

## From the Desk of Fr. Gary ...

### New England Pumpkin Bread Recipe

*As the days shorten and the nights get frosty, I start craving the comfort foods of fall. This bread is easy-peasy to make and tastes great served warm and slathered in butter. I love it as a snack with a tall glass of tart apple cider!*

#### Pumpkin mix ingredients:

1 - 15 oz. can pumpkin puree (I use Libby's)  
4 eggs  
1 c. cooking oil  
2/3 c. water  
3 c. white sugar  
1/2 c. all-purpose flour

#### Spice mix ingredients:

2 t. baking soda  
1 1/2 t. salt  
1 t. ground cinnamon  
1 t. ground nutmeg  
1/2 t. ground cloves  
1/4 t. ground ginger

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Grease and flour three 7x3 inch loaf pans.
2. In a large bowl, mix together pumpkin puree, eggs, oil, water and sugar until well blended. In a small bowl, whisk together the flour, baking soda, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves and ginger. Stir the dry ingredients into the pumpkin mixture until just blended. Pour into the prepared pans.
3. Bake for about 50 minutes in the preheated oven. Check for doneness with a toothpick.

### A Few of My Favorite Patron Saints, Part I

(And who said the Church didn't have a sense of humor!)

**Stephen** (1st c.) - "the first martyr" was stoned to death. He is the patron saint of bricklayers and masons.

**Lawrence** (3rd c.) - Was tortured to death by being roasted on a gridiron. He is the patron saint of cooks and chefs.

**Aya** (7th c.) - After she died, the heirs contested the will in which she donated her vast wealth to a convent of sisters. She testified against them from the grave. She is the patron saint of those engaged in a law suit.

**Barbara** (3rd c.) - In a tragic tale of imprisonment and torture, Barbara was eventually decapitated by her pagan father for refusing to deny the faith. At her death, a great clap of thunder was heard and her father was killed by a bolt of lightning. She is now the patroness of fire fighters, fireworks manufacturers, and all who handle explosives.

**Fiacre** (7th c.) - was an Irish monk who built a hospice for travelers in Paris and later lent his name to a posh hotel there. Since there was an early taxi stand outside that hotel, cabs in Paris became known as fiacres. The French word for "fig" is fic, and fig is French a euphemism for hemorrhoid. And, thus, - at least in the hearts of Parisian cabbies who spend long hours sitting uncomfortably in their cabs - Fiacre is the patron saint of cab drivers and hemorrhoid sufferers.

# CROSS LINKS

CONGREGATION OF HOLY CROSS, UNITED STATES PROVINCE OF PRIESTS AND BROTHERS  
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Dear Friends of Holy Cross,

I start this newsletter with a *mea culpa!* Some of you are wondering whatever happened to the August *Cross Links*. Well, a funny thing that in the midst of pulling it together, I realized too late that I had missed its due date. At the same time, Carol, Kim and the rest of the office were literally under water. A massive rainstorm made light work of the drainage system around Moreau Seminary. Things have dried out, but we are still preparing for new carpet in a week or so. Anyhow, I hope this November issue serves as a magnificent "double issue" for you all!

Otherwise, the transition from Fr. Herb has gone smoothly thanks to Carol Gromski and Kim Brunner. Those ladies have

#### NOVEMBER PRAYERS

As we have been doing all these years, we men of Holy Cross will be remembering not only our own beloved dead, but yours as well.

If you wish, jot down the names of those you would like us to remember on the enclosed prayer sheet. They will be placed by the altar at Moreau Seminary throughout the month of November.

No offering is required, but any gift that is included will be used for the needs of Holy Cross.

adjusted to a new personality, a new daily schedule, and a new writing style. They work hard processing requests for Masses, enrollments in the Golden Treasury of Prayer, lighting candles at the Grotto, shipping Lourdes water, and taking calls from members. In the midst of this, Carol lost her Mom quite suddenly in August. We continue to pray for the repose of the soul of **Florence Gromski**.

We in Holy Cross were blessed on the last weekend of August with the final profession and ordination to the diaconate of **Ryan Pietrocarlo** and **Michael Palmer**. Both came to Holy Cross in 2007 as freshmen in our Old College Program. It has been a joy to watch them mature into the men they have become. They will be a gift to the people of God.

Since the May newsletter, several Holy Cross religious have died, including two brothers who served their whole life ministering to and with the priests of the province. **Br. John Platte, C.S.C.** (August 3) made final profession in 1955 and served as administrative assistant to six provincials over the next 47 years. After years of high school work, **Br. Ron Whelan, C.S.C.** (July 4) became a social worker at St. Joseph Hospital in Phoenix, AZ. After 17 years, he began at the André Houses of Hospitality in Phoenix, AZ and Berkeley, CA before helping in parishes in Portland, OR.

**Rev. Maurice E. Amen, C.S.C.** (May 10) ministered in residence work, formation, and teaching before moving to Japan in 1977 to learn Japanese. He spent the next 20 years

there teaching at Sophia University. **Rev. Joseph Geniesse, C.S.C.** (June 28) was a campus minister and counselor in the Southern Province most of his life, but he never stopped loving his Green Bay Packers. He loved music even more and sang in choirs and choruses wherever he lived.

**Rev. William Condon, C.S.C.** (July 8) and **Rev. Robert Rioux, C.S.C.** (September 2) were both members of the former Eastern Province. Bill had a long and varied career in teaching and administration at King's College. He also served for years as a Navy chaplain. Later in life, he assisted the aged and dying at the Rose Hawthorne Home in Massachusetts. Bob was a high school teacher who moved into development for the Family Rosary Crusade, the University of Notre Dame and other entities.

Have a blessed and beautiful Fall. Know that you and your loved ones are regularly in my prayers,

# THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

From the time I was a child, I have always loved the idea of the Communion of Saints - not always in a deeply theological way - but more like a team to which I might someday be a part. Like many kids, the saints truly captivated my imagination; like many boys, bloody martyrdom definitely topped the list of ways to go! It was heroic, it was graphically visual (key to stimulating the young man psyche), and, though painful, it didn't take too long to achieve.

Years later, after reading Flannery O'Connor, I realized that I was not the first to ponder this fact. In the short story, *A Temple of the Holy Ghost*, the unnamed little girl around whom the story centers is musing about the path her life should take. Whatever profession she chose in life, she knew that, "She would have to be a saint because that was the occupation that included everything you could know; and yet she knew she would never be a saint. She did not steal or murder but she was a born liar and slothful and she sassed her mother and was deliberately ugly to almost everybody.... She could never be a saint, but she thought she could be a martyr if they killed her quick."

That was me! Martyrdom as the efficient shortcut to heaven. A few short minutes of heroic virtue followed by swift death was far preferable - and much more doable - than decades of proper living. All in all, the end was what was important, the way was simply the means to that end. Only with maturity do we come to realize that in many ways, the Way is the end. It is really all about the journey.

Starting in 1940, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour made seven movies that are usually called "The Road" series. They included *The Road to Rio* and *The Road to Singapore* (which reran endlessly on television when I was a kid). Luke has placed Jesus into a movie, as well, it seems. He called his picture *The Road to Jerusalem*. During his road trip, Jesus met all sorts of folks who would crowd around him to hear his word and receive his healing touch: Martha and Mary, a mute man possessed by a demon, a Pharisee who invited him to dinner, a

women afflicted by a spirit for eighteen years, the man with dropsy, tax collectors and public sinners, ten lepers begging for healing, people who thrust their babies in his face so that he might touch them, the good man who went away sad because he loved his possessions more than he loved God, a blind man who made a scene begging for the return of his sight, and Zacchaeus who made a public fool of himself in order to simply set eyes on Jesus. Though clearly intent on living a robust relationship with his heavenly Father on his journey to the Cross, Jesus was not indifferent to the folks he met on the way. They dearly mattered to him and he talked with them, comforted them, challenged them with his words and healed them with his touch. The disciples who walk with him are authenticated in their apostleship along the way as well and are called to care and teach and heal in turn.

We know of the saving acts of Christ through the witness of these same apostles who call us, in turn, to that same mission. Having accepted the salvation offered by Jesus, we are to become his eyes, his mouth and his word, his hands and his touch for the multitude who throng in our streets and are desperate for healing and peace in their lives, in the homes, and in their hearts. We are called to set out on The Way with Christ in our everyday lives. For most of us that will involve weeks, months, years and decades of effort to let go of our sinfulness, embrace his forgiveness, and then proclaim his grace with our very lives. For some of us that will mean real martyrdom and the sacrifice of our lives. For the rest of us, it means the sacrifice of our willfulness, vanity and pride. It means spending our lives for all of humanity and for the Church itself.

The good news in all of this - besides salvation itself - is that we don't do it alone. We have the promise of the Holy Spirit and we have each other. As Ecclesiastes wrote so many centuries ago, "Two are better than one. . . . If one falls down, his friend can help him up. But pity the man who falls and has no one to help him up!" (Ecclesiastes 4:9-10) There is strength in numbers and we can drag each other along the road of salvation.

The Basilica of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame is a riot of imagery and a celebration of the history of our faith. Its stained glass windows feature a panoply of saints - both male and female - who were important in the life of the Church. Above on the ceiling, stars and cherubic angels smile down on the gathered assembly. Though beautiful, the scene is not complete until the church is full and the liturgy celebrated. Then, we find the Communion of Saints united in prayer and praise of our loving God, the saints in heaven and the saints on earth gathered together to celebrate the Oneness in Christ that we already possess and whose fullness we long for. Like many churches through the centuries, it was to be a living icon of the Communion of Saints gathered with all of creation in an act of praise for all that we have received and all that we will become. It is a living witness that faith - though deeply personal - is always communal, lived out daily in the ways we minister and are ministered to by one another.

However imperfect we may be in living out this faith at any given time, we are called to radical holiness. As Leon Bloy wrote, "The only real sadness, the only real failure, the only great tragedy in life, is not to become a saint." It is the way to which we are called and it is the journey of a lifetime. Bloy also said this about fallen humanity, "I answer you with certainty that I have the soul of a saint; that my fearful bourgeois of a landlord, my baker, my butcher, my grocer, all of whom may be horrible scoundrels, have the souls of saints, having all been called, as fully as you and I, as fully as Saint Francis or Saint Paul, to eternal Life, and having all been bought at the same price: *You have been bought at a great price.* There is no man who is not potentially a saint, and sin or sins, even the blackest, are but accident that in no way alters the substance."

We are made in God's image and likeness and though broken we are made of the stuff of goodness, the very goodness of God. We need only to walk the walk of faith, trusting in God's mercy, love and grace; and be that mercy, love and grace for one another.

We kick off each November by celebrating the Communion of Saints. We thumb our noses at evil

and death on Halloween, then we celebrate the lives of all the saints known and unknown who have attained the beatific vision and already recline at the banquet feast of heaven. We ask them in turn to pray for us, to intercede for us before God, as we continue our own journey through this vale of tears called life. The next day, we pray for those who have died and are still awaiting the fullness of heaven. Family members, friends and those souls unknown to anybody who are having their human failings and imperfections purged away as they move from this world to the next, and prepare themselves to stand before the throne of heaven in perfected glory. It is God's grace that keeps us true to Him in this world and that same grace which provides the purifying light of Purgation; yet we must cooperate with that grace in allowing our hearts to be open and our lives transfigured.

This mailing contains a card for you to write down the names of friends and family who have died. Mail it back to us and we will add it to the others we receive. Let us in Holy Cross pray with you for all your dead. Together, as Church, we will pull each other along the road to salvation.

For centuries, Christians have traveled to Spain to walk the Camino de Santiago, a pilgrimage of prayer and self-discovery along the way of St. James back into the heart of God. Many today start in the French Pyrenees but trails once led from all the major cities of Europe. In fact, when asked where the pilgrimage begins, the answer often given is simplicity itself. "Look down. It is at your feet."

Most of us won't be martyrs, but the greatest sadness of all is not to be counted as one of the saints. Let us walk together on the way to salvation carrying each other's water and tending to each other's blistered feet. As a communion of saints we will sing the praise of God and help each other to attain the glorious end for which we were made.