



2015
HOLY CROSS JUBILARIANS

SIXTY-FIVE, SIXTY, FIFTY,
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS



SIXTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

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SIXTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION

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REV. JAMES J. FERGUSON, C.S.C.

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BR. DENNIS J. FLEMING, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. DANIEL J. ISSING, C.S.C.

REV. RANDALL C. RENTNER, C.S.C.

REV. JOHN J. RYAN, C.S.C.





SIXTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF ORDINATION



REV. RICHARD TEALL, C.S.C.

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

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

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

Eight years after arriving in Chile, I contracted polio. I was hospitalized for a year, but polio only made me stronger spiritually. Polio did not stop me from ministry; in fact, it drew me to take a radical stance of life, and the people I was serving. My



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

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

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

God Bless.





SIXTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION



BR. JAMES J. LAKOFKA, C.S.C.

Br. James was born on November 16, 1917 on the Northside of Chicago to parents Anthony and Rose Lakofka. The eldest of three children, he was raised in a Polish-Catholic household and attended St. Edward's School. After he graduated from Roosevelt High School, Brother James went to work at the Johns Manville Corporation until he was called for the draft for the Second World War. Certain he was too small to be selected, he told his mother, with his signature wit, that he'll be home for dinner later that night. With no luck, Brother James was instructed to join the U.S. Army Signal Corps and returned four years later!

While in France, Brother James was granted furlough and was given the option of touring a spa in the Swiss Alps or visiting the Sanctuary of Our Lady of Lourdes - he chose Lourdes, not knowing that trip would later influence his ministry at Holy Cross.

After the war, he briefly returned to work at Johns Manville before deciding he wanted to be a religious brother. While looking for the right religious community, he was sent to South Bend to visit an aunt at Christmas. When he mentioned his difficulty finding an order to join, she sent him



to visit her pastor, a Holy Cross priest. Within a month, he was on a train to Massachusetts as a candidate with Holy Cross and professed his first vows in 1950.

Back in South Bend, Brother James joined the staff of *Catholic Boy* magazine, a publication for American altar servers. Working with Fr. Frank Gartland, C.S.C., Brother James kept the business affairs of the magazine for 19 years while he resided near the office on Miami Road with his dog Hambone.

When the magazine discontinued publication after Vatican II, Brother James joined the Our Lady of Lourdes Confraternity. Now in his 90s, Brother James still responds to mail and interested patrons, sends shipments of the Lourdes water around the country, and prays for each intention he receives. He no longer makes the trek to the Grotto for prayer. Now, he is content to attend Mass and pray with his fellow brothers and priests at Holy Cross House.

A humble and devoted servant of God, he prays often for his fellow brothers and priests within the community of Holy Cross, and for the Chicago Cubs, who he hopes will see a World Series in his lifetime.





SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF ORDINATION



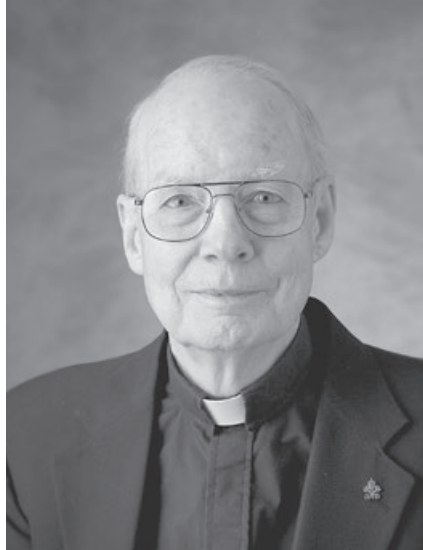
REV. THOMAS L. BILL, C.S.C.

“My spirit rejoices in God my Savior, for He has looked with favor on his lowly servant ... The Almighty has done great things for me and holy is His Name.”

I was born in South Bend, Ind., on February 13, 1928, the eldest of three children of Alfred and Clara Bill. Holy Cross Priests pastored St. Patrick Parish. Holy Cross Sisters taught me at St. Patrick School and Holy Cross Brothers taught me at Central Catholic High School for two years. This Holy Cross family sowed the grace for me to discern a possible vocation to the priesthood. Entering Holy Cross Seminary in 1946, Holy Cross Priests taught and formed me the next 11 years. I was ordained with a share in the Priesthood of Jesus on June 8, 1955. The Jesuits at St. Louis University moderated my education for four years and I completed my doctoral education with an excellent background in the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas.

After twelve years instruction by Holy Cross Sisters, Marilyn married Robert Strebing and they raised an outstanding family of ten children. After a similar instruction, Blanche answered the Lord's call and became a Holy Cross Sister, teaching elementary grades for many years, serving in parish ministry for several years and now caring for the elder Sisters of Holy Cross at St. Mary's College.

After teaching two years at the University of Notre Dame, starting in 1962, I taught twenty-eight years at the University of Portland. I treasured teaching as a pastoral ministry that was rewarding for students. Wisely, the Holy Spirit brought me to the University of Portland, for He had not intended me for an academic career at Notre Dame that



involved extensive research and ongoing publication.

With a pastoral heart at the University of Portland, I helped students become aware of the philosophical assumptions underlying their views on knowledge, truth, personhood, ethics, love, hope, community and other values. I was readily available to students who had questions or who sought personal dialogs with me. I was very involved in Campus Ministry for twelve years, providing Sacramental Liturgies

and counseling for the students. I also started providing Sunday Masses at least monthly in various parishes in the Archdiocese of Seattle.

After coming to the University of Portland in 1962, I was searching for a deeper Christian life. My life did not measure up to the Christian life spelled out in the scriptures. On May 13, 1969, a Holy Cross priest and layman led me into the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, a conversion experience that enables Christians to more fully cooperate with the Sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation. At 41, my life finally became what it should have been at 21. I learned to be reliant on the Holy Spirit! The Holy Scriptures became alive. My teaching and preaching were radically changed. After the Baptism in the Spirit, Jesus led me into the healing ministry and has used me to heal many people psychologically and physically through prayer. Since 1974, Jesus has been using me to free many possessed and harassed people from evil spirits.

University students urged me to start a charismatic prayer group on campus in 1970. For

14 years, as many as 200 people were coming to the weekly meetings to experience a new life in the Spirit. Our University charismatic group promoted charismatic groups in over sixty parishes for the benefit of many Catholics.

Led by the Holy Spirit, I helped many people be open to the nine divine charisms in 1 Corinthians 12: 7-11. Our Catholic people began expressing words of wisdom and knowledge, prophetic words and charismatic faith and also became instruments of discernment, healings and miracles. These divine charisms are manifestations of the Holy Spirit and achieve results that the grace-filled Christian could never accomplish! Of course teaching, encouraging, organizing and other human accomplishments can be charismatic if guided by the Spirit. I still hope and pray that our bishops and priests and laity learn to be abandoned to the Person and Power and Leadings and Gifts of the Holy Spirit!

My heart rejoices that Spirit-led Catholics are most faithful to the magisterium of the Catholic Church. Pope John Paul II identified himself as “charismatic,” prayed in tongues and was clearly led by the Spirit. In 2004, he thanked charismatics for maybe the sixteenth time as he affirmed: “Thanks to the Charismatic Movement, a multitude of Christians, men and women, young people and adults, have rediscovered Pentecost as a living reality in their daily lives. I hope that the spirituality of Pentecost will spread in the Church as a renewed incentive to prayer, holiness, communion and proclamation.”

This scriptural and catholic charismatic ministry has been the joy of my pastoral heart, a heart which God has formed for Himself, but far surpasses the longings of my heart. He who is mighty has done great things for me. Holy is His Name.

I moved to Holy Cross House in 2008. I would like to thank the wonderful staff of Holy Cross House for their caring touch throughout the years.

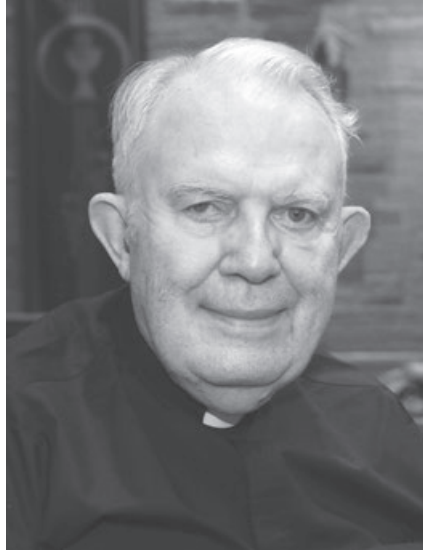
REV. JOSEPH P. BROWNE, C.S.C.

I was born on June 12, 1929, the eldest of four children of George Browne and Mary Bridget Fahy Browne. At the tender age of three, I went with my mother, brother, and sister, to spend some time in Ireland.

I began my formal education at the Convent of Mercy in Tuam, Ireland, before my fourth birthday. (Education starts early in Ireland!) It was there, too, that I first expressed my desire to be a priest, while my brother wanted to be Santa Claus. We returned to Detroit in time for me to enter the first grade at St. Margaret Mary School.

Grammar school was relatively uneventful. I made my First Holy Communion in April 1937 and was confirmed (with my brother) the following year. During the eighth grade, I took scholarship examinations for Catholic boys' high schools and was fortunate enough to be awarded a four-year scholarship to the Christian Brothers' school.

During our annual retreat in my senior year, the Passionist Father who was our Retreat Master gave us a stirring conference on vocations, in which he suggested that whatever we might want to do in life, we could accomplish it within a religious community of priests or brothers. By this time, I was enamored of the physical sciences, especially chemistry, and thought that teaching high school chemistry would be a great career. I spoke to the Retreat Master about this and he suggested that I investigate the Jesuits and Holy Cross Fathers, who ran Notre Dame. I wrote to Notre Dame, and within a week, Fr. John Lynch, the Province Director of Vocations at the time, was at my home talking to me and to my parents. The following September, I was enrolled as a freshman at Notre Dame and had



taken up residence at Holy Cross Seminary.

The four years of college were interrupted by the Novitiate year. It was not a year off from studying, for we spent much time discussing the spiritual life, the Constitutions and rules of the Congregation, and the religious vows, but there were no papers to write, no exams to take, no grading to worry about.

The next stop in our education for the priesthood was Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C. It was a new house for us

and we had fascinating new subject matter to study: apologetics, dogmatic and moral theology, Church history and liturgy, canon law and spirituality. I was fascinated with moral theology and I did much extra reading on the subject. I was still interested in a career as a teacher of chemistry, but I wouldn't at all mind being switched into moral theology if that was the desire of the community.

Finally, after four years of intensive study and soul-searching, we were ready for our Ordination to the priesthood. My brother was also preparing for Ordination in the seminary for the Archdiocese of Detroit. I asked my superior, Fr. Kenna, whether there was any possibility of our being ordained together and he replied that the matter had already been discussed by the Provincial Council and that we would make whatever plans would be most convenient. On June 4, 1955, we were made priests of God by the imposition of the hands of Edward Cardinal Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit.

My first priestly assignment was to assist for the summer in a parish in suburban Detroit where I was mentored by two priests of the archdiocese and spent a most enjoyable two months. During

the year, it was decided that I would be studying at the Dominican school in Rome, the Angelicum, rather than in Germany which had been my original destination. Classmates John Dunne and Joe Hoffman had been in Rome for their theological studies and were continuing on for their doctorates at the Jesuit school, the Gregorianum. Again, a new experience - classes not taught strictly by lecture and in Latin and the only exams were at the end of the year. Fr. Tom Zimmerman, who was also studying at the Collegio, suggested to me a topic for my doctoral dissertation, the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution, which had been so prominent a part of congressional hearings during my theological studies.

I planned to spend the spring of 1959 taking a leisurely trip home visiting various moral theologians throughout Europe, but I was called back to the States to teach that semester because of the unexpected death of Fr. Victor Dean who was teaching moral theology at Holy Cross College.

My teaching career there began in January 1959. At the time, the college was seeking regional accreditation so that it could begin offering Master's degrees to its graduates and one of the requirements for such as step was that there be a professionally-trained librarian on the staff. As the "low man on the totem pole," it fell to me to take classes at nearby Catholic University, where they had a School of Library Science. So, I was back in the classroom again, evenings and summers for four years. During his provincial visit, Fr. Howard Kenna asked me how my library degree was coming along. I told him that I had finished all the course work, but hadn't bothered with a thesis and comps, because I really didn't need the degree. His reply was: "Finish it up. You're needed in the library at the University of Portland." In September, I was winging my way to what would be my life for a quarter of a century.

I quickly became involved in campus politics and was successively Director of the Summer Session (1965-66), Director of the Library (1966-1970), first

elected Chairman of the Academic Senate (1968-1970), and Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences (1970-1973). A misunderstanding with Fr. Waldschmidt caused me to tender my resignation as dean in 1973 and (since by now I was tenured) to request a leave of absence from the university. I took the position as director of the library science program at Our Lady of the Lake College in San Antonio, Texas, where I lived with the Holy Cross Brothers at their high school and where I picked up a smattering of Spanish. After two years, I decided that I wanted to return to my tenured position in the library at the University of Portland. I did not resume the title of Director until the fall of 1976. For the next 18 years, I served the university and the community in that capacity.

In October, 1992, I was approached by the pastor of St. Birgitta Parish in Linnton, a district of Portland just across the St. Johns Bridge from the university, with a request that I replace him as pastor. My immediate reaction was to refuse, though I had already informed the university administration that I would like to retire as Director of the Library in June, 1994. However, he was most insistent - and when Archbishop Levada said that the parish would have to close if I did not accept the assignment, I felt an obligation to take the job. I became pastor on January 1, 1993 and so, for eighteen months, did my best to fill two full-time positions. It became much easier when I did retire from the library in June, 1994. St. Birgitta is still open only because it is the only parish in the archdiocese which has continued to offer the Latin Tridentine Mass all through the years. I am not so enamored of the old Latin Mass that I think it's the solution to all the problems in the Church, but I feel that those who wish to attend such Masses have a right to be able to do so. The parish is small, but it has been growing steadily and it has been able to support itself fairly comfortably. It has shown its gratitude to the archbishop by reaching its



goal in the Archbishop's Annual Appeal every year but one since I took over the parish.

The role of the pastor was a good one for me. I had spent most of my priesthood in jobs which had little to do with the saving of souls. I did my share of parish assistance on weekends and while visiting my brother on summer vacations, but I was not directly involved in cura animarum. It also gave me a chance to meet many of the clergy of the archdiocese. Almost immediately, I became a member of the Presbyteral Council and was soon elected to be its chairman, a position I held for six of the eight years between 1994 and 2002, under three different archbishops. Archbishop Levada appointed me to be a member of the College of Consultors for a five-year term in September, 1995, and Archbishop Vlazny renewed the appointment in the year 2002.

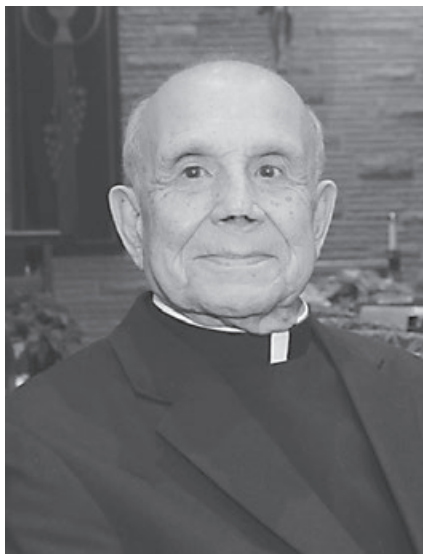
During Holy Week of 2004, I informed the archbishop through his Vicar for Clergy, that I wanted to be relieved of my pastoral responsibilities at the end of June in 2005. I was looking forward to moving back to the community at the university and perhaps doing a little traveling. Those plans came to a sudden halt on September 5, 2004, when I experienced a stroke which incapacitated me for two months. The parish limped along without me until the first of November, while I underwent rehabilitation therapy at Providence Medical Center in Portland and then at Holy Cross House at Notre Dame. I resumed my parish duties and other responsibilities in November, but felt it would be unwise to live so far away from assistance and so I moved back to Holy Cross Court, where I hoped to finish out my days.

In 2009, I was asked to return to Holy Cross House at Notre Dame where I enjoy active retirement. For several years, I have enjoyed celebrating Mass at several parishes, and with the Sisters at St. Mary's.



REV. RUDOLPH V. CARCHIDI, C.S.C.

My parents were immigrants from southern Italy, the region of Calabria. They were wed in Newark, N.J., but moved to Leominster, Mass. when I was 4 years old. I am the 14th of 15 children. I grew up during the depression, 1929-1941. We were poor, but I never realized we were poor because all the neighborhood kids came from families in the same financial bracket. After dinner, there were always 15-20 kids outside playing stick-ball, hide and seek, or whatever (no TV).



When I told my mother I wanted to study for the priesthood after 8th grade, my mother said, “We will talk about your vocation after you graduate from High School.” My pastor agreed with my mother. I was in public high school the 4 years of WWII (1941-1945). My math and Latin teachers had a role in my deciding to be a teacher. Although the war was on, I have only happy memories about my 4 years in high school. I was a class officer, a member of the ski team, the theater club, a score keeper at athletic events, the dance committee, the year book staff and I had a girlfriend.

Sometime during my senior year at Leominster High School, my pastor said he wanted to see me. He wanted to know if I was still interested in the priesthood. We had not discussed this during my high school years. He knew I wanted to be a teacher of math and a priest. Because I did not know the difference between a diocesan priest and a religious priest, he informed me that there were priests who teach. He made arrangements for me to meet Fr. Tom Duffy, C.S.C. Father Duffy

did confirm that if I joined the Congregation of Holy Cross, I would be allowed to teach.

I entered Our Lady of Holy Cross Seminary in North Easton, Mass. in the summer of 1945. After 2 years at OLHC, I entered the Novitiate at North Dartmouth, Mass., then on to the University of Notre Dame to complete my studies in philosophy. I received my B.A. in philosophy, with minors in English and Latin (no math). After 4 years of theology at Holy Cross College in Washington,

D.C., I was ordained to the priesthood on June 4, 1955, by Cardinal O’Hara in Philadelphia.

I should point out that all my preparation for the priesthood was pre-Vatican Council II. In the 6 years after Novitiate, we were allowed to go home only once. Visits from family were limited, and contact with the “outside world” was nil - no newspapers, no magazines and no contact with humans other than seminarians from surrounding communities.

My first assignment was a teaching position at Father Baker High School in Lackawana, N.Y. After a year there, I was sent to the University of Notre Dame to pursue courses in mathematics for a year. Then back to Father Baker H.S., Notre Dame High School in Bridgeport, Conn., and St. Peter’s H.S. in Gloucester, Mass. While teaching in the various high schools, I spent 12 summers and many Saturdays at several colleges and universities studying math. All my studies in math were paid by grants from the National Science Foundation. In 1960, I received a grant from the NSF to study

for 2 summers and a full year at Harvard University where I earned my Master's degree.

In 1991, I was assigned to teach mathematics at Stonehill College. One Sunday, the pastor of the parish where I was assisting introduced me to the Congregation. He told them that I was a professor of mathematics at Stonehill College. After Mass, a woman came up to me and said, "You are a priest, why are you teaching mathematics?" I prefer the question, "Why am I, who happens to be a priest, a mathematics professor?" By the grace of God, I have achieved the two goals I set while in 8th grade: I am a priest and a teacher. I can say Mass, baptize children of alumni, officiate at weddings of alumni, anoint the sick AND teach mathematics.

Henri Nouwen in his book, *Reaching Out*, has a section on "Teacher and Student." He says a good teacher is one who not only helps the students to see their hidden talents, but who also is able to help them develop and deepen these talents so that they can continue their way on their own with renewed self-confidence. A teacher must create an atmosphere in the classroom where this can be accomplished. This is what I aspire to be and why I am a priest/teacher.

The highlight of my 23 years of teaching at Stonehill College came at the Commencement Ceremony of 1997; I received the "Louise Hegarty Award for Excellence in Teaching." A committee of faculty, students, and alumni determine who receives the award.

Teaching is my passion and I dreaded the day I could not stand in front of a class of students. Well, that day arrived a week after teaching summer school in 2014 at the age of 87. I hung up the chalk and eraser. I have the distinction of being the oldest professor who ever taught at Stonehill College.

I should note that in 1967, after teaching high school for 12 years, I took a leave of absence from the

active ministry. During that time, I worked on a cattle ranch in California. Also, during that time, I was in counseling with a Jesuit at Santa Clara University. After 8 years of counseling and consulting with the Provincial, Dave Farrell, C.S.C., and with the Procurator General, Billy Hogan, C.S.C., I returned to the active ministry in 1990.

I am now a resident of Holy Cross House. I have been here since October 24, 2014. The Holy Cross Community is very fortunate to have this magnificent facility.

REV. JAMES R. TREPANIER, C.S.C.

Fr. Jim Trepanier discerned his vocation to be a priest when he was in the eighth grade at St. Simon's Parish in Ludington, Michigan. At a school retreat, the preacher spoke so winningly about what it meant to be a priest that Jim and another student went to see the pastor and told him that they wanted to go to the seminary. Their pastor told them that they had to finish high school first and they had to have their parents' consent. Then they could come back and talk to him about the seminary.



The other student changed his mind, but Jim didn't. When he said that he wanted to work with young people and coach sports, the pastor suggested that he try a religious community and it happened that the pastor had two friends who were Holy Cross priests. In the summer of 1946, Jim Trepanier entered Holy Cross Seminary at the University of Notre Dame. He had grown up an only child of loving parents, and after the first days in the seminary, he wrote home that, "I've found a whole lot of brothers who are a wonderful group trying to love God and others. I feel this is where God wants me to be."

Ordained in 1955, Jim was assigned to teach high school for the next two years. When one of the priests who travelled to recruit candidates for the community got sick, Jim replaced him for six years. After that, it was campus ministry at the University of Portland in Oregon followed by a year at the Catholic University of America where he took an M.A. in Religious Education. Instead

of returning to teaching, though, Jim was assigned to the Mission Band, a group of priests who travelled to give parish missions. After two years of preaching parish missions, he was named in 1970 as director of the Mission Band and also of Fatima Retreat Center at Notre Dame. It was during these years that Jim became involved with the Cursillo and Marriage Encounter, which deeply influenced his spirituality.

After twelve years in preaching and retreat work,

Jim Trepanier was appointed pastor of Holy Cross Parish in South Bend, Indiana, a parish staffed by Holy Cross priests. Parish work was to be his ministry for the next thirteen years. In 1994, he was assigned as chaplain to the Sisters of the Holy Cross, a ministry that he carried out for eight years and in the course of which he presided at the funerals of 140 Sisters. After the years with the Sisters, Jim was privileged to work with Hospice patients and staff until 2003 when he was diagnosed with a form of leukemia that could be treated if not cured. Jim moved to Holy Cross House in 2003.

Looking back on his sixty years as a priest, Jim recalled the words of Dag Hammarskjold, the former U.N. Secretary General, "For all that has been - Thanks. To all that shall be - Yes!"





SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION



BR. JEROME F. MATTHEWS, C.S.C.

I was born on August 22, 1934 in Kingston, New York to two wonderful parents, Regina Smith and George Matthews. My brothers (George, Bernard, Joseph) and I had a wonderful childhood.

While in high school, a family friend gave my family a subscription to *The Sign* which was a Catholic magazine. I enjoyed reading some of the articles, but my attention was drawn toward the many advertisements for religious communities that were in the United States. At this time of my life (my senior year in high school), I was interested in learning more about the religious life. I wrote to several different religious orders, but one advertisement intrigued me the most - the Congregation of Holy Cross located in Stonehill College. Just weeks after I sent my initial letter, I was invited to visit the community. On that Thanksgiving weekend, my life changed. I was picked up in Boston, Massachusetts and driven to Stonehill College - which back in those days, was quite a drive. As I visited the men of the Congregation of Holy Cross, I found a caring group of men whose hospitality was so gracious. I knew immediately that this was the place to be.

During my formation at Stonehill College, I took many different courses - philosophy, math and the sciences. My favorite class was a history course taught by one of the most interesting and dynamic professors on campus. I loved learning everything I could.

After my Final Vows, my first assignment was to assist the Procurator Generalate in Rome. The Procurator was translating Congregation historical text and needed a fast typist who could



also organize and manage an office. I hopped on board a ship to Naples, Italy along with 12 seminary students. For the next 3 years, I learned Italian and French and typed endless pages of historical documents. It was both fascinating and exhausting work.

Following my initial assignment, I was asked to return to the States to assist with many school library departments. After a year at Stonehill College, I was asked to work at an all-male high school

complex in North Shore (Gloucester) Massachusetts, which the diocese of Boston asked us to run for a few years. It was at this time that I found my calling. As I sat in the library, I found a special bond with the young men at the school. I saw how much they wanted to learn - much like I was back at Stonehill College. It was a wonderful experience.

St. Mark's High School in Newark, Delaware was my next assignment. This was a co-ed high school which was rather unique. The classes were run by religious from over 6 different orders of Sisters. I had a marvelous time meeting so many different students, their families, and of course, the sisters. This high school is still thriving today!

At this time, Stonehill College was building a brand new library. The old library was located on top of a hill, and they needed help moving, setting up, and running the new library - which was located on the bottom of the hill. Knowing that I worked almost all of my religious life in libraries, I was called to assist. I returned to King's College a few years later.

One of the most trying times came when hurricane Agnes hit our area in 1972. King's College

- primarily the library - was under several feet of water. I, along with many lay staff members, had to use buckets to empty the bottom floor of over a foot of water. It took well over a year to clean, repair, and open the library back to where it was before the hurricane. We were blessed to have many caring colleagues at other colleges and universities who were willing to help us dry and restore all the books and other materials that were soaked in the disaster.

For the next 20 plus years, I worked between the Stonehill and King's College libraries. During this time, computers and other technology changed the library system. Large card files filled with hand-typed Dewey Decimal numbers were replaced by keyboards and computer towers. I once was able to meet each student checking out a book. Technology changed all that.

When I finally retired, I did not want to sit around and get old. I volunteered a few days a week at the W-B Clinic which provided food, clothing, and basic medical care to those less fortunate around the Wilkes-Barre area. When the clinic was closed, I volunteered at Little Flower Manor, which is a nursing home near campus. I helped with activities, transporting residents, and just being with residents who did not have many visitors. As an odd coincidence, I had to be admitted there for a few weeks as I was recovering from pneumonia.

After some health issues, I was asked to move to Holy Cross House at the University of Notre Dame. I now enjoy the company of my fellow brothers of Holy Cross, and the wonderful staff who keep me going day after day.

I would like to thank my wonderful family, friends, and my fellow religious for all the support you have given me throughout my life. Thank you for sharing in this wonderful occasion with me. God Bless!



FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF ORDINATION



REV. WILLIAM G. BLUM, C.S.C.

Like many vocations to the priesthood and religious life, my vocation began at home in our family with my parents and three brothers (my sister was born when I was a novice). Ours was not a typical "Catholic" family - three of my four grandparents were Methodists. Mother became Catholic soon after marrying; we were a faithful Catholic family in ordinary ways but especially in Sunday Mass attendance. I remember how conscientious Dad was in observing the Lenten fast.



Mother needed help because of an injury falling from a horse, so, for some years, we had an African-American woman as live-in care for her, who particularly touched me. She often talked about someday going to college. In the house, she was one of the family sharing in all of our meals. When I was a junior, our family hosted an exchange student from Germany. He was a family member also. Looking back, I realize that these experiences helped me to appreciate other cultures.

Growing up I was shy, quiet and introverted. I kept my thoughts to myself. My parents sometimes had to figure out what I was thinking or wanting. Observing me in grade school, Dad thought he saw signs of a vocation. As I was finishing eighth grade, we went on a family drive one Sunday afternoon. Our destination - known to Dad - was the diocesan high school seminary. Dad thought I might be drawn to join, but I showed no interest. In grade and high school, I served Mass, and often, my Dad had to rise early to take me to Church. He never complained; but, rather, encouraged me. In high school, I sometimes wondered what I would do with my life. Out of default, I slowly decided that the best for me was to join the family wholesale food business, so I expected to study business in college. One person particularly impressed me. He was my chemistry teacher in a public high school who occasionally spoke of being Catholic, but spoke even more about his wife and family. Without my knowing it, he gave me a respect and appreciation for the vocation of a teacher. We had diocesan priests living in the parish, but for some reason their lifestyle did not appeal to me.

Another experience had an impact upon me.

When I was a senior, I had to take the College Boards. I only thought in terms of colleges in Pennsylvania - specifically Penn State and Penn/Wharton. I listed these as places for the sending of the scores. My Dad noticed and said I was supposed to list three. I resisted, being pretty sure I would be accepted in the ones I had listed. Dad insisted I list Notre Dame as a third recipient. I had never seen ND, nor had anyone in our family ever gone to college. I listed ND and forgot about it, until one day, a letter from ND arrived, noting that they had no record of my having applied, but that they would welcome an application from me. When my Dad saw that, the decision was made in his mind. I later learned that he told the grandparents that he wanted me to go to a Catholic college because he thought I might one day join the seminary. I owe my Dad a great debt of gratitude for helping me discover my vocation.

I arrived at ND on the first day and had my first view of the campus. From almost the first day, I knew that I had discovered something that really excited and energized me. I joined Holy Cross the second semester and have never regretted it.

My missionary vocation came to the fore more and more during my formation years. In theology, I knew I wanted to go to Bengal and began studying Bengali at the FMS. I looked forward to being a teacher at Notre Dame College. However, God had another plan. I couldn't get a visa for East Pakistan and somewhat hesitatingly accepted to go to Africa - another big gift from God.

Almost from the day of landing in Uganda, I began to feel that I was "at home." I spent two years in language study and parish ministry. I was surprised when one day I was told that the community wanted to send me to Rome to study theology with a view of later teaching in the diocesan major seminary. I was not only surprised but also delighted. I enjoyed my studies and Rome, living first in the Collegio with seminarians and then, when they closed the Collegio, with the Generalate staff. I studied at the Alphonsianum, a Redemptorist institution for Moral Theology. I knew early on that I wanted to do my research on African Marriage, a very pastoral topic. By good fortune, I had Fr. Bernhard Häring, CSSR as my thesis director; my dissertation was entitled, "Monogamy Reconsidered!"

Back in Uganda, I taught Moral Theology and was Vice Rector of the Major Seminary in Kampala for six years (1972-1978). These were tense times in Uganda with Idi Amin. Our community struggled about our presence and role. The defining question was whether we would begin to accept African candidates. I was one who felt that we should welcome Africans in keeping with our Holy Cross charism and history in the missions. It took several years and two district chapters before the decision was finally made to begin a formation program. In addition to accepting candidates, we also decided to open a mission in Kenya. Along with one other priest, I was sent there to begin that mission - a parish in a new housing estate for low income people. I had never dreamed of leaving Uganda, but going to Kenya opened up new opportunities and experiences for me.

Just a few months after arriving there, I was elected district superior. About the same time, I was asked

to be part of the Leadership Team of the newly established Kenyan branch of World Wide Marriage Encounter. I continued to live and minister in the parish but also traveled to Uganda often. Early on, I was asked to serve first as Vice Chairman and then Chairman of the RSAK (Religious Superiors Association of Kenya). As chairman, I was privileged to meet Pope John Paul II when he visited Nairobi. He gave me a rosary, which I first gave to my Mother; now I have it along with a photo.

A few years after we arrived in Kenya, I began to assist in teaching theology at the Apostles of Jesus Seminary. At the same time, five religious congregations of men began meeting to plan a place for theology for our students. From the very beginning, it was meant to be a center for theology, not only for seminarians, but also for brothers and sisters. Having finished my service in leadership, I became more and more involved in the new institution, now named Tangaza College. We opened in 1986 with 18 students in the first year. For five years, I served as Dean of Studies. As of today, Tangaza has over 2,000 students in various programs related to theology, spirituality, ministry and missions. After Rome, Nairobi is the second location worldwide, in terms of the number of students studying theology. A couple years after Tangaza opened, I proposed to the district chapter that a similar institution for the study of philosophy be founded in Uganda. The idea met with enthusiastic support both by Holy Cross and the other religious communities in Uganda leading to the founding of the Queen of Apostles Philosophy Center in Jinja. Later, working for Family Ministries, I inaugurated radio programs on VOT (Voice of Toro); one was a weekday evening program, "Scriptural Rosary," and the other a Sunday morning homily; both, I understand, are still on air after 15 years.

Since I returned to the USA, my main ministry has been as the chaplain of the Holy Cross Brothers in Columba Hall. I find this ministry of daily breaking open the Word and sharing the Bread and Cup very fulfilling and am grateful to God and the community for this opportunity.

REV. FRANCIS T. CAFARELLI, C.S.C.

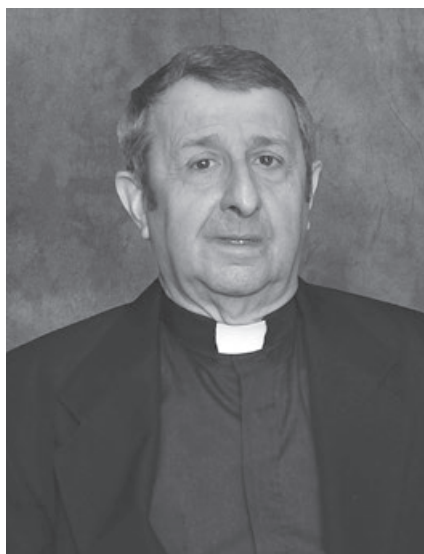
As you will see, I have spent my life, mostly, in school or at a school of some sort. I think this is different than the others in the 50th year group. They, too, have helped in schools but have had significantly more parish type experience than I have had.

When it came to religiously based situations - all since I entered the seminary in 1958 - it more and more became clear that this is the most complete and satisfying form of education, and, in Holy Cross, the carrying out of the desire of Fr. Basil Moreau that we attend to the education of the minds and hearts of people in order that they find right direction, understanding, and meaning in their lives.

I am grateful to many people who have encouraged me along this way. Obviously, my mother and father, my two brothers who are still with me, and their wives, all the rest of the family, and all my friends, some of whom are regrettably gone now.

I have had many colleagues in the schools and colleges who have been especially helpful in promoting the educational endeavors of our community. Also, it has been rewarding to have met and worked with so many good young people, students, dorm residents, seminarians and others who had some request that my offices might fulfill.

There has been high school work in Bridgeport, Conn. and Rochester, N.Y. While at the former, there was weekend assistance at area parishes and at the latter, there was regular weekend assistance at a semi-rural parish which was a great experience - and the closest I got to parish work. Then, out to the University of Notre Dame for some study and work for some years in various administrative positions



in First Year of Studies, Student Accounts, and Student Affairs.

I had a year away from Notre Dame to enjoy one of the best things I ever did - a long year reading the Great Books at St. John's College in Maryland - a model of which some reflection should be found in any serious educational enterprise.

I then spent a year teaching at Stonehill College in Massachusetts. It was during these late Notre Dame years and following that I became interested in the monastic life

and so for about twelve years I was a member of St. Anselm Abbey in New Hampshire.

I decided then to see if I could return to Holy Cross, which the community most generously let me do, spending four years at King's College in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. doing some teaching and acting as an assistant to the President of the College. Then, back to Notre Dame where I presently work with the newly entered seminarians who are getting ready for later studies and also for the important year of the Novitiate. I inherited teaching a course for the new seminarians called Faith and Traditions which I enjoy very much.

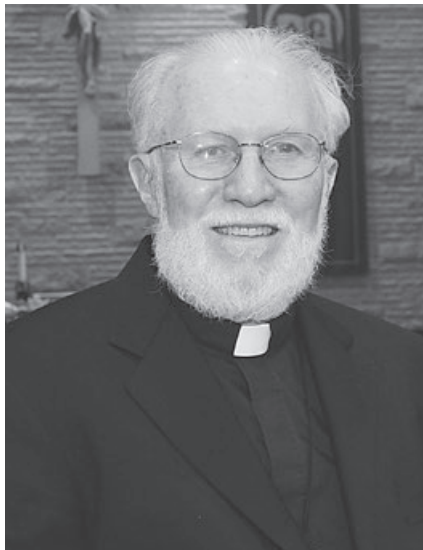
I have audited a couple of courses at Notre Dame since my return. This has been helpful in keeping good ideas around that can be shared in the classes, in homilies at the seminary, and for others around the neighborhood.

I am grateful for the opportunity that the religious life and priesthood in Holy Cross has given me: to try to make some contribution to the lives of people who need God's blessings and to those who need to have their minds and hearts nourished, in some way, by considering the questions of who God is, and, who we are as his human creatures -

and how this life is meant to move us all on to our greater and final goal. It may have been of some help to others. It has been a great help for me. I would like to know more still and to have served more in the past. I do not think of retirement, nor apparently do my fellow Holy Cross people as they continue to serve in new situations.

REV. JAMES T. CONNELLY, C.S.C.

I was born at an early age in 1937 in Louisville, Kentucky, and grew up in the Audubon Park neighborhood. My parents, James and Hazel, were loving, affectionate, generous and pious and their good example has inspired my sister, Mary Ellen, and myself to this day. I graduated from Holy Family School and St. Xavier High School where the Xaverian Brothers demonstrated the positive aspects of life in a religious community. I entered Notre Dame in 1955 as a freshman, knowing nothing about the Congregation of Holy Cross.



Over the next two years, with the assistance of Father Daniel O'Neill, C.S.C., I discerned a calling to be a Holy Cross priest and transferred to Old College in my junior year, 1957-58. As was the usual procedure in those days, I interrupted my college studies to make Novitiate in Jordan, Minnesota, and returned to graduate from Notre Dame in 1960. I studied theology at the Gregorian University in Rome and was ordained on December 19, 1964.

In the fall of 1965, I taught undergraduate theology courses at Notre Dame and thus began the first of several teaching assignments: King's College (1972-76), Alokolum National Seminary in Gulu, Uganda (1977-80), University of Portland (1993-2006). Along the way, I earned an M.A. in History from Notre Dame (1968) under the guidance of Fr. Thomas McAvoy, C.S.C. There followed a Ph.D. in the History of Christianity from the University of Chicago (1977) where Dr. Martin Marty was and remains both mentor and friend. In 1967, while at Notre Dame, Fr. Edward O'Connor introduced

me to the Charismatic Renewal movement which has been a blessing ever since.

On my return from East Africa in 1980, I was assigned to serve as the archivist for the Indiana Province and spent thirteen years in the Province Archives in addition to being steward at Moreau Seminary (1980-82), local superior at Holy Cross Mission House (1982-88) and chaplain at Keenan Hall (1988-93). As province archivist, I collaborated with Sister

Campion Kuhn, and Brother John Kuhn to launch the Holy Cross History Conference in 1982, which will hold its 34th annual meeting in June 2015. I took up archiving again in 2005 when I was appointed general archivist for the Congregation, which has required an annual sojourn of four weeks in the Eternal City.

I came to Holy Cross House, my present abode, in 2009 after two years in Salzburg, Austria, where I served as on-site director of the University of Portland's Study Abroad Program (40 nineteen-year-olds and me). My fifty years as a Holy Cross priest have been more fulfilling than I could have ever imagined. All things considered, I think that I have weathered the years tolerably well.



REV. JAMES J. FERGUSON, C.S.C.

Born in Syracuse, New York, to a close-knit and ecumenical family, our Catholic father and especially our Protestant mother made sure my sister Marianne and I went to Catholic schools. Despite the fact that both of us became Religious and theologians, we were never able to convert her to Catholicism, though we do consider her the best Christian in the family.

After finishing high school in Buffalo, I went west to study engineering, all the way to South Bend, Ind. and Notre Dame. Eventually, I entered the seminary program there. During the Novitiate, we were advised to correspond with lonely missionaries in the new Holy Cross foundation in Uganda, East Africa. Fortunately, my missionary pen-pal responded and piqued my interest in becoming a missionary. Later, when we were asked where we preferred to study theology, I chose the Holy Cross Foreign Missionary Seminary in Washington, D.C. However, I was sent to Rome to study theology and forgot all about the missions.

Being a seminarian in Rome during the Second Vatican Council was an invaluable experience. Also there I met Bishop Vincent J. McCauley, C.S.C., the first Holy Cross missionary to and later bishop of Fort Portal, Uganda. He was attending the Council and staying with us. We spoke often of the work of Holy Cross in Uganda. He noted my interest and my fourth vow to go wherever the superior general wished to send me, pulled the proper strings and after Ordination, I was assigned to the District of



Uganda. Three years later the fourth vow was dropped by the Congregation.

Forty of my fifty years of priesthood have been spent serving Holy Cross missions both at home and abroad. My first years in Uganda were in parishes doing exactly what the missionary mandate advertised (Mt. 28: 19-20). I went on safari to different villages, taught, baptized and made disciples for Christ. Then, I was given a more permanent assignment to be a tutor in a government

teachers college, Butiti Teacher Training College, and chaplain to the Holy Cross Brothers there. I taught religious education and science education. Life was peaceful and enjoyable until a dictator by the name of Idi Amin staged a coup and took over the government for eight years. When he was finally overthrown with the help of Tanzania, I returned to the United States with the advice of Bishop McCauley to finish my theology degree and return as a seminary teacher. He predicted that there would be great need of theology teachers since there would soon be many vocations to the priesthood in Uganda.

I did finish my degree but before I could return to Uganda, I was asked to be the founding director of the newly created Holy Cross Mission Center for Cross-Cultural Ministries. After some years working in the Mission Center and in the formation program at Moreau Seminary, I returned to East Africa where I taught theology and served in the formation programs of the District. I first taught

at Kinyamasika Seminary in Uganda and then at Tangaza College in Kenya. My last assignment included the job of being religious superior at the formation house in Nairobi. After a few years there, age was catching up with me and my strength was running low. One of the principles of missionary work is to work yourself out of a job. Fortunately I had a well qualified Holy Cross assistant to succeed me.

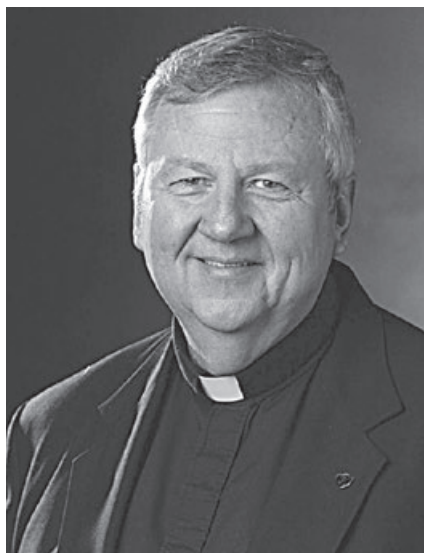
After a brief stay at St. Joseph's Parish, South Bend, Ind., I moved off into the sunset of Arizona where I spent seven years serving as the Parochial Vicar of St. Helen's Parish, Glendale, Ariz. As I was reaching 75 years of age, the Bishop informed me that he was entrusting the parish to a religious congregation, the Apostles of Jesus, that came from, of all places, Uganda. I was to be replaced by a Ugandan priest. Once again, I had worked myself out of a job and was to be replaced by a Ugandan. What goes around comes around. I had gone to Uganda fifty years ago to help implant the Church in Uganda and now we were getting a return on our investment. They were coming to assist us in the United States. The mark of a mature church is that it is able to send missionaries elsewhere where there is a need. The Holy Cross Mission in Uganda has been a success. It does makes me a bit proud.

Two years ago, I moved to Fatima House on the Notre Dame campus. My present ministries include weekend assistance at St. Gabriel's Mission in Berrien Springs, Mich., and being a volunteer chaplain in the Indiana State Penitentiary. I am most grateful to God, my family and the Holy Cross community for calling me and supporting me in my fifty years of priesthood.

REV. JAMES LACKENMIER, C.S.C.

God's first great gift to me was the family I was born into - my mom, who died too young - my dad, who worked hard until the day of his retirement - my sister and brother, Marilyn and David, both younger than I. We had a large extended family of grandparents, great-aunts and uncles, aunts and uncles, cousins of every degree, who were often together for weekend picnics in the summer, or at great aunt Lil's and great uncle Jake's little house right next to the Republic Steel plant in Buffalo's old first ward. My experience of family is one of love and security. We were cared for, given more than our parents could afford. My Dad never had a new car, and my parents didn't own a home until they had been married for nearly twenty-five years. But we never felt poor. I'm sure my parents had problems, but they were never in view. My Dad adored my mother, and he was devastated for years after her early death from cancer. I am so proud of my sister, and of my brother and sister-in-law, Karen, who have been wonderful parents to their children, and who have become my best friends in our adulthood.

God's second gift to me was an aptitude for school and great educational opportunities. It was from the Jesuits at Canisius High School that I found my vocation to be a religious priest. But it was from the Holy Cross community of spirited, young priests at Father Baker High School - closer to my home, the school my friends attended - that my C.S.C. vocation came. The Jesuits prepared me well for Stonehill College. Stonehill's C.S.C. faculty prepared me for Rome during the exciting years of Vatican II. The Eastern Province sent me for graduate studies in English at the University of



North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and in Religion and Literature at the University of Chicago's Divinity School. I could not have wanted more encouragement or better support.

A third great gift: Fifty years of ministry. After three years teaching high school English, which was what I thought I'd spend my life doing, I was assigned to studies to prepare for college teaching. Five years later, in December 1973, I went to King's College. I taught one course, for one semester.

Unforeseen and improbable circumstances brought me to a campus ministry position for a few months, then to the directorship of campus ministry for a year, and then to chief development officer for six years. David Sherrer was president during those years, and he was a mentor to me. In 1981 I was named seventh president of King's College, and I served for eighteen years. After King's, I spent two wonderful years directing the University of Portland's program in Salzburg. As I always describe it: "Me and forty nineteen-year-olds!" For the past fifteen years, since 2000, I have been involved in "internal ministry," first as Eastern Province Steward from 2000 to the merger in 2011; as Local Superior at Stonehill/Easton from 2006 to 2012; and as Local Superior at Cocoa Beach since then.

For all my fifty years as a Holy Cross priest, I have been active in Holy Cross life. I was privileged to be in provincial and general chapters, to sit on provincial and congregational committees, and to serve on the IP/EP committee that prepared for the merger of the two provinces, intended to consolidate, focus and strengthen Holy Cross

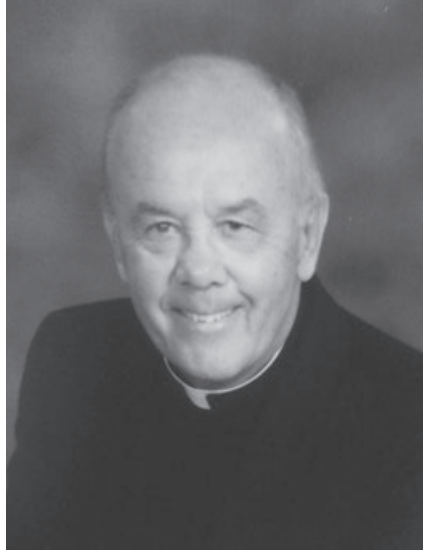
community life and mission in the United States Province and its districts. I am, at base, a Holy Cross religious. That is at the core of my self-understanding.

In the heady, earliest days of my priesthood, in the 1960's and 70's, we often spoke of the "hyphenated priest," the priest-teacher, the priest-scholar, the priest-administrator, as compared to the priest fully involved in pastoral ministry and the sacramental life of the Church. It is probably a false dichotomy, but I am that priest. I have always felt fully a priest, as much when I was overseeing the reform of the core curriculum or lobbying the legislature for the welfare of King's students, as when I was preaching the Patron's Day homily. And I surely know myself to be a priest in the exercise of "internal ministry" to my Holy Cross brothers. These have been fifty good years for me, challenging years - not without doubts, hesitations and back-sliding - but happy years. So, I am grateful to God for the great gift of my family, for the formation and education the community has given me, and for these fifty years of ministry as a Holy Cross priest.

REV. LAURENCE M. OLSZEWSKI, C.S.C.

I was born in Pawtucket, R.I. the youngest of Joseph and Mary Maciag Olszewski. My brother Paul and I had 3 siblings, Ed, Helen and Jessie who are deceased. I have a number of nephews and nieces and their children scattered throughout the States and Europe. Our family was very involved in our parish where I attended St. Joseph School and then went on to St. Raphael Academy, the local Christian Brothers high school. In 1956, I enrolled at Stonehill College. I enjoyed my life as a college freshman. One day, a classmate from South Carolina asked me to go with him to visit a Holy Cross priest, Joe Quinn, who was the vocation director. He was interested in entering the seminary. Joe was a happy and outgoing person, and a great example of a good and generous priest. The result of this visit: I entered and he went on to be a physician. Talk about the workings of the Holy Spirit.

In 1957, I was one of 30 who began a year of prayer, reflection, study and manual labor. There, in beautiful Vermont, this year of Novitiate helped me, apart from the spiritual formation, to achieve the great skill of milking cows and the other needs associated with these animals. After profession, I returned to Stonehill to finish my studies. Then, I was off to Montreal, Canada for four years of theology in a program sponsored by the French Canadian Province of Priests in association with the U of Montreal. I also found the opportunity for improving my snow skiing. I was ordained at Holy Cross Seminary on the Stonehill campus in December of 1964. It was the time when the II Vatican Council was nearing its completion.



We were all excited about the future of the Church and our ministries.

I began my ministry teaching at ND High School in Bridgeport, Conn. The following year, I was asked to serve in a new foundation in northern Perú. It was a large parish with 6 missions and a wonderful group of mainly farmers and sugar cane workers. I experienced a rich pastoral experience that has served me well throughout these years. I then spent a year studying in Spain in a program

sponsored by the University of Salamanca. Returning to the States, I assisted in ministry to the Spanish speaking in R.I. as well as with Vietnamese refugees. I also served at Stonehill guiding students in job and career selections. Also at this time, I did a graduate degree at Harvard.

My next ministry was with Catholic Relief Services (CRS). I was designated to serve in Sub-Saharan Africa and spent time in Senegal, Tanzania and Burundi; West, East and Central Africa. I was involved with and directed programs of aid and development. I then returned to CRS headquarters in NYC to work on our relations with the then 170 Catholic dioceses. I visited dioceses, establishing contact with the bishop, his staff, the local media. I was responsible for several fundraising efforts: Bishops Overseas Appeal, Operation Rice Bowl and the National Clothing Collection. In 1985, I was invited to join the religious community at King's College where I served as Vice President for External Affairs -fundraising. We had several goals: raising the funds for scholarships, construction of a School of Business and other College needs as well as maintaining our Annual Fund. I had

the opportunity to appreciate how highly the school was regarded by its alumni, friends and foundations.

In 1993, I received permission for a sabbatical with studies at SAT at Berkeley and then at the Pastoral Institute at the North American College in Rome. It was a great year of studies, meeting new people, and travel. I returned to the States and was assigned to a small rural parish in Charlotte, Vt., just outside of Burlington. It was a very happy and productive ministry. However, in a year's time, I was asked to move to Bennington, Vt. and take over a newly merged parish - Sacred Heart-St. Francis de Sales. I remained there in Bennington 'til 2001, when I was asked to meet with the Bishop of Orlando and investigate the possibility of Holy Cross taking over a parish. The community had established a residence in Cocoa Beach. It was hoped that a parish would strengthen our presence in the diocese and provide pastoral opportunities for the religious in Cocoa Beach and others. The Bishop agreed and who was assigned to this new ministry, but me, as history notes. We started searching for adequate land in Viera (30 acres), gathering a community and raising funds for running a parish and putting up the necessary building. Daily Mass was celebrated at Viera Faith Lutheran church and weekend liturgies at the Brevard Government Center. With the cooperation of many people, we were able to build a Parish Center with church, chapel, classrooms, kitchen and offices. It was dedicated on May 6, 2007. A little over a year later, I retired from the parish, St. John the Evangelist, and moved to our C.S.C. residence at Cocoa Beach. Since that time, I have been in pastoral assistance at the same local parish.

My journey as a religious in Holy Cross and priest enabled me to work with and to come to appreciate and love the many wonderful people I have met. It is a journey I could never have imagined when I

entered the seminary in 1956. It was and continues to be God's work entrusted to us, directed by the Holy Spirit and supported by my brothers in Holy Cross. I have been blessed and have enjoyed each of these ministries. I am grateful for the Lord's call.

REV. H. RICHARD RUTHERFORD, C.S.C.

50 Years a “Hyphenated Priest” H. Richard Rutherford, C.S.C.

The Beginning

High school in the 1950's marked the serious beginning of my vocation. Everyone “knew” I would be a priest. One of the religious teaching there had two brothers in Holy Cross, Joe and Jack Haley, and made sure I wrote the vocation director at Notre Dame. My parents, too, promised support. Only the parish pastor insisted that I should become a diocesan “priest like Jesus.” Long story short, fall semester 1956 found me in Old College as a ND freshman.

Early Formation (1956-61)

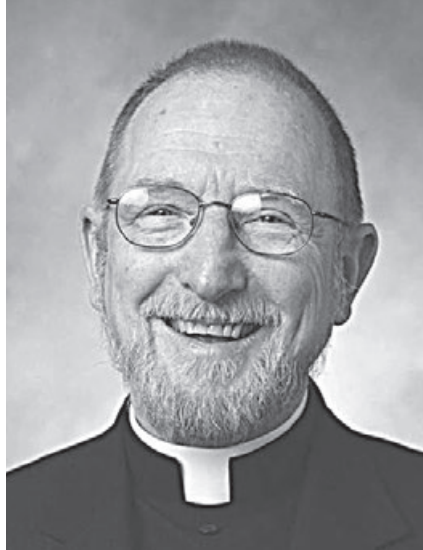
Old College went well, and life with the guys proved a comfortable association. Friendships formed that continue today. Joe Haley was now my spiritual director.

Novitiate at Jordan, Minn. wasn't as bad as threatened. Our class emerged as men of Holy Cross, together then in a new, enduring culture.

Moreau opened new doors still. Although I never mastered our philosophy major, Notre Dame sparked my interest in early Christianity. C.S.C. faculty, too, proved that not being a diocesan “priest like Jesus” was okay. Perpetual profession and the assignment to study theology in Rome sealed my future.

Rome and Nijmegen (NL)

1961-65 in Rome coincided with Vatican II and its promulgation. Study at the Greg presented an education in past and future theologies; Catholicism was “in.” Holy Cross brought new lasting friendships with confrères from every



corner of the Congregation. Opportunities to study languages opened my eyes to the real world ahead. Yet again, my role models were “hyphenated priests.” Ordination in December 1964 in Rome was joyous and pivotal; a milestone reached yet unsure where the priesthood would take me.

Holland after the Council was as dynamic as Rome. Theology with a concentration in the early Church and liturgy became my career field. Personally, Nijmegen was a “coming of age”

transition. Through it, I realized that Holy Cross was now in my DNA, not to mention having given me every opportunity since childhood. In summer 1970, I returned home, Nijmegen degree in hand, wary of starting anew again.

ND and Moreau Revisited (1970-76)

New to teaching, new to formation work, new to the USA after living overseas throughout the 1960's, new to the expanding culture of ND in the 1970's when few small fish were welcome.... Small group gatherings with fellow C.S.C.'s provided sanity and fraternity. For the rest, those five years challenged my vocation, as religious and as (even) hyphenated priest.

University of Portland (1976-2012)

My assignment to Portland was a surprise. After all, Nijmegen prepared me to teach liturgy at ND! Soon, however, UP became home. Here the pond was smaller and small fish grew. Supported by a vital C.S.C. community life, and by lifelong friendship beyond Holy Cross, my hyphenated ministry flourished on campus and abroad. There, however, not being “a priest like Jesus” came back

to haunt me too. Why wasn't I "a real priest" in the ministry for which I was ordained?

Emeritus and Beyond (2012---

Retired from full time teaching in 2012 and now as active Emeritus Professor, I return to my first academic love of early Christianity and its material culture. A hyphenated priest for 50 years, I hope I have been as much a "priest like Jesus" as one can, but now Jesus will have to decide.

REV. KENNETH J. SILVIA, C.S.C.

It may be of some small interest to the reader if I begin my Vita by pointing out the genealogical entries just prior to the inclusion of my name on my family's tree. My mother's name is Mary; my father's is Joseph. My maternal grandmother's name is Anna; my maternal grandfather's is Joachim. Do you see a pattern beginning to emerge? But my story begins in Fall River, Mass., when, at the time of my birth in 1937, this pattern was finally broken and I was grafted onto the tree as "Me." I was so lucky to be raised in a truly devout family, educated by the Mercy Sisters in the Cathedral Grammar School and then by the Holy Cross Brothers at Msgr. Coyle High School in nearby Taunton. All had such a beneficial influence on me. In 1955, I began my undergraduate studies at Stonehill College as a candidate for the Holy Cross Fathers and Brothers. My collegiate years were interrupted with a Novitiate experience in Bennington, Vt., and were followed by four truly formative years of theology at our French-Canadian Province's House of Studies in Montreal.

Not long after my Ordination to the priesthood in December of 1964, I was loaned out to our Province in France and was assigned as a staff member in a minor seminary we had at the time in Brittany. Upon my eventual return to the States, I taught Religious Studies at a high school we then staffed in Bridgeport, Conn. The community next afforded me the truly great gift of graduate studies in systematic theology under some of the great theologians of the day at the ancient centers of learning in Nijmegen, The Netherlands, and Louvain in Belgium. During school breaks during those years of study, I organized a group of fellow



graduate students from some other religious communities of men and women to conduct renewal programs for a number of religious communities across North America and even New Zealand. Graduate studies behind me and upon my return Stateside, I accepted an invitation from Fr. John Gurley, C.S.C., to become the national director of Families for Prayer - a parish-based program designed to inspire and enable prayer within families across the United States and Canada. This national organization provided

all the materials and training for parish leaders to form teams to promote such family prayerfulness within the home. A welcome break from so much organizational work came with my assignment to St. Mary's Parish in Ridgefield, Conn. This was my first taste of full-time parochial ministry. Then came a stint at Director of Campus Ministry at Stonehill College. It was during my tenure as such that we designed and built St. Mary's Chapel and the Campus Ministry Center. When the "Barn Community" at Stonehill was created about the same time, I served as its first director. It's been gratifying to see it grow and flourish over the years since its inception. Parish ministry on both coasts of the United States then occupied me for some years. Of all the richly varied forms of priestly ministry I've been privileged to exercise in so many far-flung corners of God's good earth, ministry to such a cross-section of parishioners was, I suppose, the most gratifying! But it must be said that not only in parochial work but also in all my ministerial endeavors, I've gotten to meet so many extraordinarily holy people who would never describe themselves as such but who surely

are. What a blessing this has been for me - perhaps the greatest of all!

In 2009, I arrived at Christopher Lodge, Cocoa Beach, Fla. What I've found here is a community of harmony and laughter located on the edge of an endless ocean that is ever new and always a source of great beauty to me! It's here, happily, that my story continues!

REV. JOHN A. STRUZZO, C.S.C.

“AND THE WORD BECAME FLESH AND LIVED AMONG US’ JOHN 1:14.

One young girl was having a nightmare and woke up scared, and ran into her parents’ bedroom. She told them that there were spooks and goblins in her room. Her mother got up and walked her back to her own bedroom. She looked with her in the closets and under the bed and said, see there are no spooks or goblins in the room. After all, the mother said, “God is here with you.” The little girl responded, “I know God is here, but I need someone with flesh.”

All of us need someone with flesh since we are human. Understanding this, God became flesh and dwelt among us. Thus we can see, hear and touch God. We do so in faith, by touching our brothers and sisters in Christ. One day, St. Catherine of Sienna told Jesus that she wished there was a way to measure how much we loved God. She wanted to love God more than anyone else. Jesus said the person you love the least; that is how much you love God. As Jesus said, what you do for the least of my brothers, you do to me. Blessed Teresa of Calcutta said that Jesus often appears to us in distressing disguises.

When Jesus was born, the angels sang, “Glory to God in the highest and peace to men of good will.” Where God is, there is peace and joy. We carry God in our hearts. He who lives in faith lives in peace. Faith teaches us that God loves us, not as a group, but personally; individually. He knows my name. He has engraved my image in His heart. Jesus loves us more than we can desire. It is not a sterile love, but an active love watchful and solicitous.



It is passionate. Consider a mother with her firstborn. She constantly watches over him, always showing solicitude for every aspect of his welfare. This cannot match the tender solicitude of Christ. Not for one moment does our Lord turn His eyes away from us, nor does His hand cease to guide us. At every moment in our life, His power protects us and His love enfolds us. When a child realizes that he is in the arms of his loving mother, he is peaceful and joyful. We know with certainty that we are in the arms of a

loving and tender God.

God arranges and permits all things. He not only protects us, but arranges all of life’s circumstances for our good. I don’t know what tomorrow will bring, but I know for sure that I shall continue to be in the arms of God, and that He will rule over every detail of my life, designing all for my good and happiness.

Everything helps to secure the good of those who love God. There is nothing in my life which He does not foresee, direct and dispose of for my good. Yet God permits even my sins, then returns again to convert me and to repair the damage wrought by my sins.





FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION



BR. DENNIS J. FLEMING, C.S.C.

Fifty Years of Vows

I was born in White Plains, New York, the youngest of four boys to Theodore and Helen Fleming. Shortly after my birth, the family moved back to the Boston area from which we originated and settled in Quincy, Massachusetts.

While attending public grade school, I sensed a desire to serve God. I shared this with the Sister who taught me in Sunday School. I told her I wanted to serve God, but knew I did not want to be a priest. She told me I could be a Brother, that they do that as well. The seed of my vocation continued to live in me during my teenage and high school years. As a Catholic High School student during my junior and senior years, while my classmates and friends were looking into colleges or universities to attend, I looked into religious communities of Priests and Brothers that served in educational ministries.

After interviewing with a few communities, I discovered that several graduates of my high school entered the Congregation of Holy Cross at Stonehill College in North Easton, Massachusetts. Quickly, I arranged for a visit and interview at Holy Cross Seminary, and was overjoyed to see a group of men who were happy in what they were doing; who laughed and joked; who were regular guys. Gradually, I also learned that the Congregation of Holy Cross Priests, Brothers, and Sisters were modeled on the Holy Family and that spirit of “family” permeated the religious community. Right away, I felt at home and knew Holy Cross was the right fit for me.

As a Holy Cross Brother, I received a wonderful education as an undergraduate at Sacred Heart



University, Conn.; graduate program at the University of Villanova, Pa.; and postgraduate student at the Franciscan School of Theology at Berkeley. My ministry has been mostly in elementary education as a teacher and school administrator, but I have also served on the high school and college levels. Otherwise, I have been involved in what is called “internal ministry” to the Province, serving in the past at North Easton, Mass. and Cocoa Beach, Fla. Presently, I am serving at Corby Hall, Notre

Dame, and in July, I will move to Holy Cross House at Notre Dame and assume my new duties in Province Service.

No life runs completely perfectly at all times. What life choices do not have doubts or anxieties? When I experienced difficulties, doubts, or anxiety, God always provided a friend or a mentor to help me through my problems. These times even strengthened my vocation and bonds of friendship within the community.

Of these things I am sure: I have had a wonderful life; that I continued to laugh and joke; I continue to share my life with regular guys, and I am grateful for the choice I made to enter the Congregation of Holy Cross.





TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF ORDINATION



REV. DANIEL J. ISSING, C.S.C.

A Love Song

*Yet everything that touches us,
you and me,
takes us together like a violin's bow,
which draws one voice
out of two separate strings.*

Rainer Maria Rilke, "Love Song"

The life of a priest is encounter. He is a wounded soul wanting to meet other wounded souls, for he knows how God "draws one voice out of two separate strings." He daily meets other broken souls at the table of Eucharistic communion. Together, they encounter being loved by God, and in his saying the institution narrative and consecration, all is transformed into a new creation. As a priest now of twenty-five years, I am aware that across these years and numerous geographies the Eucharist has "played me" into a new song, and I am forever grateful. The boy who for fun played Mass in his parents' basement and after college came to Holy Cross to fulfill his call is now an older soul - blessed, broken, and wanting to be shared for the life of the world.

For sixteen of my twenty-five years as a priest, I have served at two Holy Cross institutions of higher education: Stonehill College, from 1992-2000, and now King's College since 2007. At Stonehill, I headed the efforts of campus ministry. This was exhilarating service aimed at college students, complete with pastoral care, program development, ingenuity, collaboration, and lasting friendship. I learned much about myself and God in these years. I became anxious, too, as my success in bringing about a vibrant faith community stirred in me a desire to disappear as an object of



interest. I longed for solitude, or hiddenness, and insight into my faith and community.

I reappeared in the university context at King's in 2007, armed with a nearly-finished doctorate in theological ethics. I am a teacher of virtue and justice. Within a few years, I completed my dissertation and earned tenure and promotion to associate professor, and to this day teach ethics, encourage and influence young minds and hearts, coordinate a college retreat, and serve in various

capacities across the campus, now in faculty leadership. I help on Sundays at local parishes and offer lectures and retreats throughout the diocese. My days are full and joyful as I attend to the sacrament of vocation in college life.

So what happened in between Stonehill and King's? I understand these first seven years of the new millennium poetically: I disappeared as an object of interest. I spent the first months of 2000 living as a monk at St. Joseph's Abbey in Spencer, Massachusetts. I made Trappist preserves in the morning and spent the rest of day and night in solitude, deepening the friendship with God I began as a child and furthered in initial formation under the gracious spiritual mentoring of Father John Gerber, my seminary rector. A kind monk named Isaac walked closely with me through this monastic journey. I left Spencer a new man.

From Spencer, I displaced further to Berkeley, California, where I took up doctoral studies in theological ethics. Here, both in local community and study, I explored the spiritual and ethical foundations of brothers and sisters living as one in Christ. These were blessed years of community

and friendship. Surrounded by great men of Holy Cross, I entered my religious life in a new way, especially around the grand dinner table that defines life at 2597 Virginia Street. Father Harry Cronin was my mentor in these years as he revealed to me through play and in his own inspired plays the heart of a priest. Many new ideas and gracious encouragements came my way in this house, and in the solitude of study I was being changed. Writing became my habit: the way I think deeply, and the way I become grateful. It was in these years that my Dad died, who was a man of language and translation as I am, though differently. Alongside him and my Mom and my whole family, in his gracious dying, I learned how blessed indeed is the soul wounded by God's love.

There are so many to thank after 25 years, for the life of a priest is encounter, an encounter with Christ. There are those who have called upon me for help and drawn me out beyond my own selfishness and pride. There are those who became friends or remained brothers, despite my failings and sins. There are those who taught life-lessons. There are my students and colleagues. There is Holy Cross. There is my first parish, Most Holy Trinity in Saco, Maine, who first insisted that I be a man with hope to bring and taught me that preaching is more conversation than the imparting of knowledge. There is my family too - where I am son, brother, and uncle - who always are ready to gather for meal, Mass, and games. There is Dad and Mom, indispensable gifts of faith and love from the start of this journey, especially Mom who is the sanctuary lamp of my life. I thank each of you.

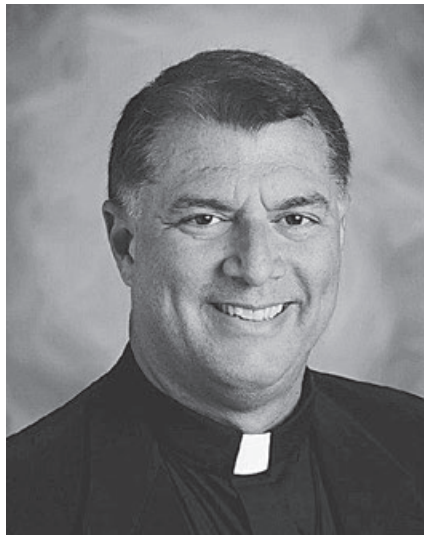
After twenty-five years as priest, I hear the sweet song of resurrection that plays at the center of being. I joyfully sing this resurrection song, for the beauty of God has passed before me. Let us go now to prepare a place for the Lord. Peace be to you!

REV. RANDALL C. RENTNER, C.S.C.

I was born in June of 1962, on Nantucket Island, off of the coast of Cape Cod in Massachusetts, the second child of Richard and Joanne Rentner. My dad, who grew up just outside Chicago, met my mom while he was stationed there in the Navy. Because we were a military family, we moved around a bit, but we managed to stay in Virginia Beach, Virginia, for most of my schooling, except for two years living in Keflavik, Iceland, from 1975-1977. After graduating in the spring of 1980 from my local public school, Floyd E. Kellam High, I arrived on the campus of Notre Dame, without so much as even a virtual tour of the campus, which would be unheard of today. My brother Michael followed me at Notre Dame the year after. My sister Karen had preceded me to the Midwest at the University of Iowa, and later my youngest brother would also find a Midwest college to attend.

As a freshman at Notre Dame, I started talking to Fr. André Léveillé, the Indiana Province vocations director at the time, about the possibilities of becoming a priest, not knowing anything about religious life at the time. During my undergraduate days, I enjoyed getting to know the Old College seminarians on campus and joining them for community nights on occasion.

However, it wasn't until after a semester abroad in England, and after I had graduated as an English major from Notre Dame, that I finally decided to enter what was then called the Candidate Program at Moreau Seminary. Crossing St. Joseph's Lake to become a seminarian was a happy transition, and I enjoyed meeting so many other seminarians who were exploring the possibility of a priestly



vocation themselves. It was then that I first met a priest who would become a great mentor and friend to me, Fr. Al D'Alonzo, C.S.C. He just died this past summer, and I only hope to aspire to be the kind of priest he was to so many people.

Following my Novitiate year in Colorado Springs, which I look back on as a foundational year for my life in Holy Cross, I returned to Moreau Seminary to study theology. In 1989, I earned what we used to refer to ironically as "the coveted M.Div."

degree. I then lived for a year on campus at Notre Dame as an assistant rector under Fr. Tom King, C.S.C., in Zahm Hall, and served as a deacon in Sacred Heart's Crypt parish under Fr. Bill Simmons, C.S.C., a consummate priest and gifted preacher.

My Ordination was in April of 1990, which took place at Moreau Seminary because Sacred Heart Church, as it was still called then, was being renovated. For my first placement, I had requested to teach at Notre Dame High School in Niles, Illinois. I began my life as a priest and religious among a great community of priests and brothers there. I was young and energetic, and was involved in as many aspects of life at the school as I could manage. I stayed there for eight of the best years of my priestly ministry, and I am grateful for all of them. The students I taught and the colleagues among whom I worked have left a lasting positive impression on me, and some of my closest friends to this day come from that time.

In 1998, I was asked to work as assistant superior and director of Candidates back at Moreau Seminary. I also enjoyed working as an Assistant Vice President for Student Affairs at the University

of Notre Dame. In 2000, I moved to the Upper West Side of Manhattan, in New York City, to begin doctoral studies in educational administration at Teachers College, Columbia University. Finishing up my dissertation back at the University of Notre Dame, I had another stint working at Moreau Seminary as Assistant Superior.

Finishing my doctorate, I was asked to go to Portland, Oregon, where I learned how to correctly pronounce such words as Willamette and the word Oregon itself. While living in this far western edge of the country, I again got the opportunity of working within Student Affairs at the University of Portland. Both here, and everywhere I served (and continue to serve) as a priest, I greatly enjoy the opportunities of helping out at local parishes for weekend and daily Masses. In Portland, I particularly enjoyed serving as a chaplain at Assumption Village Retirement Center, assisting Deacon Jim Meyers with his ministry there.

Presently, I have moved back to the East Coast, closer to my parents and to so many other family and friends. I work as a counselor and I teach Scripture at Holy Cross High School in Flushing, New York. I again enjoy being connected to the lives of so many boys who are just beginning to discover their way through life. Continuing the ministry of our founder, Fr. Basil Moreau, I am deeply grateful for the opportunities to help these students learn, not only specific subject material, but more importantly about how to live a good, Christian life. The Holy Cross tradition of Christian education was the topic of my doctoral dissertation and has remained the focus of my life and ministry.

I am grateful to my parents for having modeled good Christian lives for me and my siblings, and to all the Holy Cross priests and brothers who have served as models of religious life and priesthood

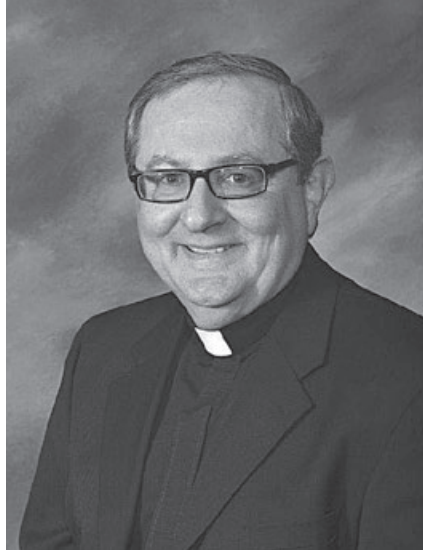
for me during these past thirty-one years since I first joined Holy Cross as a Candidate. I look forward to seeing what the upcoming years have in store and how God might help me continue to grow as a priest and as a Christian.

REV. JOHN J. RYAN, C.S.C.

As I gaze from my office window at King's College, I see the high school from which I graduated in 1967. Two blocks further, I can see the College from which I graduated in 1971 with a B.S. in Accounting. Directly across the street, I notice a metal statue of a white-tailed deer, the Pennsylvania state animal, on which I sat at age 3 or 4 to have my picture taken. From my window-gazing, it appears I have not traveled far from my hometown of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. In some ways it is true, the people of my hometown have never been far from my heart, but I and my hometown have changed significantly since I left after graduating from college.

In 1971, I began my professional career working for an international engineering consulting firm which, for 13 years, allowed me to develop professionally, travel, and complete an MBA degree. These were stimulating and rewarding years, yet "there came a time when the Lord was calling me to take some further step."

In the summer of 1984, I arrived at Moreau Seminary. During this, my Postulant year, I had the opportunity to teach a finance course to Notre Dame Undergraduates. I recall entering the classroom and thinking to myself, I just lowered



the average class IQ and I'm the teacher. Nonetheless, after completing my theological training in Toronto, and doctoral studies in business at Temple University, I found myself teaching in the Business School at King's College.

Ten years of teaching, seven years of administration as Dean of the Business School, three plus years as President and twenty years of service to the Diocese of Scranton as an auxiliary priest; all at King's College and in Holy Cross and my hometown. I have been very blessed and can honestly say I would do almost all of it over again.

Looking back, my journey thus far is much like grace - you rarely see it coming and it is seen clearest from the rear-view mirror.

