



2016
HOLY CROSS JUBILARIANS



SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. HOWARD A. KUHN, C.S.C.

SIXTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION

BR. HERMAN F. ZACCARELLI, C.S.C.

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. T. PHILIP DEVLIN, C.S.C.

REV. LEON J. MERTENSOTTO, C.S.C.

REV. WILLIAM J. NEIDHART, C.S.C.

REV. J. ROBERT RIOUX, C.S.C.

REV. PATRICK J. SULLIVAN, C.S.C.

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BR. THOMAS P. TUCKER, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. ROBERT C. ANTONELLI, C.S.C.

REV. JAMES WILLIAM IRWIN, C.S.C.

REV. CHARLES J. LAVELY, C.S.C.

REV. LOUIS A. MANZO, C.S.C.

REV. DONALD P. McNEIL, C.S.C.

REV. DANIEL PANCHOT, C.S.C.

REV. CLAUDE A. POMERLEAU, C.S.C.

REV. JAMES A. RIGERT, C.S.C.

REV. CORNELIUS J. RYAN, C.S.C.

REV. STEPHEN J. SEDLOCK C.S.C.

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BR. DENNIS L. MEYERS, C.S.C.

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REV. PAUL V. KOLLMAN, C.S.C.

REV. RUSSELL K. McDougall, C.S.C.

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REV. TIMOTHY L. O'CONNOR, C.S.C.

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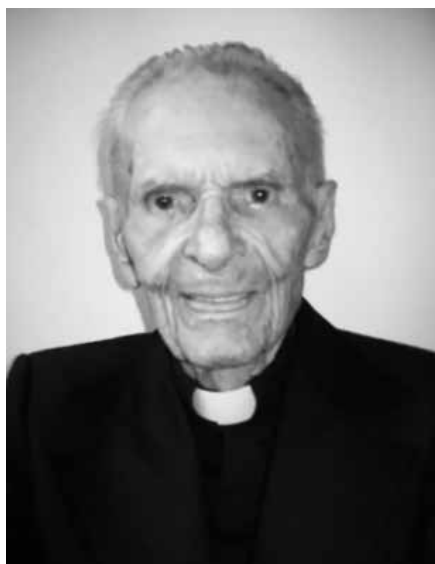
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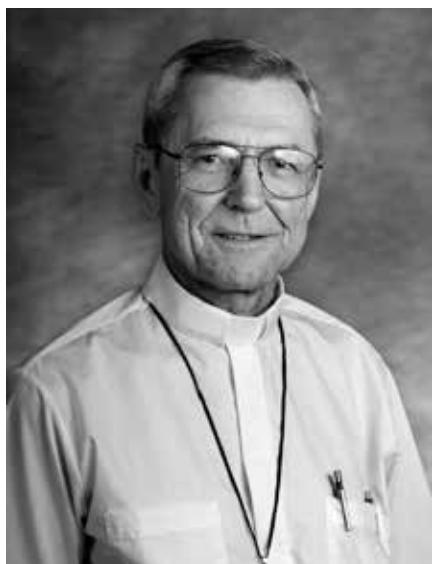
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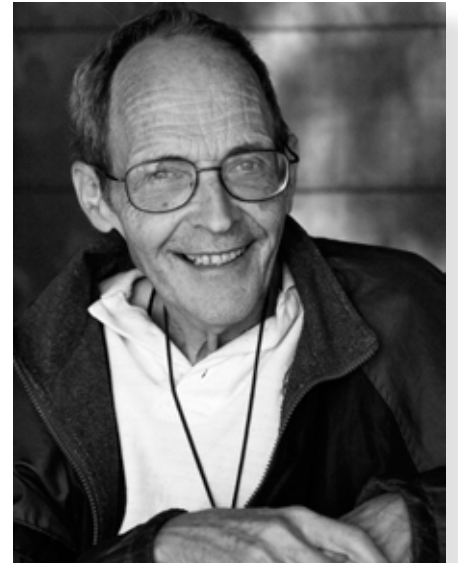
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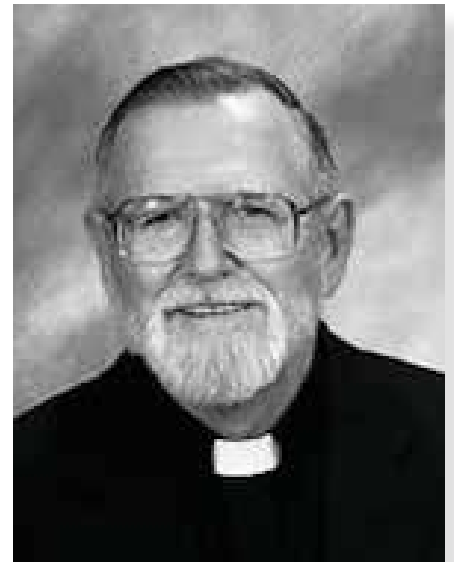
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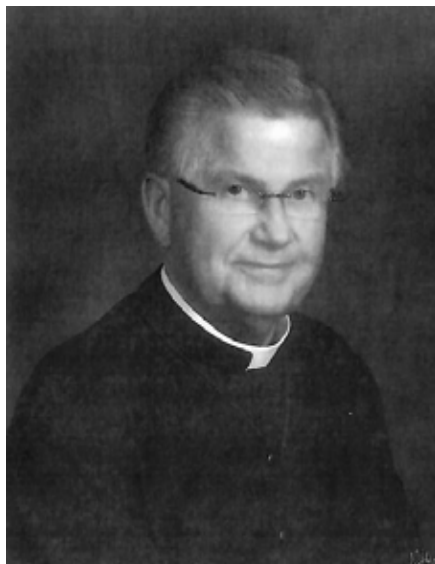
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REV. LEON J. MERTENSOTTO, C.S.C.

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

Rev. Leon J. Mertensotto, C.S.C., was born Oct. 8, 1930 in New Ulm, Minn., to John and Leona Mertensotto. He attended Holy Trinity Catholic Grade and High School, and finished his senior year in 1947 at Holy Cross Seminary, Notre Dame, Ind. The following year, he entered Sacred Heart Novitiate in South Bend, Ind. for entry into the Congregation of Holy Cross before transferring back to Notre Dame for his college education in philosophy at Moreau Seminary, graduating from the University in 1953.

Next, he was sent to Rome for his theological studies at the Jesuit Gregorian University, and

earned his Master's license in 1957. His Ordination to the priesthood was a year earlier. Then, to earn his doctorate in theology, he was advised by his Holy Cross Provincial Director for advanced studies to transfer to the Catholic University under the Dominican auspices in Fribourg, Switzerland. He finished his doctorate in 1961.

After eight years in Europe, he returned to Notre Dame and was assigned to teach in the theology department at the University. He spent 50 years teaching Christian ethics in the classroom.



REV. ROBERT C. ANTONELLI, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

Abba, thank you for the privilege of being baptized into Your Son's death and resurrection. Thank you for letting Your Spirit guide me to serve You and some of Your beloved children in little ways as religious and priest throughout these many years. Thank You, too, for the constant nourishment of the Eucharist, the strength of Christian life and community. It has been a delightful journey, with all sorts of bumps, scrapes and joys over the years. I pray that all will forgive my faults and falls along the way. Your Providence led me through years of study at home and abroad and then let students teach me in the classrooms first at the University of Notre Dame and later as a member of the formation staff at Moreau Seminary while caring for the library there at the same time. You also gave me the privilege of being a part of the community of Holy Cross Brothers at St. Joseph's Farm (Granger, Indiana) my last years in the library. Continue to bless all those students, colleagues and confreres who were indeed my teachers. May Our Lady of Holy Cross watch over them all with her motherly care.

You also graced me with the experience of five years of the cloistered monastic life among the Trappists in Kentucky and later offered me the opportunity to live a more eremitical life at the Solitude of the Savior (Rolling Prairie, Indiana). Your right hand then directed me to further tasks beyond talents in the Generalate Archives in Rome followed by a pilgrim ministry in the spirit of Bro. André at St. Joseph's Oratory in Montreal. Most recently, You brought me to care for the archives

at the University of Portland in Oregon. You were always with me through it all, even though I was not always with You, so great is Your love for even the least of the brethren.

Throughout my life, You have never ceased to provide lessons of how to love You and my neighbor by the witness and example of the saints among whom I have lived, for they became true educators in the faith for me. You taught me to become very grateful for each person and for Your presence in them through the dynamism of the Holy Spirit. Thank You, especially, for friends, family and siblings in Holy Cross, each of whom in different ways revealed Your face to me, just as Father Moreau would often remind his family of Holy Cross with a favorite quote from St. Paul's Letter to the Galatians (2:20): "It is no longer I who live but Christ who lives in me." That revelation shows how smallness and frailty can coexist with the greatness of what Your eternal love willed for each of us. St. Teresa of Avila summed it up as "Sólo Dios Basta." My limitations are many but Your immense greatness lures me to try to live according to our Constitutions as someone with hope to bring.

Thank You for not giving up on me and always renewing the opportunities for repenting, and encouraging me to look forward to the beauty of the goal that is Yourself. To You, our living and loving God, be all glory, honor, praise and thanksgiving now and forever. Amen. Alleluia.



REV. JAMES WILLIAM IRWIN, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

To write an autobiography at 77 years of age, and priest of Holy Cross to boot, will result, in the end, unfair to Truth - to the things God has done to me, with me, and through me for others. But a task is a task to be completed. Eternity will bring me to sing of the full truth that now so escapes me. My own biography takes form from my particular awareness of *being* and *doing*. It may be easier to highlight my doings, and specifically as a priest, but they are to be understood finally by the being of my soul. It is here in this complexity of life that I find the doings of God - the doings of Love.

The only way I can understand my vocation in Holy Cross is to bring forth the particularity of my being born Mexican American. My dad, John J. Irwin, born in Michigan, was of Irish descent. He went to Los Angeles, studied law there and became a successful lawyer. My sense of justice and respect of others comes from my dad. My mother, Hermilia ("Mila") María de la Luz Tona, was born in Sonora, Mexico, but raised in Los Angeles, on the East side. Poverty, little formal education and the need to work, characterized my mother and her family - being raised without the presence of a father. Fate had it that my parents married. What this implied, in my regard, more than for my two brothers, is impossible to explain. It made me sensitive, deep within, to being different in heart and soul. Not unstable, so much as without fixity or rootedness - but a sounding inside in wait of fulfillment. My mother was a very simple person, and for that, well-liked by others. They found her innocent and lovable. It is through her that I came to know and love simplicity, and almost effortlessly came to discover my religious vocation. My heart found life and love in helping people beyond their means in plight. And I hold this sense of feeling to be God's doing.

One further point needs addressing here. At 14 years of age, an uncle showed up one early summer

evening at our house. My dad was away. He was full of life, bushy dark hair, stocky and dressed in khaki clothing. Who was this man laughing and talking happily with my mother in Spanish? Conrado, an uncle we three brothers had never met. He had come wanting to take one of us three with him and his wife, Esperanza, to live on his ranch and work in his auto garage. My mother looked at the three of us and said, pointing to me: "take him." Conrado introduced me to a totally new world in people and their way of being. Esperanza was beautiful in her gentle, loving way. Through them, I came to know the life of the farm laborer and that of migrants moving on. I did this for three summers and almost didn't return home to continue on to Notre Dame. But a man at the garage, a client, told me: "Go back. Here is not for you." This was God's doing.

So I went to Notre Dame, enrolled in Engineering and was assigned a resident of Breen-Phillips. Classes were fine, but my heart was not in it. The dormitory chapel called me, and more so, the Chapel of Our Lady in the far end of the Basilica. I ended up telling Fr. Bernard that I thought I should try and become a priest. He calmly told me: "You are here; why don't you try with us?" It sounded logical, so I joined the Old College program the second semester, and then on to the Novitiate in Jordan, Minnesota, and Final Vows.

Our generation of newly professed (1958) was the first to occupy the new Moreau Seminary. There, I met and came to hold Fr. Rankin in deep affection. I was put in charge of vehicles and of our apostolate to the Mexican population on the farms nearby. From Moreau, it was to Chile for Theology (1961) for four years and three more years as a priest, two at St. George's and one at Talagante in "el Hogar del Niño" with Fr. Joe Doherty. Then, due to hepatitis, I was told to go back to USA and rest. This was God's doing for sure. I would never have survived the conflict of soul that came to

characterize life in Chile in the Allende-Pinochet era. Conflict destroys me inside.

What follows can only be understood in the context of Vatican II and the confusion, instability and departure that affected the Church and Holy Cross. The Provincial policy at the time was extremely tolerant with me, letting me find my way in terms of vocation and apostolate, for which I will be grateful eternally. I got a Master's in Cultural Anthropology at UCLA, 1968-1970, which sent me to the riverbed of Tijuana and "Cartolandia." With the participation of the local clergy and a group of nuns, we set up the program of service, "Promoción Humana," that centralized and gave force to the assistance of the Church to the needy in the city. Six years (1976) later, I was invited to give talks to the priests of the Diocese of Cd. Obregon. While there, I was invited to set up a Humanities Department for a university there. After some seven years, I withdrew and became involved again in ministry to families in poverty. Through God's doings, we were involved in the construction of a church, then a social center and then another church on land given for that end by the Municipal government. Then it all came to a stop. A rare polyneuropathy showed up, which had been symptomatic, or present, all through my life. It was time to go back to USA. Fortunately, I was assigned to our parish, at the time, in Coachella, while receiving monthly medical attention close-by.

This brings me up to date. My polyneuropathy was diagnosed as that of a "severe" order, i.e., it was progressive. I had left Mexico weak and with little endurance for walking or standing. And here came the "doing" of God. I wanted to return to Cd. Obregón and promote the construction of a chapel for an old age home run by twenty Carmelite Sisters for indigent people without support. The condition for returning was that I be free of need

of any medical treatment. And so it was to be five years later with a turn around, a gesture of God's will saying to me: "Back to Cd.Obregón."

So here I be, now at 77 years of age, chaplain to the Sisters and ministering to the residents as their "padre." Life here is simple. The Eucharist is beautiful: 20 consecrated women, accompanied by the residents, singing daily to God in joy and humble plea for God's love to fill their hearts as they work tirelessly throughout the day attending to the elderly in every which way. I try to inspire them daily in homily and in reflection with talks twice a week with St. John of the Cross as my guide. And the result: My heart hears the sounding in me more and more as that of "abyss calling to abyss."

I cannot begin to express the gratitude I feel before God in his triune Mystery that has brought me to find home in this life in the family of Holy Cross. I stand on my so many failings and weaknesses, which increases my awareness that "all is grace" for me beyond expectation, in the words of Teresa of Lisieux. It is because of these doings of God that I pray to die a priest of Holy Cross, where the grace of all graces would be to die in the love of Jesús. I have come to understand that, in the end, it is the truth of heart that brings the doing of service and ministry to being in love on behalf of every human person. As this wants to happen, life seems to universalize in simplicity. I find now that the sounding in me since childhood has always been the whisper of God calling me to Himself, and so I try, as priest and religious in Holy Cross, to answer prayerfully: *Mi Dios, gracias de todo corazón!* Fr. James Irwin, C.S.C. - "Jaime", for those who share with me what resounds in my heart.

REV. CHARLES J. LAVELY, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

Looking back over my fifty years of service in the Priesthood, I find three themes running through. My original call, and succeeding ones, was not noisy and clamorous, but gentle and often subtle, a push in some direction. The first is the song “Would you come and follow me, if I but called your name.” The second is Robert Frost’s poem, “The Road Less Traveled.” Each time, it seems, I have encountered a fork in the road, I have chosen the “less traveled one,” and it has made “all the difference.” As I was ordained in Rome fifty years ago, the remembrance card for my Ordination was emblazoned with the words, “I am in your midst as your servant.” These words, along with the story of Jesus interacting with the two disciples on the road to Emmaus after the Resurrection, (Luke, Chapter 24), have inspired all of my ministry as teacher, coach, parish priest and fellow religious in the Congregation of Holy Cross.

The Voice of God murmured my name through the words of an advertisement in the Catholic Boy magazine when I was in St. Bernard’s School in Pittsburgh. It was from the Holy Cross Vocation office, “Thinking of the Priesthood? Write Vocation Office, Notre Dame.” I did, and here I am! After I was signed up to come, I met my first Holy Cross priest, Fr. Larry LeVasseur, C.S.C.

My life in Holy Cross began as I entered Holy Cross Seminary in 1953 for high school right out of grade school. I came to see if the “less traveled road” was for me. Although I was surrounded by excellent models of priesthood, I am sure that I was attracted more by the motto I had seen on vocation literature in grade school “Boys today, Priests tomorrow,” which showed boys playing touch football. I did well enough in my high school studies, and wanted to go further down this road, so I was admitted to the Novitiate at 17. My father had died in Oct. 1956. This was very difficult for all the family; but it was the constant support of

men like Fr. Harold Riley that enabled us to carry forward. My family supported me firmly all during my formation, and Mom assured me, “we are not going to sell your bed!”

The year in Jordan, Minnesota (35 miles SW of Minneapolis-St. Paul) was given over to study of prayer, the religious life and the vows of celibacy, obedience and poverty. We did a lot of manual labor “leveling things off,” but I spent much of my year painting over the cracks in the walls of the building; you see, we lived near the tracks of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, and the vibrations from the rumbling of the passing trains took a steady toll on the walls of the Novitiate. The year was intense, but with the support of my classmates and family, I pronounced my Vows and was able to wear the cape and cord of the Congregation. With my classmates, I learned to flip the cape back and twirl the cords as I walked or idly talked.

As a temporarily professed seminarian, I returned to Moreau Seminary at the University of Notre Dame. I majored in Philosophy, as we all did in those days, but took as many history courses as I could in addition to the two required for my degree. The four years there were filled with study of all types, prayer of various forms, and experiences with my classmates which combined to craft who I am today. In the course of my third year, I asked to take my Perpetual Vows as a Religious of Holy Cross. A few of us were accepted, but the others waited another year. My religious habit was complete; I got my cross! God’s call to me had come in many different ways, the road had been full of turns, but God clearly beckoned me to follow.

When questioned, I said that I would be willing to go to Rome, Italy for theological study, so I was sent - another call to me on the “road less traveled.” What a great seven years. In addition to the finest Dogmatic Theology, I studied some

Moral Theology, and learned to speak several new languages with varying degrees of proficiency. I also have many memories of interacting with the people, wandering the back streets, learning “street” customs and travelling the country with my classmates. I was “called” to be ordained as a priest in December 1965.

I stayed in Rome for further study and served as Chaplain for the Holy Cross Brothers at Notre Dame International School, then I came home and was assigned to teach Religion at Notre Dame High School in Niles (outside Chicago). I was there from 1969 to June 1981. While there, I served in various parishes on weekends, “coached” tennis (my only qualification was that I could drive the van, the players referred to the van as the “Chuck” Wagon) and was Director of Student Affairs for many years. Then I was called to serve in parishes around South Bend (except for one year at St. Francis Xavier Parish in Burbank, California). I was Pastor of three (Little Flower Parish, St. Patrick’s and St. Augustine’s Parishes - all in South Bend), and Assistant in three for one year each (Holy Cross, St. Francis Xavier and St. Joseph).

My most recent summons was to be Assistant Superior at Holy Cross House, my community’s medical facility for senior religious. In this assignment, the most important line of my job-description was “whatever else the Superior asks you to do.” Here, my ministry was “presence.”

Now I live at Fatima House with other “working-retired” religious. Because of my balance problem, and trouble with speech and swallowing, I don’t celebrate Mass in public anymore, but go to Mass each day. I have always maintained that “the secret to retirement is volunteering.” I help out in the soup kitchen at St. Augustine on Monday; Tuesday I visit one client as hospice volunteer; and Thursday and Friday afternoon, I help Fr. Chris Kuhn, C.S.C., in the Province Archives. The rest of my time is

involved with the ministry of prayer for various intentions.

What can I say about these fifty years? They have been years; they have been times of growth and involvement.

REV. LOUIS A. MANZO, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I was born in Lackawanna, New York, just south of Buffalo, the eldest of five children. I have a brother, David, and three sisters, Donna, Jean Ann, and Mary Lou. My parents, Lou and Ann, instilled in us a strong family spirit, and, along with nieces and nephews, we remain a close, supportive, and loving family.

I first met Holy Cross priests in 1953 when I entered Father Baker High School, which the Eastern Province had established, I think, in 1951. After graduating from Baker in 1957, I entered the Postulant program at Stonehill College. Following my Novitiate year in Vermont, in 1959, I returned to Stonehill, from which I graduated in 1962. The Province then sent me to Montreal for theological studies.

The seminary was located in a village called Sainte-Geneviève-de-Pierrefonds. A recent Google search showed me that Sainte-Geneviève now has Indian, Middle Eastern, Italian and even Afghan restaurants. In my days, it was a sleepy French-Canadian town. In true monastic fashion, the seminary was built around a cloister. This peaceful, even reclusive setting perfectly provided for a quiet life of prayer and study.

But for theology students, excitement was in the air. The Second Vatican Council opened during my first semester, so my studies coincided with the four years of the Council. Our courses were strongly influenced by the French and European scholars who had paved the way for the Council, a stark contrast to the scholastic education I had received in college. Vatican II closed on December 8, 1965, and I was ordained ten days later, on December 18. After a post-Ordination semester of classes and pastoral work at Sainte-Geneviève, I left Quebec and received my first priestly assignment in 1966.

The usual routine in those days was that newly ordained priests were assigned to high school teaching. Following this pattern, I moved to Notre

Dame High School in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where I stayed for only one year. In 1967, I was sent to Rome to study at the Alfonsianum for a degree in Moral Theology. Along with some Holy Cross seminarians, I made the voyage to Naples on the Italian Line's Michelangelo. The jet age has brought many benefits, but the loss of the great ocean liners is not one of them. The pleasure of a week long Atlantic crossing cannot be matched, especially when you end up in Italy.

During my first year in Rome, I lived at the Generalate/Collegio on Via Aurelia Antica while I pursued a licentiate in theology, a prerequisite for my doctoral program. The next year, I transferred to Notre Dame International School to be chaplain and to teach in the religion program. NDI was my home for six marvelous years while I completed my doctoral work. Academic life in Rome was a constant pleasure. Professors such as Bernard Haring opened our minds to new understandings of Christian life, and the Eternal City offered many more diversions than Sainte-Geneviève.

Upon receiving my degree in 1974, I was assigned to Stonehill College. I taught in the Religious Studies Department until I became Academic Vice President in 1993. I held this position until 2000, when I left Stonehill to become Catholic Chaplain at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut.

Moving from firmly Catholic Stonehill to very secular Wesleyan brought me into a radically different culture that, I soon discovered, suited me very well. It was my first experience of a school that did not claim to be Catholic or even religious. The students who participated in our liturgical and social life shared a faith commitment that received no surrounding institutional support. Though a small minority of the student body, these young Catholics constantly inspired me by their devotion and integrity in the face of the majority's competing

values. I was fortunate to have the chance to serve as their priest.

During my time at Stonehill, I also served as chaplain in the Massachusetts Air National Guard. My ministry to Massachusetts guardsmen greatly expanded my work and social experience. Military methods, mindsets, and organizational structures offer a strong contrast to those of a college, and I loved my time in this alternative world. Besides my monthly drills, the Air Force showed me much of America when I did summer tours at stateside bases. I also had many opportunities to travel overseas as temporary chaplain at foreign bases or to participate in military exercises. This uniformed service provided an ideal counterpoint to my teaching and administrative duties.

In 2006, I left Wesleyan to go to Notre Dame University for a sabbatical year. While I was at Moreau, the Provincial, Bud Colgan, asked me to be assistant pastor at St. John the Evangelist Church in Viera, Florida. This turned out to be a special ministerial blessing, since I had never worked full-time in a parish, and I now had a chance to discover the full joys and frustrations of pastoral life. It was a great gift to share the life of the wonderful people in that faith community for four years.

I stayed at St. John's from 2007 to 2011, when I retired to our house in Cocoa Beach, where I continue to reside.

REV. DONALD P. McNEIL, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

Jubilee Journey: Fifty Years of Gratitude

I am grateful to have been born in 1936 to my loving parents, Kay and Don McNeill, who also gave birth to two additional sons, Tom and Bob. Growing up in the Chicago area, the Dominican Sisters provided an excellent education in grade school and my experience in a public high school, New Trier, opened my eyes to many different perspectives and friendships.

My two brothers and I graduated from Notre Dame - Tom in 1956, Bob in 1963 and myself in 1958. As senior class president at Notre Dame, I was privileged to meet many Holy Cross religious as rectors and in leadership positions, such as Fr. Jerome Wilson, C.S.C., and Fr. Ted Hesburgh, C.S.C., and to enjoy more direct contact with them and many other priests and brothers.

After graduation, both my brother Tom and I had to delay our military commitments which provided us the opportunity to participate in the Institute for European Studies, which included study in Vienna after visiting many European countries. We had the additional privilege of taking a course by Victor Frankel and making a retreat at a monastery outside Vienna.

I am grateful to my parents for the opportunity for Tom and I to visit many countries on the way back to the United States. This included our visit to the Holy Land and my exposure to poverty in Calcutta, which had a huge impact on my discernment related to my future vocation upon return.

After serving most of my commitment in the U.S. Army as a Second Lieutenant, I felt the call to explore a possible vocation with Holy Cross. My meeting with Fr. Larry LeVasseur, C.S.C., provided me with helpful insights. I was allowed to begin the Novitiate in Jordan, Minnesota in October, entering during the middle of the novitiate year.

I spent an additional six months with another Novitiate group. I then returned to Moreau Seminary and Notre Dame to complete necessary courses.

I was invited to study for four years in our seminary in Rome from 1962 to 1966 during the Second Vatican Council. It was a privilege to study with our Holy Cross Religious from other provinces and to study at the Gregorian University with seminarians from many different countries and communities. It was enjoyable to have Fr. Bob Nogosek, C.S.C., as superior - who allowed us, during the summers, to engage in various multicultural and ministry activities in various parts of France and Italy. I was ordained a priest in December 1965, in Rome.

I returned to Notre Dame in 1966 and had the privilege of taking a course in Pastoral Theology by Fr. Henri Nouwen, C.S.C., which was offered to Holy Cross Religious. Before the end of that year, I was encouraged by Fr. Nouwen, C.S.C., and Fr. Hesburgh, C.S.C., to study for a doctorate at Princeton Theological Seminary in Pastoral Theology. This educational experience provided me with a continuing commitment to experiential and interdisciplinary learning from a faith perspective at the University of Notre Dame in the Department of Theology.

Teaching courses in Theology and Community Service and the Church and Social Justice were very enjoyable. At the same time, I met with Msgr. John Egan and Peggy Roach who had comprehensive encounters with my lay friends and experience in Chicago and nationally with priests and sisters committed to social justice and peace. These encounters led to special experiential courses like the Urban Plunge and Summer Service Projects, which needed a structure and became the Center for Social Concerns - connecting additional faculty to grass roots people and collaboration

with the experiential components in the U.S. and Latin America where they had expertise. Fr. Claude Pomerleau, C.S.C., a friend and classmate, has continually encouraged me to explore Holy Cross International collaboration and challenges especially with Latin America and Africa.

I am pleased that many Holy Cross Religious have been engaged in these programs over the years and provided assistance and leadership in many ways. Also, many lay persons such as the Roemers, Sextons, and Reg Weissert, have been committed to these programs and served as role models before and after their experiences. Sr. Judith Anne Beattie, C.S.C., collaborated from the beginning and connected us with many Holy Cross Sisters in sites around the country and the globe.

Fr. Bill Lies, C.S.C., became Director of the Center for Social Concerns in the 1980s, and currently, Fr. Paul Kollman, C.S.C., is the Director. I am grateful for their leadership and so many talented lay women and men as staff who have, over the years, enhanced the mission of the Center in multiple ways.

Since my transition to Holy Cross House, I have had many opportunities to visit our Holy Cross Religious, especially in Latin America. What a gift to experience priests and brothers so talented from countries such as Uganda and Kenya in Africa. My prayer life has been enhanced by my health challenges and creative involvements at Notre Dame that I have had in the last three decades. I relish all the support and encouragement as I became involved in the Institute for Latino Studies and immersions in various parts of our Holy Cross Apostolates.

The gift of living these past years at Holy Cross House with the marvelous staff and Holy Cross Religious I have admired over the years has been excellent. I am still hoping to collaborate with Andrea Smith Shappell and Margy Pfeil, and

alumni of our creative Center for Social Concerns, to develop a book about the Center for Social Concerns and its continuing impact on many students, graduates, and their parents, etc., who have benefited from its mission.

REV. DANIEL PANCHOT, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

For me to reach 50 years as a religious priest of Holy Cross is an opportunity more for reflection than for celebration. As I reflect, I realize how Our Lord has accompanied me, or better said, has guided me in my efforts to follow Jesus. And, He has guided me in a priesthood which has been different from what most priests live.

I have not been sought out much for celebrations of special baptisms or marriages. Seldom have I given retreats. And yet, there have been special moments. For example, in the meeting of the Council of the Congregation on occasion of the 150th anniversary of the founding of the Congregation, I was able to celebrate one of the Masses in the Solitud of LeMans, using the chalice of Blessed Father Moreau.

Reflecting more, I realize how Our Lord has protected me in the midst of much violence, such as that of the civil-military government of Chile in the 1970s. I was arrested the first time a week after the “Golpe del Estado.” During those years, I also lived the richest pastoral experience of all my priesthood, as part of the ecumenical “Comité Pro-Paz,” which was formed by different churches in Chile after the 1973 “Golpe del Estado,” to assist persons who were persecuted, and their families. The Catholic Church spearheaded these efforts, but these were not limited to it. It was a great privilege to be part of the Church and to work with many other individuals who were willing take the risks (and we paid dearly for it), to assist those who desperately needed help, and this without regard for their religious or political convictions. It was a living Gospel of Jesus, produced in a warm, loving and family atmosphere. It is noteworthy to realize, after many years, that not a few victims and family members, who lived in such anguish and horror during that period, remember those times in the Comité as very heart-warming experiences.

During those years I was arrested or detained a number of times, culminating with passing through the infamous Villa Grimaldi (the Auschwitz of Chile), and the detention camp “4 Álamos” (incomunicado) and “3 Álamos” (prisoners recognized as such by the government). Sometime later, it surprised me to realize that I had been ordained a Sub-deacon in this place 10 years before, when the same locale was the formation house of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

After expulsion from Chile, I joined the Holy Cross Apostolates in Chimbote y Lima, Perú during 16 years, and where Our Lord also protected us in the time of the extreme violence of “Sendero Luminoso” and “MRTA” (Movimiento Revolucionario ‘Tupac Amaru’). During these years, several priests and religious were martyred, but we were spared for other missions. It is edifying to recall that during this time, members of the Eastern Province, to which the District of Peru was related, declared Fridays as days of intercession and even fasted and prayed for our safety.

At the beginning of the 1990s, Our Lord had new work for me in México, as the Province asked me to try to begin a program of vocations and formation for the religious life of Holy Cross with young Mexicans. There, I lived and worked for almost 20 years, and once more, we were protected from the arbitrary violence of organized crime, in which a number of innocent people were killed in crossfire.

And finally, after 35 years, Our Lord brought me back to Chile, where I had studied theology and worked for 10 years, to continue working in His vineyard.

Reflecting on all I have lived, I realize that when we stand by the oppressed, we also receive blows. But, did Our Lord not promise us that? And we are committed to building His Reign, not ours. As a Congregation and a Province, we like to talk

about and celebrate the successes and triumphs of Holy Cross, and that is good. But, on reflection, I realize that during the decades Holy Cross men (and women) have been in Latin America, many have been willing to take risks in order to come near to, and to stand by, those in need. They were not reckless, but rather, steadfast, and in not a few cases paid dearly for that. It is good and a privilege to be part of a religious family and a Church with a history like that. After all, the Apostles for their part, went out of the Sanadrin, joyful that they had been considered worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus. (Acts. 5, 41)

REV. CLAUDE A. POMERLEAU, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I joined Holy Cross in 1961 (Final Vows) after studying Aeronautical Engineering and Philosophy at Notre Dame.

I was ordained to the priesthood in Rome (1965) after studying theology at the Grand Séminaire du Mans and at Pontifical Gregorian University in Rome.

I received my Ph.D. in International Relations at GSIS, University of Denver (1975) after submitting a dissertation on the French Clergy as transnational actor in Latin America during the 1960s.

I taught politics at Notre Dame in 1970s and 1980s. I was Rector of St. George's College (Santiago),

1985-1989; I am Visiting Professor of International Studies at the University of Chile (IEI) since 1991.

I was Director of Peace Studies at the University of Portland (1993 - 2002), and taught International Relations, also at UP, since 1991. I am now Emeritus, and still teaching International Relations at UP.

I helped establish, and was first director, of an African School of Diplomacy (EASGIS) at Uganda Martyrs University (Kampala) in 2003. It is now renamed The Department of Diplomacy and International Studies, Uganda Martyrs University.



REV. JAMES A. RIGERT, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I have always considered it a great blessing to have grown up on a farm with twelve brothers and sisters - it taught me the importance of working together as a family. Sure, we had our share of squabbles and never had an overabundance of material things, but we had to cooperate in our tasks to keep things running smoothly. Mom and Dad were very good parents and instilled in us a strong sense of hard work, along with a deep appreciation of the value of a good education. They were proud of their Catholic faith. I can remember how Dad would call for us to “get on our prayer bones” as we prayed the family rosary before going to bed. And we were enrolled in the parish Catholic grade school even though we had to travel four miles to get there.

My first contact with Holy Cross was when I attended Columbia Prep in 1949. The high school had just moved to the West Hills, only 9 miles from our farm. I remember being picked up a mile from home together with other students west of Portland by Fr. Wohman, C.S.C., driving an old airport limousine (the brown Bomber, we called it). Fr. Early was principal my first years there, and I recall members of the sophomore class being called in one by one for an interview. Each of us was asked whether we had ever considered becoming a priest. I was honest and said yes, but I didn't think I wanted to. His wise response was crucial for me - he simply said, “that's alright, but sometime think and pray about it.” So in my stubbornness, I really didn't think seriously about it for several years.

After a scholarship and a degree in physics at the University of Portland, while doing graduate work at Cornell, I attended an afternoon of recollection at the University's Newman Center. A Franciscan conducting the session asked if any of us had ever considered a religious vocation. When I finally discussed my vague thought about it, he gave me some wise counsel: “Check it out with Holy Cross;

you know the community.” It was this encounter that brought me to the seminary program at Notre Dame after I finished my Master's Degree at Cornell.

It was amazing how smoothly my seminary years passed by, except for one morning at the Novitiate. I woke, looked in the mirror, and blurted out to myself: “I don't want to be here.” A couple of minutes later, I thought to myself: That's odd, I'll just wait a day or two and see what happens. And with that, the thought of leaving the seminary went away, never to come up again. Now, after 50 years of Ordination and religious life, I realize how blessed I have been. Obviously there were setbacks and disappointments, but many more blessings to counter them.

After obtaining a doctorate in physics at the University of Illinois, I didn't find an opening in physics available at a community school, but Fr. Mike Murphy, C.S.C., recruited me to teach geology and geophysics at the University of Notre Dame. Because I had never studied geology before, this added two more years in graduate geological studies at Texas A & M before beginning to teach. Later, I received a doctorate from there as well. I was on the faculty at Notre Dame for 29 years. With my outdoors background, one of my favorite tasks was going with students on field trips, where we studied the wonders of God's nature right before our eyes. How can one not give thanks to the Lord for the beauty and harmony and even the terrible power displayed in nature? And we're certainly meant to appreciate and care for God's good earth. When I led the field trips, we always camped out to remain close to the earth.

During these years, I lived among seminarians for a total of 15 years overall, sometimes on the staff and others in residence. I always admired their enthusiasm and good will - an inspiration for me. Also, when I was able, I assisted at nearby

parishes and appreciated the variations in their prayer and personal faith. After retiring from teaching (my memory is not so good anymore without instant recall of scientific terms), I have continued to assist in parishes. Seven years ago, after 52 years of “exile” from the Northwest, I was finally allowed to return to Oregon. Since then, I’ve been fairly busy helping out in many different parishes in Oregon and Southwest Washington. And each of them has impressed me with the riches of our faith and the goodness of the different types of parishioners. It continually reminds me of the depths of the Spirit leading us along our journey to the Lord. Even though my energy isn’t what it used to be, I am energized by the faith of our Holy Cross Community and the people, and hope I can continue to return some of God’s mercy and generosity.

Looking back, I am filled with gratitude for the grace that has been shown me through the goodness of my family and friends and our Holy Cross Community. Thank you all, and continue to pray for me. Be assured that you are in my prayers as well.

REV. CORNELIUS J. RYAN, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I was born on June 16, 1937, the second of four children to William F. Ryan and Lorraine (Conner). Our parents valued Catholic education for their children and arranged for us to attend St. Mary's Grade School eight miles from home. After graduating from Streator High School in 1956, I attended Notre Dame.

During my first year of studies, I felt the call to serve God as a priest and approached the Holy Cross Vocation Director. In the fall of 1957, I entered the Old College pre-Novitiate program. On August 16, 1959, when I professed Vows for the first time, I included our foreign mission vow. I graduated from Notre Dame in June 1962, and on August 16, I professed my Final Vows. In September, I began my theological studies at our Foreign Mission House in Washington, D.C.

At the end of the first year, I was given a very "temporary" assignment to Uganda and spent one week studying Rutoro, the major language. At the end of that week, this assignment was changed to Bangladesh. The next two years, I focused on Bengali, the Koran, and the geography and customs of that country. Just before Ordination to the diaconate, in May of 1965, my mission assignment changed one more time and I was reassigned to Uganda. Upon receiving my Master's Degree in Theology from Holy Cross College, I returned to Notre Dame for Ordination on June 9, 1966.

My first pastoral assignment after language study was Virika Cathedral Parish. In 1968, I was the first elected member of the Holy Cross District Council in Uganda. On New Year's Eve of that same year, I received a new assignment to Kasese Parish. As Kasese Parish featured numerous languages, I asked my Superior to study Kiswahili at the Maryknoll Language School in Tanzania before going to the parish. On my return to Uganda, I contacted Fr. Dick Potthast who had studied at Georgetown with me. Together, we worked to produce a new language program in Rutoro to be used in teaching

new missionaries to the dioceses of Fort Portal and Hoima.

I served as Assistant District Superior from 1970-73. In 1973, I started teaching in Uganda's National Major Seminaries and greatly enjoyed my three and a half years teaching and serving as a Spiritual Director for many of the seminarians. In 1974, I suggested our universities offer "Justice and Peace Scholarships" for Ugandans allowing Ugandans to pursue related topics in the U.S. Portland was the first to offer such graduate level scholarships. Notre Dame soon followed.

In June of 1976, I began teaching at St. Henry's College boarding school, which was to become my longest assignment in East Africa. In 1978, I was welcomed by the Holy Cross Brothers at Rancho San Antonio in Chatsworth as I began a Sabbatical Year of studies at U.C.L.A. I returned to Uganda in 1979 and continued teaching there - through two wars - until 1995.

In 1995, I left St. Henry's and moved back to the Fort Portal area to teach at St. Leo's College until 1998. In 1997, I was appointed the Director of Family Ministries program in Uganda. In 1999, I was assigned to Dandora Parish in Nairobi. In 2002, I returned to the United States and was assigned as Associate Pastor at Little Flower Parish in South Bend. Four years later, I was appointed Pastor there. After the parish was handed over to diocesan clergy in 2011, I served as Administrator of St. Joseph's Parish Hessen-Cassel, Indiana. In 2013, my years of public ministry came to a close.

I am very grateful to God for the countless blessings of these wonderful years of ministry and the wonderful co-workers He provided. I was blessed with the ability to recognize potential talent in others and provide opportunities for them to develop their skills to a high level in sports, arts and crafts. I firmly believe that when you educate/coach one person, you educate many - as they, in turn, share their knowledge with others.



REV. STEPHEN J. SEDLOCK, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

When Padre Pio was a lad of ten years old, a Capuchin friar came to the little village in which the young Pio and his family lived. When Padre Pio - he was Francesco Forgione then - first saw the visiting friar, he was deeply impressed by the large flowing beard worn by Brother Camillo. It was then that Francisco made up his mind that he too wanted to enter the religious life, and be a friar with a beard.

In later life, Padre Pio would say, "I had gotten the idea of Brother Camillo's beard into my head, and no one could take away my desire to be a bearded friar."

(Padre Pio in America, Riga, Frank, Tan Books, p. 3.)

When I was ending my tour of duty with the United States Navy as a white hat (enlisted man), I saw a brochure in the Chapel about the Holy Cross Religious Community. At that time, I had only about six months left before discharge, and I had no idea what I wanted to do.

The brochure said that Holy Cross Religious were parish priests, magazine writers and editors, high school and university teachers, and besides all that, they went to the famous University of Notre Dame, and I liked their religious habit - short cape, crucifix on the chest - I was sold!

Since I had been a grade school child, being a priest was always in the back of my mind. I prayed, went to daily Mass, tried to live a decent life, but never gave it thoughtful consideration for a long time. But the brochure with the Notre Dame seminarians, and the flowing cape as part of their habit, made up my mind.

Like Padre Pio and the Capuchin with the flowing beard, God uses "stuff" that will lead us where God wants us to go - and that stuff is not necessarily religious or spiritual. Unlike Padre Pio, I am no saint. But God loves us all, no matter what. And God leads us in whatever way we will respond.

I was born in Barnesboro, a small coal mining town in central Pennsylvania. At the end of World War II in 1945, the Navy stopped using coal for its ships, and started using oil. New York City stopped using coal to steam heat her skyscrapers. Homes and businesses started using oil and gas for heat. As a result, little coal mining towns like Barnesboro lost not only their mining jobs, but also their movie theaters, small restaurants, and mom and pop grocery stores. While I was growing up, the only jobs in town were in small privately-owned coal mines that farmers dug in their own fields. There also were some trapping, fishing, and hunting. But there was no future in central Pennsylvania, so I left town when I was 17, and joined the Navy - as did every other graduate of Barnesboro High School.

In the Navy I became a Hospital Corpsman, with a sub-specialty of Neuro-Psychiatric Technician. I spent my entire four years at the Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, caring primarily for wounded and "shell-shocked" patients from the Korean War, something we now know as "PTSD," or Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome.

After the Navy, I entered the seminary at Notre Dame, became a Notre Dame student, and received a Bachelor's Degree in 1962. After four years at Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C., I was ordained a priest in 1966.

Almost all my priesthood has been spent in parishes. I began at Little Flower Parish under the legendary Father Joe Payne, and then at Christ the King under Father Stan Rdzok, both wonderful pastors. Later, I was made Pastor of St. Stanislaus, where I served for eight years, and felt that I totally revitalized the parish. It was a wonderful assignment.

While at Christ the King, I visited Indiana's

Reform School, where one of our boys was incarcerated. The conditions there so shocked me that in South Bend I formed a Board of Directors, received a grant from the State, and founded the first Treatment Center for Delinquent Boys in the State. I contacted the Law School at Notre Dame, which assisted me in suing the State in Federal Court, due to the gross mistreatment of the children at the School, and won. Years later, the State of Indiana took over the program, and it is still going strong.

I have served in other parishes in our Community from Indiana to Southern California, and along the way, my vocation has grown deeper and more real.

Today, at age 79, I still help out in parishes here in the Diocese of Phoenix - doing weddings, funerals, celebrating Mass and preaching, and forming community with my brother religious here at Casa Santa Cruz. I am particularly fond of the members of St. Luke's Parish, and they of me, I guess, since they keep all of us here at the Casa full of delicious sweets. The other padres envy my metabolism and ability to stay relatively thin (and tall), in the midst of all the goodies.

I thank the Lord and my Community, for allowing me to serve the people of God with them and for them.

BR. DENNIS L. MEYERS, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION

In 1964, I entered the Congregation of Holy Cross, Indiana Province, as a Brother postulant, from Lima, Ohio, the only child of Richard N. and Velma B. (Baumgardner) Meyers.

St. Rose of Lima (Diocese of Toledo) is my home parish where I received my Catholic grade school and high school education. I graduated in 1962 from Lima Central Catholic High School where I was a member of the Honor Society, served on the Parish Council and was the first Eucharistic minister of the Parish.

In 1965 I entered Sacred Heart Novitiate, Jordan, Minnesota, and in 1966 I professed First Vows as a religious of Holy Cross, at which time I entered the formation program at Moreau Seminary, Notre Dame. In 1983, I professed Final Vows in Sacred Heart Church. Prior to my final profession, I was employed as Deputy Court Bailiff to the Honorable Judge Robert Light, Court of Common Pleas, Allen County, Ohio, while caring for my terminal ill Mother.

My first assignment was Pastoral Assistant/Business Manager at St. Joseph Parish, South Bend, under the Pastorate of Father Paul Doyle, C.S.C. This appointment continued for five years until I was assigned to St. Patrick Parish in South Bend as Pastoral Assistant and Business Manager for two years. In 1984, I was assigned to the University of Notre Dame, to serve as University Sacristan and Business Manager at the Basilica of the Sacred Heart (then Sacred Heart Church) for 28 years under the rectorship of Fr. Daniel R. Jenky, C.S.C., (now Bishop of Peoria Diocese). After undergoing two open heart surgeries, I was

granted a sabbatical year, spending time in the Peoria Diocese assisting the Most Reverend Daniel Jenky, C.S.C. The following year, I was assigned to assist at Sacred Heart Parish, Lakeville, and to assist in Campus Ministry at Notre Dame. With the amalgamation of Sacred Heart Parish, Lakeville, and St. Jude Parish, South Bend, I was assigned to St. Mark Parish, Niles, Mich. (Diocese of Kalamazoo) as Pastoral Assistant/Parish Administrator while continuing to serve as Master of Ceremonies at Notre Dame, as well as the Fort Wayne-South Bend, Peoria and Kalamazoo Diocese. During my tenure as University Sacristan, I assisted in two major restorations of Sacred Heart Church. In 1989, after the last restoration, I was instrumental in Sacred Heart Church's elevation to a Minor Basilica by His Holiness St. John Paul II in 1982 - thus the title "Basilica of the Sacred Heart."

I am currently serving as a member of the Art and Environment Committee for the Diocese of Fort Wayne-South Bend.

I am grateful to God for my fifty years as a religious of the Holy Cross and to the late Father William Melody, C.S.C., who was vocation director during my introduction to Holy Cross, to Fr. Joseph McGrath, C.S.C., who was friend and mentor, and especially to Bishop Joe Crowley for his spiritual guidance over the years, and last but not least, Brother Cosmas, C.S.C., and the Sisters of the Holy Cross who served with me during my tenure as University Sacristan.



REV. JOHN J. DONATO, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

“Rejoice always, pray without ceasing, give thanks in all circumstances; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you.” (1 Thes. 4:16-18 NRSV).

In my recollections of family life in Addison, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago and a part of the Diocese of Joliet, I remember laughter and love, wonderful food and family gatherings, a vibrant connection to our local parish of St. Philip the Apostle, and the first inspirations that God was indeed calling me to the priesthood, to remain close to God (prayer) and to let others know the source of my joyful heart (rejoice and give thanks). My parents, Marian and Paul, and my older brother, Paul, lavished love and affection upon me that ensured that little Johnny (as I was known) would someday go forth with plenty of wind in his sails.

I first learned of religious life in elementary school from the School Sisters of St. Francis and my pastor, Fr. Salavatore Giunta, a dominate presence in our parish, who did stir up an attraction to the priesthood for me. While I began my high school career at St. Charles Borromeo High School Seminary, I graduated from Driscoll Catholic, both LaSallian Christian Brothers schools. Their presence strongly influenced my faith and they also introduced me to the University of Notre Dame as a potential place for continuing my education. From them, I learned about the power of intellectual curiosity and received a taste of the vastness of our Catholic tradition.

My discovery of the Congregation of Holy Cross and the Notre Dame College Seminary program came via a friend in the Augustinian Villanova college program. I believe this was truly an act of Divine Providence. My first years in the seminary were supported by great mentors, in particular 2016's 50th Jubilarians, Frs. Bob Antonelli and Claude Pomerleau, who encouraged me to reach for my dream to spend a year of study abroad in Italy.

After my year in Rome, I returned to the University of Notre Dame to complete a bachelor's degree in philosophy and theology in 1986. Post-Novitiate, I earned a master of divinity degree in 1990 and a master of science in administration in 1997. Throughout the course of my initial formation, and in so many small and grand ways, especially at the passing of my father, fellow seminarians, professors and countless Holy Cross religious fostered within me our shared trust in our motto, “Hail the Cross, our Only Hope!”

During my first assignment, Fr. Bill Neidhart, C.S.C., gently molded me as a pastoral minister at St. Francis Xavier parish, Burbank, California. Parishioners Eileen and Frank Reinhart, who presented me to the Bishop Waldschmidt for Ordination and who have remained dear friends, still teach me so much about God's faithful love, family life, and how to be a priest.

After nine rich years of parochial ministry (St. Joseph and Holy Cross parishes in South Bend, Indiana, and St. Anthony, Fort Lauderdale, Florida), I came to the University of Portland to serve in campus ministry. With Fr. David Tyson's encouragement, I completed my doctorate in Educational Leadership at Seattle University and began a two-year assignment as Director of Human Formation for Mount Angel Seminary, a large Benedictine-led seminary in Oregon, where I also taught as an adjunct instructor in the theology department at the graduate level.

Since then, I have returned to the University of Portland to serve as associate vice president for student development and now as vice president for student affairs. From 2007 to the present, I had the direct responsibility for the Offices of International Student Services, Residence Life, Student Activities, and the Moreau Center, as well as other areas in student affairs. Additionally, I have served as the deputy Title IX coordinator for

students, co-chair of the Early Alert Program, lived as a pastoral resident, served as religious superior for the Holy Cross Community at the University of Portland and taught as an adjunct instructor in the theology department.

The cross of caring for my mother through her dementia in the last years of her life has taught me more about the essentials of life, of dying well, and of the depths of love stored deep within me than any other experiences in my life. Yet, when I consider, over the years, the numerous celebrations of Baptisms, weddings, and funerals, and the sacred conversations in the confessional, hospital rooms, rectory and various offices I have held, along with the Masses and homilies, receptions and grave side gatherings, I give thanks, rejoicing to have been an instrument of God's presence at these moments of grace, for this has been the will of God for me in Christ Jesus.

REV. DAVID L. GUFFEY, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

Father David L. Guffey, C.S.C., is a Priest of the Congregation of Holy Cross, United States Province. He was born the eldest son of Gary and Eileen Guffey. He was raised in Mt. Carroll, Illinois, a beautiful, small rural town. He grew up working with his father in his family's grocery store and graduated from Mt. Carroll High School. David has three nieces: Lucy, a junior at Notre Dame; Ellie, a Highland College student; and Aaliyah, in high school. He also has three nephews: Christopher, married to Kara; Levi, a talented musician; and Luke, in high school. His parents and his sister, Lisa (Guffey) Jones still live in Mt. Carroll. When he visits home, Father David enjoys saying Mass at Saints John and Catherine Parish. The people there have always been dear to him.

David attended The University of Notre Dame and earned a B.A. in American Studies. At Notre Dame, he was active at the campus radio stations and in Holy Cross Hall student government.

David joined Holy Cross after graduation in 1984. He completed Novitiate and professed First Vows in 1986. He returned to studies and made a regency year at André House in Phoenix in 1987-88. He returned to Notre Dame and graduated from the Masters of Divinity Program at The University of Notre Dame in 1990 and that same year, he professed Final Vows and was ordained a deacon. He served at Little Flower Parish in South Bend during his deacon internship and first months of priesthood after Ordination in 1991.

In July of 1991, David was assigned as Director of André House of Hospitality in Phoenix, Arizona, where he joined in serving poor and homeless people with shelter, meals (1,000 per day), clothing and other basic services. André House in 1991 was nearly broke and under constant pressure from the city of Phoenix to stop serving homeless people. Along with people like Michael and Molly McQuaid, Jack and Joan Butler, and Bill and Peggy Schwartz,

David led the effort to create a permanent center for André House. During his time there, the community identified a site, obtained zoning permits after lengthy and contentious zoning hearings, purchased a 25,000 square foot building, renovated it and completely paid for it all and left enough in savings for several years operating expenses. The André House Hospitality Center continues to operate at this site.

In July 1996, David began a time of internal ministry for Holy Cross. He was assigned as Assistant Superior at Moreau Seminary at Notre Dame. He also served part-time as a chaplain in the Campus Ministry Program at Saint Mary's College and assisted with residence hall Masses at Notre Dame. In 1998, David was asked to be the Director of Novices at The Holy Cross Novitiate in Cascade, Colorado. In the six years he served there, he also assisted in local parishes. He completed two terms at the Novitiate in August 2004. In his time working in formation, David was honored to work with wonderful young men preparing for life in Holy Cross and service to the Church. Their witness and fidelity inspires him to this day.

In January 2005, David moved to the Los Angeles area to prepare for studies. He took classes at UCLA and was accepted at Loyola Marymount University, where he earned an MFA in Film and Television Production in 2008. His thesis film, "Last Deal at the Mount Carroll Gun Club," was accepted at seven film festivals including The Beloit Film Festival, The Milwaukee Short Film Festival and The International Family Film Festival in Los Angeles. In his last year at Loyola Marymount University, The School of Film and Television presented him The Dean's Award for academic excellence, artistic achievement and service to the community.

Father David Guffey was hired at Family Theater Productions in 2008. Since 1947, Family Theater Productions has produced family and faith-based

media to entertain, inspire and educate. David Guffey became the National Director in 2014. He was instrumental in updating the production facilities at Family Theater, digitizing and cataloguing 65 years of radio, film and television content, including 500 radio programs and over 90 television programs still available for distribution. David has produced and directed television films, which have been distributed worldwide and broadcast on nationwide cable networks in The United States and Canada. He recently wrote and directed two short, television films, “40 Hours” and “Down from the Mountaintop.” Family Theater is presently working on feature length family and faith-based films as well as a short format video series for evangelization and faith formation. The work of Family Theater Productions and access to its social media, YouTube and UStream pages can be found at www.FamilyTheater.org.

Father David is active in the faith-based media community in Los Angeles and nationally. From the offices of Family Theater Productions, he offers spiritual direction to people in the entertainment industry and is one of the hosts of monthly events for young Catholics in Hollywood. Father David serves on the Boards of The Catholic Academy of Communication Arts Professionals, Ave Maria Press and The Catholics in Media Associates of Los Angeles.

Within the Congregation of Holy Cross, David Guffey was a seven-time presenter and team member of the Holy Cross International Session in Le Mans, France and has offered retreats for Holy Cross Religious in various communities around the United States and abroad.

Since January 2005, Father David Guffey, C.S.C., has lived and served in residence at St. Monica Parish, in Santa Monica, California. The parish has been home to Holy Cross Religious since 1996 when Father Bob Dowd, C.S.C., moved in as a student

at UCLA. Father Willy Raymond, C.S.C., who was there during his tenure at Family Theater. Pastor and good friend, Msgr. Lloyd Torgerson, has not only welcomed individual Holy Cross Priests and guests, but also has built a relationship with Holy Cross Parish, Dandora, Kenya. In July 2015, Father David accompanied a group from St. Monica on their annual service trip to Dandora. This summer, 2016, a St. Monica group will be there in Dandora at the dedication of a maternity clinic and new Phase I Church that they helped build financially. St. Monica Parish is a diverse community with 10,800 registered households with over half of the parishioners under 45 years of age. Parishioners include alums from all of the Holy Cross Priests’ Universities in the United States including members of the boards of The University of Portland and The University of Notre Dame. The parish has a grade school and high school. At St. Monica, Father David assists with Sacraments and offers spiritual direction. He coordinates a Parish Film Club and frequently gives talks and retreats. Some of the Masses at which he presides are live-streamed and later archived at www.StMonica.net. Father David is grateful for the people he has served alongside with at St. Monica Parish.

REV. MARC F. FALLON, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

When the late twentieth-century formation programs in the Congregation of Holy Cross described the social context of the 1837 union of the LeMans auxiliary priests of Basil Moreau and the Brothers of Saint Joseph of Jacques-François Dujarié, as prospective religious, we perceived this history according to our respective life experiences. While some in the developing world may have related to the direct presence of military dictatorships, we as North Americans passed our formative years under the ominous nuclear threats between the United States and the USSR. What an invitation to conversion I found while studying scripture as the initial encounter with the ministry of Jesus of Nazareth to the rural poor of Galilee, their daily struggles magnified by their leaders' abdication to the Roman occupying military.

Through provincial and community communications, we learned of brothers who accompanied the displaced rural Peruvians who had arrived on the outskirts of their capital city. A pastoral neighbor ministered alongside them, using these pastoral experiences as the foundation for his theology of liberation. With this as context and the theological basis for pastoral ministry, as the 1990s began, I accepted an invitation for pastoral ministry in the Diocese of Brooklyn, the Deanery of Bedford-Stuyvesant, with parishioners and life instructors of Caribbean, African-American, and Latin-American heritages. They taught me the Spanish language and so much more. The member bodies of East Brooklyn congregations lived a theology of resistance to the dominant society's false narrative, because this depicted those left behind by the white flight to the suburbs as forever poorer, lesser, more addicted and disadvantaged. Not in our churches! We would take our youth for retreats with young people from more theoretically affluent areas. They lived their dignity of "liberation" with an attitude of "Watch out! We're the ones from New York!"

I lived with the community of the College of Christ the King, participating in the varied ministries of the newly ordained. Among the classes, campus ministry programs, returning to the local rink in the guise of a coach, and learning of the committed lives of Christian educators, lay and ordained, I thought that a proposal to accompany the community of a newly-scheduled Spanish liturgy might be mere mirth. Yet this was the pastoral reality; even as I taught the history survey sections that described the painful sacrifices and struggles of European Catholic anthracite coal miners and their families of the previous century, Latin American successors on their path were surmounting similar hurdles on our doorstep. At a moment of vocational choice, I selected the "weekend" ministry placement.

I ministered in outreach with migrant farm workers and their families in rural Georgia, as a corrections chaplain facilitating the spirituality of recovery, and the last twelve years in pastoral animation of Central American community groups in New Bedford, Massachusetts. As the martyr Oscar Romero fostered many discussions on the meaning of martyrdom in the context of the Christian paschal mystery, and grace of this painful time led me to the Congregation of Holy Cross, it has been a ministry of humility in my encounter with Salvadoran refugees. Less prepared was I for their neighboring K'iche' Mayans of western Guatemals, similar survivors of a senseless civil war who managed to find their way to the troubled refuge of a post-industrial New England port. And they with their own Bishop and martyr, Juan Gerardi, whom the military finally murdered after he participated in the "truth & reconciliation" report. As Easter follows Lent on the Christian calendar, we celebrate the paschal mystery locally with memorials for Bishop Romero and Bishop Gerardi each March and April.

While there are too many communities of faith that endure privation and suffering far too similar to that of the Son of Man, ordained ministry has proved for me to be a means to live the Paschal Mystery in the North American context in communion with the Family of Holy Cross. As we educate in the faith, our hope in Christ animates many sisters and brothers who have overcome extraordinary obstacles.

REV. FULGENS KATENDE, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

“Making a decision is only the beginning of things. When someone makes a decision, he/she is really diving into a strong current that will carry him/her to places he/she had never dreamed of when he/she first made that decision.”
—Paul Coelho, *The Alchemist*

My journey of priesthood is one that moved me from simple, confused and humble spiritual beginnings to a place in my heart where I can confidently praise and joyfully use Mary’s song: “My soul glorifies the Lord and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior, for He has done great things for me ...” Mary’s words capture the transformation I have and do continue to experience in my life as a religious priest. Starting out as a young boy in the minor seminary, little did I know that God would grant me His favor to serve Him as a religious priest in the Congregation of Holy Cross. It is now twenty-five years. A decision made in a moment has born a preponderance of grace and blessings in my life.

I was born in Kampala, Uganda on December 6, 1961, the first-born of seven children of Rose Mary and Emmanuel Mukiibi. I did my kindergarten and the first three elementary classes in a place called Kasubi-Nabulagala under a mango tree which had been planted by one of the first Catholic missionaries, a father by the name of Fr. Lourdel Momper more than a century before. This is also a place of the first Mass ever celebrated in Uganda. Serving as an altar boy, my attraction to priesthood began to take root and I soon found myself both in the preparatory seminary and minor respectively. My first contact with Holy Cross took place when I was just about to finish high school and a priest gave a talk about the Congregation. I felt drawn to the Congregation, though I knew little about religious life. The idea of becoming a priest in an international congregation excited me a great deal. In August of 1984, two of us from Uganda joined

the formation program at Dandora Nairobi, Kenya, where our Holy Cross parish is located. Seven years later, I would be the first native African to be ordained a priest for the Congregation of Holy Cross.

The past twenty-five years as a religious priest in the Congregation have been but a graced opportunity to journey with many other brothers in Holy Cross for the service of God’s people. As first native ordained, my elder brothers in Holy Cross who were expatriates at the time were models for me of holiness. Their lives expressed and spoke to me of God’s presence in our midst, about their ingenuity combined with commitment and zeal in pastoral ministry. Consequently, both holiness and ingenuity have practically been foundational to my concerted effort to find meaning in my priesthood. Over the past twenty-five years, I have been invited by the superiors to work as an associate pastor, as a pastor both at Holy Cross Parish Bugembe, Uganda and Holy Cross Parish Dandora, director of Holy Cross Family Ministries, director of our formation program in Jinja, a teacher at Philosophy Center Jinja, and currently as a chaplain to both the Little Sisters of the Poor in Totowa, NJ, and Trinitas Regional Medical center at Elizabeth, New Jersey. Any kind of ministry that I have been involved in as a priest could not have been rewarding without being placed in the context of religious life in Holy Cross. The community has been there for me, challenging me to bring the best of me to every ministry assigned me; sharing in the vision and charism of our founder Blessed Basil Moreau to be an educator in faith. The spirit of brotherhood in Holy Cross characterized by greater emphasis on prayer life, faithfulness to vowed life and openness to God’s will, has always offered me the opportunity to discover God’s presence in my life

and the tools and skills to make that presence felt in the many people to which I have ministered.

Br. Bill Zydak, C.S.C., always told us while still in formation, *“Don’t ask, why did I come to Holy Cross, but why am I still around?”* The moment and reasons that drew me to the Congregation of Holy Cross might not be of great importance right now, however, the process that has consistently offered me the spiritual growth I am experiencing as a religious priest remains of essence. I can only say, “My soul glorifies the Lord and my spirit rejoices in God my savior, for He has done great things for me.”

REV. PAUL V. KOLLMAN, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I first met Holy Cross as an undergraduate student here at the University of Notre Dame, where I am now on the faculty. So, in geographic terms, I have not moved much from my initial encounter to my present commitments with the Congregation thirty-six years later. Yet much has happened in those years, and the jubilee of my priestly Ordination occasions in me a great deal of gratitude.

I am grateful for the family into which I was born in Cincinnati, Ohio - to my parents, Carita (Ritchie) and Paul Kollman, my siblings Anne Marie Kaes and Ken Kollman, to their spouses Ron Kaes and Colleen (Dowd) Kollman, and to my nieces and nephews, as well as to my extended family. It was also a privilege to preside and preach at the funerals of my two beloved grandmothers.

I am grateful to the Holy Cross family, whom I began to know here at Notre Dame and Saint Mary's College, and whom I later have known in places where I have lived - Colorado Springs; Nairobi, Kenya; Chicago; Berkeley; Jinja, Uganda - and others I have visited. Many good and generous men and women helped me during my time in initial formation, and I have enjoyed a succession of colleagues and collaborators, friends and superiors, models and mentors, confessors and counselors ever since. It was through Holy Cross that I first went to Eastern Africa, which has been a focus of much of my academic work, and which inaugurated an experience of the World Church and our global congregation that is most helpful in living my vocation. In particular, it has helped me develop what I sometimes call (all-too-limited but nonetheless valued) skills in "comparative anger management" - that is, when the Church/Holy

Cross in the U.S. frustrates me, I take solace by thinking about faithful believers and communities in Africa; and when the Church/Holy Cross in Africa disappoints me, I draw strength from faithful believers and communities in the United States. Any port in the inevitable ecclesial and/or congregational storm(s).

I am grateful to the University of Notre Dame, where I have worked for most of my active ministry. After Final Vows and diaconate Ordination, I treasured three years serving at Saint Joseph Church, South Bend, before heading to doctoral studies at the University of Chicago Divinity School, during which I spent time teaching in Jinja, Uganda. Since 2001 I have been in the Notre Dame Theology Department, appreciating dedicated fellow faculty and the students I have taught. For the past four years I have been privileged to serve as director of Notre Dame's Center for Social Concerns with remarkable colleagues deeply committed to the education of the minds and transformation of the hearts of our students.

Anniversaries like this also recall disappointments, mostly with myself. I am conscious of duties shirked, confidences betrayed, friendships taken for granted, generous good will unreturned, expectations unfulfilled, the word of God lazily preached and practiced, and a host of similar failings; and certainly others elude my understanding. Such awareness only deepens my appreciation for all that I have received in my vocation as a religious and priest in Holy Cross.



REV. RUSSEL K. McDOUGALL, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

Born in northwest Indiana, where I attended public grade and high schools, I graduated from the University of Notre Dame in 1985. My undergraduate years at Notre Dame were a blessed time, both intellectually and affectively. At Notre Dame, I was blessed to find mentors and friends both within the university community and within the Congregation of Holy Cross who were committed to living their Christian commitment in a way that brought together social concern with spiritual depth. The circle of companions who introduced me to the Catholic radicalism of Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day also helped to initiate me into the spiritual disciplines of *lectio divina* and centering prayer, forms of prayer that have shaped my life - and turned it upside down - ever since. Through prayer and service, particularly service to the poor, the marginalized, those outside the comfortable and familiar circle of my narrow acquaintance, love of God slowly became more integrated with love of neighbor.

The experience of friendship I had in those years was both beautiful and painful, for at the same time that I felt the joy of companionship I also, and surprisingly, experienced loneliness in ways that I never had before. I sensed that this was the experience that led to Augustine's insight that our hearts are ever restless until they rest in God. In his *Confessions*, Augustine reflects on the way in which his own conversion to God came with the conviction that he was called to celibacy. My experience of loneliness within the context of friendship worked upon me in a similar way, and helped to deepen the sense that God was calling me to deeper relationship with himself, and that he was calling me to live that relationship with him in the celibate state, as a religious and a priest in the Congregation of Holy Cross.

Pursuing the M.Div. at Notre Dame, I continued to feel the stirrings of the desire to move beyond

the comfortable and familiar, to encounter Christ in the marginalized, to let my faith be challenged by the poor, to grow in compassion. During my undergraduate years I had been involved in service to the needy of the South Bend area, but this seemed not to be enough. I felt an invitation to be more than a tourist among the poor: I wanted to share in their life. Classmate Paul Kollman and I requested, and were given permission, to spend a year and a half in our mission in East Africa, to do some pastoral work and theological study in Nairobi.

The year and a half that I spent in East Africa was an especially graced time in my formation. As I had never before been outside North America, my experience in Nairobi opened my eyes to realities I had vaguely heard of, but of which I had no real comprehension. At that time our formation house in Nairobi was located in Holy Cross Parish, Dandora, in one of the poorer neighborhoods of the city. Dandora seemed at first sight to be a slum, but it was permanent housing, a step above the mud houses that constituted the real slums of Nairobi. Dandora was at the time home to some one hundred thousand people from all over Kenya, as well as residents and refugees from some neighboring countries as well. The seminaries where we studied were located on the opposite side of the city, a long drive through the wildest traffic I had ever seen. Hekima College, the Jesuit theological college where I and some of my confreres studied, brought together Jesuit and other religious seminarians from all over Africa, as well as a few European and American seminarians with an interest in working in Africa. In such an environment as Nairobi provided, I was able to encounter a much broader world.

My experience in East Africa challenged my ideas (and ideals) about poverty. I was struck by the extensive use of the passive voice in Kiswahili and

other East African languages, and was frustrated not infrequently by our neighbors' apparently passive acceptance of injustice, their sense that not much could be done to change their society, or their lot within it. To my surprise, and to considerable disappointment in myself, I struggled to find compassion in my heart for some of the broken individuals that I met.

In prayer I found that the Scriptures came alive for me in new and startling ways. In particular, the words of the prophets and the stories about the rulers of Israel acquired new depth for me as I found many of the situations they had addressed were played out anew on the stage of post-colonial African societies. In observing that, I became increasingly convinced that the historical-critical approach to the Scriptures I had learned in my coursework wasn't enough, for historical-critical scholarship tends to locate the meaning of texts in the past, in what happened once, long ago. It seemed to me that the truth of the Scriptures lies not in their preserving a record of what happened once, but in their relating stories of what happens again and again in human experience, in the human encounter with God.

I earned a master of divinity degree from Notre Dame in 1990, and after making perpetual vows and receiving Ordination as a deacon in September 1990, I returned to Kenya to assist again in Dandora. I remained there for four years. They were years of political turmoil in Kenya as the country made the transition to multi-party democracy, with the government of President Moi dragging its heels every inch of the way. I discovered a talent and a love for preaching, particularly as I tried to interpret political developments in the country in the light of the Scriptures. It was in service to the Catholic community of Dandora that I realized I was becoming what our Holy Cross Constitutions

challenge each of us to be: a man "with hope to bring" (Const. 8:118).

I was ordained a priest of the Congregation of Holy Cross in 1991, and in the years since, as I've been engaged in studies at the Biblicum in Rome (where I obtained a License in Sacred Scripture in 1998) or teaching Scripture in Uganda, the Word of God whom I encounter in the Scriptures has continued to sustain and to challenge me, to turn my life upside down and inside out.

In July of 2014 I made an "aliyah" of sorts, "going up" to Jerusalem to assume the rectorship of the Tantur Ecumenical Institute, a center of theological scholarship founded by Pope Paul VI, with more than a little help from Fr. Ted Hesburgh. At that moment Israel was preparing a ground offensive into Gaza in response to the rockets Hamas were launching into Israel. The ongoing conflict between Israelis and Palestinians has been a constant reminder to me of the continuing need for an institute like Tantur, dedicated as it is to bringing men and women with quite different theological perspectives and convictions together for dialogue. Competing, and seemingly mutually exclusive, theological claims for the land have made this, in some ways, the most difficult ministry in my years as a priest, but I believe that God has his own purposes in leading me to this place and to these peoples at this particular time.

In my journey as a religious priest, I've realized that my life in its depths, like the ground under my feet, is prone to earthquakes. I've come to expect the occasional shaking of the foundations. And I'm grateful, for the tremors are but another way in which God makes Himself known to me and leads me to Himself.

REV. PATRICK M. NEARY, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

The seed of my religious vocation was sown by my parents. I grew up at the tail end of what some have termed “ghetto Catholicism” and our family life revolved around St. Joseph’s Parish in La Porte, Indiana. And I always knew that nothing mattered more to my parents than their faith. Though they never spoke directly to me about a religious vocation, they created a faith environment where it could take root in me.

I also owe my vocation to the Franciscan Sisters from Mishawaka who taught me at St. Joseph’s Grade School. My first-grade teacher, Sr. Estelle, always spoke to us about religious vocations. At present, three of us who had her in first grade are priests and two of her nephews are priests. I joke that my daily life hasn’t really changed since first grade: Each day at school began with Mass, and all day long I was surrounded by priests and religious.

I thought that the idea of a vocation first occurred to me later in high school. But at Sr. Estelle’s 60th anniversary of vows celebration, Sr. Suzanne, my second grade teacher, told me that I came up to her on the playground one day and announced that one day I would be a priest. I have no recollection of that event.

Why Holy Cross? I knew nothing about Holy Cross though I loved Notre Dame and was an Irish football fanatic since age 10. When I was in eighth grade, I visited a seminary with some other young men from my parish. I found it a cold place and privately vowed I would never enter a seminary. My father, however, felt that this visit might signal an interest in a vocation though he said nothing to me about it. Providentially, my father’s co-worker was the nephew of Fr. Herman Reith, C.S.C., a philosophy professor at Notre Dame. When I reluctantly told my parents at the start of my senior year that I was thinking about the priesthood, my father asked his co-worker if Fr. Reith might write me about Holy Cross.

Fr. Reith wrote me a beautiful letter that lit a fire in me. Mysteriously, I received a letter from Fr. André Léveillé, C.S.C., the then Vocation Director, about two weeks later! Fr. André invited me for a visit in mid-February of 1980. I remember walking into Moreau Seminary and feeling very much at home. Only later did I learn that Fr. Moreau structured Holy Cross on a family model and now my reaction makes sense to me.

Looking back on 25 years of priesthood, I feel gratitude to Holy Cross, my second family. I have felt loved and supported since my first visit to Moreau Seminary. I think of the men in Holy Cross who have been my mentors and my friends over the years. Many have gone to the Lord. Many are still with me. And during times of trials these past 25 years, there has always been someone in Holy Cross to stand by me.

Holy Cross educated and formed me. Above all, Holy Cross had faith in me and saw gifts in me that I never saw in myself. Not every assignment has been easy but I have always been supported. Each assignment seemed to build on the previous one in a very mysterious and wonderful way.

I feel that I’ve been on a great adventure. Fr. Moreau believed very much in Divine Providence, which means that I’ve really been a part of God’s adventure for me in Holy Cross. I marvel at where this journey has taken me since I left La Porte as a mere youth: Notre Dame, Mexico, Colorado, Berkeley, Santiago, Chile, and now, East Africa. I have met the wider Holy Cross family and now feel at home in a host of cultures.

When I consider what the priesthood has meant to me, I would have to say love. I feel that I’ve been in a love affair with God since the time of my earliest memories of anything. I have doubted that love way too often and for no good reason. Deep down, however, I know that I’m infinitely loved. I have wanted that to be the core of my

service as a priest: To simply let people know that they are loved beyond belief by the wonderful God who created them. I want them to understand what Thomas Merton once said, that it's a glorious thing to be a member of the human race.

How privileged I have been to enter people's lives at all the important moments, to be present to them in Christ's name and that of His Church, to be a symbol of His loving presence, His forgiveness, His consolation, and His mercy.

I know that I only have this job because Christ called me to it. I did nothing to earn it or deserve it. How can I thank Him for His call and His trust in me? How can I thank Him for all the lives I've been privileged to enter and all the people who have touched me with their grace, their warmth, and their goodness?

I can't capture this mystery in such a brief reflection but I can sum up gratitude with the words of Dag Hammarskjöld that have always been with me: "For all that has been, thanks, for all that will be, yes!"

REV. TIMOTHY L. O'CONNOR, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

What is to give light must endure burning.
— Viktor Frankl

I was born in 1955, the eighth of ten children (my parents had five girls and five boys). I grew up in Lake Forest, Illinois and attended and graduated from St. Mary's Grade School there. In 1973, I graduated from Loyola Academy, Wilmette, Illinois. From 1975-1976, my junior year of college, I attended Loyola University of Chicago, Rome, Italy campus. In 1977, I graduated from Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota with a Bachelor's degree in English.

After college, I lived in Chicago, Illinois and worked at Marsh and McLennan Insurance Brokers. While working there I met, through two of my brothers who graduated from Notre Dame, a Holy Cross priest by the name of Tom Stella. I was fortunate to get to know Tom and his ministry as a priest with the Congregation of Holy Cross, and as a result, developed a heightened interest in a vocation to religious life and priesthood. Tom encouraged me to visit Notre Dame and to ask for an interview at Moreau Seminary, which I did in the autumn of 1983.

In 1984, I began the seminary program at Moreau Seminary, Notre Dame, Indiana. In 1989,

I graduated with a Master of Divinity from the University of Notre Dame and made Final Vows the same year. I was ordained a priest there in 1991.

During the seminary years and after my Ordination, I attended Clinical Pastoral Education programs at Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, Massachusetts; at St. Joseph Hospital, South Bend, Indiana; and at St. Louis, Missouri. I served at various Holy Cross parishes in Goodyear, Arizona; Portland, Oregon; and South Bend, Indiana. I then served in campus ministry at the University of Portland, living and assisting at a dorm there, while serving at the Downtown Chapel (St. Andre Bessette Church) as Associate Pastor.

Currently, I serve as Chaplain at Holy Cross Village, Notre Dame, Indiana, a retirement community founded by the Holy Cross Brothers. I also assist as a priest on the University of Notre Dame campus and live at Corby Hall. This is the same hall my father, Richard D. O'Connor, Jr. (ND '34), lived in when he was an undergraduate at Notre Dame 82 years ago.

