



2019

HOLY CROSS JUBILARIANS



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SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. GEORGE BERNARD, C.S.C.

REV. ROBERT PELTON, C.S.C.

REV. RICHARD TIMM, C.S.C.

SACRED HEART OF JESUS PROVINCE, BANGLADESH

SIXTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. RICHARD LAURICK, C.S.C.

REV. PATRICK MALONEY, C.S.C.

REV. CHARLES WALLEN, C.S.C.

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. ROBERT AUSTGEN, C.S.C.

REV. JAMES BLANTZ, C.S.C.

REV. JOHN FORD, C.S.C.

REV. JOHN KEEFE, C.S.C.

REV. JOSEPH LONG, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. JOSEPH CAREY, C.S.C.

REV. LEONARD COLLINS, C.S.C.

REV. RICHARD CONYERS, C.S.C.

REV. THOMAS KING, C.S.C.

REV. RICHARD ZANG, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF FIRST VOWS

BR. THOMAS GIUMENTA, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. JEFFREY COOPER, C.S.C.

REV. JOHN DOUGHERTY, C.S.C.

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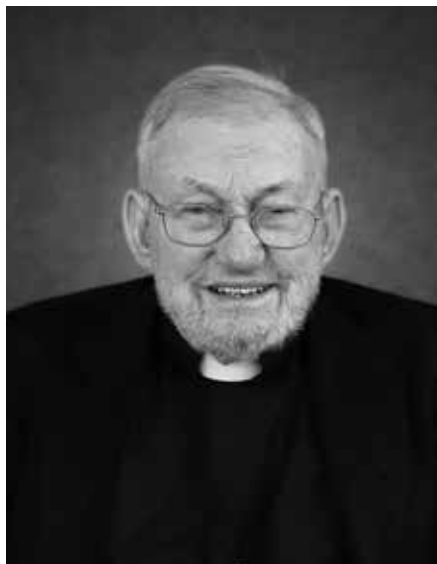


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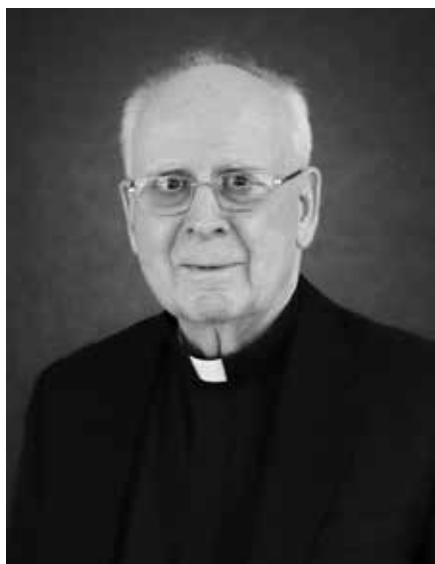


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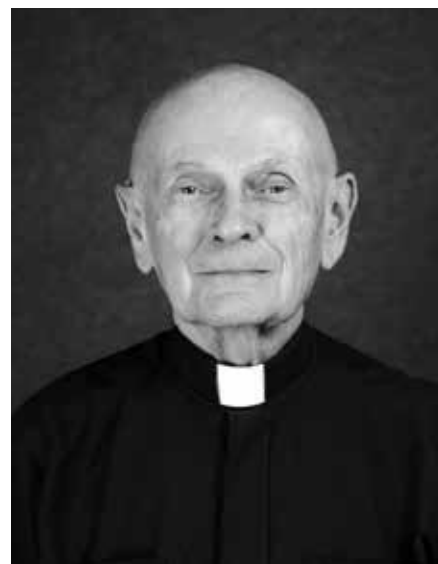
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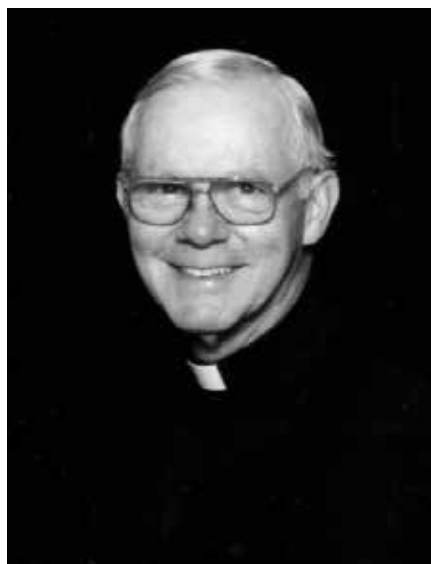
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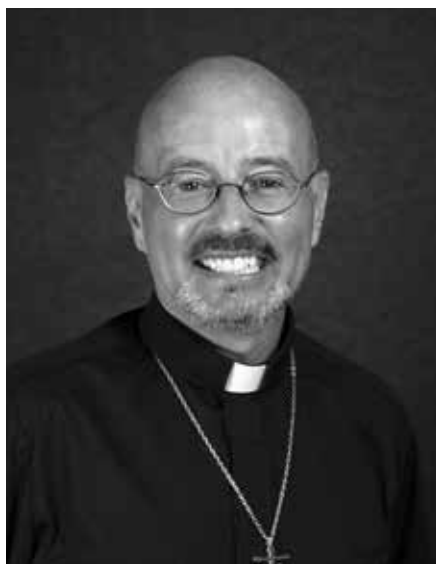
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REV. JOSEPH CAREY, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I have been called and chosen to answer the invitation of Jesus to follow him as a Holy Cross priest. I have been guided through 50 years of serving the Church, by the Word of God, the Sacraments, and the communities of my family, Holy Cross, Notre Dame High School in Niles, Illinois, Saint Mary's College, and the University of Notre Dame.

In 1971, while I was teaching at Notre Dame High School, I was asked to preach at the Graduation Mass. I selected John 13:1-15, the story of Jesus washing the feet of the disciples. I love this story because Jesus gives a lesson in what it means to have a servant heart. He says:

“Do you realize what I have done for you? You call me teacher and master, and rightly so, for indeed I am. If I, therefore, the master and teacher, have washed your feet, you ought to wash one another's feet. I have given you a model to follow, so that as I have done for you, you should also do.”

These words of Jesus, which we often reflect upon on Holy Thursday, have been the guide and lesson plan for how I have served the Church for 50 years. As an educator in the faith, I try to approach my ministry with the same mentality that Jesus shows us in the washing of the feet. He humbles Himself through His words and actions, and models for us how to love. I have so many experiences, and I reflect on what they mean by going back to washing feet like Jesus.

For example, I was a Rector in Dillon Hall and that position called me to help young men grow, which means I had to guide students in developing intellectually and spiritually. It also meant I was able to help students discern their life choices after their time at the University of Notre Dame. There were also times when I had to discipline students who made poor decisions. I learned that the word “discipline” comes from “disciple.”

This meant I would be serving by helping these disciples of Dillon to reflect on their actions, take responsibility, and become their best selves.

Next, I became the priest-in-residence in Pasquerilla West, and I had to change my mindset as I began this new role. Like Jesus, I had to humble myself in order to be an effective leader. I learned to listen to the young women; I saw this as an essential part of helping the residents to be confident and believe in themselves. They taught me more ways to build community effectively. I discovered that ice cream is a powerful uniting factor; the women often bonded over conversations at Tuesday night events with sundaes.

I moved in 2009 from PW to the newly built Ryan Hall and was asked to assist in building a new community. I had a beautiful room with a great kitchen, and it was there I learned another important lesson. Everyone was new to Ryan, and Claire Fisher, a junior at the time, came in to introduce herself. She looked at the kitchen and asked a critical question: “Do you know how to bake?” I answered “no” and she followed up with, “Can I teach you?” Her question and invitation reminded me again of Jesus washing the feet of the disciples, and that I could continue to imitate His action through listening and learning from students, the disciples in our dorms.

This was significant because this was how “FJ's on Tuesday Nights” was born. Building on what I learned in Pasquerilla West, about 25 students use my kitchen and bake with me on Tuesday nights. Afterward, Ryan women and hundreds of students, women and men, from around campus come to share in conversation and sweets. These ten years in Ryan Hall have been about hospitality that comes from sharing food and also opening hearts to one another.

I have worked with students in the offices of Financial Aid, the Career Center, Campus Ministry and the Alliance for Catholic Education. I have loved collaborating with men and women in all of them, but the love of my life is ACE, where I serve as the chaplain of ACE Teaching Fellows. Father Tim Scully invited me to join in this ministry in 2010.

In this role, I support, encourage, and pray with the young teachers who serve in Catholic schools throughout the country. I love our Teaching Fellows, men and women who say “yes” to teaching in new cities, living in community with one another, and educating young people in the faith. I have been blessed to serve alongside Fathers Lou DelFra, Nate Wills, and Joe Corpora as well as our amazing lay collaborators. I feel like we are truly

following what Blessed Basil Moreau intended for the mission of Holy Cross, which is to educate the mind and the hearts of young people.

I want to thank all the men and women whose weddings I was invited to witness, the families whose babies I baptized, and everyone with whom I have celebrated Mass. I have discovered the love of God through you all, through the washing of your feet, and I thank God for being able to listen and learn from you.

I want to thank everyone, whether I met you over cookies and ice cream or through an official ministry, for your love and for the invitation to serve you during these 50 years. It has been the greatest joy and honor of my life.

REV. LEONARD COLLINS, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I was born September 13, 1942 in Chelsea, Mass., to James L. Collins and Eleanor F. Collins (Burkhardt), both now deceased. My father went off to World War II and I lived with my mother and family until his return a couple of years later. Then my sister, Lois, came along followed by my brother, James, Jr. As a family we lived in Chelsea until I went off to the seminary in 1960. All of our sacraments were received at St. Rose of Lima Parish in Chelsea. If you are wondering why I'm named Leonard James and not James, Jr., my father's brother, Father A. Leonard Collins, C.S.C., was ordained a Holy Cross priest in 1942, and my father wanted me named after him. The compromise was Leonard James and not A. Leonard. While I was in the seminary, my family moved to Revere, Mass. There, the family continued to grow with the additions of my brother and sister, Brian Paul and Karen Marie.

When asked, I have always said that the University of Notre Dame was my first Catholic school. I attended public school as a child and youth in Chelsea, Mary C. Burke Grade School, Carter Junior High School and Chelsea Senior High School. I participated in many school activities in the college prep classes and even played ice hockey for the high school team. I was also a regular at CCD classes. In grade school, I attended release time classes on Wednesday afternoons. Church and State were not as separated back then.

I entered St. Joe Hall in 1960, my first exposure to Holy Cross apart from my uncle. Much to my surprise, almost all my textbooks for my first year at Notre Dame were the same ones I had used my senior year at Chelsea High. The following year I spent at our Novitiate in Jordan, Minn. After the Novitiate, I returned to Notre Dame and Moreau Seminary. Along with the church, the seminary was opening its windows, too. Along with several classmates, I participated in CILA and spent a summer building houses for the poor in Tacambarro, Mexico. I

graduated in 1965 and went on to study theology at Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C. It was an exciting time to study theology, since Vatican II was taking place and much of the old became new. It was also exciting to be in Washington, D.C. since it was the 1960's and so many politics were in flux, and the 60's Generation was full of hope to change the world into a better place.

In D.C., I helped out at the National Training School for Boys, a federal reform school and then for two years I worked in a Josephite parish, Holy Redeemer in the inner city. I was working there in 1968 when Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated and watched the city become a war zone. The military wouldn't let us visit the parish for three weeks. Working in this parish convinced me that African American Catholics were the most neglected part of our Church.

In 1968, Holy Cross College was closed and the seminarians moved back to Moreau Seminary to finish our formation program. Those in my class were ordained deacons. We took one class at Moreau and lived in local parishes on the weekends. I was assigned to Saint Augustine Parish for the year. It was the only African American Catholic parish in South Bend. And in case you don't know, I have been the pastor at St. Augustine's for the last ten years. Isn't there a song about the circle will be unbroken?

In 1968, Holy Cross started a new Southern Province, which I asked to join. I was admitted to the new province and ordained a priest on April 12, 1969 at Sacred Heart Church at Notre Dame. It later became a basilica. My first assignment was at Sacred Heart Parish on Canal Street in New Orleans. Many have asked me why someone from the Boston area ended up in the Southern Province. The answer is simple: I wanted to do parish work in the African American community and saw a greater opportunity to do that in the South. I was at Sacred Heart for

three years working with both the African American and Caucasian communities there. I did open a store front in the African American community and spent some time there getting to know and welcome the African American community into Sacred Heart. We even did a little community organizing out of that store front, when the city made land available for housing near the Orleans Parish Prison, which was in Sacred Heart Parish's boundaries. Without getting into it, we managed to get the land for housing for the people who lived there.

After being at Sacred Heart, New Orleans for three years, I moved to the city of St. Jude, Montgomery, Ala. This was a diocesan run complex with a parish, a grade school, a high school, a nursing school, a hospital, and a social service center. It was run on a national appeal, and except for the priests and nuns, it was an all African American apostolate. I was assigned as an associate pastor, but served in the parish, the grade school and taught in the high school and even drove the high school bus to sporting events.

However, after being there for 5 years, I came to the conclusion that I could easily work in the African American community forever, but I would never be in the mainstream of the Southern Province. So, at the suggestion of the provincial, I moved to Our Lady of Sorrows Church in Houston, TX. It was real inner city, a barrio inside of a ghetto. I really enjoyed being pastor there. The people were wonderful, just as they had been in all my assignments. I did get the parish involved in community organizing through the Industrial Areas Foundation and had a lot of fun empowering my parishioners.

After several years as pastor, my provincial, now Fr. Pete Logsdon, C.S.C., asked me to start a formation program for our seminarians in San Antonio, Texas. I did this in conjunction with Oblate

School of Theology and moved to San Antonio with our Southern Province seminarians. I also served as vocation director and Fr. Pete's assistant provincial and steward.

Three years later I was elected provincial and moved to Austin, Texas. For nine years, I helped nurse along our new project in Monterrey, Mexico, which was started the fall before I was elected. When I became provincial, the times were changing. With my council we established a list of apostolates we would staff as long as we could. Six years later, we made a list of our men and decided they were more important than places. Feeling a little like Father Moreau, we also started a formation program in Mexico for Mexicans. Thanks be to God, our project in Mexico is still growing even though all but one of our parishes in the U.S. have been given up. In 1997, when I finished nine years as provincial, I went to Mexico to work there in our parish and in formation. I did this for eleven years. Living in a different culture was a great experience with really great people.

After the Southern Province rejoined the Indiana Province, I was asked by the provincial Fr. David Tyson, C.S.C., to be pastor at St. Augustine Parish, South Bend. I have been here now 10 years, first living at St. Adalbert's and now Fatima House. As I mentioned above, the song says the circle will be unbroken. I started as a deacon at St. A's and am now pastor. The parishioners are wonderful. Those who were here in 1968 have aged a little like me. The parish continues to hold on to its roots.

REV. RICHARD CONYERS, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

On Oct. 7, 1942, a son was born to Rita Boyle Conyers and Richard Conyers. He was the second of four children: Carolyn, Rich, Colette and Bill. The birth occurred at Holy Cross Hospital on the south side of Chicago. This seemed to prefigure a lifetime association with Holy Cross.

Four years later, the Conyers family moved to Round Lake, Illinois. Richard worked as a painter and decorator. Rita was a teacher in local grade schools. After grade school at St. Joseph in Round Lake, it came time to look for a High School. There were no Catholic High Schools in the area. A friend of the family, Fr. William McAuliffe, C.S.C., invited Robert O'Brien, my cousin, and myself to attend the vocation workshop for Holy Cross Seminary at Notre Dame. Immediately, I chose to commit myself to the Congregation of Holy Cross at the age of 13. We received a great education and I notably learned the French language, taught by Fr. David Verhalen, C.S.C.

In 1959, we went to Jordan, Minnesota for the Novitiate. While there, I became involved with music and liturgy. When Fr. Joseph Rogusz, C.S.C., became ill, I was called upon to direct the choir and teach the Gregorian chant, for which Fr. McAuliffe, C.S.C., was famous. It was as if in recruiting me, that he was setting up his own replacement.

At the university, I was still involved in the Moreau Choir and teaching chant at Holy Cross Seminary. It seemed that my future would be in music, but Fr. Carl Hager, C.S.C., suggested that I go into aesthetics. In the summer of 1965, Fr. Len Collins, C.S.C., and I were sent to Notre Dame High School to teach remedial English to incoming freshmen. It was a great summer.

Having graduated in 1965 from Notre Dame and have taken the 4th Vow, I was sent to "The Jungle House" in Washington, D.C. It was under the superiorship of Fr. Gregory Stegmeier, C.S.C., whose

formation was very significant and convinced me that it would be better for me to follow the fine arts then to go into missions. So I moved down the hill and completed a master's degree in theology and returned to the University of Notre Dame in 1968 when we closed Holy Cross. Following ordination in 1969, I was assigned to Little Flower Parish and Fr. Joseph Payne, C.S.C., became a great mentor, especially in the area of sacramental and pastoral theology. After one year of priesthood, I went to the state University of New York at Binghamton, to pursue a Ph.D. in the History of Art and Architecture. but returned to Notre Dame before the dissertation was finished.

Back on Campus, I became the rector of Keenan Hall for ten years, founding the Keenan Review which is now in its 43rd year.

In 1974-75, I was acting curator of the Snite Museum of Art. For several years, I taught a course entitled, "Art Encounter," at Holy Cross College and St. Mary's College.

In 1983, I did a renewal program at Marianelle Pastoral Center in Dublin. While there, I was invited to join The Garda Sciocana (Police Guard Choir) and once sang on a National Television program called "Trom agos Atrom."

In 1998, I was asked to join the faculty at Notre Dame High School in Niles, Illinois. I taught art history and religion and philosophy for the following 22 years. I was very involved with buildings and grounds as well as campus ministry.

When Holy Cross left the high school, I was asked to stay. I found a great place to reside at Queen of All Saints Basilica in Sauganash where I lived for the next 11 years. After saying the 6:30 Mass each day and then going off to the High School all of those years, they were the most happy years. It was

an honor to be selected by the Province to attend the canonization of Saint Brother André in Rome.

For the last two years, I have been retired and residing at Fatima House. With some failing health, I also spent a significant amount of time at Holy Cross House.

In April 2019, I was honored with the Spirit of Notre Dame Award from Niles High School (Ill.), the focus of the annual fundraising gala.

Returning to South Bend and the heart of the U.S. Province and being only four miles from my

brother Bill and his family has been like returning to my roots.

This time has allowed me to renew many significant friendships and has been a wonderful part of my vocation to the priesthood and Holy Cross.

REV. THOMAS KING, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

As I grow older and more reflective of those early days of my childhood in a small rural Illinois town (Deerfield), I appreciate more and more the efforts my parents (Morgan - his friends and co-workers called him "Bud," and my mother, Therese, who was known by relatives and friends as "Tracy") in the late 40's and early 50's in that farm town of less than 3,000 inhabitants. Keeping doors unlocked and leaving your bike outside overnight, playing ball until there was no more light, going to Sunday Mass with your family, and being home by 6:00 p.m. for dinner were commonplace. It was a different time from today.

A new high school was being built in Niles, Illinois - Notre Dame High School for boys. This was my first connection with Holy Cross. As it turned out, the high school I entered was almost the size of my hometown. What is forever lodged in my memory of those days (1956-1960) was the hard work and dedication of the priests and brothers who taught and coached us. They were always willing, generous with their time, and eager to be with you. I can say gratefully: they inspired me to be one of them. After graduation, I entered the seminary of the University of Notre Dame and after the usual introductions to the traditions, prayers and customs of Holy Cross, plowed through Novitiate at Jordan, Minnesota, Moreau Seminary and Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C. Ordination followed in April, 1969.

My first assignment as a Holy Cross priest was a return to my roots - Notre Dame High School. For ten years I tried to communicate with the young minds of high schoolers. It was a challenge! Compared to the energy invested, the results can disappoint. Sometimes it can seem that there is nothing in sight but disappointment, frustration, and confusion. This makes us wonder about the meaning of what we're doing. It gets us thinking

about the way we think what we do. Do we really think that it all depends on us? That the good we hope to achieve depends simply on our efforts? Surely the difficulties and disappointments are enough to make us realize that everything depends, rather on something/someone beyond us. We need to trust in the One who continues to work amidst our inevitable disappointments. We need to think of our God. My tenure at Notre Dame High School graphically taught me this. Make room in your eyes for seeing how God works. He works dreams from disappointments, paths in confusion, brightness in bewilderment. Your action isn't everything, yet it can be everything if you open yourself to God.

The next step in this journey took me to the University of Notre Dame and graduate study in History. However, there was a strange right turn. Through some twists of fate, I was introduced into campus life as a rector in an undergraduate residence hall of 252. This, along with a faculty teaching assignment at Holy Cross College, I was introduced to the college intellect and the "collegiate lifestyle." This (according to the "powers that be") was to be an "incidental and short" one year assignment that saw me at Zahm Hall at Notre Dame for the next 19 years and at Holy Cross College for the next 27 years. A renowned Hindu philosopher, Tagore, writes that "... the song he wanted to sing has never happened because he has spent his days 'stringing and unstringing' the instrument." These lines make me think of how busy my days were then, and of how my calendar and my life were so full at times that my glimpses of God were like a rare endangered species. And yet, there is another quote from Ephesians that motivated me then and still motivates me now, "We are God's work of art, created in Christ Jesus." Through individual personalities and personal life events, the goodness of God takes on a melody all

its own. The song of God needs an instrument to give it shape and voice.

Through a most hysterical and historic right-angle of events, I accepted a position at St. Mark's Catholic Parish in Niles, Michigan. It seems that a certain bishop had an idea: join three parishes into one. It didn't work then, and it still hasn't worked! However, the change from being surrounded by teenagers with their unique set of crisis and issues to being avalanched by college students with their special set of life-changing problems, to being pastor of a parish which is more than 65% beyond the age of 65 has given me a refreshing view of life. The passage from John's Gospel about the grain of wheat has much to tell this group:

"Unless a grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it remains just a single grain, but if it dies it bears much fruit. Those who love their life lose it, and those who hate their life in this world will keep it for eternal life."

Since 2007, Brother Dennis Meyers and I have had the challenges and good fortune to serve the

people of St. Mark. A new set of challenges, a new litany of crisis, accompanies us here. The efforts we put our energy into - we do it all, not because it "works", but because it is right. We trust in the cause not in our own efforts and powers. We trust in the power that is working through us, making good in ways that we cannot see beforehand. So we must not trust too much in our own plans. We need to trust in the One who continues to work amidst our inevitable disappointments. We need always to think of God.

I am a firm believer that "I am in it (that is, this thing we call a vocation in Holy Cross) for the long canoe ride." So from high school to graduate studies, from university living to college curriculum, to elder parish to whatever, I pray:

"Lord help us to know we are in your hands. We are under your protection. We are covered by your love. Defend us from all harm and guide us in our travels back to you." Amen.

REV. RICHARD ZANG, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

Through the guidance of the Holy Spirit and Fr. Dan O'Neil, C.S.C., I entered Holy Cross after graduation from Notre Dame with a degree in business administration. In those days, I was considered a late vocation and was older than my fellow seminarians. That made me "Dean" at the Novitiate in Jordan, Minnesota. It also meant that I needed to make up two years of philosophy and Latin that I would have had, had I entered after high school. Fr. Sheedy, C.S.C., was Dean of Liberal Arts, and at my request, granted me an AB degree so I could then consider myself a liberally educated man.

Theology study was at Holy Cross College, Washington, D.C. The city offered many interesting diversions, as most things are free in the nation's capital. It was my first experience of living outside the Midwest.

After ordination and graduate study, Fr. Ned Joyce, C.S.C., hired me for University Administration, where I served eighteen years, never seeing a paycheck. On the side, I contributed service as hall rector for twelve years. When lay staff took over Notre Dame, I was fired. The University no longer needed my services and lay folks were henceforth doing the hiring.

Students had told me of good experiences in year-abroad programs, so I asked Fr. Tom Oddo, C.S.C., to appoint me as director of the University of Portland Program in Salzburg, Austria. Living abroad was agreeable. After my two years in Salzburg, Fr. Tom Markos, C.S.C., died, so a new superior was needed at Phoenix. After two years as superior at Casa Santa Cruz, Phoenix, the

Generalate called me to Rome where I served as bursar, and briefly as procurator general of Holy Cross. Living in Rome had been on my bucket list.

The Indiana Province had no need for my administrative talents, so I was free to return to Europe, first as pastor to English-speaking people in Berlin for five years, then as chaplain to Carmelite Sisters in England for eight years. Berlin was a fascinating place just a short time after the wall came down and occupying forces left the city.

English-speaking communities in both the former British sector and the former American sector wanted to stay together and worship in English. After five years, the Berlin Archdiocese encountered financial problems and had to discontinue supporting priests to minister to non-German communities. A British Carmelite monastery of women advertised in the Tablet for a chaplain. It was a new kind of ministry but I served eight years. My time in England allowed me to get to know London. I could say morning Mass at Carmel and be in London by 11:00.

I was considered "non-EU migratory labor" by the UK government and that made my continuing difficult. Returning to the USA and Casa Santa Cruz, Phoenix, I sought another chaplaincy for sisters. The Dominican Sisters of Mary Mother of the Eucharist needed a chaplain at their Ann Arbor, Michigan motherhouse. Now in my fourth year, I am happy to live and pray with this youthful and growing community, now serving 22 school nationwide. It is a blessing to serve at age 80.



BR. THOMAS GIUMENTA, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF FIRST VOWS

How powerful and energetic God is! That seems to be my overriding thought and sentiment as I reflect on the last 50 years of my life in Holy Cross.

I was born in February of 1950 in Brooklyn, N.Y., the first of 3 sons. I am grateful for the family formation I received, the attentive care of the Amityville Dominican Sisters at St. Boniface School in Elmont during my elementary school years and the inspiration of Holy Cross religious at Holy Cross High School in Flushing, N.Y. God's grace must have operated very strongly to inspire a religious vocation since I only thought seriously about that possibility in the last few months of my senior year in high school.

As was customary in those days, I entered the postulancy of the Eastern Province of Brothers of Holy Cross in Valatie, N.Y., after graduating from high school. After professing First Vows in 1969, I was very fortunate in being sent to study at the University of Notre Dame. Having never before lived away from the East Coast, my world opened to living in a new culture among members of a different Holy Cross Province. I am grateful for having learned so much during those years.

In the years that followed, I experienced some growth-filled challenges and deep satisfactions as I taught in three different high schools of the former

Eastern Province of Brothers. I am very thankful for those formative years.

Once again, because God is so powerful, I was asked to serve in South America where I spent 16 years in Chile, Peru and many summers in Mexico. These years will always stand out as years where paschal mystery played out in my life, eventually affording me the Resurrection years.

In 2010, I was very pleased to be offered a ministry position at the University of Portland. It has been my privilege during these 9 years to work with students who experience academic need. Complementing that, I have the honor of exercising spiritual paternity to 234 students in Shipstad Hall where I serve in the role of a pastoral resident.

A wise Holy Cross religious once told me that the best name for God is, "Surprise." I certainly would never have been sufficiently astute to plan these last 50 years as well as the God of Surprise has done. I remain grateful to God for this grace and look forward to serving Holy Cross for many years to come.



REV. JEFFREY COOPER, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I had an insight recently into the origin of my own vocation story. When I was a little boy, during the summer months, it was typical that I, along with my other siblings, would take turns spending the weekend with our Grandma Cooper. This meant fun things like going out to lunch at a restaurant or going fishing on some lake property we had to sneak into because Grandma didn't have permission to fish there. And it also meant at least one night spent in a cigarette-choked bingo hall where Grandma indulged her joy of gambling! But, it also meant going to Sunday Mass at my Grandma's parish, St. John the Evangelist. And since it is named for St. John, written on the arch that frames the sanctuary are the words from John 1:38-39, "Where dwellest Thou? Come and See." I believe that is where it all began. Over time those words have become the guiding question of my own on-going prayer to Jesus: "Where do you dwell?" And each time the same invitation has been offered, "Come and See," but the coming and the seeing has never twice been the same.

Born in 1964 to Gary W. and Shirley M. Cooper and living in the hometown of Neil Armstrong (Wapakoneta, Ohio) for my first three years, I think I always had the sense that life meant going somewhere that seemed impossible. Jesus' invitation, "Come and See" always seemed to promise something of a moon shot. My earliest vocational response to God's invitation was to go to the college seminary for the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, but that adventure felt stale and stodgy as if something was missing. So I began to seek out religious communities. As one child among

seven, I knew I needed community. So I discovered Holy Cross and suddenly "Come and See" meant coming to the University of Notre Dame, which might as well have been the moon. Then it meant traveling to Colorado and the Novitiate for someone who never saw a mountain, then getting a master's degree, then being ordained and sent to Los Angeles (which was the moon!). Then it meant another master's degree from Miami University, Ohio. Then teaching at the University of Portland for two years, then back to Colorado for a 6-year term on the Novitiate staff, then came my own personal "moon landing" completing a Ph.D. in Christian Spirituality, then more teaching again at U.P. A sojourn with the Trappist Monks at Our Lady of Guadalupe Abbey in Oregon followed, where I was reminded the greatest adventures happen in small places. Now, as postulant director at Moreau Seminary, I seek in some way to help young men make their own moon shot.

St. Therese of Lisieux once wrote: "God does not inspire impossible desires." Every time I was willing to ask the Lord: "Where dwellest Thou?" And respond to His invitation, "Come and See," I've discovered the truth of St. Therese's words. Twenty-five years later, the adventure continues and I am grateful to God, to my parents and family, to Holy Cross and to all the people I've been blessed to minister with, and to, along the way.



REV. JOHN DOUGHERTY, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I first heard about Holy Cross through my late uncle, Brother Fulgence Dougherty, C.S.C., known to us kids as Uncle Jimmy. Also, Holy Cross priests from Notre Dame assisted in my home parish, Saint Anthony, in Buchanan, Mich. Two were influential in my vocation: Fr. Len Banas, C.S.C., and Fr. John VanWolfe, C.S.C. As Notre Dame was a bit too close to home for my liking (I wanted to study in California), my parents suggested that I consider the University of Portland, where my uncle had just accepted an assignment after 30+ years in the missions. I made the trip out to Portland and spent a few impressive days there. I was sold.

At Portland, I got to know many of the Holy Cross religious and was attracted to their strong community life and their commitment to education and parish ministry. When I was a senior, Fr. Jim Buckley, C.S.C., suggested that I apply to the Holy Cross Seminary, which I did, but the timing was not right, so I ventured out and got a graduate business degree and worked for a few years in New York only to apply once more. The timing was much better! I was accepted in March and began the candidate program the Fall of 1988.

My initial years were pretty much standard for Holy Cross: Moreau Seminary for a year and then the Novitiate in the Colorado Rockies. It was at the Novitiate that I was invited to do my seminary studies in Berkeley, Calif., at the Jesuit School of Theology. I finally got to study in California!! I very much enjoyed the opportunity to live and study in the Bay Area and in a small community setting.

After I got my M.Div. from the JSTB, I was ready for my assignment as a transitional deacon. Since I had not spent much time in the South Bend area, it made sense to head back to the Midwest. I was asked to serve at St. Pius X Parish in Granger,

Ind., with a great group including Fr. Tom Jones, C.S.C., and Fr. Van, C.S.C. (whom I served Mass for in Buchanan many years earlier.) After three years in Granger, I was asked to be the Director of André House of Hospitality in Phoenix. I had spent a few (scorching) summers there and loved the work. My three years were quite enjoyable and I am glad to have had that opportunity.

After André House, I returned to Portland and served in the Admissions Office at the University, which was a short-lived assignment as I was asked a year later to return to Phoenix to serve as Pastor at St. Gregory Parish. I served there for nine wonderful years, building up the Holy Cross image and awareness as I was the first (and last) Holy Cross pastor there. After completing that assignment, I knew my love was in parish ministry, so I joyfully accepted my next assignment as Pastor of Holy Redeemer in Portland. Here, too, I was greatly satisfied with the life and ministry of that faith community. I was very active with the UP community who were so gracious to me by their warm hospitality, a Holy Cross touchstone.

After eight and a half years in Portland (and the elevation of my classmate Bill Wack to Bishop), I was asked to come to St. Ignatius Martyr Parish in Austin, Texas. I have been here for a year, and am making this wonderful and thriving parish my home. I guess after a year I am a Texan now! (It's true: Don't mess with Texas!) It is great to have a Holy Cross institution so nearby (St. Edward's University). The Brothers have been wonderful and have offered me tremendous hospitality.

In short, I have been blessed over these 25 years.



REV. ROBERT DOWD, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

As I write this reflection, I am filled with gratitude. God has blessed me with many holy people who have encouraged me with their generous lives. In reflecting upon the role they have played in my life, I cannot help but want to grow in generosity and rededicate myself to serving others as a Holy Cross priest.

First, I am grateful for my parents. I was born to Norma Schafer and Robert Dowd on March 1, 1965, in Louisville, Kentucky. My parents, including my stepfather, Harvey Krentz, revealed God's love through their care for my sister and I, and their strength through life's difficulties. I learned from an early age that life could be messy as my dad suffered with bipolar disorder. With time, I came to believe God intended to use that experience to make me a more compassionate priest. My sister, Mary, eleven months younger than I, her husband, Jim, and sons, Ryan and Eric, have been a constant source of inspiration.

Second, I am grateful for my teachers. I grew up in Michigan City, Indiana, where I attended Queen of All Saints Grade School and Marquette High School, both served by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. The sisters and the priest in our parish, Fr. Alfred Dettmer, C.S.C., were very good to my family in tough times. Their support nurtured my vocation. As a student at Notre Dame, I continued to feel drawn to the religious life and priesthood. Issues of social justice became increasingly important to me and I began to read the Gospel in light of the challenges faced by the poor and marginalized. When attending Mass on campus, I began hearing the words, "Do this in memory of me," as if Jesus were actually inviting me to "do that" in memory of Him.

Third, I am grateful for my formators. In August of 1987 I entered Moreau Seminary. Fr. John Gerber, C.S.C., superior at Moreau Seminary, and

Fr. Bob Antonelli, C.S.C., director of the Candidate Program, helped me to discern God's call. During candidate year, I worked at the Holy Cross Mission Center. Fr. Jim Ferguson, C.S.C., was director, and his stories about Holy Cross in East Africa peaked my interest. Fr. Frank Quinlivan, C.S.C., was our novice master and his example reinforced my own desire to participate in Holy Cross' international mission. Midway through my theological studies at the Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley, Berkeley, California, I was granted my request to spend part of my formation in East Africa, based at our formation house in the Dandora area of Nairobi, Kenya. Frs. Tom Smith, C.S.C., and Dick Stout, C.S.C., set great examples and showed the power of patience and persistence. The year and a half I spent in East Africa was challenging and transformative. Fr. Bill Dorwart, C.S.C., was superior of the formation house in Berkeley when I returned and it is difficult for me to imagine a more caring and insightful guide as I discerned Final Vows and ordination.

Finally, I am grateful to those who have mentored me since Final Vows and ordination. My first assignment was to work in Campus Ministry at Notre Dame. Fr. Richard Warner, C.S.C., served as director of Campus Ministry and his example of service to others and his confidence in my capabilities were deeply inspiring. During my time in Campus Ministry, I was fortunate to work closely with and learn from Frs. Tom McDermott, C.S.C., and Pat Neary, C.S.C. Fr. Tim Scully, C.S.C., a great friend and teacher, encouraged me to begin graduate studies. I went off to UCLA to study political science, focusing on Africa. While in studies, I resided at Saint Monica Parish in Santa Monica, California, where Msgr. Lloyd Torgerson served as pastor. Msgr Torgerson has been a faithful friend and model in the priesthood. Since 2004, I have served on the faculty at Notre Dame, teaching

political science, and, since 2008, as director of the Ford Program at the Kellogg Institute. Wonderful faculty colleagues and students have inspired me to keep striving to learn and serve.

Aware of my own shortcomings, I am filled with gratitude. God has visited me in so many generous people before and since ordination. Their

examples continue to inspire me to rededicate myself to a life of service as a priest. Though these are especially challenging times for the Church, I am excited about the road ahead. Together with my brothers in Holy Cross, I pray that I may become increasingly open to encountering Christ in others and to being a sign of hope, especially to those in most need.

REV. WILLIAM LIES, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I was born on July 4, 1962, the ninth of ten kids, and second of twins, to Tom and Laurie Lies. We were raised in Little Falls, Minn., right across from the Mississippi River and Charles Lindbergh's boyhood home. My early childhood, though wonderful, was deeply marked by the sudden death of my dad when I was four, which left Mom to raise the ten of us on her own. She was truly amazing.

We all went to St. Mary's, our parish grade school, where dad had been a teacher. I graduated from high school in 1980 and from St. John's University in Collegeville, Minn., in 1984. Upon graduation, I served a year as a Dominican Volunteer on the southwest side of Chicago, then went to work in student affairs at Loras College, a small Catholic college in Dubuque, IA. It was during my two years at Loras that I began to think more seriously about religious life, which ultimately led me to visit Moreau Seminary. Holy Cross immediately felt like family to me, and I gratefully joined in the summer of 1987.

Formation was a grace-filled time for me. I studied for the M.Div. at Notre Dame and, in the midst of it, enjoyed a year-and-a-half regency in Chile, working with a parish in one of the poor sectors of Santiago while also studying at the Catholic University of Chile. I returned to Notre Dame and finished my M.Div. My Final Profession took place in August 1993, and I was ordained to the priesthood in April 1994.

I spent my deacon year and first two years of priesthood in Hayward, Calif. at St. Clement's Parish, a large middle to low-income community - a third Latino, a third Filipino, and a third Anglo and other. The folks at St. Clement's truly taught me what it meant to be a priest.

I moved to the University of Pittsburgh in 1996 to get a doctorate in Latin American Politics, and in those years also served as pastor of the Latino

Catholic Community of Pittsburgh. After field research in Chile, I returned and completed the dissertation. In 2002, I received an appointment to the faculty in political science at Notre Dame where I moved into Alumni Hall, which would be my happy home for 17 years.

Appointed executive director of the Center for Social Concerns in 2002, I followed in the footsteps of a mentor, Fr. Don McNeill, C.S.C., the Center's founder and 19-year-director. The 10-year period spent at the Center was a particularly fruitful time for me on several levels. (Among other things, I had a chance to assist with the designing and building of Geddes Hall, which - for those who know me - meant the world to me as an architecture nut.)

In 2012, Fr. John Jenkins appointed me vice president for Mission Engagement and Church Affairs at Notre Dame. The office focuses on deepening the university's conversation around issues of importance to the Church. In the role, I also served as a liaison to the U.S. bishops, the Holy See, and I had oversight of the Tantur Ecumenical Institute in Jerusalem. In June of 2018, at our Provincial Chapter, I was elected provincial of the U.S. Province of Priests and Brothers of Holy Cross, (and no one was more surprised than me... except maybe my own family!).

As hard as it is for me to believe that I've been a priest for 25 years, it's not hard to identify those who have helped to make this such a blessed life for me. I'm especially grateful to my family, and in a particular way, my dear brother, Jim. They have nurtured my vocation and walked with me through it all. I'm grateful for my family of Holy Cross, too, who have been amazing brothers and sisters to me as well. I'm also grateful for the many friends and folks who have accompanied me along the way, whether from childhood, school, parish or university, they have been both faithful

and challenging along the way. Finally, especially in these days, I'm mostly grateful to God for the mercy and blessings I have known so well.

REV. JORGE MALLEA, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

My name is Jorge Mallea. I was born on April 26, 1960, in Juli-Puno, Perú. My parents were Saturnino Mallea and Daria García. I have two sisters and two brothers. I did my high school studies at Telésforo Catacora School in Juli. After doing compulsory military service, my brother Juan introduced me to Father Raymundo Finch, from Maryknoll, who was in charge of the Vocations Office in Juli. He accompanied me in my vocational discernment during 1983.

In 1984, I joined The Diocesan seminary for studies in philosophy and theology. During that time, I met Fr. Thomas Shea, C.S.C., who taught a course on The Prophets at the Seminary of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

In 1987, Father Thomas invited me to visit his community and learn more about the Congregation of Holy Cross, its charism, and about the work they were doing at their parish in Chimbote. That is how I got to know about Holy Cross.

In 1988, I entered the Congregation of Holy Cross as a postulant and studied theology at ISET Juan XXIII in Lima.

In 1989, I was sent to the Novitiate in Santiago de Chile and professed my First Vows in 1990. Then, I returned to Perú to finish my theological studies.

In August 1993, I was ordained to the diaconate after professing perpetual vows. As a deacon, I did my ministry in Chimbote, Perú.

On November 11, 1994, I was ordained to the priesthood in El Señor de la Esperanza Parish in

Canto Grande. In 1996, I was assigned to Sagrado Corazón Parish in Bronx, N.Y.

I studied education at Universidad Nacional de San Marcos in Lima, Perú and have a master's degree from the Universidad Católica and from the Universidad Federico Villarreal.

In 2004, I was sent to a new mission in Tacna, Perú, 22 hours by bus from Lima. There, I helped found the Parochial School of Santa Cruz and served as principal of that school from 2005 to 2010. I feel it was a wonderful and successful experience. At present, the school, serving those most in need in Tacna, has 1,500 students.

Thereafter in 1997, I began to work at Fe y Alegría 25 School in Canto Grande, Lima, Perú as a humanities teacher. Currently, I am the principal of the school.

I give praise to God and thanks to my brothers in Holy Cross for my 25 years of service to the people of God and to the church in Perú.



REV. JOSEPH MOYER, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I recently saw a commercial on TV that stated the average person lives in eleven different homes in a lifetime. I have lived in twenty-nine thus far. I have always loved the experience of seeing new places and meeting new people.

My father worked for IBM, which we would jokingly refer to as, "I Been Moved." So, moving is second nature to me. I am the third of four sons of Michael J. and Mary Moyer. We spent our early years between Kentucky, Texas and New York. As a family we spent the majority of our years in Austin, Texas, where my brothers and I attended Sacred Heart Elementary School. In later years, my parents and I were members of St. Mary's Cathedral Parish. St. Mary's at the time was administered by the Congregation of Holy Cross and it is where I first encountered the Holy Cross priests. Sacred Heart had two Holy Cross brothers serving as teachers. My father taught at night in the Business Department at Saint Edward's University where I became more acquainted with the Brothers of Holy Cross.

In high school and college I worked for the Marriott Corporation. Working for Marriott gave me a lot of insight into how people relate to and treat others. Many of the people I worked with at Marriott are still my friends today. For college, I attended Texas State University and received my degree in Education-Guidance and Counseling. I have been blessed to be a part of the Holy Cross High School network for the majority of my time in Holy Cross serving in New Orleans, Los Angeles, and San Antonio along with serving the local churches of

Sacred Heart, American Martyrs, and Saint Peter's in those respective cities.

At the age of twenty-five after spending a month in New York City, where I discovered my calling, I applied to enter the Congregation of Holy Cross and left for the postulant program for Holy Cross at the University of Notre Dame where I met my peers and mentors. My Novitiate year was spent in the mountains of Cascade, Colorado where I encountered a host of inspiring people and learned about myself, others, and ways to be open to God. I did my theology training at the Charles Andersen House in San Antonio, and studied at the Oblate School of Theology.

After ordination I spent two months with Fr. James Martin, C.S.C., where we were in the process of turning the parish over to the diocese of Austin. In August of that year I moved to Monterrey, Mexico where I served as vicar at Santo Tomas Moro Parish. I spent the majority of my time on the Chapel Counsel of San Miguel and Sacred Heart of Mary along with working with the youth, elderly, bible studies, and soup kitchens.

I have truly been blessed by the people and places I have been involved with, from high schools, parishes, and rectoring. I have been able to visit our schools in USA, Canada, France, and Brazil, and have been able to make yearly pilgrimages to St. Joseph's in Montreal. The family tree of Holy Cross has become my anchor.



REV. JOHN PATRICK RILEY, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

*How can I repay the Lord for all the good done for me?
I will raise the cup of salvation and call on the name
of the Lord. I will pay my vows to the Lord in the
presence of all his people. Precious in the eyes of
the Lord is the death of his faithful.*

Psalms 116: 12-15 (and my ordination card!)

Simple parish priest. Sacramental ministry, preaching, teaching and pastoral care. After 25 years of ordination, that pretty much sums up my life as a religious priest in the Congregation of Holy Cross. Way back in the Summer of 1987, shortly after finishing my military service as an Army Judge Advocate officer, and several times thereafter, I have had a variety of hopes and aspirations as to how my future life in Holy Cross would go, first as a military chaplain, then, after permission for that was denied in 1998, as a missionary priest in Uganda, a placement that lasted all of nine weeks. The consistent ministry and life has been as a simple parish priest, and for that I give thanks to God, and to all the good people who have helped me along the way.

I've served in three different parishes in the Diocese of Fort Wayne-South Bend, in a very welcome short "family sabbatical" in my hometown Lockport, N.Y. parish of All Saints, helping my dearly departed parents John and Patricia in their transition from home to assisted living, in an all too short return to the Tri-Community parish in Colorado Springs, a return to the Bend at St. Joe parish, a very challenging five years at the downtown chapel of Saint André Bessette in Portland, and in my current very busy duty as parochial vicar at Saint John the Evangelist in Viera, Fla.

I've been a longtime inactive member of the Indiana Bar and civil "lawyer in recovery," and, with the necessary indulgence for lack of a canon law degree, served on two diocesan marriage tribunals

as judge and defender of the bond. I've been a chaplain for a local Knight of Columbus council, served as chaplain for the Courage Roman Catholic Apostolate, provided sacramental ministry, preached, taught and given pastoral care for folks dealing with a same-sex attraction who choose to live chastely.

Despite an obvious lack of talent in administration, management, finance and personnel matters, I have also been a pastor twice, but am grateful now for a return to simple parish priesthood.

Over the years, I've been grateful for the daily duties of presiding and preaching at the parish Mass, for baptizing babies, children and adults, for welcoming and confirming adults at the yearly Easter Vigil, for hearing numerous confessions and shriving souls in the celebration of penance and reconciliation, for witnessing the exchange of vows and rings between a man and woman in the Sacrament of Matrimony, for visiting the sick, injured and dying, sharing with them the rites of anointing and viaticum, and after death, presiding and preaching at their wake services and rosaries, funerals and committal services. I've met, worked with, been helped by, and ministered to so many good brothers and sisters in the faith over the years, but always, I hope and pray, as a simple parish priest.

In celebration of jubilee, reflecting back on all these years of life and ministry, how can I repay the good Lord Jesus Christ for all the good done to and for me, and through divine grace, to so many others through my religious life and priestly ministry? I hope and pray by faithfully continuing this life and ministry, raising the cup of salvation and calling on the name of the Lord, and by

living my religious vows of chastity, poverty and obedience in the Congregation of Holy Cross.

Many in the Congregation, and in the various parishes where I have served, know that in addition to a wide variety of other eccentricities and idiosyncratic behaviors, I have a particularly personal but very Irish focus on the passing from this life of reasonable happiness to the supreme happiness of the eternal life to come. Given my sins, weaknesses, faults and failings, I'm going to

need their prayers, as well as the intercession of the saints, including the various Saints John and Saint Patrick. I've long made it a daily intention to pray for a happy and holy death, early and quick if possible. But until that happens, I will continue to pray in thanksgiving, and in petition to continue my life as religious in Holy Cross, and as a simple parish priest, in sacramental ministry, preaching, teaching and pastoral care.

REV. DAVID SCHEIDLER, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I presently serve as the pastor of Sacred Heart Parish, which is in the Crypt of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart. I am the second oldest of eight children in a bilingual, bicultural family, since my mother is a native of Mexico City. I was born in Dallas, Texas but was raised in Indianapolis, Indiana where I graduated from Cathedral High School in 1983. I then attended the University of Notre Dame and spent my sophomore year in Innsbruck, Austria. In 1987, I graduated from Notre Dame with a Bachelor of Arts degree with double-majors in History and Communications & Theater. After working a year in Manhattan for Lord & Taylor, I entered Moreau Seminary, receiving my Master of Divinity in 1993 and was ordained to the priesthood in 1994.

My first assignment was for two years at a parish in Goodyear, Arizona before going to work at Notre Dame in 1995. While serving as rector of St. Edward's Hall, I was also the associate rector of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart and assisted in

Campus Ministry with various programs, including the Freshman Retreat and Spanish Mass. I also served as chaplain of the Notre Dame Folk Choir and accompanied them on many tours. In 2002-2003, I was a chaplain for the Alliance for Catholic Education. From 2003 to 2007, I was assigned to Notre Dame College Preparatory in Niles, Illinois, where I was the director of campus ministry and a religion teacher. Next, I was the associate pastor on the parish team of St. Adalbert and St. Casimir in South Bend. From 2010 to 2013, I served in Monterrey, Mexico in various capacities. Before being assigned as the pastor of Sacred Heart Parish in Notre Dame, Indiana, I served as the associate rector of the Basilica again from 2013-2017, and helped with other projects in Campus Ministry. I continue to live in-residence among the women of Farley Hall. I am the proud uncle of 22 nieces, 22 nephews and two grand-nephews.



MOST REV. WILLIAM WACK, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

I was born into a large family - which would grow even more with the birth of Neil, the youngest and the favorite, three years later. My parents (Jim and Alice) raised all ten of us in the Catholic Faith, making sure that we were formed well in both the Church and the world. More than anything, they passed on the faith through personal witness. We prayed the rosary together as a family every evening; something that united our family and opened us up to the loving presence and guidance of our Mother Mary in the process.

I was an active parishioner and student at Christ the King School and Parish, and that put me in close contact with Holy Cross sisters, brothers and priests. My great-uncle was also a Holy Cross priest (Fr. Ed Keller, C.S.C.), so I was surrounded by good people in the Congregation since my birth. In high school I had regular contact with the vocation director (Fr. Andre Léveill  , C.S.C.), and discerned that I would enter into formation in Old College in 1985. My years in formation - Old College, Moreau Seminary, the Holy Cross Novitiate, and again at Moreau Seminary - helped me to grow tremendously in both the faith and in my desire to be a leader in the Church.

After Final Vows and ordination, I served alongside many Holy Cross religious in some wonderful ministries, including: as a deacon and parish priest in Colorado Springs, as assistant vocation director and campus minister at Notre

Dame, as director of Andr   House in Phoenix, and as pastor of St. Ignatius Martyr Parish in Austin, Texas. Each of these apostolates brought new challenges and a new excitement for ministry. While I was engaged in each one, I am sure I said, "This ministry is my favorite," although looking back I can see that they were all good in different ways.

Just when I seemed to be hitting my stride as a pastor, I was appointed bishop of Pensacola-Tallahassee.

Initially, there was much sorrow at having to "leave" Holy Cross and work outside of the Congregation. To be truthful, I haven't yet gotten used to that yet and am still grieving a bit. At the same time, I am proud to serve in this capacity as a Holy Cross religious, and I am finding new ways to spread our charism in NW Florida and indeed throughout the whole Church.

The greatest blessing in my life is being a priest. I cannot believe I have had the privilege of serving as a priest for 25 years now (where does the time go?!). Even though my life is very different now, I am always a priest - only now I get to be a priest to the priests and parishioners of the Diocese of Pensacola-Tallahassee. I could not do what I do without the foundation that was given to me by my family, my confreres in Holy Cross, and the help of Jesus Christ - to whom belongs all glory and honor.



