



*2010*  
HOLY CROSS JUBILARIANS  
SIXTY, FIFTY AND TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

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2010

# HOLY CROSS JUBILARIANS

SIXTY — FIFTY — TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

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## CONGREGATION OF HOLY CROSS 2010

### SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. ALBERT A. CROCE, C.S.C.

REV. RICHARD S. TEALL, C.S.C.

### SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION

BRO. JAMES J. LAKOFKA, CSC

### FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. NICHOLAS R. AYO, C.S.C.

REV. DAVID BURRELL, C.S.C.

REV. JAMES BURTCHAELL, C.S.C.

REV. EUGENE GORSKI, C.S.C.

REV. KENNETH GRABNER, C.S.C.

REV. WILLIAM HUND, C.S.C.

REV. JEROME KNOLL, C.S.C.

REV. JOSEPH O'DONNELL, C.S.C.

REV. FRANK TOSTE, C.S.C. (Biography Not Submitted)

### FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION

BRO. PATRICK LYNCH, C.S.C.

### TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. ROBERT DELEON (Biography Not Submitted)

REV. JOHN KURTZKE, C.S.C.

REV. JEFFREY SCHNEIBEL, C.S.C.





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SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY  
OF ORDINATION

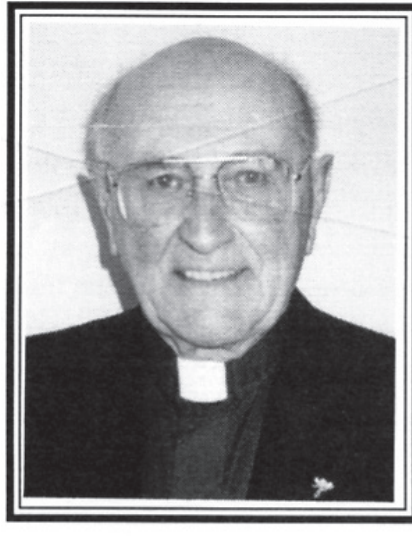
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# REV. ALBERT A. CROCE, C.S.C.

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I grew up in an immigrant Italian family, the sixth of eight children, four boys and four girls. We were a tightly knit family. My grandfather, on arrival at Brockton, MA, purchased a sizeable piece of land, built two houses on it and then divided the land in five sections, one for each of the five families who wished to grow their own vegetables. We were surrounded by our friends who had migrated from the same area of Italy, so Italian was our language and we all got along with each other.



Growing up in that atmosphere was like living in the old country because we heard all the legends, superstitions and folk tales that each one remembered and passed on to our generation. We also learned all the songs and dances of the Neopolitan area and became musicians of sorts on the mandolin, accordion, guitar and piano. In the summer it wouldn't be a proper Saturday afternoon and evening if we all didn't partake of a game of bocce, tre sette, amore or briscola. Religious holidays were a big thing. That was when we had the luxury of sweets to eat and time for games and prizes. We lived in a three decker block and my aunt and uncle lived in the other house with their children. All in all there were about twenty-five of us, all children of grand children of my grandparents. It was such a large and loving family that I grew up. We all got along, never had a feud and we are still "as close

as bark on a tree" as they say in Vermont.

My life in Holy Cross began the fall of 1941. I graduated high school in 1935 and after working briefly in a leather factor in Brackton, the "Shoe city of the world", I applied for and was accepted into a school in East Hartford, CT with the hope of the working in the Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Plant. At the end of my schooling I was selected for further study so stayed on

for another term in order to deepen what I had learned. I was then hired and worked as a tool designer in the experimental department. My job was to re-design worn out tools so that they could be used in other departments. This was before the war had broken out and we were designing tools for the Wasp and Hornet engines for the navy planes.

After piling up \$50 bonds and not time to spend the money since towards the end I was working seventy hours a week, it was time to put on the brakes and wonder what I was doing. I concluded that there ought to be more to life than earning money so I suppose it was then that the grace of God began to work in me. I also began to wonder about so many people in the world who were poor and had never heard of Christ. My reading switched from detective stories and cowboy books to more substantial reading. I started taking out books on personal



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conversions, the lives of the saints and spiritual subjects. That did it. The call came very loud and clear. I wanted to become a priest. My inquiry into three religious orders turned me off until one day at our Brockton Public Library the lady at the circulation desk asked me point blank if I was thinking of becoming a priest. This started me so I asked her why she asked that question. She said it was because of the types of books I was borrowing from the library. Not wanting to encourage her too much I admitted that I had a slight interest in that direction. She immediately urged me to visit the Holy Cross Fathers in the next town, North Easton. I had never heard of them but she was insistent. I told her I had no means of transportation so I couldn't visit them, but she volunteered to drive me there and back on Saturday morning. How could I refuse?

Melvina picked me up the next morning and drove me to North Easton. When I arrived at what was the former Ames Estate I was impressed with the beauty and serenity of the grounds and started to feel more interested. However, I kept bringing up objections and she kept knocking them down so I decided to give it a try.

Fr. Moran was the priest who interviewed me and for every objection I made he had a solution so finally I gave up and agreed to give it a try. In September of 1941 I took the fatal step and became a postulant in Holy Cross with the hope of becoming a missionary. It was a happy choice. In all my sixty-nine years in Holy Cross I have never regretted my decision.

Some priests greatly influence me in my early days in Holy Cross. When Fr. Jim Moran

interviewed me I told him I was worried about my studies since I never had been to parochial school, nor had I ever served at the altar and I never had a word of Latin so how was I to compete with the others who all had Latin or Greek in the Catholic schools or colleges. He told me not to worry, that my Italian background would see me through and so it did! Fr. George Benaglia was a stern and gruff priest on the exterior but he was my savior in my postulant days. He would call me into his room at night and coach me in my Latin. I never would have passed my Hettich and Meitland Latin composition course without his help. Then there was Fr. Frank Gartland, my confessor and teacher of English and buddy. The fact that I majored in English at Notre Dame was due to his encouragement. Fr. Michael O'Brien, our Homiletics professor, was a real gem. I always remembered his admonition to us, coming from his mid-western background-when you're in the pulpit, keep the hay down where the calves can git it." In all my years of preaching I always remembered those words. And then there was our former Superior General, Fr. Wesley Donahue. He was the first one who guided me in Latin and taught all of us how to live as poor religious in that magnificent Ames residence. His admonition to us was, "Remember, you are only a caretaker here, not an owner." And finally, saintly Fr. Gerald Fitzgerald. I will never forget those Saturday nights when he read his poetry to us and then gave us soda and cookies. All these great priests helped pushing me towards my goal of being a missionary of Holy Cross.

There are two saying on our community ---

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“Holy Cross across the world” and “join Holy Cross and see the world.” This is true of me, for which I am deeply grateful. I went through nine years of study, picking up my B.A. in philosophy at Notre Dame plus my theology degree at Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C., an M.A. in literature at Notre Dame after which I was missioned to East Pakistan (now Bangladesh) where I was appointed Vice-President of Notre Dame College in Dacca.

In addition to having a title, I taught English, was Prefect of Discipline, founded the Literary Guild, was in charge of all musical functions and dramas, formed a glee club and even performed on stage with it while I accompanied it on my accordion! Printing was my bag in Dacca so I headed up the yearbook and co-edited with Fr. Ganguly (now up for beatification) a literary journal in three languages. It was my privilege to publish ChitChat, a weekly college newspaper complete with editorials, cartoons, stories and poems. Because this was the only college weekly publication in the country, the Asia Foundation gifted us with a super duper mimeograph machine and a huge supply of paper. As an extracurricular activity I began an art class after class hours and had the students create many beautiful works of art, especially on their native pottery. One Mohammendan boy even created four designs for our Christmas cards!

At the college we helped write the Constitutions of Religious Tolerance with the help of Fr. Switalski, who was the canon lawyer of the diocese and residing at the college. Fr. Martin and I rose to being appointed by the

government to be the head examiners of the English Examinations of all the colleges in East Pakistan. A great recognition for Notre Dame College!

Here I must say that of all the communities I have lived in, the men in the college and the men in the missions of East Pakistan were a terrific group of men to live and work with. To them I wish to pay homage by thanking them for their hospitality, their affirmation and their deep spirituality, which was always an inspiration to me. Among those men were Jim Martin, Dick Timm, Harry Bride, Charlie Gillespie, Billy Graham, John VandenBossche, Gene Burke, Archbishop Ganguly (of sacred memory), Frank Burton and Ed Massart.

After almost seven years in Dacca I was sent to Italy and co-pioneered the founding of our first school in the Italian Dolomites. After spending two years there teaching English and Design I was assigned to study fund raising so off I went for the summer to Boston University to learn the trade. This entailed returning to East Pakistan to update my case report then on the look for the funding. The large grant came from Caritas in West Germany so mission completed. The new residence hall was erected with those funds.

I was then assigned to teach Spanish at our Sacred Heart School but after only a brief stay there I got a call from the Provincial House asking me how soon I could be ready for a new assignment. I answered that all I had was a suitcase so I would be ready any time. “Okay,” came the answer, “I’ll be there at 10 a.m.” And that’s how it works in Holy Cross! So off I went

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to be Head Chaplain at V.A. Hospital in Rutland, MA. After two years of ministering to the “snow birds” and legitimately ill veterans plus two citations from the Military Ordinariate in Washington, and being told by the administrator of the hospital that I was being appointed Head Chaplain of all New England my superiors had other plans.

My Provincial, George DiPrizio informed me that I was going along with Frs. Curran and Tom Sullivan to begin a new mission with the descendants of the Incas who worked on a huge sugar plantation. Fr. Curran was legally blind and couldn't drive and Fr. Sullivan left after only a short time so things looked pretty dark. We had a mother church, plus the sister's convent, a hospital and four missions to tend so there was never a dull moment. After establishing ourselves there I was assigned to teach at St. George's College in Santiago, Chile, where another great band of Holy Cross men were stationed. While there I taught English and was assistant to Fr. Gerry Whalen in Discipline (why was I always assigned to that job?) Just when our new superior, Fr. Bob Pelton, informed me that I was going to be head of the English department I was taken ill and rushed home where after sessions at the Lahey Clinic I was assigned to King's College in Wilkes-Barre, PA where I joined the department of English, was a prefect in a residence hall, Director of Student Activity and moderator of the Student Government (during the period of Viet Nam protest), serving on several committees, and publishing the Literary Journal. My health held out, thank the Lord, and I enjoyed spending

my energies on the ministry. Perhaps hard work is a good remedy for good health.

After seven years and tenure at King's I was granted a sabbatical so I spent the year studying English Literature at Oxford University in England. I was associated with Oriel College and helped design two sets for plays put on by the students. At Oxford I put together two courses which I hoped to teach on my return to King's but instead I was assigned to Stonehill College as the Co-Director of Development, which meant a two page monthly newsletter, a drive for Century Club members, and a constant search for donors to the institution. As a priest raising money didn't appeal to me, even though the small Catholic college in Rutland, VT. After two years there I felt that my talents were being stifled too so I volunteered to assist our priest in Brandon, VT on my days off. My buddy and idol, Fr. Frank Gartland was stationed there so those were happy days for me, but within a year I was left alone there with churches, two hospitals, five nursing homes that were thirty-two miles apart, ministering to the handicapped, visiting shut-ins, teaching classes in religion, working with young adults and doing all kinds of counseling, balancing the budgets of two churches, overseeing all the maintenance, looking after the lawns and flowers and grounds, and getting involved in an outreach program that resulted in many people joining the church or returning to it. I guess that if it's worth working for the Kingdom, it's worth putting your all into it. Nothing energizes a Holy Cross missionary more than a challenge to all his resources!

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After eleven years of extremely gratifying work in Vermont, I was assigned back to my roots near the town where I was born and grew up. My new assignment was to live in “the barn” with our Holy Cross community at Stonehill College. I finally felt that my missionary life was over and that I could settle back and enjoy my old age, but fate would have it otherwise. I was named superior of “the barn”. Soon after settling in we began to think of a new dining room for the CSC’s on campus and in the barn. Two of us were asked to work on this new project, which resulted in one of our most beautiful and useful buildings on campus. We now have an octagonal dining room that is surrounded by glass from ceiling to floor, so that the four seasons are always visible through those windows. During this period, with time on my hands, I began creating Faberge style eggs, from finch, quail, bantam all the way to emu, rhea and ostrich eggs. Have given lectures on the history of egg decorating ending up with the history of Faberge and his fabulous eggs. Became an official lecturer on this craft for all the libraries in Massachusetts and have spoken to civic, church and ladies’ groups for miles around.

From Stonehill College I was assigned to live in our former novitiate in North Dartmouth, MA where I have three egg studios and still, at almost 92, create new beaded, jeweled and pearled eggs

When I look back over my life I can count many blessings. God has given me the health to continue working, the ability to meet new people and adjust to new circumstances, the energy and attention to detail needed for multiple ministries

and a supportive community to back me up. Could I ask for anything more?

I very often meditate on what joining Holy Cross has meant to me. I think that I might have stayed on as an engineer at Pratt & Whitney aircraft, piled up my money, married and raised a family, going back and forth to work day after day. Then I think of the rich tapestry of my life in Holy Cross where I have traveled to Bangladesh, Italy, Peru and Chile, with all those visits throughout Europe along the way, and the thousands of people I’ve met and kept as friends. I think of all the people I have helped through my counseling and my ministry of the sacraments – all the Baptisms, First Communion, Confirmations, Confessions, Marriages and celebrations of the Sacrament of the Sick I have presided over, and I thank the Lord of blessing me with such a full, varied and rewarding life. In no other career could I have experienced what I have in the priesthood of Holy Cross.

In my retirement years, when one would expect the curtain to come down slowly, I am now beginning a new and exciting phase of my life. I am fully engaged in my hobby, the creation of Faberge-style egg in a large space given to me by my community, I still drive my car, visit my friends in Brockton, travel at my leisure, enjoy a lobster with my buddies and have the support of a great band of men at our house. I have much for which I am grateful, so to the young lady who first challenged me on my becoming a priest, a great big “Thank you!”



# FR. RICHARD TEALL, CSC

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I was born on September 2, 1923 in Decatur, Illinois to Lawrence E. and Lucy Teall. I have one sister, Mary McGannon, of Lauderdale by the Sea, Florida.

I attended St. Patrick's grade school in Decatur, Illinois and later attended secondary school at St. Bede's College in Peru, Illinois. I entered the postulate in 1941 at Notre Dame and graduated with a B.A in Theology and later Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C. I was ordained at Sacred Heart Church, Notre Dame in 1950.

After ordination I expected to be assigned to a leper's colony operated by the Order in Bangladesh. I even learned the obscure language of the region in preparation. Instead I was sent to teach English Literature at St. George's College in Chile. Not knowing a word in Spanish; at the age of 26, I traveled to Chile and spent five days a week teaching the works of Tennessee Williams to South American teenagers. My love of teaching drew me closer to the people of Chile, and soon I was fluent in Spanish.

Eight years after arriving in Chile, I contracted Polio. I was hospitalized for a year, but Polio only made me stronger spiritually. Polio did not stop me from ministry; in fact it drew me to take a radical stance of life, and the people I was serving. My experiences needed to be told, so I began writing poems about the people and occurrences



I have experienced during my assignments. My poems took on a rough realistic perspective on life. Unlike many poets, I use an untraditional method of using metaphors and symbols to generate the energy, power, mystery, and anguish of the people I write about. Today I have 7 published books of poems, along with many publications.

Along with teaching, I found much enjoyment within the parishes I worked, and caring for those who were in need of some human compassion.

I would like to thank all the students I taught for opening your minds and your hearts.

God Bless.





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SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY  
OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION

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# BRO. JAMES J. LAKOFKA, CSC

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Brother James grew up on the North Side of Chicago. He attended St. Edward's School and was a graduate of Roosevelt High School.

He served in the U.S. Army Signal Corps during World War II.

After the war he returned to his employer-Johns Manville Corporation –until he resigned in 1948 to join Holy Cross.

On January 25, 1949 he headed for North Dartmouth, Massachusetts where he enrolled in the Brother's Postulate Program with Father Dennis Sughrue. Later in the year Brother James joined other novices in the Novitiate on Miami Road in South Bend directed by Father



Craddick and Father Schidel.

After first profession he joined the staff of the *Catholic Boy Magazine*

He was with Holy Cross Association and later with Father Pat Sullivan in the Personnel Office.

Brother James' last assignment was with The Lourdes Confraternity where he served for many years. He is now enjoying his retirement at Holy Cross House.

He is grateful to the Holy Cross priests and brothers who have helped him through these 60 special years.





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FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY  
OF ORDINATION

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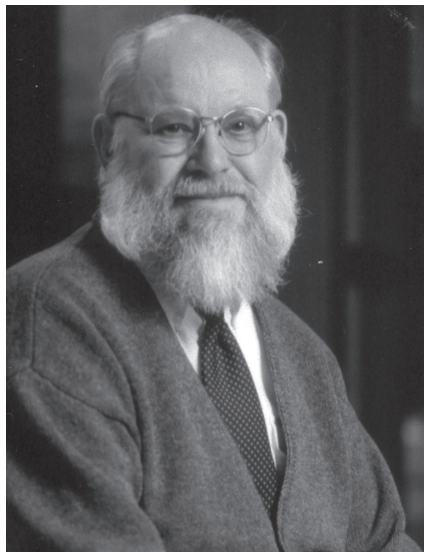
# FR. NICHOLAS R. AYO, CSC

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## A Lifetime in Grace School

I went to school for all my life, and both began in earnest when I was born. My sister was two or three years older, depending on the month. My brother was thirteen years older. Of him I remember when I was four years old or so, he taught me to tie my shoes. Not long after he went to war. One day my shoelaces broke, and then I knew for sure all things break – my parents too and someday I as well. It was a moment of truth in home schooling that lingers to this day. In these early school days I also learned to walk and talk. I graduated fully potty-trained.

Benedictine sisters taught me grammar school at St. Genevieve's in Elizabeth, New Jersey. But a block from home, it was one big step. I learned my prayers and went with my mother, Genevieve, to daily mass. We were taught to say "Divine Infant of Bethlehem, come and take birth in my heart" some six thousand times in Advent. I kept score and went beyond. "Six thousand" was a pre-evolution timetable of the world. I still say that prayer at times. I learned to finesse bullies in the playground, and I became more aware of girls and puppy love that may not be all that silly. I learned to multiply, to diagram sentences, and to take ink blots off wooden floors by my desk with bleach on Saturday morning. We hid under our desk in atom-bomb civil defense drills,



and I graduated one day from low school into high school (actually on High Street in Newark, New Jersey).

Benedictine monks taught me in high school. They were dedicated and not perfect but neither was I, who proved to be a whiz at geometry and a flop in algebra. Not much else scholastic do I recall. I was taught to love classical music unto this day. I learned how to be one of the boys and play all kinds of charades to get by. I

found out I was a disaster in wrestling but could fool the folks in basketball that I knew what I was doing or much cared. The Senior Prom was followed by a visit to the Copacabana Night Club in New York City, followed by a sidewalk woozy invitation to Don Ameche's very late night party, which ended early in the morning when Mrs. Ameche cooked us kids breakfast and sent us home to our worried parents. I applied to Notre Dame, and the postmaster called my home to tell me I forgot the three-cent stamp. So I went down to the post office and wondered a bit about guardian angels.

I came down Notre Dame Avenue on a sunny September day in a taxi taken when I came off the New York Central railroad in South Bend. My trunk arrived the next day at Railway Express office in the Fieldhouse. I was given a fourth-floor Zahm residence with Fr. McCarragher as rector and Fr. McAuliffe as prefect – a tight ship.

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John Frederick taught English, and I remember this alone. What was the best dictionary? Answer; one with pictures each worth a thousand words. Obvious, but at the time I had not thought of it or much else. Best moment? Fr. Sheedy, newly minted Dean of Arts and Letters, stopped me on the sidewalk for no reason and asked my name. There is a lump in my throat when I recall the moment.

Had the Benedictines asked me, I might well have been a monk. There is a lot of monk in any lifetime teacher. But, I took interest in Holy Cross and came into Old College in January of 1952, wearing my Navy ROTC uniform. The Navy taught me to march in formation, and I remember much of the fascinating history of naval warfare from antiquity onward.

Novitiate in Jordan, Minnesota followed, where the trains ran through the bedrooms, though quite soon one never heard them. We were malleable and teachable, even innocent, and the formation was not all wasted effort.

Three years of philosophy and the happiest years of my life to that time and some time to come. Conversion to learning the truth rather than the requirements and demands of studying the teacher opened up a whole world. I wanted to read every book in the library. Our days were planned for us – prayer, recreation inside and outside, study, meals, and sleep. Habit saves time and effort. We were given time and space to learn, and there was so much to learn.

After graduation in the Stadium with a diploma from Fr. Ted in hand, I learned that my theology studies would be in Rome. Looking

back on Roman days I wish I had known to take even more of Europe and Christianity there into my mind and soul. We studied theology for four years – lectures in Latin in a very large amphitheatre with seminarians from around the world. We spent summers in the Tirol, dabbled in German, traveled Italy and learned to speak credible Italian and French. Some of the professors at the Gregorian University were quite renowned. I have never doubted my theological education was a fine one. For four years in Italy I am to this day so very grateful to Holy Cross, who sent me there all unasked.

Ordained in Rome on the Saturday before the First Sunday of Advent 1959, I came back to Notre Dame and Breen-Phillips Hall. There followed a brief interlude at Notre Dame for a Master's Degree in Literature. Four years at beautiful Duke University were my first years altogether living on my own. It was leisure living and delightful learning while reading poems and novels. I lived the last two years in Chapel Hill, a small university town nearby, with Holy Cross priests and Jesuit priests likewise in graduate studies. The Bible in Edwin Arlington Robinson's poetry was my dissertation topic.

Recently hooded in Blue-Devil blue and white, it was on to the University of Portland, my first job. Vietnam War, charismatic prayer, Cursillo, and College Antioch Weekend were in the mix. New to teaching, I also began to write for publication. The wonderful Pacific Northwest is God's country. Ocean, snow-covered mountains, waterfalls, and eastern desert lands all within easy driving distance. Quite stunning. The campus

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of the University of Portland was adorned with camellias in winter, rhododendrons in spring and roses in summer. Giant sequoia trees abounded. The students were not particularly academic, but they were good persons who would make the world go round in all the ordinary work that composes a city or a state. I thought I would build a lifetime academic career in Portland, but another providential plan unfolded. On to the Novitiate in Bennington, Vermont – another hidden spot of God’s plenty.

I never had responsibility for anything like a Novitiate Program – staff, finances, and decisions about people’s lives. All my life heretofore had been in school and until recently in school as a student from home school through twenty-five years of academic schooling. Now I was running a school of a different kind. I was forty years old and it was about time to grow up. Bennington years were demanding, but I look back on them as among the best and surely the years that asked the most of me and taught me how to give and that I had something worthwhile to give. After four years and one moving of the novitiate in Bennington, we moved it again. Cascade, Colorado is another place of God’s plenty. All in all I preferred the beauty and colonial history of Bennington to the rough beauty of the wild west, but both locations are breath-taking. After six years as Director of Novices I was ready to move on and I spent a half year in Berkeley, California and a half-year in Princeton, living in the home left to Notre Dame by Jacques and Raissa Maritain.

Back home again under the Dome in 1981,

I began teaching in the Great Books Program at Notre Dame. I learned that reading the Great Books was an education into mystery and a delight to explore with faculty and students who all eagerly read the same books. I learned to write because I had to. Books and articles emerged from tenure pressure, and I am grateful for the push. I may be the only one in Holy Cross to earn tenure from the bottom up at both the University of Portland and Notre Dame. It was all worth it. I learned philosophy, literature, and theology can come together in wisdom. I learned that knowing students’ names and they each other’s is one of the most fruitful endeavors in a classroom. I learned that living years in an undergraduate dorm, then in a theological seminary, and then with graduate students on campus touched on lives in ever surprising ways.

In retirement I do much of what I always did as a priest – preach, teach, write, counsel, preside at the Eucharist. I do less and while I am willing to work, I no longer want a job. I feel I am still in school, however, the school of life from which on graduates once and for all. Old age has proven a challenge with much to learn. I have still to learn well how to die. Perhaps the Lord Jesus will be my tutor. I hope so and may my Holy Cross family teach me as well. I can appreciate the wisdom of Earnest Sandeen, one of my mentors of long ago, who wrote in one of his poems that he would gracefully leave these bones if he could remember how he got into them.

In a lifetime of being in school and fifty years in that school of grace we call priesthood I have learned a few things I would share:



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*I do not always say what I mean; I do not always mean what I say, and what you heard may not be what I said.*

*One needs better reasons to stay than one had to join.*

*“Unless you give devotion to what in the end proves false, the truth cannot enter in.”*

*“Christianity was not tried and found wanting; it was found difficult and left untried.”*

*Every priest is a priest for somebody, and no priest is a priest for everybody.*

*It really is better to give than to receive.*

*If you tried to do everything wrong in one day, you would get something right.*

*Good grains are weeds in a rose garden; and roses are weeds in a wheat field.*

*“Strong as death is love!”*

*“What have you that you have not received?”*

*“All is gift; all is grace”; and “all will be well.”*

***Heartfelt Thanks to all those may who have gifted my lifetime.***

Nicholas Ayo, CSC

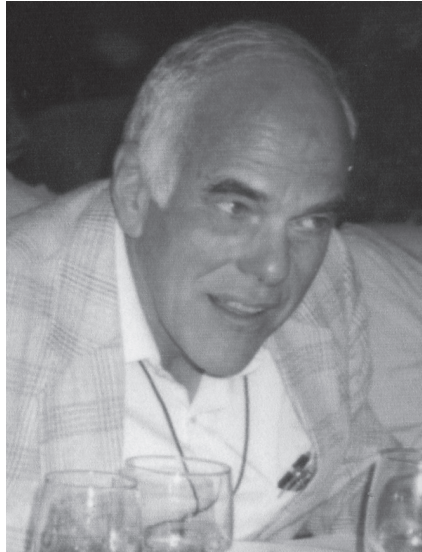
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## FR. DAVID B. BURRELL, CSC

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Fifty-five years in  
Holy Cross, Fifty Years of  
Priesthood.

Serving now with East African brothers and sisters in Holy Cross only enhances my gratitude to God for directing me to the family of Holy Cross. Indeed, it is unnerving to hear ‘congratulations!’ for these 55/50 years, when the only genuine response could be *al hamd’il-Allah!* – ‘God be praised’ – not I, certainly. I have long felt that we should first celebrate our vows, for my primary incorporation into Holy Cross has effectively animated me to serve as priest to the people of God. And in my case, the two anniversaries dovetail nicely: 55/50. My journey is rooted in an ecumenical family in Akron, Ohio, with a Scottish Presbyterian father and an English Catholic mother, whose five children were four boys and a girl. Our family was grounded in mutual respect and directed towards “consideration of others” – our mother’s favorite theme and our father’s abiding practice. Talents ostensibly geared toward engineering led me to Notre Dame in 1950, where the new General Program of Liberal Education soon activated the philosopher and mathematician in me. A nascent call to serve the church led me to Louis Putz, C.S.C. and the formation program of YCS (Young Christian Students) which gave an apostolic direction to the superb education



we were receiving. Yet how should this nascent call be exercised upon graduation? Holy Week in 1954 at Saint John’s Abbey in Minnesota, to which I had been attracted during an YCS study week, led to discussing a possible vocation with the abbot, who reminded me that one only “became a Benedictine” by joining a monastery. But could I spend the rest of my life in northwestern Minnesota? That may well have been grand as

well, yet when I wondered about Holy Cross with Louis Putz on my return, he cannily stroked a young man’s ego; “You have learned a lot here.” At the time we were not very well structured to receive university candidates, so I was able to go directly to novitiate. (Nor did Holy Cross offer an enticing face to university graduates, largely due to the French boarding school regime, reinforced by Holy Cross ‘prefects’ on each floor, many of whom proved dysfunctional. We dismantled the final trappings of that regime only in 1960, calling for four-year residence halls as well.) I have always been happy that I took the plunge into Holy Cross at that time, in the face of many friends, attentive to a nagging call, and with Louis Putz’ advice, trusting providence. Moreover, Bernard Mullahy was to link Holy Cross with Benedictines and Jesuits, and my mother’s family from Saint Louis featured a number of Jesuits.

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The most tangible reward was study in Rome, with Nicholas Ayo, Jim Burtchaell, Michael Novak, Reggie McQuaid and other Canadians. Indeed, the most tangible gift of Rome was to live with Holy Cross brothers from different countries, and be introduced to the intercultural face of Holy Cross. Again, a superb theological education at the Gregorian, notably with Bernard Lonergan, led us into the louvelle théologie which would animate Vatican Council II within a few years. Finally for me, Rome proved to be the first step to becoming a “Mediterranean person,” to be realized twenty years later in Jerusalem. Yet in the meantime, philosophical talents destined me for university teaching, with preparation at Laval and Yale, facilitated by Bernard Mullahy as province director of studies.

Initial years teaching philosophy at Notre Dame became involved with implementing the four-year (“stay hall”) project, first in Farley and then in Morrissey, with Ernie Bartell and John Gerber. Yet the shadow of the Vietnam War hung over the campus, with students being drafted into a war more and more Americans found pointless. So we were drafted into ways to assess participation in a war in many ways contrary to our “just war” teaching. Again, gratitude to Holy Cross abounds, as confreres and colleagues respected our decision to protest, even when they could not find themselves able to do so. Our cause, dramatized in a “moratorium Mass” in fall of 1969, was vindicated in the spring of 1970, when our president, Father Hesburgh, led a rally on the main quad, in the wake of Kent State and the Cambodia bombing. As it turned out, I

would spend 16 years in men’s residence halls, and after two years in Jerusalem, return to 16 years in Family Student Housing, where a young woman assisted me to serve 128 families and 150 children of 27 nationalities – the best ministry I ever experienced.

Teaching led into administrating, as the request to chair Theology proved a stimulating ecumenical and interfaith journey, with astute colleagues helping to incorporate a Judaica position into our faculty. A request of Bill Lewers (in 1975) to serve one semester in Bangladesh, as a way of initiating a fresh two-way vision of mission, continues to elicit incalculable thanks to Holy Cross, for meeting Islam there shaped the rest of my intellectual life and ministry. It was confirmed in 1980 by Father Hesburgh’s request to serve as rector at the Tantur institute in Jerusalem, where initiation into Hebrew and Arabic, in the midst of contemporary conflicts in the Holy Land, led to comparing Jewish-Christian-Muslim exchange in the medieval period, 1980 initiated an abiding presence at Tantur over 25+ years, including our Notre Dame students in 1998-2000, as well as further study of Islam with a marvelous mentor in Cairo, Georges Anawati, O.P., and their Dominican community. Residence in Jerusalem and Cairo completed what Rome began: becoming a “Mediterranean person,” enhanced by continuing participation in the life of Etz Hyyim synagogue in Hania (Crete), animated by my ND classmate, Nikos Stavroulakis. So while thoroughly enjoying the call to serve in East Africa, Tantur and Israel/Palestine remain my spiritual home.

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So, Louis Putz was right! Holy Cross has become family to me in various places on the globe, with that quality of sharing possible with brothers and sisters in faith. Indeed, that welcoming space allowed me to share faith with other-believers as well, notably Jews and Muslims, with a special mandate to work for peace in the land where Jesus lived, and in solidarity with people in regions torn by war.



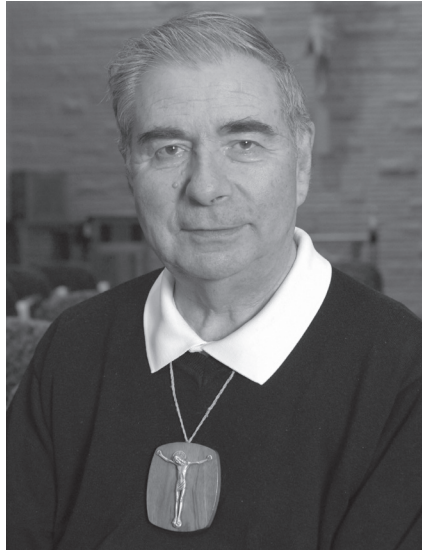
# FR. JAMES TUNSTEAD BURTCHAELL, CSC

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I am a fifth-generation Oregonian who was taught by Holy Cross priests at their high school in Portland, and decided to join them. I entered the Congregation of Holy Cross in 1952, professed my final vows on August 16, 1956, and was ordained a Holy Cross priest on May 21, 1960. My vocation took me to studies at Notre Dame, Rome, Washington, Jerusalem, and Cambridge, where I earned my Ph.D. in theology. I began teaching theology at Notre Dame in 1966, and during my years as a teacher here, I held other responsibilities as department chairman, and later provost and University trustee.

From 1990 until the fall of 1999, I lived near Princeton and devoted my time to research and writing, and from 1999 until 2008 I was in residence with my brother Holy Cross priests at Casa Santa Cruz in Phoenix. Since the spring of 2008, I have been a member of our community at Holy Cross House.

About my theological work, I can only say that it has been historical in mode, revisionist in manner and somewhat divers in subject matter. I have written many articles and books, perhaps most notably *Philemon's Problem*, *Marriage Among Christians*, *Rachel Weeping*, *For Better For Worse: Sober Thoughts on Passionate Promises*, and *The Dying of the Light*. I have always liked to take a topic about which I have



a hunch that the received understanding has somehow gone wrong, then study the evidence and the accepted interpretation, and I have usually re-presented the evidence sustaining a different interpretation. I have also been interested in the way ethicists work and say they work, and in how we use our imagination to do our moral reasoning.

In the winter of 2006 I came to understand and began to tell my dearest friends how

I was turning a corner in my life. I had noticed a depletion of my mental abilities that was clearly recognizable as an onset on dementia. Reading over things several days after writing them, I couldn't remember having done so. I began to scramble for old friends' names and to default on commitments when I hadn't written them down in my appointment book.

Throughout these years as a teacher, a scholar and a priest, I have been blessed, born up and sustained by the love of my two families, my dear brethren of the Congregation of Holy Cross and my dear brothers and sisters, Robert Burtchaell, Martha, Bernadelli, and Margaret Burtchaell. I thank God daily for them.

Some years ago, introducing *Philemon's Problem*, I wrote:

*I begin again with Philemon, an earnest man troubled by a command that could give him no rest, yet offered peace. He was offered a Gospel*

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*that he could not quite master. He responded, one trusts, to a summons that drew from him never enough, but more, and then still more, much more even than he had planned to give or thought himself able to give. It put nails through him. It transfigured him. It was worth it.*

*This book strains after what drew him on.*

Embarking on my 77<sup>th</sup> year of life and my 51<sup>st</sup> year as a Holy Cross priest, how grateful I am even still to be so drawn.

# FR. EUGENE FRANCIS GORSKI, CSC

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Eugene Francis Gorski, C.S.C., a native of Chicago, graduated from St. George High School as Valedictorian of his class and as a member of the National Honor Society. From the University of Notre Dame he received a Ph.D. (magna cum laude) in Finance, with the equivalent of a major both in finance and philosophy. At the same University of Notre Dame he pursued a graduate studies and was granted a Master of Music degree (with a concentration in music theory). Having entered the Congregation of Holy Cross, he was sent to Rome, Italy, where he was ordained priest and granted the Licentiate in Sacred Theology by the Pontifical Gregorian University. He pursued further theological studies at the Institut Catholique de Paris where he was awarded the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology (maxima cum laude). He then taught at the University of Notre Dame as Adjunct Assistant Professor as well as Resident Director of Notre Dame's Program in Angers, France. He returned to Notre Dame where he taught in the Department of Theology eventually with the rank of full-time Associate Professional Specialist, and finally as "Full" Professional Specialist and Teaching Professor.

For a period of five years he was a member of the Faculty Senate and for two of those years was on the Executive Committee of the organization. He was elected to a three-year position on the Arts and Letters College Council. In addition to his full-time academic work, Gorski served for a number of years as rector of two Notre Dame facilities, Howard Hall and St. Edward's Hall. The University accorded him

the John "Pop" Farley award for distinguished service as rector. He was also given a Special Presidential Award. For a period of four years he was Vice President for Student Affairs at King's College, Wilkes-Barre. After completing that position, he returned to Notre Dame where until the present time he has been teaching as Professional Specialist and Teaching Professor in the Department of Theology. He is member of the American Academy of Religion and the Catholic Theological Society. Fr. Gorski is the author of *Theology of Religions: A Sourcebook for Interreligious Study*, Paulist Press, 2008.

Fr. Gorski has benefitted from extensive travels in Europe and Asia, including experience in the sacred Hindu and Buddhist areas of India. He spent a semester participating in Zen training in the SanUn Zendo, Kamakura, Japan. Gorski is a disciple of Roshi Ruben Habito, Master of the Maria Kannon Zen Center and Professor of World Religions and Spirituality at Perkins School of Theology, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas.



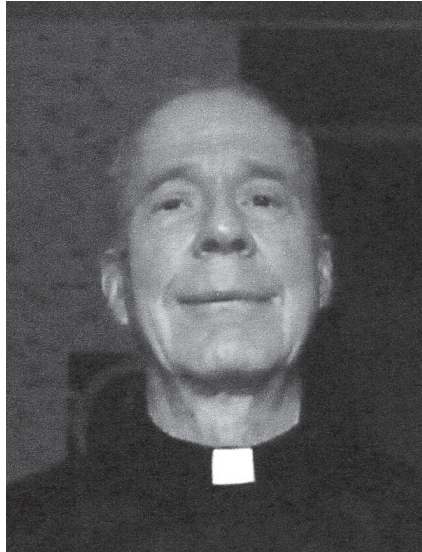


## FR. KENNETH E. GRABNER, CSC

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Sisters and Brothers of Holy Cross had been my teachers all through grade school and high school in South Bend, but in spite of that, I entered Our Lady of Spring Bank Cistercian monastery in Wisconsin after graduating from Central Catholic High School in 1951. Six years later, the Cistercians sent me to study theology at the Collegio di San Anselmo in Rome. During the summers in Europe, there were opportunities to visit a number of interesting sites in various countries, and to see the house in Austria where my grandfather was born. The most memorable summer was the one in 1960 when I came back to Spring Bank for ordination to the priesthood. I returned to Rome to complete my studies, and received a Doctorate in Theology in 1962. After returning to Spring Bank, I was appointed assistant novice master, and director of the monastery's retreat house, which offered the opportunity to give several week-end retreats monthly. During this time, I experienced a desire for a more active type of ministry, and was received by the Congregation of Holy Cross in the fall of 1967. I will always be grateful to the Cistercians and to Holy Cross for all they taught me, for they played important roles in forming me to be who I am.

After coming back home to the South Bend area, my first assignment was to teach theology at the University of Notre Dame, an assignment



that lasted until 1972, when I joined a group of Holy Cross religious who were starting a house of prayer in the old rectory of St. Bonaventure Parish in Chicago. After a few months, most of us became involved in a number of various ministries, and during this time, I began training for ministry to alcoholics. In 1977, I received an M.A. in Alcoholism Sciences from Governors State University, and then moved to Gary,

Indiana to become coordinator of the St. Mary Medical Center's inpatient treatment program for alcoholics, while residing at Holy Angels Cathedral rectory. Four years later, I joined the administrative staff of St. Mary's and became director of the newly formed Mission Effectiveness Program, a position I held until 1986, when I returned to the Notre Dame area to become chaplain to the Holy Cross Brothers at the Brother's Center. Again, I was back home.

During the past twenty-four years, I have been privileged to live and work with the Brothers, ministering in the CCFM Program that the Brothers hosted on their property, and also helping part-time at Fatima Retreat House. In 1996, significant changes and new directions began to take shape on the Brothers' property. Plans for Schubert Villa were formed, Dujarie House was enlarged, and a few years later, Riverside Place and a number of small villas were

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erected. Holy Cross Village at Notre Dame was beginning to take shape. In 2001, Dujarie House was opened to people who were not members of Holy Cross, and my mother was the first woman to be admitted there. She lived at Dujarie House for six years. She received excellent care, and she loved the Brothers, who in turn loved her.

The growth at Holy Cross Village changed the scope of my chaplaincy ministry, and the changes have been good. I am grateful for the opportunity to have shared religious life with the Brothers, and for the joy of having been part of the lives of many of the village residents who played an important role in forming the village community. During this time, I had three books published, and have been a regular contributor to *Living Faith* over the past ten years. And as the era of my second childhood approaches, I afforded opportunities for community, for ministry, for giving retreats at various places throughout the country, and for the quiet times of meditation that make ministry possible.

As I look back over the past fifty years and beyond, I find much for which to be grateful, much that illustrates the fact that we have a very gracious God who cares for us, and leads us to where we should be.

## FR. WILLIAM B. HUND, CSC

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I was born on August 15, 1932 in St. Joseph, Missouri, the eldest (lucky for me, but perhaps not for them) of a brother and three sisters. Our parents were Louis B. and Imogene (Byrne) Hund. I attended St. Francis Xavier Grade School until the sixth grade; it was operated by the Congregation of the Precious Blood. We moved to a larger home and so I finished the seventh and eighth grade at Cathedral Grade School operated by the Benedictine nuns from Mt. St. Scholastica in Atchison, Kansas. Then it was four years at Christian Brothers' High School from which my father had graduated even though at the time he was not a Catholic. In 1950 I enrolled in the College of Business Administration at the University of Notre Dame. At the end of my sophomore year I was thinking of the priesthood. At that time seminarians had to major in Philosophy. Father Charles Sheedy, C.S.C. had just become Dean of the College of Arts and Letters. He very liberally let me count my accounting courses as the math requirement in his college. I began visiting Father Dan O'Neill, C.S.C. who was the kind and patient director of the Old College program for those thinking of the priesthood. I entered the program my last year at Notre Dame, and went to the novitiate in Jordan, Minnesota in August, 1954. It had been an old mud bath resort and was situated with a swamp thirty feet in back



and a busy railway track thirty feet in front. I nearly left, but we had a well balanced novice master, Father William Craddick, C.S.C.; so, I stuck it out. Then it was back to the old Moreau Seminary at Notre Dame for a year studying Latin – I had had four years in high school – and taking graduate courses in Philosophy. The course I remember most was the History of Formal Logic from Father I.M. Bochenski, O.P., a visiting professor from

the University of Fribourg in Switzerland. My father died on May 26, 1956 and I went home for the funeral.

Four years of theology were at Holy Cross College in Washington D.C. with the summers at the minor seminary at Notre Dame taking graduate courses in Philosophy. Father Harold Reiley was in charge at the seminary and he made the summer very pleasant indeed. In February of my third year of Theology my mother died. I went back to St. Joseph for the funeral. While there I received a phone call from the superior at the theologate, Father Bernard McAvoy to pick him up at the airport in Kansas City. I thought to myself this is the last thing I need. But he was like a totally different person; the entire family thought he was funny, quaint and most enjoyable. He and I became fast friends after that. I was ordained a priest at Conception Abbey, Missouri by Bishop John P. Cody, J.D., Ph.D., S.T.D. on

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May 25, 1960. By then I had a Masters in Sacred Theology from Holy Cross College and a Masters in Philosophy from Notre Dame.

My first assignment after that was to be chaplain at Holy Cross High School in New Orleans for the summer and to prepare to teach Metaphysics for seniors at Notre Dame in the fall, not having taught a course in my life. Father Herman Reith, chair of the Philosophy department, gave me his textbook on Metaphysics and told me to master it during the summer. So, I taught two sections of Metaphysics during fall and spring of 1960-61. I was told to get a Ph.D. in Philosophy. I wanted to study under Father Bochenski at the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, and was allowed to. Father Robert Austgen was already there working on a degree in Theology. We lived at the Foyer St. Justin operated by German Augustinian priests as a pension for Asian and African students for whom they provided tuition as well as room and board. They needed money from some American boarders. The tuition at the University was only about \$50 per semester; it was subsidized by the Canton of Fribourg which was about 90% Catholic. I was there from 1961-64 when I received my Ph.D.; the dissertation topic was "The Theory of Goodness in the Writings of George Edward Moore (1873-1958)". I was assigned to teach at Notre Dame and live in the student halls as a prefect in Farley Hall, Walsh Hall, and as rector of Carroll Hall. Then in 1970 I had a year off to study Anthropological Structuralism and its relation to Ethics in Paris, France before being assigned to teach at the University of Portland,

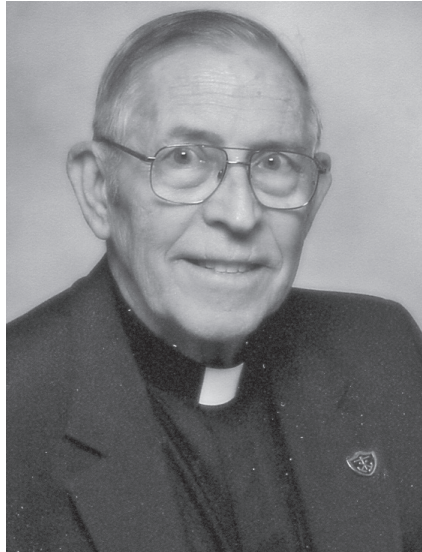
Oregon in 1971 where I have been ever since. In addition to the Introduction to Philosophy, Ethics, and Metaphysics, I taught upper level courses in Medieval Philosophy, The Sublime in Nature, (after having had an experience of it in Switzerland), and courses in Japanese, and Asian Philosophy (having spent a summer at Sophia University, Tokyo during the summer of 1988). I retired from teaching in 2002 and spend my time reading, smoking cigars, and helping out in parishes in Southern Washington at Battle Ground, Yacolt, and Ridgefield.

Deo gratias!

## FR. JEROME E. KNOLL, CSC

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Jerry Knoll grew up in Michigan City, Indiana and attended St. Mary's Grade School and the first three years of St. Mary's High School. St. Mary's was conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. My last year of high school was spent at Holy Cross Seminary on the Notre Dame Campus. I entered the Novitiate in the fall of 1951 and made my first profession in August of 1952. Then on to Moreau Seminary for four years of college. After my third year at Moreau we made our profession of final vows. After graduation we went to Washington D.C. to our own house of Theology. Four years later we returned to Notre Dame in June of 1960 to the Basilica for ordination. In the years that followed I spent seven years teaching math and coaching sports at Holy Cross Seminary, seven years teaching math and coaching at Notre Dame High School in Niles, Illinois, and three years teaching and coaching at LaLumiere, a small high school near Rolling Prairie and LaPorte.



I lived and was the chaplain for our Holy Cross Brothers at LeMans Academy while teaching at LaLumiere. Then back to Notre Dame where I was the superior of Holy Cross House, our medical facility, for two years, and also served as Chaplain for all the Notre Dame employees for ten years. Also during this time I was asked by Brother John Driscoll, C.S.C., the first President of Holy Cross College, to teach math at the

college. This I did for 23 enjoyable years. But after 17 years in High School and 23 years in college, I felt it best to let some younger people carry on in the math department. So I retired from teaching and took up my woodworking with a little more gusto. I work primarily with the wood lathe – making things round such as bowls, napkin holders, candlestick holders, etc. And once in a while I even find time to swing a golf club and or do a little fishing.





## FR. JOSEPH F. O'DONNELL

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Few people live long enough to write their own eulogy. To live this long is a gift from God.

Chicago was home, the far north side. My grade school was Hardey Preparatory with the Madams of the Sacred Heart (RSCJ). High school was with the Jesuits at Loyola Academy. I was at Notre Dame for two years before entering the Novitiate. But I was able to arrive in Jordan, MN for the novitiate year. Two more years at Notre Dame and four years at Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C., brought me to Ordination Day, June 8, 1960. Both my parents had died before I was ordained; the same was true for Bill Hund. Ironically, we drew the front pews of Sacred Heart Church for our parents. The rest of the family was there, but I remember the empty seats.

In the celebration year I am also aware of the empty spaces where classmates once stood with me. Some have gone to the Lord: George MacInnes, Barry Hagan, Ralph Dunn, Jim Brady, and Dan Walsh; Clem Kauslaskas and Tom Fotusky from the Eastern Province. I still have contact with Dan Boland who left Holy Cross and is married in the Church. We few remain. I remember in prayer the empty spaces. On Ordination Day, this did not seem to matter. I was becoming a Catholic Priest in the Congregation of Holy Cross, and there was no obstacle that I could not overcome. We had been taught that



our lives were lives of Faith - the intellect and the will - nothing else was necessary or mattered.

The idyllic year after ordination was spent in the “tirocenium program” at Notre Dame, allowing me to finish a second Master’s Degree and to make many friends while serving as “Prefect” of the second floor of Stanford Hall. The students were freshmen, and so was I. It was

a wonderful year. I taught only one class during that year, taking Father Louis Putz’s place for a class on marriage; I sure was not prepared for that.

Forty years later I would return to Notre Dame, thanks to Fr. Tom Blantz, and be part of a History Department seminar on the History of Military Chaplains. I was the only Chaplain who gave a paper; the others were all historians.

After the year in Stanford Hall, the next seven years were spent as a member of the Holy Cross Mission Band, traveling with a number of wonderful priest brothers to give parish missions, high school and college retreats, days of recollection, and Eucharistic Forty Hour Devotions. We travelled about 40 weeks a year. There are volumes of stories that I could tell from that time.

In 1965, while with the Holy Cross Mission Band, I rejoined the Naval Reserve, as a Chaplain.



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After attending Chaplains' School, I spent three summers on temporary active duty on both the east and west coasts. In August, 1968, the Navy Chief of Chaplains called and asked if I possibly could come on active duty, as the conflict in Vietnam was rising in intensity, and there were few priests to minister to the deployed armed forces. The Provincial allowed me to go.

The day before I left, a Holy Cross Brother and I were out by the lake in front of the Mission House. I was in my Navy full dress white uniform, and he took a few pictures of me standing in an old row boat, "my Navy ship," by the shore of St. Mary's Lake. Another Holy Cross priest came by at that time and asked me a question that has stuck with me for all these years: "Why are you leaving the Community?" I responded simply by saying that the Provincial had given me an Obedience to be on Active Duty in the Navy, and that thus I was not at all leaving the Community. I thought of Father Corby and the many Holy Cross Priests, even some from France, who had served in the armed forces from the Civil War to World War II and Korea. The force of that remembered question underlies my ongoing pain over the prohibiting of Veteran Administration plaques on the graves of Veterans in the Community Cemetery.

On 30 August, I left for my first duty station, an amphibious assault (helicopter) carrier off the coast of Danang, RVN. The trip took a full week, as we had to dodge a typhoon just north of the Philippine Islands. On 07 September 1968, I arrived in Danang, RVN. Getting off the plane and being greeted by machine

gun emplacements, armed and ready Marines everywhere, was surely a change of life for me. After night ashore in a barracks, I waited for the helicopter from the ship to arrive to get the mail and me. Of all coincidences, the pilot was LCDR Tom Bartholemew, a graduate of Notre Dame. His father was a professor at Notre Dame. (Tom died in December, 2009, after a long sickness.) Thus I arrived in USS TRIPOLI (LPH-10) on 08 September 1968.

My Baptism of Blood came the first day after my arrival. I flew on the same helicopter on which I had arrived to the onshore naval hospital in Danang. While I was waiting for my ride back, I was called to medical triage – there were eight dead Marines, and about fifteen wounded Marines, that had just arrived by helicopters. I anointed all the Marines, not having time to see which might be Catholic, spoke to all the wounded, and then left the area and puked. It would be that way, except for the puking, for my thirteen months in Vietnam.

After that first day, I flew almost daily into the field to celebrate Mass for the Marines attached to our squadron. Seven Masses were the most ever offered on one day. They were always small groups, always in the jungle, and always in a danger zone.

On the weekends, I generally flew for Mass on the other four ships in the squadron. Being lowered on a line from a hovering helicopter is an experience not to be missed!

When casualties were received, I was called back to the ship. I assisted and anointed at triage, held Marines while they died, helped carry the

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dead to our makeshift morgue when the Navy Corpsmen were too busy to do so. I moved from operating room to operating room, supporting both the wounded and the medical staff that cared for them. Our eight bed intensive care unit and one hundred and fifty bed hospital were full most of the time. Patients were moved as soon as they were stable, to begin the long journey home and to recovery. The four senior doctors and I debriefed all the cases, and our own feelings, every night after all the surgeries were over, sometimes after more than twenty hours in the three operating rooms.

During my eighteen months on the ship, thirteen of which were spent in Vietnam waters, there were moments of laughter and awesome times of worship and prayer. Midnight Mass (at Midnight too) on both Christmases that I was deployed was packed from one end of the hanger deck to the other. At one of those Masses, I baptized and confirmed a young sailor. I saw him again last April (2009) after 41 years! He had “googled” me.

Coming home from Vietnam was radically different from the welcome accorded today to veterans of the Iraq and Afghanistan wars. Thank God for that!

The only two places where I did not have CSC visitors were in Vietnam and in Iceland. Fr. Bill Condon, CSC (EP) was stationed in Okinawa at the same time I was, though at a different command, and Fr. Tom Barrosse, then the Superior General, came to visit us on one of his around the world trips.

The rest of my thirty years of active duty were

spent in four naval hospitals/medical centers: National Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, MD; Naval Regional Medical Center, Portsmouth, VA; Naval Hospital Okinawa, Japan, and Naval Regional Medical Center, San Diego, CA. Other assignments included Keflavik, Iceland; The Institute of Religion at The Texas Medical Center/University of Texas at Houston (for a year of medical ethics study); Okinawa, Japan; Newport, RI; Honolulu, HI; Coronado, CA; San Diego, CA; and six and a half years (two tours) in Washington, D.C., as the Executive Assistant to the Navy Chief of Chaplains.

In the latter position, I joined the Chief of Chaplains, The Chief of Naval Operations, and the Commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps, in one of the presidential helicopters, for a very sad trip from the Pentagon to Dover (DE) Air Force Base, for the arrival of the first fifteen casualties of the 1983 Beirut bombing of the Maine Barracks.

On the way back to the Pentagon, Admiral Jim Watkins, the Chief of Naval Operations, said to me, “Joe, we need to come up with a ‘moral response to terrorism;’ I would like you to formulate and execute a series of conferences that will make this happen.” I looked at my boss, and he could only say, “yes, Sir; Joe you can do it.” For the next six months, this became my second job. Three conferences were held at the Naval War College, Newport, RI, under top secret “blinds.” Jewish, Protestant, and Catholic theologians, members of the anti-terrorism secret government agencies, the President’s representative to the Atomic Energy Conference in Zurich, and a select group of senior Navy and

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Marine Corps officers, attended the second and primary conference. The resulting documents became the Reagan Administration policy. It truly was the most exciting accomplishment of my peacetime naval service.

I retired from active duty on 01 September 1994. The Provincial had asked me six times to consider being the Superior/Administrator of Holy Cross House. I finally agreed, and came to Holy Cross House on 01 January 1995. Before arriving, I visited ten or twelve nursing homes, both civilian and religious, to acquaint myself with this very new position. I was assigned there for two and a half years before being moved.

I was very happy to move to Casa Santa Cruz, Phoenix, AZ. Soon after I arrived there and became the Superior, the new Provincial made his visit and asked me, "What was wrong with me?" I told him that I did not know. He told me to "find out." I spent the next nine and a half months in treatment for acute depression, brought on by a lifetime of anger, my "God-complex" (thinking that there was nothing I could not fix in life), Post Traumatic Stress Disorder from Vietnam, and a host of other "life challenges." It was the most painful time of my life, **and the very best thing that ever happened to me**. Along the way, I was invited to consider resignation as the Superior of the Casa, and I did so immediately.

I returned to Phoenix in a "retired" status, even though I was only 67. That meant I could choose my ministry, and I did. I kept very busy. Besides weekend parish work, part time at the Veterans' Administration Medical Center and occasionally at St. Joseph Medical Center,

I became the supervisory Chaplain for the AZ Department of Public Safety (Highway Patrol). This involved being called out to numerous critical incidents across the state. I believed, and still believe, that one of my gifts from God was to be good in crisis situations. There were many.

The hardest job of any law enforcement officer is to make a Next-of-Kin Notification, in person. Whenever possible a Chaplain accompanied him/her, or them. I made over 260 of these notifications in my ten years with the agency. No two were alike, and the memory of many of them lingers in my mind every day.

During that time period, I also received Master Level Certification as a Police Chaplain by the International Conference of Police Chaplains (ICPC), was certified as a Pastoral Care Specialist in Crisis Situations by the International Critical Incident Stress Foundation (ICISF), served on the ICPC National Disaster Team, and on the American Red Cross Spiritual Response Team (ARC/SRT).

In the latter position, I spent three weeks at the World Trade Center, New York City, from 25 September – 16 October 2001. For part of the time there, I supervised five hundred Chaplains of many Faith Groups.

After Hurricane Katrina, the Red Cross had me direct the Chaplains who assisted with the 3000 refugees from New Orleans who were brought to, or who came on their own, to Phoenix.

In January, 2009 I left the Department of Public Safety. Currently I am assisting in diocesan parishes and occasionally at the same two hospitals.

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As with anyone's life story, there is much more to tell. What is sandwiched into these lines has left remembered but untold thousands of incidents and events. I have revisited many places in my mind, seen hundreds of faces over and over, recalled telephone books of names. But not everything can be told here.

Some days have been joyful and happy. Some days have been very difficult. Some nights have been sleepless. There is some of that in all our lives. As I pass this milestone of my life, fifty years as a Priest, I feel that I have been blessed in many ways. Thirty of those fifty years were spent in the Navy, and ten more with the Highway Patrol. I have chosen to highlight these times of my life.

I am surely more real than I was on the day of my ordination. I have my own scars. I am far from perfect. I have made my mistakes, and have tried to correct them as best I could. I have learned that the life of Faith is not lived in the head. I keep learning that all life is a gift from God. I believe in a giving and forgiving God, a loving God. I believe in a Church that will survive every challenge placed before it. We Are the Church, all of us. We are all on the same journey of life. The priesthood does not give one a free ride; far from it. "To whom more has been given, more shall be demanded." I pray for the grace to end my days in God's hands.





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FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY  
OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION

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## BR. PATRICK LYNCH, C.S.C.

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I was born in Dublin in 1939. My parents were devout Catholics and they had a great positive influence on my life. They were hard working and they stressed the importance of integrity and fairness. I was very fortunate to grow up with my four sisters and three brothers. We were poor in material goods but rich in more important ways. We were taught to love and respect each other, and to be concerned for the people who made up our world.



I met the finest people, laity, priests and religious during those years. I will not mention names for fear of omitting someone, but for those who read these lines, you know who you are. Since 2007 I have been living, praying and working with my Holy Cross Religious Community on the campus of Stonehill College a North Easton, Massachusetts. It is a very fine group of religious who are supportive and prayerful.

I left Ireland in 1958 to join the Holy Cross Community after I had met Fr. Patrick Peyton, C.S.C., who is known at the Rosary Priest. Holy Cross offered me the opportunity to use whatever talents I had, and I could live, work, and pray with dedicated men in a meaningful way. I made first vows in Bennington, Vermont on August 16, 1960. For the next fourteen years I was assigned to various places of our community in Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut. I received much support from many individuals during those years for which I am truly grateful.

In 1974, I was assigned to Notre Dame High School in Niles, Illinois. The plan was to fill a need there and to work on a Master's degree. Little did I know that I would be there for thirty glorious years. High School Ministry is both challenging and rewarding. My days were full and never boring. During those years I taught accounting and was involved in administration.

As I write these few lines I can't help wondering where the years have gone. My parents, two sisters, and one brother have gone to their eternal rest. I am so grateful that some members of my family from Ireland, as well as dear friends are able to celebrate this time with me. I am deeply indebted to my family and friends for their support over many years. I pray that God will bless and reward you for all your goodness, and may those who have died have eternal peace.

My life as a Holy Cross Brother has been, and still is, rich and full. I hope and pray that men will continue to consider this special vocation. God has blessed me in many ways over the years. I have discovered that despite my weakness all things are possible with God's grace and the support of family and friends.







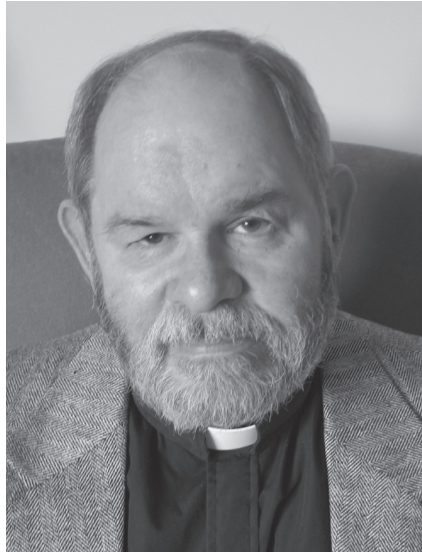
# TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY



# FR. JOHN F. KURTZKE, CSC

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I was born in 1951, the eldest of eight children of John and Margaret (Nevin) Kurtzke. At that time we lived in the Borough of Queens, part of the City of New York on Long Island. We then moved to the Bronx, NY and White Plains, NY before my Dad was transferred to Pennsylvania in 1958. There we lived for a year in a farm house which had been built under a grant from John Penn, William Penn's brother. In 1963 the family moved to Virginia where my parents and most of my siblings still live. All of us attended Catholic schools. I went to Gonzaga High School in Washington, D.C., where my interest in mathematics was born. This was due to a wonderful teacher, Fr. John Woodward, SJ. Following Gonzaga I went to Notre Dame where I received my BS in Mathematics in 1973. I then went to the University of California at Los Angeles and was awarded my Ph.D. in Mathematics in 1978. That same year I entered Holy Cross as a Candidate, and a Novitiate in 1979. In August 1980 I took first vows. At Moreau in 1984 I took my final vows, receiving my M Div from Notre Dame. While at Moreau, during a period when the librarian Bob Antonelli was in Rome I was placed in charge of purchasing books for the library, which introduced me to another area of great interest. While on campus at the same time I was appointed Adjunct Assistant Professor in Mathematics, for which I am still



most grateful to the Chairman of the Department. I was ordained into the priesthood on April 13, 1985.

Following ordination my path took me to the University of Portland. At that time this became the center of my life. I enjoyed teaching mathematics to a wide variety of students. In addition to teaching, I was able to assist at several parishes, mainly those in the towns of Stevenson and Camas. It was a wonderful time. However,

while at Portland my health started to fail and I became unable to teach. I turned to library work, looking forward to a new focus of service.

In November 2004, while I was a patient at Mayo Clinic, I suffered a major cerebral hemorrhage into my left frontal lobe. This affected my right side and my speech and memory. Here as always my family and the Holy Cross Community gathered around in support.

I left Mayo Clinic to reside at Holy Cross House. My deepest gratitude and love go to the entire staff of Holy Cross House – especially Mary Pat Russ. They all guided me through the difficult path of my rehabilitation. I can not forget Fr. Jim Trepanier, whose friendship and support were invaluable. I now live in Fatima House and wait for the next door that God wishes to open for my further service.

May God continue to bless all of you.



## FR. JEFFREY A. SCHNEIBEL, CSC

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I grew up in Minneapolis, in a family of eight children whose parents gave us the confidence to have self-confidence and a training in freedom and independence. It was a home in which excellence, not competition, was encouraged. In 1977 I went to college at Notre Dame for the sake of entering the Old College program and beginning seminary life in the Congregation of Holy Cross. It is the best decision of my life. The ethos of my family being continued in the common life of Holy Cross. The years since ‘describe a humble and inglorious life; you can tie up all moral philosophy with a common and private life just as well as with a life of richer stuff. Each man bears the entire from of man’s estate.’ (Montaigne, III.2)

At Notre Dame, I studied in the Program of Liberal Studies (where I read Montaigne), also taking a second major in Philosophy (where I read Aquinas). A full and rich course, further enriched by the many friendships of those years in the classroom and seminary halls. The seminary years proceeded along the regular course without event or drama save for the friendships formed, and so I survived. Aquinas confirmed for me the lesson of prayer that ‘love is the first movement of the will and of every appetitive faculty.’ My seminary life taught me to agree also with Aquinas that ‘the love of God is better than the knowledge of God.’ Academic



learning was a great gift to me, and my first career as a Holy Cross religious, but prayer has been the constant companion that has sustained all of the work that it has been allowed me to undertake.

At the end of my seminary years, receiving Final Vows in the Congregation, I began a three year apprenticeship under the friendship and guidance of the inestimable pastor of souls, Fr. Thomas Jones, CSC. After these

foundational years in parish ministry, I returned to the academic apostolate, studying the languages, religions and cultures of ancient India. It is a wide field, but a narrow specialization; good for me, recalling the words of the Buddhist sage Santideva, who advises, ‘to escape from thorns, the wide world can be covered with the measure of leather required for two sandals.’ Studies kept me focused and out of trouble. And I can say about the years of studies, ‘In a time when it is so common to do evil, it is practically praiseworthy to do what is merely useless.’ (Montaigne again, III.9)

The end of these studies brought me to the University of Portland to teach in the Philosophy Department, and finally returned me to the Program of Liberal Studies at the University of Notre Dame. Here I rejoined as colleagues generous and inspired teachers who had helped to form and grace my earliest studies. I learned

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the course better as a teacher than I had first in my undergraduate days. ‘Those who have studied liberal arts in youth and meditated day and night on the law of the Lord become more learned in old age, gaining experience and wisdom as time passes and gathering the sweet fruits of their old studies.’ Thus my experience, quoting here the approbation of Alcuin, who is himself quoting St. Jerome, in a letter to the Emperor Charlemagne. Proof that the apostolate of study and teaching is as old as the Church, and I am grateful to my superiors for placing that joyful task as the first work of my religious obedience.

But the urgings of my early apprenticeship in parish ministry continued to rise up as a prompting in my prayers. And when the students became brighter than their teacher, I asked to be reassigned from University to parish life. And so my last three years of ministry have been the mirror of my first, working in a large and vibrant Catholic community of 1600 families, praying, preaching, and learning among the people of God at St. Peter Church in the Diocese of Colorado Springs.

It is an old and true cliché, that to give up your own plans and give your life to God is to discover more of God and of yourself than you might ever have imagined or seen without that ‘sacrifice.’ And so for me, ‘sacrifice’ is in strong, ironic quotation marks. God has led me, and cared for me step by step. In summary, as to me, who when entering the seminary was at once challenged to give himself away in this adventure, in Holy Orders and in the Congregation of Holy Cross, I have received more than the idealistic young

person I was then ever imagined to be possible.

Rev. Jeffrey A Schneibel, C.S.C. was born to Augustine (deceased) and Theresa (Weisbeck) Schneibel. Reception in the Novitiate, 8.19.80; First Vows, 8.8.81; Final Vows, 9.1.84. Academic Degrees: University of Notre Dame, B.A., 1980; M. Div., ’84, University of Chicago, Ph.D., 2000. Ordained a Priest, 4.13.85, taking this scripture verse as a commission: ‘Hear O’ Israel, the Lord our God is Lord Alone. Let these words be written on your heart.’ (Deuteronomy 6.4).







