



2018

HOLY CROSS JUBILARIANS



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SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. EDWARD O'CONNOR, C.S.C.

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. JAMES MURPHY, C.S.C.

REV. FRANCIS ZAGORC, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. R. BRADLEY BEAUPRE, C.S.C.

REV. ROBERT BRENNAN, C.S.C.

REV. JAMES CHICHETTO, C.S.C.

REV. DAVID FARRELL, C.S.C.

REV. ROBERT GILMOUR, C.S.C.

REV. ANDREW GULJAS, C.S.C.

REV. LAWRENCE JERGE, C.S.C.

REV. L. PETER LOGSDON, C.S.C.

REV. GEORGE ROZUM, C.S.C.

REV. FRED SERRAINO, C.S.C.

REV. THOMAS SHEA, C.S.C.

REV. JOSEPH SIDERA, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. DANIEL GROODY, C.S.C.

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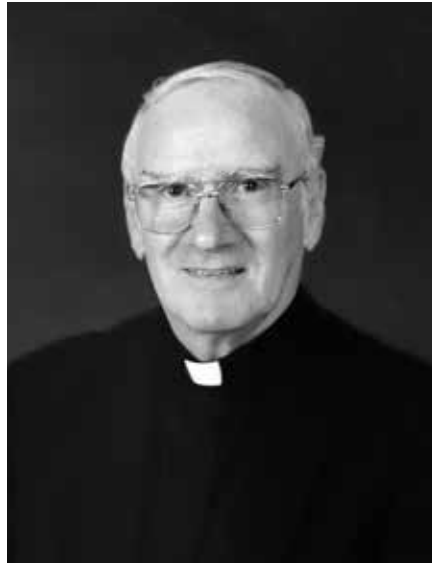


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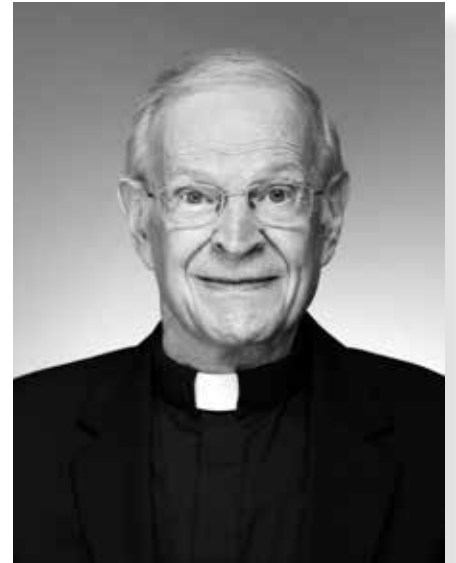
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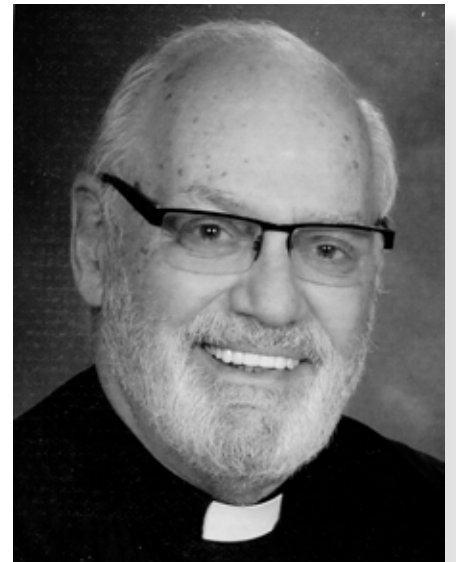
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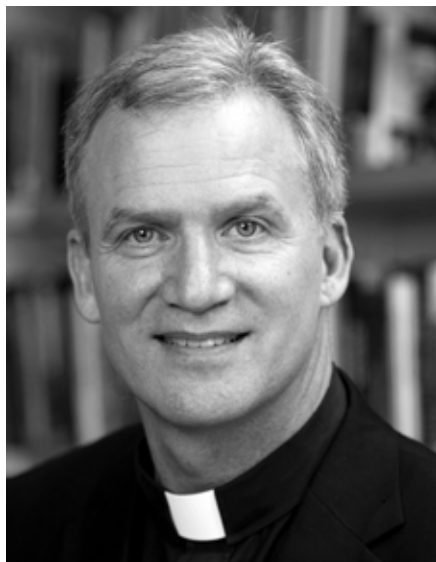


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REV. R. BRADLEY BEAUPRE, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I was born in Hardwick, Vermont on January 25, 1941 to Roland and Frances Beaupre and lived in St. Johnsbury, Vermont until the age of eighteen. I was blessed to have one sister, Donna, who was three years younger than me. I attended St. Johnsbury schools through eighth grade and then entered St. Johnsbury Academy in 1955. As I approached my senior year at the "Academy," it was my intention to study medicine at the University of Vermont, following in the footsteps of my mother's father, Dr. Arthur Warren, who had studied there and then had served the small town of Hardwick, Vermont as its doctor for over 50 years. Little did I know that this plan would change rather quickly halfway through my senior year of high school. From grade six on, I was an altar server at St. Aloysius Church in St. Johnsbury. During my junior year of high school, our pastor gave each altar server a subscription to *The Catholic Boy* magazine. On one occasion, as I read the latest edition, I came across an ad about teaching at Notre Dame, with the invitation of becoming a Holy Cross priest. Something made me request more information. Suddenly, I found myself thinking only about the priesthood, and in January of 1959, I submitted my application to the seminary. It was then that I learned of the Eastern Province of Holy Cross, located at Stonehill College. After a visit from the vocation director and a seminarian, whose home was in Northern Vermont, I received word of my acceptance and the rest is history.

I entered Holy Cross Seminary at Stonehill College in September of 1959 as a postulant. After one year, we all entered the Novitiate in Bennington, Vermont, and in August of 1960, I professed my First Vows. Returning to Stonehill, I spent the next three years completing my degree in philosophy. From there, I entered Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C., for my theological studies. In the spring of 1968, I completed my M.A. in theology and was ordained a deacon. That summer, Holy Cross College closed and the school

of theology was moved to Notre Dame. I spent my final deacon year at Moreau Seminary. During that school year, I taught at St. Joseph's High School in South Bend, Indiana. I was ordained to the priesthood on December 21, at Holy Cross Seminary in North Easton, Massachusetts.

It was my hope that I could remain at St. Joseph's High School to teach for the next year, but instead was assigned to Notre Dame High School in Fairfield, Connecticut, where I began teaching in September of 1969. I would remain there for five years. During my time there, I taught religion, served as chair of the religious studies department, and worked in the counseling office.

In the summer of 1974, there was a need for a hospital chaplain at St. Vincent's Medical Center in Bridgeport. That same summer, I received a Master's Degree in counseling from Fairfield University. In the summer of 1976, I was offered a position in counseling at Immaculate High School in Danbury, Connecticut. Once hired, I became director of guidance and remained there for six years. During that time, I continued to live with a small Holy Cross community in Bridgeport.

In 1982, I was asked to go to Saco, Maine - Most Holy Trinity Church - to serve as parochial Vicar, and to work primarily with the youth of the parish. For three years, I enjoyed that ministry and hoped to stay longer, however, Bishop Edward O'Leary, Diocese of Portland, Maine, invited me to join the chancery staff with the express purpose of developing youth ministry for the Diocese. This was an exciting ministry and the time passed quickly. I continued to live at the parish in Saco. After the first three years, the Bishop asked me to stay on for another three. That was not to be, however, because Fr. David Farrell asked me to return to Bridgeport and to serve the Eastern Province as Treasurer and Steward. After serving in that position for nine years, I was asked to assume the role of Superior of the Holy Cross Community

at Stonehill College. During my five years there, I also worked in academic advising. I was hopeful that I would be able to remain at Stonehill after my superior's term was complete. However, with just one year remaining, I was asked to become Pastor of Holy Cross Church in South Easton. After completing six years there, I was appointed as the second pastor of St. John the Evangelist Church in Viera, Florida. During my 9 and a half years there, the parish grew rapidly with the addition of younger families. Though the intent was to build the new church much sooner, due to a variety of problems, we only started raising money in 2013. Thank God for a patient, generous congregation that never gave up hope. Finally, on January 20,

2018, we dedicated a basilica-style church that seats 1,100. That dream having been realized, I asked to retire to Christopher Lodge in Cocoa Beach. I began my retirement on February 1, 2018.

As I look back over these 50 years, I realize that my original dream as a priest was to work in high school ministry. Though I did spend some wonderful years doing this, I now realize that by leaving myself open to other needs, as they arose, my ministry of service and for the Lord ended up being quite varied, and always fulfilling. For this, I am grateful to Holy Cross.

REV. ROBERT BRENNAN, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

My family lived in the Bronx, N.Y., where I was schooled in our local parish and in a public high school. After graduation, I joined the U.S. Rubber Company and was there until drafted in 1954. The Army trained me in IBM data processing. After being discharged, I joined IBM and worked in New York City and Chicago.

I joined Holy Cross in 1961 and was ordained in 1968. Most of my ministry would be in parish activities with some administration.

Fr. Bill Hogan, our provincial, wanted to expand our ministries in New England and asked Jack Walsh and myself to explore ministry in Maine. We started our pastoring at Most Holy Trinity in Saco, Me., September 1973. It would be a bonding experience for parishioners and ourselves. Our community would be there over twenty-five years. Dave Schlaver still ministers there today.

After leaving Maine, I continued my ministry in Vermont, Texas, Florida, and New Orleans.

Sacred Heart Parish there has been a community apostolate for 126 years. We celebrated our 125 anniversary with a gala event in 2009. Former parishioners and students joined us. Fr. Monk Malloy was our guest celebrant.

Hurricane Katrina occurred August 31, 2005. Three of us were in the rectory: Fr. Anthony DeConcillii, Br. Walter Glumb and myself. We were rescued by two fishermen who brought us to the Dome. Sadly, we had to close the parish, not because of the storm, but the lack of parishioners - less than 300 people.

My last ministry was in Cocoa Beach, Fla. The pastor of the local parish there invited me to return to the parish. Due to my health situation, and the concern of parishioners for my health, I realized I had to end my parish ministry. I came to Holy Cross House in May 2010, where I am doing well.



REV. JAMES CHICHETTO, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I was born in Boston, Mass., and grew up in the Berkshires (Pittsfield and Lenox, Mass.). Since childhood, the idea of being a priest was always in my mind. When I acted on it, my family was very supportive of my choice, partially owing to my dad's and my Uncle Frank Mc Innis's very positive experiences in the seminary. I can also thank Fr. Tom Tobin for recruiting me for Holy Cross and visiting my family on a number of occasions. He was great (and won over my mom, big time)! My training was at Stonehill College, the seminary program there; the Novitiate in Bennington, Vt.; and Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C. My Ordination class was the last to graduate from that college. I was ordained at St. Joseph's Chapel, Stonehill College, and celebrated my first Mass at St. Ann's Church, Lenox, Mass. My first assignment was to Peru, South America. I was there for a little less than 3.5 years before taking sick and being sent back to the States. Later assignments (after re-cooperating) included St. Teresa's Church, Trumbull, Conn., for a year; Stonehill College Campus Ministry, 2 years; Holy Cross High School, Waterbury, Conn., 5 years (while pursuing graduate studies); and, since 1982, Stonehill College.

Currently, I am an associate professor of communications at Stonehill, with a specialty

in writing and editing (redacting, annotating, emending texts, etc.). Since 1980, I have served as either editor, assistant editor or advisor to 5 literary magazines; have published essays, literary translations, poems, and reviews in numerous publications; and have published 9 volumes of poetry. I was fortunate to have three extraordinary literary mentors (who taught at Brown, Wesleyan, and UCLA) and to have some of my publications supported by NEA grants and additional research assisted by sabbaticals and various NEH stipends. In all, I feel I have been blessed many times over with wonderful friends (in Holy Cross, in parishes, and at Stonehill) and with a wonderful family. My parents, maternal grandmother, and siblings were always very supportive of Holy Cross and my vocation (as my siblings and cousins continue to be). Finally, I thank God for the gift of faith (which every day enters more deeply into the depth of my being and conscience) and for my vocation to Holy Cross, an extraordinary community of priests, brothers and sisters, both locally and internationally, who have nourished me daily in fellowship and have enabled me - with all my flaws - to grow more sacramentally and liturgically in Christ and in His Holy Gospel.



REV. DAVID FARRELL, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

A native of Pittsfield, Mass., David Farrell studied in public schools and political science at Williams College. Entering Holy Cross in 1961, he has degrees in philosophy from Stonehill College and theology from la Pontifical Catholic University in Chile. He was ordained a priest in 1968. Fr. David earned a Master's of Science in sociology from the University of London in 1983. King's College awarded him a degree of Doctor Honoris Causus in 1995.

He has been a member of the Boards of Directors of King's College and Trustees of Stonehill College. He was assistant provincial and then elected provincial of the Eastern Province of Holy Cross and served from 1988 -1994. During his tenure as Provincial, he ensured the continuance and the future expansion of Fr. Patrick Peyton's work through the creation of the present organization of Holy Cross Family Ministries. Fr. David maintained a close relationship to Fr. Peyton and presided at his funeral and burial in June of 1992.

However, Fr. David's most significant contributions have in been in Latin America (Peru, Chile, El Salvador) where he began living in 1964 and where he acquired Peruvian citizenship in 1972.

The focus of Fr. David's work has been organizational development, project management, and direct work with the poor. He founded a parish in Chimbote, Peru, was co-founder and co-director of the Vicaría de la Pastoral Obrera, established by Cardinal Raul Silva in Chile in response to the repression of trade unions during the Pinochet dictatorship. During the war in El Salvador, he

did similar work with the Archdioceses of San Salvador. He did consultancy work for European aide agencies in South Africa against apartheid and in other countries in Africa, Asia and Latin America.

Fr. David has been pastor and then parochial assistant in the Parroquia Señor de la Esperanza, a Holy Cross parish with a population of over 300,000. He was, at the same time, the Episcopal Vicar for this, the largest municipal district in Peru, San Juan de Lurigancho, in the newly created Dioceses of Chosica (1996) on the eastern outskirts of Lima.

He founded and built and directed El Centro Patricio Peyton, C.S.C., and the Instituto de Pastoral de la Familia, both sponsored by Holy Cross Family Ministries. He was president and international promoter of Yancana Huasy, a center of integral health, education, and occupational services for those with special needs. He was founder-director of the Hermano Andrés Polyclinic for basic health service for those with no other access to healthcare.

During his tenure as pastor, the present Centro Pastoral and a number of churches were constructed, and the parish was given in perpetuity to Holy Cross in canon and civil law.

Father David completed his fiftieth anniversary of arriving to Latin America by being assigned to Holy Cross House, at Notre Dame, due to health issues. He now works in labor relations, racial and restorative justice and against prejudices. He still is guided by evangelizing the "new cultures of urban poverties."



REV. ROBERT GILMOUR, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I began at 14. I was here on the vacant hill where the high school seminary used to be. I was there from the first year of high school with the intention of hopefully doing mission work, and I am one of those in the community that took the fourth vow, which was usually those who wanted to go into mission work, or willing if the general asked, to go anywhere that he wished us to go.

When I finished the university here, I went to Washington D.C., to what was then a special house for mission work called the Foreign Mission Seminary. When I went there, I was planning to go to Bangladesh, but at the time I was there, the U.S. and Bangladesh relationships were not good, so I wasn't designated to go. I was asked to wait and see. So, in the interim, I went down to Texas to work. While in Texas, I received a call from the brothers' provincial. The brothers were heavily into West Africa, and they no longer had a priest with them. They knew from the community records that I was interested in mission work, so there were wondering if I would be willing to go to West Africa. I of course told them I had taken a vow to go wherever I was sent, but had spent my time in Washington preparing for Bangladesh. I explained to them that I didn't know anything about the language or customs. The provincial replied, "Well, you can always learn once you are there." So, I agreed to go, and I ended up staying there 41 years.

It was difficult not knowing a single word. The national language of Ghana is English, so all education, business and commerce is done in English, but the country has about 43 native languages, and even a native speaks two or three. The brothers had taken over St. John's School in 1957, so when I went, that was where I was asked to go. I served as chaplain to the brothers, then as chaplain to the school, then as a teacher of the English language and religion. I spent 25 enjoyable years at St. John's. I found that Africans treasure

education very highly.

I was asked to help build out a communications network. There was virtually no communication even amongst the Holy Cross apostolates. We were in a couple of different locations, and I had always been into ham radio, so we worked out a way of building a network for the Catholic Church, which came to be called the Ghana Catholic Mission Radio Network. We put together 283 stations, linking our catholic hospitals in Ghana, our agricultural projects, and a number of our parishes together from north to south and east to west, across the country. I was arrested twice and interrogated during the military coups, since Americans in communications were very much subject to suspicion, and the radio network we built was actually larger than what the government had. I always kept my papers in order, had all of the licenses, and all the permissions for the equipment. They were confiscating equipment from private people, but we did not lose anything, nor did they restrict any of our transmissions.

Every morning, I made it part of my school schedule to perform radio work. Eventually, I proposed to the Bishops that the control be moved from the school to the capital city, and they put it in the National Catholic headquarters. We then hired and trained someone to do the radio work, so it relieved us of that particular aspect. The rest of the week would be filled with teaching, 24-hour supervision of 800 young men, who were very active, and dealing with parents. The weeks flew by.

I was at St. John's school for 25 years, and, at the end of my 25th year, the community asked me to take up the pre-novitiate program in the village of Butu Majubu. We had several young men when we started, and soon we had enough that we decided to enlarge the building. West Africa right now has about 53 indigenous, that is black

Ghanaian African brothers. It's probably one of the largest group of brothers in the community. I ran that program for 10 years, and then when we made some changes again in our set up in Ghana. I was asked to move from the Western region of the country to the Central region of the country to what we call our district center, which would be the administrative headquarters for the brothers. And that's where I have been until I had to come home for eye surgery and knee surgery, which is yet to take place. This will be a hallmark year; coming back to Notre Dame in June, 10 of those Ghanaian brothers will take part in the Chapter that governs the Congregation worldwide. So, I'm looking forward to that. All that are coming are my former students.

Some of my fondest memories were planning African experiences for students visiting from the brothers high schools, and from Holy Cross College. We used to bring a group over for 10 days to two weeks. We had a great time planning the experience for them. The coast in Ghana was well known to America because of the slave castles like El Mina and Cape Coast. We made all of that part of the tour for the students. We would have classes for them in the dungeons where the American slaves were kept before they were shipped over, and that was quite an experience for them, to sit in these places, and hear the actual story. We would walk through the passages that led from the dungeons through the castle to the place that was called, the Gate of No Return. It was always very touching for the students. The students would also take classes in African dancing and drumming, and the students would have to prepare a performance for the Ghanaians. We also made sure to visit Han's Cottage, a restaurant overlooking a crocodile pond,

so that the students could have their picture taken with the crocodiles. I always emailed a summary of the students' experience to their parents, complete with pictures! So, some of those emails caused a little excitement. We also so took them to the canopy walk, which is a rope walkway built in the treetops. We're right on the edge of a rainforest so there are trees that are incredibly tall. Some of the students initially would say, "Let Fr. Bob go first because if it doesn't break, then we'll go."

I was reluctant as a missionary in the beginning, but dove into it. They are very appreciative if you try. I will never get over the very respectful attitude Ghanaians had toward the missionaries. I'm always awed by that. I think another one of the things that I've learned from working at the pre-novitiate was the way in which family means everything to an African, and not so much to us Americans. They have deep, deep connections, and extraordinary loyalties that you don't find here. So, in one sense, it was a lesson to me about how you treasure those who are your own, like our religious family, and you could learn from them what it means to be loyal to the family, even to a fault. So, I learned to appreciate a lot more, those kinds of connections; the value of a family. I owe so much to so many.

REV. ANDREW GULJAS, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

Priesthood has been a rocky road, as has my Dharma Path. Both paths have frequently crossed nourishing my faith and joy in unique ways. From early youth, I have looked to the teachings of Christ through the lens of His beatitudes. As soon as I was able to read with at least a semblance of intelligence, I took a diligent interest in Buddhist teachings. Some of these appeared to be intuitive in me even before I seriously awakened to Christian catechism.

In any case, I went to Holy Cross Seminary across the lake from Notre Dame in junior high because I believed it was the most accessible and closest place around where I might look into the “interior life” with more intense and appropriate guidance. I had read, with some difficulty, in sophomore English class at Saint Joseph High School, South Bend, Ind., Merton’s *Seven Story Mountain*, more as a search than for a book report.

Formation was challenging, often fun, yet bumpy, wherein I learned and studied what I wanted and felt I needed to know, then crammed through the rest. Among the internal challenges was my ongoing effort to balance what Christ and Buddha’s Paths were all about in and outside of me. Since then, I have seen them weaving across each other, sometimes igniting a tempest and at others creating a tapestry of loving-kindness, compassion, empathic joy, and equanimity.

Regarding Christ, I sense the spiritual beauty and commitment of this man and His mother. Much surrounding them still demands a blind faith that I grapple with to this day. This is also true with the Buddha. I don’t pretend to genuinely represent Christ (though some theology claims this of priests),

His Mother, nor Buddha. According to the dharma, we all have a Buddha latent in us until this reveals itself through enlightenment.

My latest two obediences are not on an official obedience list and my doctorate in clinical psychology seemed to be only vaguely approved. I often felt that good-intentioned superiors didn’t know what to do with me while in my mind and heart, after rather intense discernment, I started to call my work with persons afflicted with substance-dependence and AIDS patients “apostolates.”

Other tidbits of my life in the Congregation that might take up a book or a long poem:

- 7 years at Notre Dame High School in Niles, Ill.
- Teaching in Chile from second grade to university level
- 15 years in Chile, ten during a dictatorship
- Doctoral Internship at Ft. Mead VA Medical Center, unenlisted, a pacifist
- Pastor of a mountain parish in Northern Chile that spanned some 300km

Finally, I could have done a lot more about paragraph #45 of our constitutions and our preferential option for the underprivileged.

I have treasured dearly my families, the one I was born into and Holy Cross brothers and priests, most of this quietly, diligently, and prayerfully.



REV. LAWRENCE JERGE, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

John McKenzie, SJ, in his Dictionary of the Bible defines an evangelist as one who announces the good news. It is a simple and forthright definition and one that works for me as I write this autobiographical essay. We are at this time, in the midst of hearing the Gospel according to Mark in both the Sunday and weekday liturgical readings. Recently, I became aware from reading and preaching on these texts, that so many of the stories are somewhat autobiographical, especially where someone in the story who has been healed runs off to tell everyone about what God has done for him/her, in spite of the fact that Jesus has said not to do that! Let me explain how this works for me.

My story begins in Buffalo, New York, where I was born on January 24, 1942. I attended public school for grades 1 through 8, and from there to Fr. Baker High School, an all-boys school in Lackawanna, New York. The teachers were Holy Cross priests, about whom I knew nothing when I entered in 1955. My teachers were priests and educators, a combination that was very attractive to me. It was really the beginning of my life as an evangelist.

In my earliest envisioning of religious life, I thought I might be teaching high school for my entire life as a priest. That never happened. What did happen was where the good news comes in. I entered Holy Cross Fathers Seminary in early September 1959. Nine years later, I was ordained on June 1, 1968, along with Fathers Jim Chichetto

and Joe Sidera. I was then assigned to teach at St. Peter's High School in Gloucester, Mass. I taught high school for ten years, in three different schools. Most of my ministries, however, were in parishes or in campus ministry. There were other ministries as well - Vocation ministry, Province service, and also four more years of study of music and liturgy at Notre Dame.

Listing all the ministry experiences I've had over the past fifty years would require too many words! But returning to the evangelist theme, I must confess that my life has been a kind of roller coaster ride with lots of ups and downs, good years and difficult ones, yet through them all I know God was working powerfully in my life and I am very grateful.

In Mark's Gospel, Jesus healed all who were brought to him - lepers, the deaf and dumb, those possessed by demons and many others. These cures were witnessed by the crowds and by Jesus' disciples and in almost every instance there is a comment by the Evangelist indicating the astonishment and amazement that everyone experienced. Like those who were healed and those who witnessed the healings, I have become like them, an evangelist and so can testify to the text in chapter 5 of Mark's gospel, "Go home to your friends and tell them how much the Lord has done for you and what mercy He has shown you."



REV. L. PETER LOGSDON, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

It's hard for me to believe that I am about to celebrate my 50th anniversary of Ordination as a Holy Cross priest. The years have just flown by.

Growing up on the East Side of Cleveland, Ohio, our family was very involved in Gesu Parish. To this day, I am grateful to my parents, as well as to the Sisters of Notre Dame and the Jesuits priests at the parish. They instilled in me the Catholic Faith.

In my senior year of high school, I felt a call to be a priest and since my older brother Bill had gone to college at the University of Notre Dame, I asked myself, "what could be better than going to the Seminary at Notre Dame?" It turned out to be a wonderful blessing!

After finishing my undergraduate years at Notre Dame, I went on to four years at Holy Cross Theological College in Washington, D.C.

I was ordained on June 8, 1968, at Sacred Heart Church (now a Basilica), on the campus of Notre Dame. Since I had opted to join the Southern Province, I was assigned to be Associate Pastor with Fathers Gene Dore, Larry LeVasseur and Len Collins at Sacred Heart Parish in New Orleans. For me, that first assignment was perfect - inner city ministry!

In 1974, I became pastor of St. Ignatius Parish in Austin, Texas. There were a couple thousand families in the parish spread over 6,000 square miles! Those were great years too.

However, in 1980, I was suddenly elected Provincial of the Southern Province. During my

years as Provincial, I suppose that our most lasting decision was to take on a Holy Cross Mission in the Archdiocese of Monterrey in Northern Mexico. Little did I know that I would eventually end up serving in Mexico for the next 20 years - for 5 years as Associate Pastor with Father Jack Keefe at Santo Tomas Moro Parish and for 15 years as Pastor of La Luz Parish. To say that I loved it in Mexico would be an understatement.

By 2011, I had reached the age of 70 and it was time to leave Mexico. I still feel so blessed to have lived and worked among people of such deep faith in Mexico.

But I had one more dream - to work in Hispanic Ministry in the United States. Fortunately, I was assigned as Associate Pastor with Fr. Dan Kayajan at St. Rita Parish in Dade City, Florida. I was living in paradise!

But wouldn't you know that after three years in Florida, I was asked to return to Notre Dame to care for our infirm Holy Cross priests and brothers at Holy Cross House. It's a learning experience and it's very rewarding.

I am most grateful to God and to the Holy Cross Community for all the opportunities that I have had to do ministry. But I am still wondering: Where have the 50 years gone?



REV. GEORGE ROZUM, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

The beginnings of my vocation to the priesthood came from my parents. I realized that nothing mattered more to my parents than their faith. It wasn't until I was a junior in high school that I mentioned the possibility to them, and I received very helpful support. That year, several of us boys at the Catholic high school (Notre Dame High School in Mitchell, South Dakota) went to see Bishop Hoch, the bishop of Sioux Falls. He permitted us to attend college where we wished, and I went to Notre Dame, since my father wanted me to go there, even though I wasn't sure because it seemed so far away.

Anyway, I continued to think about the priesthood, but I felt that I should be a missionary. South Dakota had no foreign missions, and when I discovered that Holy Cross was deeply involved in missionary work, I looked into the possibility of joining the Community. I was then a sophomore. I decided to test my thinking during my junior year by entering Saint Joseph Hall, the Old College Program at that time. For some reason, I was permitted to go to the Novitiate, which was near Jordan, Minnesota, just south of Minneapolis. I thought it was a terrible place for a Novitiate or for anything else, but we had a devoted Novitiate staff to help us learn the rudiments of prayer, the value of religious vows, and a minimal appreciation for the history of Holy Cross and its founder, Fr. Moreau. The following August, I was accepted for temporary vows, and went to Moreau Seminary for two years until I graduated in 1963. I then went to Washington, D.C. to Holy Cross College to study theology for four years, after which I received an MA degree in theology.

When I finished theology, I was assigned to Saint Ignatius Martyr Parish in Austin, Texas, as the parish had the responsibility of ministering to the Catholic deaf people in the city, and especially to the students at the two Texas schools for the

deaf in Austin. I had worked with other Holy Cross seminarians in Washington for four years at Gallaudet University and the grade school attached to it. Fr. John Payne, the associate pastor at Saint Ignatius, had worked with the deaf in that apostolate for 17 years, and he desperately needed relief. So, I took on that ministry as well as general parish work for the 8 years I lived in the parish. I was ordained to the priesthood on May 5, 1968 at Saint Ignatius.

I must say that I loved Texas, but my allergies got the best of me, and my allergists told me that I could not continue to live in that environment, which sustained pollens and mold all year round. I needed a winter to recoup, so I obtained permission to take a sabbatical year at Moreau Seminary, and returned to winter weather in 1976. My health improved dramatically. The following summer, Fr. Gregory Green offered me the job of Assistant Rector at Holy Cross Hall, under the watchful tutelage of the Rector, Fr. George Wiskirchen. The students called us "Big George" and "Little George." I was "Little George" and I learned a lot from "Big George." By the Spring of the year 1978, Brother John Benesh decided to leave his various jobs at Notre Dame and Holy Cross College, which included being Rector of Alumni Hall. Fr. Green offered me the job at Alumni, and I told him I would try my best. My "best" was not the best that could be done, but with the help of several wonderful Holy Cross priests living in the hall with me at different times, we have created a Christian community which has been a joy for me during all these years.

Thanks to the constant kindness of the students and the enduring support of all my fellow Holy Cross priests and brothers in the Corby community, as well as the great people in Student Affairs and my family, I have continued in this wonderful work as a rector for 40 years. It has been a great gift of grace from the Lord to me. Without Holy

Cross I could never have had these wonderful life experiences. I most certainly do not deserve any of the blessings I have experienced, but for some reason the Lord has given them to me, and all I can do is be thankful, as the Psalm says, "Give thanks to the Lord, for He is good; His love endures forever."

REV. FRED SERRAINO, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

For me, life began anew when in September, 1963, I entered Holy Cross Seminary, North Easton, Mass. As the doors closed behind me, I never looked back. Why would I, with Frank Gartland, my vocations director; John Lucey, my spiritual director; Pat Collins, my postulant director; along with Bill Kelley and Bart Salter, my loyal companions, throughout my years of formation and beyond.

My first assignment was with the ill-fated St. Peter's High School in Gloucester, Mass. The school was taken from us that very same year. Luckily, the teaching Brothers of Holy Cross in Biloxi, Mississippi were in need of a Chaplain and teacher at their high school, Notre Dame. I spent fourteen years living and working with the brothers. The brothers' houses I lived in followed the same pattern. First of all, they were houses of prayer. Secondly, we had total dedication to the students we taught. What I remember most is the camaraderie that developed among us. Every available Sunday, we jumped into our van and toured the area. In Biloxi, our borders were New Orleans to the West and Pensacola to the East. Brother Octavius was our driver and guide. The day always ended at our favorite restaurant, Piccadilly's. At Bishop McNamara High School, Forrestville, Maryland, Brother Bernie Berendsen

was our driver and guide. Every Civil War site there was to be seen, we saw it. The day always ended in Baltimore, feasting on the famous Maryland crab cakes. My years at Notre Dame High School, Los Angeles, California, were what I call my healthy years: hiking in the Los Angeles National Forest or fishing for rainbow trout in the San Bernardino Mountains with Brothers William and Charles. Thanks to Brother William, we never got lost.

Other assignments along the way were eight years in Peru where I learned to appreciate a different way of life. The Peruvians have a rich culture to share and I am very fortunate to have lived and worked with them. My six years at Sacred Heart Parish in the Bronx, New York, was another great experience for me. I called it a Little United Nations; name an island or a country and someone in the parish was from there.

At times I was part of the administration. I served as District Superior of Peru, Superior for our North Dartmouth Community, Director of Family Theater and Director of Health and Aging. Presently, I live with the Cocoa Beach Community in Florida and love every minute of it. I am faced with a dilemma though, as I can't decide if the Florida sunrises are more beautiful than the Florida sunsets. Come help me make that decision.



REV. THOMAS SHEA, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

Born on June 9, 1941, in Albany, New York, to Frank X. Shea and Anne M. Riedy, I spent my life until September 1959, on Hudson Avenue between Quail and Ontario streets with my parents, my brother F. Robert (Bud) and friends on the street. This was “my world.” I studied both grade and high school at the parish school Vincentian Institute (VI) taught first by the Sisters of Mercy and then by the Brothers of Holy Cross. My vocation pillars during those years were my dad’s sister, Julia; my aunt, Sister Martina, CSJ; my mom’s nephew; my cousin Jack Barnes, MS; Holy Cross Brother, Renuus Foldenauer, C.S.C.; and Holy Cross priest, Joe Quinn, C.S.C. During High School, I was co-editor of the school paper *The Blue Banner* and played clarinet and alto sax in the swing band The Red Jackets and the symphonic marching band. These activities were my life in high school.

Upon graduation from high school, I went to the Holy Cross father’s seminary at Stonehill College in North Easton, Mass. I spent my novitiate year, 1960-61, in Bennington, Vermont. I finished at Stonehill and pronounced my Final Vows during the summer of 1964. I was assigned to the Holy Cross International House of Studies in Gregorian University in Rome, Italy. Spending pastoral summers in France, England, and Spain as well as doing language studies, I was ordained a priest in Rome in the presence of my dad, mom and brother on December 19, 1967, during my last year of theology. I returned to Albany in July 1968 for a Mass of Thanksgiving with family and friends, and then helped out in my home parish of St. Vincent de Paul in Albany. During that period, I was asked

to go to our new Eastern Province mission in Cartavio, Peru. I sailed for Peru in October 1968 with Jim Chichetto, C.S.C., and remained there in Peru for 41 years until April 2009. In Peru, I was mainly a teacher of religious education and a diocesan administrator of religious education in the Peruvian public school system as well as helping out in parishes in Cartavio, Chimbote, Macate, Chucuito (Puno) and Tacna. I always enjoyed working with youth and young adults in the Catholic Action movements in Peru. In the last years of ministry in Peru, I also collaborated with an ecumenical family counseling school for the formation of family counselors and with the Holy Cross Family Institute in the Puno area. More information on my years in Peru can be found in my new book, *Gracias Peru - A Memoir by Tom Shea, C.S.C.*, available through Amazon.com.

After returning to the USA in April 2009, I ministered as pastoral associate to the large Hispanic community at Nativity parish in Brandon, Fla., until moving in the Holy Cross community residence at Cocoa Beach, Fla., in October 2011. Since that time, I have been helping out with Hispanic ministry at Our Lady of Grace Parish in Palm Bay, Fla., and also at Our Lady of Lourdes parish in Melbourne, Fla., and in other parishes with Hispanic needs in the area.

THANK YOU LORD for your presence in my life all these years through family, friends, and Holy Cross.



REV. JOSEPH SIDERA, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

A boy of 13, just weeks before graduation from St. Lawrence Grammar School in West Haven, Connecticut, announces definitively to his parents: "I am going to the LaSalette seminary to be a LaSalette priest!" No big surprise to them. They knew that for many years before. But, wisely, his dad intercedes: "Your mom and I will not stop you if you want to go, but we would ask that you finish high school first." The boy responds with a counter offer: "I will, if I can go to Notre Dame High School (West Haven, Connecticut)." Despite the cost on a di-caster's salary, my parents, John and Theresa, agree.

Nearly four years pass, and on a freezing November weekend, the boy finds himself in Valatie, New York, on his senior class retreat. The retreat master is a young and vibrant Holy Cross priest, a former destroyer escort sailor of the United States Navy, Tom Tobin. He speaks about God and about vocations, yet the boy remembers none of that. Instead, he remembers that this young priest told jokes, played cards, and played pool with him and his classmates. However, he remembers most of all the absolute joy that simply radiated from this priest. When the boy gets home, he proclaims: "I am going to become a Holy Cross priest!" He sends an application to only one college, Stonehill College, North Easton, Massachusetts, because that is where the Holy Cross priests have their seminary. He enters the seminary in September of 1959.

In the snow and cold of Vermont, on a farm run by would-be farm boys, "a year and a day" of silence and instruction in prayer and community builds within the boy an ease with self, a deeper sense of purpose, a desire to serve, and a quiet calm. He leaves the green Vermont hills reluctantly to complete his collegiate years under the tutelage of knowledgeable, wise and holy men of Holy Cross. And, at the end of his collegiate years, he perpetually commits himself to the Congregation of Holy Cross. The year is 1964.

The Community assigns him to study at Holy Cross College, Washington, D.C. Instructed in the

arts and science of priestly life, again, by men of wisdom and holiness, the boy becomes a man. The time is one of great excitement. A revolution is taking place within the Church at the request of a diminutive future saint, Angelo Guisepppe Roncalli, Pope John XXIII. Old theological text books are read beside the debated texts of future constitutions on broad ranges of Church matters. His studies earn him a Masters in Theology. The young man leaves the nation's capital as fires rage in its angered streets. It is 1968. Once back at Stonehill, in a chapel where he spent his undergraduate mornings and evenings in prayer, he is ordained. The date is June 1. The next day he presides at his very first Mass.

His first priestly assignment brings him to Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. He is an associate professor of Theology at King's College. Additionally, he is fourth floor rector in Holy Cross Hall, an assignment that proves to be of critical significance to his development. Over the course of five years in this residence position, he encounters young men in various crises: adjustment problems, developmental issues, addictions, etc. Out of these experiences, a desire to pursue a career in psychology is created in the young priest and his future course is set.

At Notre Dame, Indiana, he begins his study in Counseling Psychology in 1973. Called back to King's College to be Director of Campus Ministry, he spends his next two years serving the spiritual needs of the campus, students, staff and faculty. In 1975 he returns to Notre Dame, this time in the Psychology Department where he eventually receives a Masters and Doctorate in Psychology. Living at Moreau Seminary during this time proves to be especially enriching, as he lives and works with seminarians.

Once again he returns to Wilkes-Barre, teaching Psychology at King's College and Marywood College. But a desire to become licensed and to practice psychology makes it necessary to move again. Supervision at the Catholic Social Service of Fall River, Massachusetts and at the House of

Affirmation in Portland, Connecticut, ultimately lead to licensure in 1988.

Now licensed, he is invited to join the staff of Moreau Seminary which he does with great joy, until called to King's College to become Director of the Counseling Center. His next eleven years are spent in this endeavor. During that time, he is privileged to serve as leader of the local community for six years.

A sabbatical in the summer of 2000 to 2001 prove to be a most enriching time. It brings the now middle-aged priest to the foreign missions of Holy Cross, a long hoped for trip to the places the young boy had heard of during his Washington theology days: Kenya, Uganda and Bangladesh, and Peru and Chile. To witness the works and men of Holy Cross in their natural settings, to see the dedication and the love they bring to their various ministries, and the love and generosity inspired in their people, is a blessing immeasurable in scale.

Upon returning to ministry, he becomes the associate director of Affirmation Center in Splendora, Texas, a residential facility for priests, and religious brothers and sisters. It proves a wonderful and rewarding opportunity to restore hurting ministers to fruitful ministry. Following that assignment, he is called and privileged to become the Eastern Province's Vocation Director until the office is moved to Notre Dame.

Finally, he is called to live at the Provincial House of the Eastern Province and begins pastoral

ministry as a Parochial Vicar of Our Lady of the Assumption Church (Fairfield, Connecticut) and then at Holy Infant Church (Orange, Connecticut).

Clearly, the journey has not been linear nor monochromatic, but rather meandering and filled with unexpected twists and turns. In New England there is a thing called a "Nantucket sleigh ride." This is a concept taken from the whalers of the Eastern seaboard. After harpooning a whale, all one can do is hold on to the boat's gunnels, the whale is in charge of where you go and at what pace you go. Just so is the life stemming from the young boy's commitment to the Lord. It has been a hectic, convoluted, but most joyous ride.

Very often, the boy, the young man, and the older priest, has said: "Perhaps, there are religious communities as great as Holy Cross, but there is not one better than Holy Cross." And, just as frequently, when considering the talents and holiness of the members of Holy Cross, he has felt as one walking among the sequoias: awed by the company and humbled to be a part of it. The men of the past who walked ahead of him and those who now walk with him on this Emmaus journey have proven truly to be beloved brothers, as well as friends and coworkers.

And I - the boy, the young and the older priest - am most thankful to my God for leading me to Holy Cross.

REV. DANIEL GROODY, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I first realized what I wanted to do when I was in sixth grade. I was on a ski vacation with my family in Stowe, Vermont and sat mesmerized in front of a TV, as Franz Klammer won the men's downhill in the Innsbruck Olympics. His wholehearted efforts inspired me to seek the prize of an Olympic Gold medal.

Like all childhood dreams, however, that medal would be melted down and refashioned over and over again. After spending some time as a high school exchange student in Uruguay under a military dictatorship, I was awakened to a bigger world. It inspired in me a cultural curiosity and sensitivity to global injustice, and also initiated an inner journey that began a whole new adventure.

In time, I came to the University of Notre Dame and began studying under the Golden Dome.

While the medal of my desires at that time was initially shaped around a career in law or business, the example of Holy Cross priests and brothers left footprints in my path that called me to take some further step - one that would lead me into the furnace of God's purifying love.

As my mind, heart and soul were molten down again and again, what I valued and prized would be transformed and clarified over time. I would learn that my central desire is to be integrated into the Heart of Christ the way Christ is integrated into the Father. This has been the golden thread woven through everything God has done through my life over the last three decades.

After serving in parish ministry following my initial years of Ordination, I pursued doctoral studies in spirituality in Berkeley, California. My interest in Latino populations would eventually lead me to study the spirituality of immigrants.

While I anticipated my ministry would continue among Latinos at the border, I came back to Notre Dame in 2000, where I have been teaching, writing, researching, and working on multimedia projects

related to spirituality, refugees, and theologies of migration. Through the spoken word, the written word, and visually, I have sought to become an educator in the faith that gives expression to the ways Incarnate Word is present in our world today.

My work seeks to explore how we think about God from some of the most seemingly godless of places like the genocide in Rwanda, human trafficking in Thailand, and the Syrian Refugee Crisis in the Middle East. As I have tried to build a bridge between the head and the heart, I have also sought to connect the grassroots with the Academy and the Church with the challenges of the modern world.

My current work as a joint faculty member with new Keough School of Global Affairs has been yet another moment when the raw material of my life has been melted down once again and continues to be remolded in new ways. In addition to continued work on refugee issues, I currently am the director of the Global Leadership Program at the Kellogg Institute for International Studies, where we are exploring ways to integrate the outer work of development with the inner work in the human heart.

The late John Dunne, C.S.C., once said, "the worst thing that can happen in your life is not that your plans don't work out ... but that they do ... because God's plans are always about things greater than we could ask for or imagine."

So now, 25 years later, I am both surprised and so very grateful to be a Holy Cross priest. I rejoice not so much in particular accomplishments, but in the gift of God's mercy, which has melted down and refashioned my heart again and again. While as a young boy I once sought life's treasure in the fleeting desire for an Olympic Gold Medal, my time under the Golden Dome and beyond has revealed to me the enduring desire for a golden heart. I would hope that in some small way my own life has given witness to the boundless love of God, which has

not only created us but is constantly recreating us. Though I have never felt worthy or adequate for this ministry, I would hope that even beyond my faults and sins, my own life will help make more visible the invisible heart of God. That would be pure gold!

REV. JAMES MARTIN, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

“Sunrise, sunset, sunrise, sunset, quickly fly the years. One season following another laden with happiness and tears.” So, sings the Fiddler on the Roof and so reflects my 62 years of religious life in the Congregation of Holy Cross.

This Jubilee of Ordination to the priesthood brings me special joy and gratitude. I can hardly believe that 25 years have passed since Ordination by Bishop Richard Hanifen. The Lord and I had a long-time tug of war in this regard. Lord, what do you want of me? In His time and with the movement of grace, I finally realized, “I have called you by name. Be not afraid.” Once in a retreat, the retreat master said, “Think differently, go deeper.” Having done that, my life has never been the same.

I am the middle child of James and Agnes Martin of Latrobe, Penn. These wonderful parents are now deceased as is my younger brother, Leroy. My sister, Marian, who lives in Youngstown, Penn., is my strong spiritual support and a source of wisdom for me. Along with my sister and wonderful nieces and nephews, aunts and uncles, cousins, and numerous friends, and a special group of deeply loved friends, my life is blessed abundantly.

God has blessed me to bring hope, dignity, comfort, laughter, truth, forgiveness, and healing

every day of my life. In Sacramental Ministry, God has used me to break into broken and dark places.

As I look over the failings and successes of my religious life as a brother and as a priest, what beautifully emerges is the powerful living presence of the Holy Spirit. He has supported me, forgiven and guided me, molded and re-sculptured me in His mercy. It is an awesome privilege to walk with the Risen Lord in ministry.

To my beautiful family members, my confreres in Holy Cross, my faithful and loving friends, and the forgiving and supportive parishioners over the years - my prayerful gratitude. May St. Joseph, Mary, my compassionate Mother of Sorrows, bring me home to her Son for I have tried to do “whatever He tells me to do.”

Thank you to all - family, friends, parishioners, Holy Cross confreres - who walk before, behind, and alongside me. What a privilege to be so human and yet invited to be immersed in the life of God.

Happy Anniversary to my fellow jubilarians!

