



2021

HOLY CROSS JUBILARIANS



SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF FIRST VOWS

BR. EDWARD LUTHER, C.S.C.

SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF FIRST VOWS

BR. HERMAN ZACCARELLI, C.S.C.

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. THOMAS BLANTZ, C.S.C.

REV. THOMAS McNALLY, C.S.C.

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF FIRST VOWS

BR. JAMES MILLER, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. JOHN YOUNG, C.S.C.

REV. DAVID SCHLAVER, C.S.C.

VERY REV. ROBERT EPPING, C.S.C.

REV. DUANE BALCERSKI, C.S.C.

REV. WILFRED RAYMOND, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

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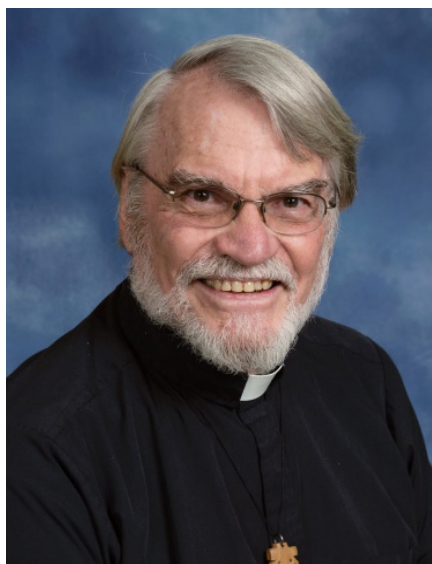
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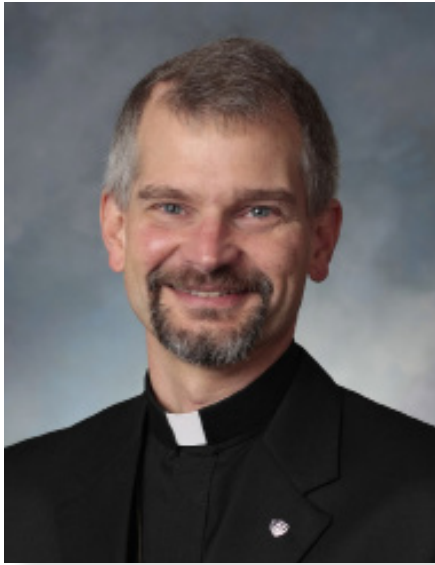


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FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

The decision to return to Notre Dame was hardly a surprise, not even after 45 years of involvement with the psychiatry department at Yale's medical school. The work had been at least as challenging as expected, beginning with a year of medical internship at Norwalk Hospital while living in Bridgeport with the welcome mutual support of Fr. Bill Ribando and other generous confreres, along with the Main Street Household—at the time, the most engaging neighbor one could ever ask for.

Finishing my medical internship meant moving to New Haven. There, Tom Gariepy had found a prospective landlord for us in the person of a colleague of his in the study of history of science and medicine at Yale Medical School. He had a large second-floor flat ready for us at a most generous monthly rent of \$250. A last-minute, sudden need kept Tom having to live where he was. In addition, thanks to some heavy lifting cheerfully rendered by Frank Zlotkowski, the move itself was accomplished in a single afternoon.

The psychiatric residency experience took many times longer—three years to be exact. I found that its pace was too intense much of the time to figure out what to do next. The psychiatry residency, as well as the medical school curriculum, had provided me a fairly broad sense of the many facets of psychiatry's connections with the law. As I look back now, I can recognize that I had been vaguely but soundly aware of religious issues lurking in the law-psychiatry relationship. Thus did I see that my premier choice was to apply to stay at Yale for its 1-year forensic psychiatry fellowship under Howard Zonana. During that year, I also got to know

and work with Ezra Griffith, my most influential colleague and one who shared and encouraged my developing convictions concerning the important but neglected influences of religion on human concerns.

After my year as a forensic psychiatry fellow, Ezra hired me as a research assistant in Yale's community psychiatry division. We continued our writing collaboration. Meanwhile, our landlord got his Ph.D., and he informed me that he needed more space for his growing library. So my local Holy Cross confreres and I set out to find us a house. The splendid result served our needs for the rest of my days in New Haven. This time, many hands indeed made light the move across town. Simultaneously, I recognized a developing yen for more forensic psychiatry experiences. I did not have far to look. It turned out that the state of Connecticut was seeking to fill a new attending psychiatrist position in its maximum-security forensic mental hospital.

With welcome support of family and good friends, including Bishop Peter Rosazza, I applied successfully and persevered. After 21 amazing years, the time came to let go of this position and to assist on a voluntary basis with Yale University priorities, such as ethics, forensics, and undergraduate medical education. I also continued collaborating with Ezra and others. Although the house was home to a large number of fantastic housemates over the years, all of them were temporary, and I was left to live alone for too much of the time. Now it's time once more to enjoy the company and companionship our life together provides.



REV. DAVID SCHLAVER, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

Fifty years have passed so quickly! I've had a great variety of ministries, at least up to these last 12 years. Now, as my body has begun to age and slow down, I have decided to "retire" by leaving "offices" and going back to parish work, becoming an "auxiliary priest" again and getting ready for my Golden Jubilee.

I have been blessed with the opportunity to minister on three continents. Challenged by Louis Putz at the end of formation, I spent a two-year diaconate in the Netherlands (1969-71), listening to Henri Nouwen in his native tongue and assisting full-time in a Dutch parish, school, and hospital.

After ordination in December 1971, my parish work at Christ the King in South Bend did not last very long, as I moved on to fill a number of jobs in Student Affairs at Notre Dame the following year. In 1975, I left for Ann Arbor and a Ph.D. at the University of Michigan. There followed a year in the business school at Notre Dame, a dissertation on student life, and then a surprising request to go to Bangladesh in 1979 to help out at Notre Dame College in Dhaka. I could have continued there for a long time but had to settle for regular visits, since I was chosen to replace Bill Toohey in campus ministry at the University of Notre Dame after his early death in 1980. I was just settling into that job when John Reedy died, and I became publisher at Ave Maria Press. That lasted for over ten years, during which I was also chaplain to our Holy Cross Sisters at Saint Mary's. A detour to our house of studies at Berkeley, California, delayed my long-awaited return to Bangladesh. But a year in Bangladesh showed me that continuing to work

there was unlikely, and I returned to Notre Dame for my 25th Jubilee in 1996 and stayed.

I began developing a retreat ministry for Holy Cross Brothers and Sisters and the Missionaries of Charity of Mother Teresa. Three years in Phoenix at Casa Santa Cruz gave me an opportunity to assist at 25 parishes. I was also able to travel quite a bit, giving retreats to the MC Sisters in India, Central and South America, and the USA, observing their total dedication to the poorest of the poor. That became another ministry I could have continued forever. I used to tell the sisters that only Saint Mother Teresa had visited more of their houses than me! I think I visited about 70 over the years.

Before moving to the Diocese of Portland, Maine, in the fall of 2008, I spent seven years working with Tom Smith at our Mission Center, raising money, writing thank-you letters, and picking up CSC visitors from around the world. I also had the opportunity to visit our missions in East Africa and throughout India, giving many retreats along the way.

It was probably good that I started to slow down in Maine, right on the beautiful coast, saying Masses at a four-church parish (where our Eastern Province had worked for 35 years), a large nursing home, and occasionally at a large convent (Mother House) and a retreat house overlooking the ocean.

Who could have imagined these amazing fifty years of opportunities to serve? God be praised!



REV. ROBERT EPPING, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

Two short words describe my reflections from the day of my Golden Anniversary of Ordination, December 19, 2020 – overwhelming blessing and incredible thanks. I prefer to recognize them as profound GIFT and GRATITUDE.

The seven of us from the Generalate community with one guest, Fr. Timothy Macharia, C.S.C. (the anniversary landed amidst more restrictions) gathered in our little Chapel for an intimate Mass of Thanksgiving. Thereafter followed the customary “popping of the cork” and a sumptuous festive petite dinner. The remainder of the day for me was a precious time of remembrance, prayer and giving thanks.

In my reflections that jubilee day, nothing and nobody is more precious than my family, especially my immediate family. All, including my uncles and aunts, were present at the ordination Mass at Moreau Seminary and Mass of Thanksgiving at St. Mark’s Church in Niles, Michigan. We gathered for breakfast at a small hotel restaurant in Niles. My dad, as a new and used car salesman, would talk to anyone at any time. He was in a festive mood, given the weekend of ordination and before Christmas, so he chatted up a “knight of the road” and invited him to sit for breakfast with the Epping gang. Mom and my older sister, the nun, were already the other two in the car when dad’s enthusiasm impelled him to invite his new-found friend to join us for the Mass of Thanksgiving. They were terrified and prayed for safety all the way to Church.

Family...there were seven of us kids growing up. Two are gloriously in heaven – the two girls – with Mom and Dad, having passed some ten years before them. Being 49 years old and 46 at the time of their deaths, they were the youthful welcoming party. Both my parents passed during the years I served in the provincial administration. At his passing, My Dad was 85 and Mom 87. It was one

of the honors of my priestly life to preside at all four of their funerals. They were very much in my heart and thoughts. They were the examples of faith and fidelity that still inspire me and I believe they are always close by, merely a thought away.

It gives me great pleasure to look back on all my assignments. I do not ever recall asking for a particular “obedience”, only once I raised a question about the wisdom of an assignment, but with each one I was pleasantly surprised and truly felt blessed by the apparent “call of God”. Not every day was pleasant, in fact, sometimes there were very, very difficult moments – being before a civil judge my first year as pastor, dealing with sexual abuse issues, making personnel decisions to hire, but mostly to dismiss employees. These experiences, though never forgotten, evaporate when I consider the wonderful people who served as collaborators, councilors, team members, and the thousands and thousands of parishioners who worshipped, prayed and sang in our churches. Highlights were Holy Week Services, especially baptisms by immersion, marriages, and funerals. I treasured home and classroom visits, school staff and rectory parties. In each parish I served, there remain really good friends (whom I probably have not seen since I left the parish) at St. Bernard’s, Watertown, WI, Christ the King, South Bend, Sacred Heart and the Tri-community, Colorado Springs and Holy Cross, South Bend.

I worked closely with bishops in each assignment and I felt trusted by each of them, Bishop Cletus O’Donnell, Bishop John D’Arcy, Bishop Michael Sheridan and Bishop Kevin Rhoades.

Working with my fellow religious in each place turned out to be a gift of untold grace, often mixed with laughter and joy. Trust in Divine

Providence is a hallmark of the charism of Father Moreau. I can testify to the truth of his motto and the fidelity of his promise.

It has been a pleasure to serve my province and the Congregation. I am thankful to Fr. Carl Ebey, for inviting me to serve with him from 1994-1997 and to Fr. Bill Dorwart for asking me to continue with him during his term from 1997-2003. They were years of serving in good times and in some difficult circumstances. Dependence on God for wisdom and courage always opened avenues of courage and wise judgment.

Surprised by God marks the last steps on this remarkable journey of faith and service to God's people. I do not think I will ever forget the day during the 2016 General Chapter when Fr. O'Hara pulled me aside confidentially and told me not to be surprised when the day of election came around. I am still surprised, every day I am

surprised. However, serving the Congregation has been a GIFT, like all of my priesthood. I have not sought out any position. I am humbled by each experience. Moreover, after 50 years of being a priest of Christ Jesus, and trying to live like the Good Shepherd of God's People – my being is filled with GRATITUDE.

Silently in my heart each day, I hear the hymn,

GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS

REV. DUANE BALCERSKI, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

Most of my life seems to have been lived in the midst of some state of transition from my birth the day after Christmas and move to a new house at the ripe old age of two months, to entering Primary School and graduating from High School in the month of January every year because of my age, continuing with changes initiated by Vatican II during my novitiate year, the move of the theology program from Washington, D.C. to Notre Dame in the midst of my studies, a new diaconate program overseas in East Africa, a new language program at Saaka in Fort Portal, a new pastoral year program beginning in an area where the people did not speak the language that I had just learned, giving me a growing sense of wonder as to where my roots would actually sink.

To have the opportunity to go to East Africa before ordination, and the thirteen years following, did, however, provide many occasions for a variety of apostolic experiences, including parish ministry in two parishes ministry in two parishes in the Diocese of Fort Portal, teaching in the Minor Seminary, work with a relief organization following the war overthrowing Idi Amin, retreat work with senior school and nursing students and with local religious communities, and two years as Diocesan Treasurer of the Fort Portal Diocese under Bishop Serapio Magambo.

What the opportunity did not provide, however, was a way to come to know the broader Holy Cross community. I could catch a glimpse in Provincial Newsletters, pictures of vow and ordinations ceremonies and of classes entering the candidacy, novitiate and post-novitiate programs. Having been in East Africa those thirteen years following my ordination in Bunena Parish, going back for home leave to the

community in the United State was like going to visit a new family of in-laws.

The appointment for seven years to Holy Cross Novitiate, in Cascade, Colorado became the opportunity to come to know not only older members of the community through contact at the novitiate and visits to various other community houses, but many of the Holy Cross members-to-be as well. It gave me the occasion to renew ties with the Church in the United States, to be exposed to the ideas and sense of Church that new members coming to Holy Cross brought with them, and to experience pastoral ministry in the Western Region of the country, only being brought to realize that parochial ministry in the villages of Uganda and the mountains of Colorado had many similarities. I found that I enjoyed tremendously the people of the Rocky Mountains as much as the people of the villages in the foothills of the Rwenzori Mountains. They all had so much to teach me.

Eight months at Sacred heart parish at the University of Notre Dame, following my time in Colorado, brought me back to a central place in the Province where I was reacquainted with many men of Holy Cross that lived and worked there, as well as the importance of their mission and ministries. Being on the plans of the Midwest and in a university setting did much to stretch and expand my education received in mountain villages on two sides of the globe.

July of 1993 and a need for formation personnel brought me back to Uganda. Being back in formation in the East African District has been a challenge, both with the changes brought about by a rapidly growing community here in the District, calls to adaptation in growth to become

a truly African and truly international community, and the challenges to deeper movement towards inculturation of our lifestyle and witness to the vows of an African Holy Cross community.

My gratitude always goes out to the community of Holy Cross that has enabled this growth to take place in me, and my family that has supported me

throughout this lifetime of transition. My roots are truly in Holy Cross, wherever they might be and however I might be able to live and minister with them.

**Reprinted biography from the 1996 25th Jubilee Booklet*

REV. WILFRED RAYMOND, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

In 1991, Father Patrick Peyton celebrated his Golden Jubilee during the Eastern Province Retreat. He presided at the Mass, and Father Lou Manzo preached on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee. Both agreed to this arrangement, understanding that Father Pat would say a few words before the final blessing. Before the final blessing, he asked everyone to be seated, and for the next hour, he recounted his life story from Attymas, Ireland, to Scranton, PA, to Notre Dame and Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C., his diagnosis of terminal TB, his healing through the Intercession of the Mother of God, and the power of the Rosary. By this time, panic had set in at the Dining Commons as the hot entrees began to cool and the ice for cocktails to melt. But he was only up to priestly ordination and still had to share the founding of the Family Rosary Crusade in 1941 and Family Theater Productions in Hollywood in 1947. Then came the Rosary rallies reaching more than 28 million around the globe. He closed by saying that he was only Mary's donkey and took her wherever she wanted to go.

I was grateful, for this was the only time that I heard from his lips the entire story. That day, I came to understand how he had mesmerized millions over the years. As the eighth of twelve children from Old Town, Maine, I experienced the nightly Family Rosary, like Patrick Peyton, only in French. There the comparison between us ends.

I first came to know Holy Cross through a devout grandmother who taught CCD and was a neighborhood organizer for Le Petit Frère André Prayer Guild. High school and two years of college were at Saint Joseph's University, Memramcook, NB, Canada. The Holy Cross community inspired me to seek admission to

the Congregation in September 1964. Following graduation from Stonehill College in 1967, one year at Holy Cross College in Washington, and three years at Notre Dame, I was ordained in 1971. The late Fathers Bart Salter and Tom Halkovic and I were ordained on April 3, at Holy Cross Church in Easton, MA. On April 3rd this year, I offered Mass in thanksgiving to God for them.

It was an honor to teach high school for two years; to serve as vocation director for five years, campus minister and assistant dean of students at Stonehill for thirteen years; to pastor at Saint Francis Parish in Bennington, VT, for ten months; to spend six years in Provincial Administration in Bridgeport, CT; and to have fourteen years at Family Theater Productions in Hollywood and now seven years at Holy Cross Family Ministries in Easton, MA.

The great blessing of my life has been the Holy Cross Congregation, its extraordinary charisms of hospitality, trust in Divine Providence, unity, hope and zeal. Many of the holiest, most faithful, and life-giving people I know have been or are members of Holy Cross. We are far from perfect, but we are "men with hope to bring."

One bit of wisdom imprinted itself upon my mind and heart during initial formation. Father Louis Putz, our rector at Moreau Seminary, shared his contagious joy and love for ministry frequently with us in word and deed. He said, "Remember, you may be the only version of the Gospel some people will ever hear, see, and experience." Thank you, Father Putz, and thank you, Family of Holy Cross!



REV. JEFFREY ALLISON, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I was born in Pittsburgh, PA, on January 27, 1964. As I was going into the second grade, my father was transferred to Houston, TX. I grew up there with my seven sisters and my one brother. I graduated from Strake Jesuit College Preparatory in 1982. I had always had an interest in either being a teacher or a priest. As a child, I would play at teaching a class and saying Mass. It, to this day, amazes me that my family would often sit through one of those Masses.

I enrolled in the University of St. Thomas in Houston to begin studying education and mathematics. I continued to toy with the idea of being a priest but was not sure about it. During my first semester in college, I got to know some of the seminarians from the diocese and from the Missionaries of Our Lady of La Salette who had a formation house on campus. I began to hang out with them. Something about it felt right, and in the second semester, I joined their college program. The following year, they decided to consolidate their formation programs by moving the college program to St. Louis, MO. I enrolled at St. Louis University and graduated in January 1986 with a BA in mathematics and a BA in philosophy.

At that time, I felt like I needed to move on, so I returned to Houston and began a conversation with the diocese there. My mother and one of my aunts kept saying that I should check out Holy Cross. I knew about Holy Cross because one of my uncles, Daniel Panchot, is a Holy Cross

priest. I went to Notre Dame to visit, thinking it certainly was not for me, but what I saw and felt there just seemed like home. I knew I had to try it. I took some time away from the community after my first year of vows, but something kept telling me it was time to go home.

It is hard to believe that journey would lead to the joy of being able to celebrate 25 years of priesthood. I have been blessed to serve at St. Ignatius in Austin, TX, to do studies at Catholic University in Washington, DC, to serve at the University of Portland, and to serve now at Stonehill College. It has been a rich and interesting life and certainly not the one I imagined all those years ago playing at teaching and saying Mass.

Over the years, God has blessed my life with many who have supported and encouraged my vocation. I am grateful to my family, to my brothers in Holy Cross, to my good friends, and to those I have been privileged to serve with over the years. I am also grateful to have been able to support the vocations of others, including my nephew, Timothy Mouton, who is also a Holy Cross priest. My life has followed paths I never would have imagined, but God takes you to some pretty incredible places and fills your life with incredible people when you let Him.



REV. EDWIN OBERMILLER, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

Reflecting on 25 years as a Holy Cross priest, I am filled with gratitude. I am grateful for God's grace in the ways I have been invited into the most intimate moments of people's lives: births, baptisms, deaths, tragedies, funerals, anniversaries, weddings and so much more. To be God's presence as we face the complex realities of human existence has taught me more than I ever imaged. Each experience has helped me grow into who I am, as a Holy Cross religious and as a priest.

God has invited me to contribute to our Holy Cross mission in so many different ways. Each of these experiences has provided an opportunity for me to work with my brothers and our students, faculty, staff, administration, lay collaborators, donors, regents, alumni and supporters to help the Holy Cross mission come alive: serving as a deacon, director of Campus Ministry, counselor to three university presidents, special assistant to the vice-president for university relations, and in immersion programs in developing parts of the world; working in Provincial Administration, on mission committees, and on the Master Plan Committee for the University of Portland, including the construction of the bell tower; teaching in Salzburg; overseeing our vocation and communication activities; helping with fundraising campaigns so that first-generation students have the chance of a Holy Cross education; being a chaplain to our donors, regents; and alumni; overseeing the Western Hemisphere communication plan for the canonization of St. Andre in 2010, which was a once-in-a-lifetime experience; and, of course, hosting more Tater Tot Thursday's in Kenna Hall than I can count.

When I was in formation, there was a likelihood I would serve in a parish setting. Instead, I have been a pastoral resident at the University of Portland and University of Notre

Dame, and my parish communities have been in Holy Cross residence halls. Over 25 years, I have lived in five residence halls—among all men, all women, and in a co-ed setting. I have been welcomed into these young lives at such a pivotal time. I have the privilege of walking with them as they figure out who they are in our global society and in the Church. My homilies often center on the importance of unconditional love and acceptance. My role as a pastoral resident is to fully accept each student for who they are right at this moment, similar to the love that a parent provides. Living in the residence halls keeps me grounded in our Holy Cross mission.

One unique blessings that life in the residence halls has provided is to be invited to preside over the weddings and the other sacred milestone moments of so many of our alumni. A true sign of the connection our students have with Holy Cross is to be with them as they take this next step and receive the sacrament of Marriage or the Baptism of their children.

My family is an essential part of who I am. My parents were unconditionally supportive of me every step of the way. My three siblings, two brothers-in-law, sister-in-law, and my ten nieces and nephews who range in age from 11 to 25 help me stay grounded in what it means to be a family of faith in the 21st century.

At this unusual time, as we manage through a global pandemic, I appreciate even more the Sacraments and the relationships that bind us together as God's people. Looking ahead with hope and humble grace, with all that God has planned for me, I know that I will be as rich and blessed as in my first 25 years of priesthood. I am open to the possibilities and the grace, and I am filled with deep gratitude.





CONGREGATION of HOLY CROSS

UNITED STATES PROVINCE OF
PRIESTS AND BROTHERS

Jubilee 2021

As disciples of Jesus we stand side by side with all people.

Like them we are burdened by the same struggles and beset by the same weaknesses; like them we are made new by the same Lord's love; like them we hope for a world where justice and love prevail.

Thus, wherever through its superiors the Congregation sends us, we go as educators in the faith to those whose lot we share, supporting men and women of grace and goodwill everywhere in their efforts to form communities of the coming Kingdom.

