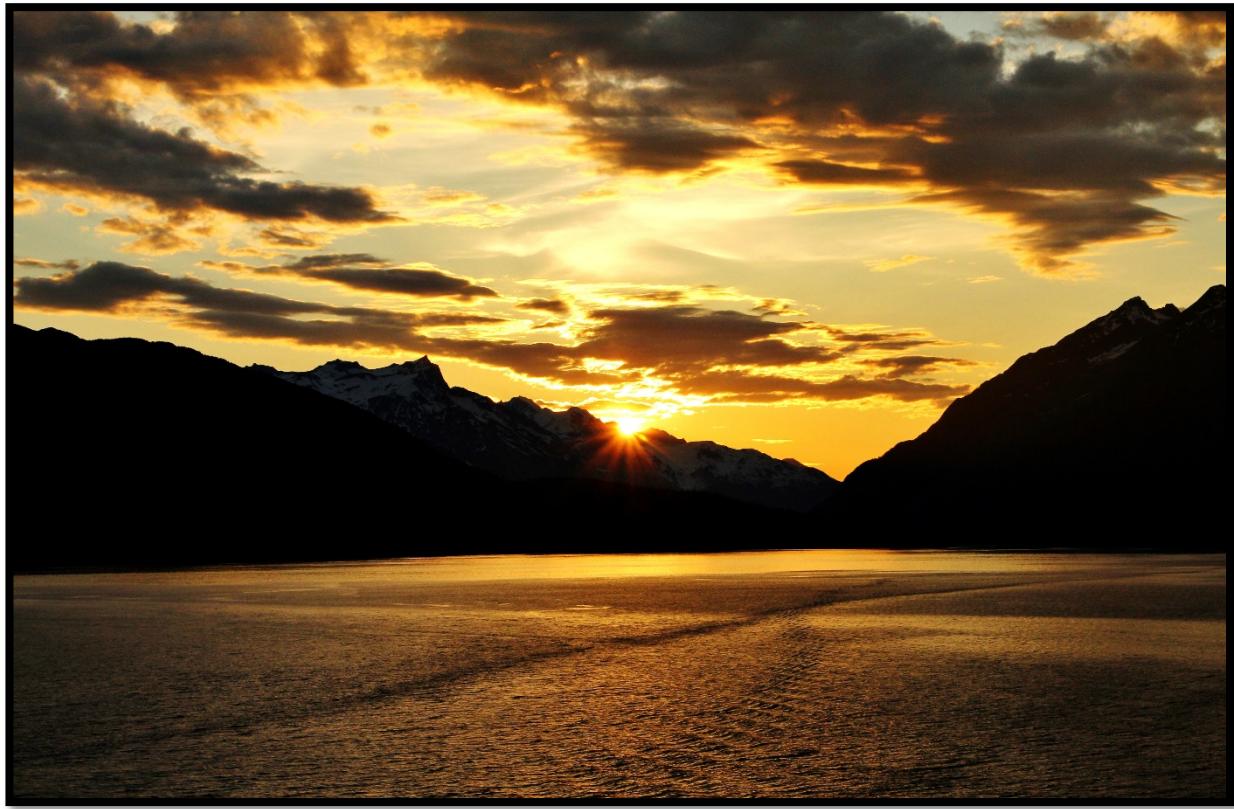
Tel of the Ancient Biblical City of Derbe, Turkey 2011



Indoor Sky Diving, San Jose, CA 2012



Victoria Point Overlooking Hong Kong, World Cruise 2013



Alaskan Cruise, Sunset 2013



Panama Canal Crossing 2014



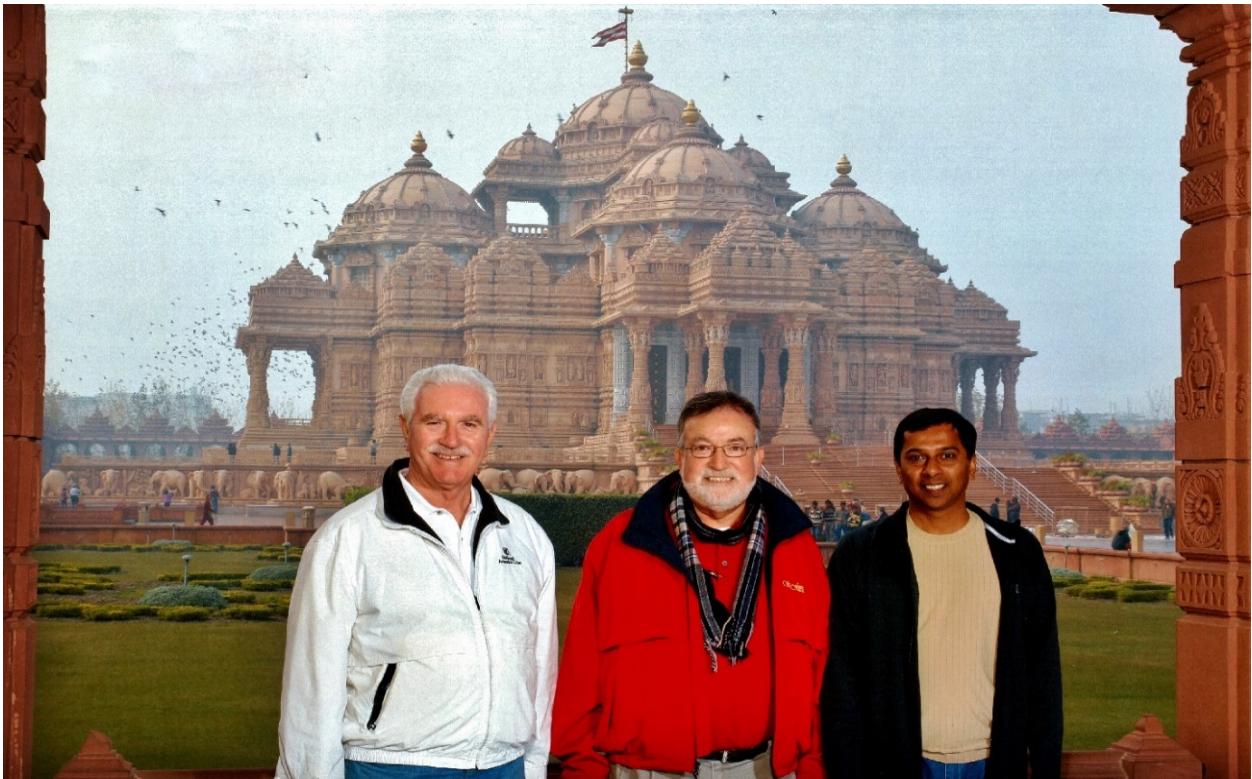
Antarctica 2014



Red Canyon Park, Utah 2014



Sisters of Charity, Bishop Jaime Soto, Father John Boll and Father Joseph Ternullo
Mother Teresa's Motherhouse, Kolkata, India, January 2015



Father John Boll, Bishop Jaime Soto, Father Bony Arackal
Swaminaraya Akshardhan Temple, Delhi, India, 2015



September 2015

Gornergrat Overlooking the Matterhorn, Switzerland



February 2016

A One-Way Conversation, San José, Costa Rica



April 2016

Sunday Mass on Holland America's ms Westerdam in the South Pacific



April 2016

Island of Raiatea, French Polynesia, the South Pacific



Nuku Hiva, Marquesas Islands, South Pacific, April 2016



After Sixty Years of Biking, Still Riding my Motorcycle in 2016!



March 2016

Waikiki, Hawaii



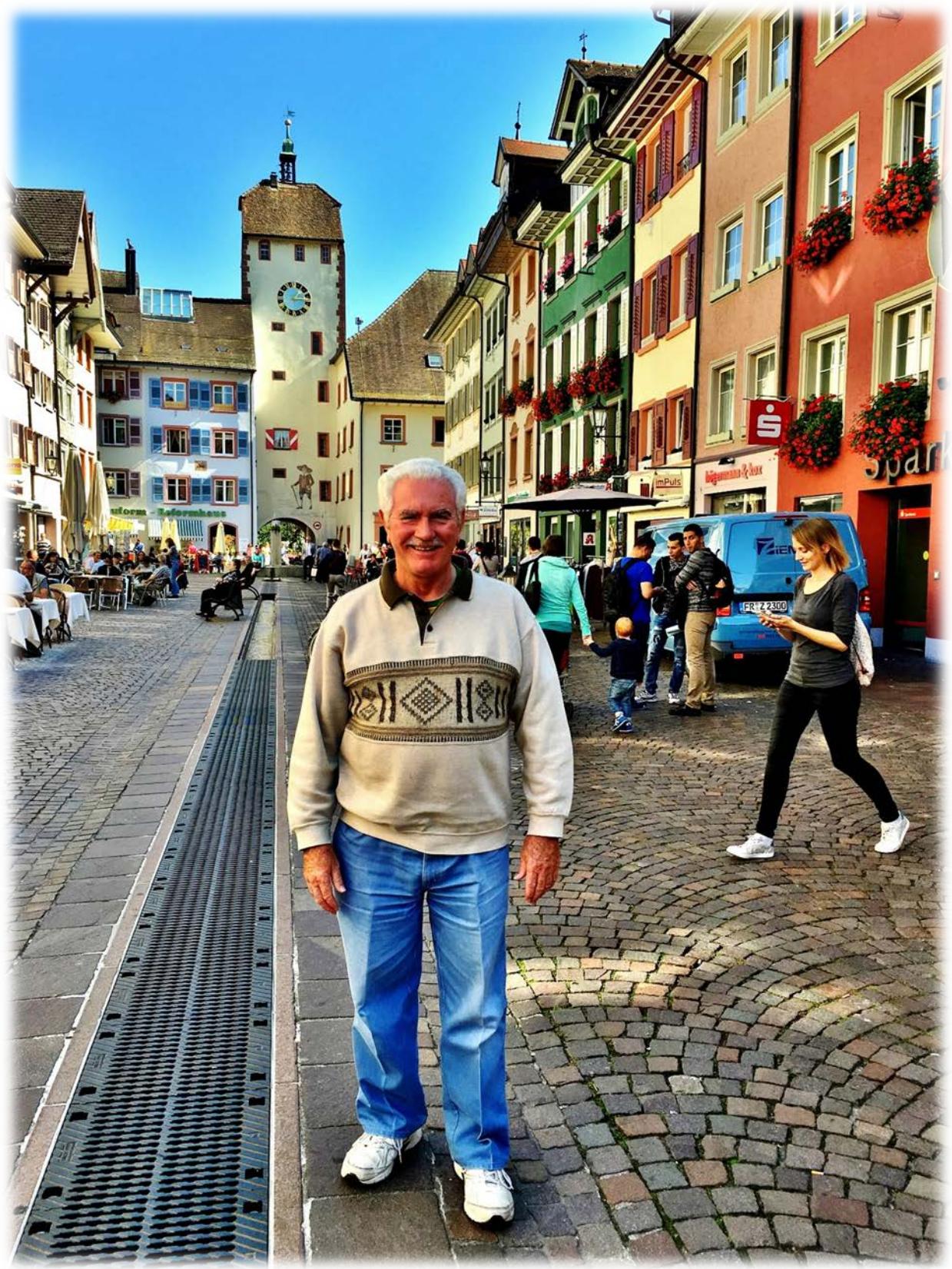
September 2016

Einsiedeln, Switzerland

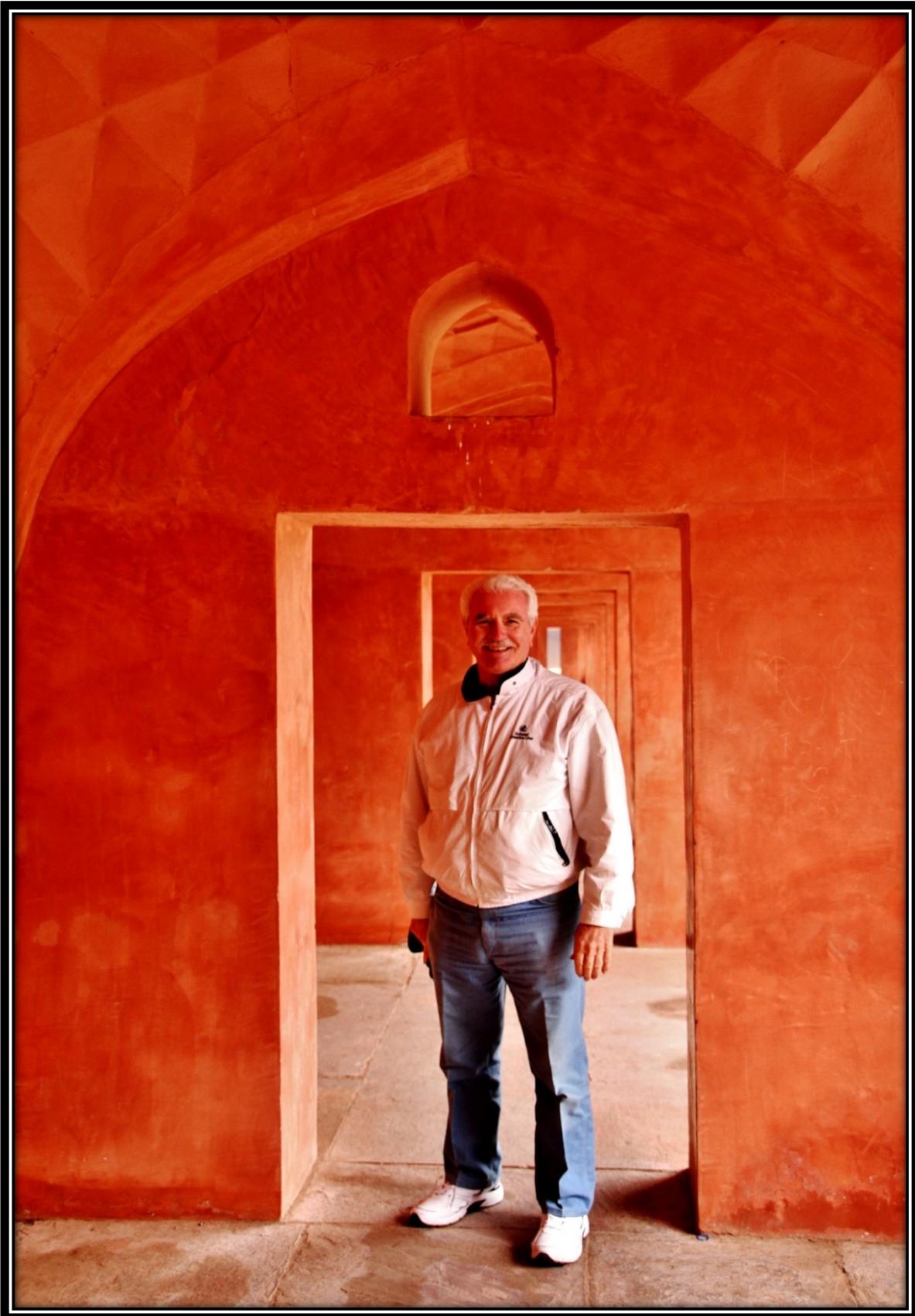


Hiking the Mountains of Switzerland 2016





Waldshut, Germany, the Village of my Paternal Grandparents 2016



Taj Mahal Grounds, Agora, India