



2014

HOLY CROSS JUBILARIANS

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



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SIXTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. GEORGE C. BERNARD, C.S.C.

REV. EDWIN J. KADZIELAWSKI, C.S.C.

REV. ROBERT S. PELTON, C.S.C.

REV. R.W. TIMM, C.S.C.

Sacred Heart of Jesus Province, Bangladesh

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. DAVID J. ARTHUR, C.S.C.

REV. RICHARD A. LAURICK, C.S.C.

REV. PATRICK H. MALONEY, C.S.C.

REV. CHARLES WALLEN, C.S.C.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. WILLIAM J. CRUMLEY, C.S.C.

REV. JAMES W. THORNTON, C.S.C.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. MICHAEL T. BELINSKY, C.S.C.

REV. RICHARD E. GRIBBLE JR., C.S.C.

REV. W. PATRICK HANNON, C.S.C.

REV. ROBERT J. LOUGHERY, C.S.C.

REV. STEPHEN P. NEWTON, C.S.C.

REV. MARTIN L. NGUYEN, C.S.C.

REV. RÓMULO E. VERA MUÑOZ, C.S.C.

REV. PETER J. WALSH, C.S.C.





SIXTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF ORDINATION



REV. GEORGE C. BERNARD, C.S.C.

After writing a short biography on my 25th, 50th and 60th anniversaries of Ordination, there is no need for a long, detailed account of my life. I was born in Springfield, Ill., on April 14, 1922, the last of six children. After attending elementary and high school there, I enrolled at the University of Notre Dame. The notion of becoming a priest had been with me for some years, thinking of the diocesan priesthood. I majored in philosophy as a preparation for future life and it was in a philosophy class, "The History of Philosophy," that I became acquainted with Moreau seminarians who were also in that class. I was impressed by them and thought that they would be worth joining. At the end of my third year at Notre Dame, I went to the novitiate at Rolling Prairie, pronouncing my first vows in 1943. It took two more years before I graduated from Notre Dame. Then I spent four years at Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C., the community theology seminary, and was ordained at Sacred Heart Basilica in 1949. Three years of study, tests and the writing of a dissertation at the Catholic University of America earned the STL and STD degrees.

My first assignment was the University of Notre Dame, where I taught theology and assisted in a student dorm (1952-58). Then I was appointed as vice president for student affairs (1958-61). The provincial then assigned me as president and religious superior of Holy Cross College, a position I held until 1968 when the theology program was moved to Moreau Seminary and the building and



property in Washington, D.C., were sold to Catholic University.

A sabbatical was granted, half of which I lived at St. Bede Benedictine Abbey in Peru, Ill., teaching moral theology to their seminarians. Because I participated fully in the life of the community, the abbot, at the end of the semester, asked me if I would like to join their community. I thanked him and all the monks for their gracious hospitality and said that it was time for me to return to my Holy Cross Community.

A request from the dean of Arts and Sciences and from the chairman of the Theology Department at the University of Portland that I join the faculty there was affirmed by the provincial. So I headed west in 1969 and remained there ever since. Though promised that I would be relieved of administration duties, I was named chairman of the Theology Department (1970-77) and then academic vice president (1977-87). Having reached the age of 65, I retired from that position, spending the next five years as adjunct, part-time associate professor of theology. When I gave up my association with the University, I was named assistant religious superior of the local community and manager of Holy Cross Court, the residence of 23 priests and brothers. Many of my weekends, together with Holy Days of Obligation, I assisted at a parish in Camas, Wash., and at its mission parish in Stevenson, Wash. That continued for 42 years. When afflicted with facial paralysis and hearing decline, I had to forego that apostolic work. Now I am pretty much of a stay-at-home person. Despite these aggravating physical problems, I am still quite healthy, in better shape

than most men my age. I can still walk 18 holes of golf, weather permitting, and score at or below my age. (One advantage of being old is that I play from the senior/advanced tees; and another advantage is that I play free of charge at any of the city courses).

My day begins with praying the Divine Office, Rosary, meditation and Mass. The Sacrifice of the Mass has always been most important to me. It is such a great privilege that I am reluctant to pass it up. It is a good thing that God isn't finished with

me yet because I am still learning to pray. I am told that prayer is a gift, so I continue to beg for it.

Seventy-one years as a vowed religious and 65 years as a priest: It has been a wonderful life. I give thanks to God for all the graces, benefits, opportunities and safe-guards that He has bestowed and I ask for the help to use these gifts wisely and well so that I may be what He wants me to be and do what He wants me to do.

REV. EDWIN J. KADZIELAWSKI, C.S.C.

I was born Jan. 22, 1922, in Chicago to Stanley and Bernice (Grabowski) Kadzielawski. I have two living brothers, Jerome and Leonard. My third brother, Edmund, passed away in 2012.

I attended St. James the Apostle Grade School in Chicago, taught by the Felician Sisters. Upon graduation in June 1936, I entered Holy Trinity High School of Chicago, taught by the Holy Cross Brothers. It was there that I learned of the Congregation of Holy Cross and Brother André. I took a liking to Holy Cross. Upon graduation from Holy Trinity High School in June 1940 – thanks to the guidance and influence of brothers like Maximus, Stanley, Xavier and many others – I entered Holy Cross Seminary, Notre Dame, Ind., in the fall of 1940. On Sept. 9, 1940, I began my college studies at the University of Notre Dame as a freshman at Holy Cross Seminary.

After spending one year at Holy Cross Seminary, I went to St. Joseph Novitiate, Rolling Prairie, Ind. My novice master was Rev. William Robinson, C.S.C. On Aug. 16, 1942, I made my profession of first vows and then went to Moreau Seminary, Notre Dame, where I resumed my college studies. I graduated from Notre Dame on June 22, 1945.

In the fall of 1945, I went to Holy Cross College, Washington, D.C., where I studied theology for the next four years. I graduated in June 1949. I then returned to Notre Dame, where on June 8, 1949, I was ordained a priest by Archbishop John Noll at Sacred Heart Church.

As a newly ordained priest, I returned to my home parish in Chicago – St. James Church – to



celebrate my first solemn Mass on the Feast of the Most Holy Trinity. After spending several weeks vacationing in Chicago amid family and friends, I was sent to New Orleans, La., to Sacred Heart Parish. There I became an associate pastor and teacher of religion to the freshmen boys at Sacred Heart High as well. I remained there, eagerly absorbing the wonders of the sun, the culture and the calories of good Cajun cooking and Southern hospitality. In August 1954, I was assigned to St. Edward High School,

Lakewood, Ohio, where I served as chaplain to the Holy Cross Brothers and students and taught religion to the freshmen boys. I also assisted at St. Vincent Church, Lakewood, Ohio, weekly.

Afterwards, I was assigned to St. Hedwig Parish, South Bend, Ind., as associate priest, especially active with the youth of the parish. From 1956 to 1962, I was assigned to Holy Trinity Parish in Chicago as associate pastor. I served here and began my graduate studies at Loyola University of Chicago in Counseling Psychology, along with Rev. Bob Sweeney, C.S.C., who was in-residence there and was also studying counseling and guidance under Fr. Curran at Loyola.

In the summer of 1962, I left for the University of Minnesota to do some additional study in testing and measurements. I was in-residence at Sacred Heart Novitiate, Jordan, Minn., where Rev. Dan Curtin, C.S.C., a classmate of mine, was a novice master.

In the fall of 1963, I was assigned to St. Edward's University, Austin, Texas, where I served as chaplain to the brothers at Vincent Hall and

teacher of psychology at the University, where I began a testing and guidance program. In 1967, I received my M.ED., in counseling psychology from Loyola. At first, I was so satisfied and content with my work at St. Ed's and with the brothers that I was reluctant to accept the request of Rev. Christopher J. O'Toole, C.S.C., to become director of the Holy Cross House of Studies in New Orleans. Fr. O'Toole was my first religious superior at Holy Cross Seminary. While at the House of Studies, I also served as chaplain and counselor to the students at De La Salle High School, New Orleans. I also assisted regularly on weekends at Resurrection of Our Lord Parish, where Msgr. Francis Boeshans was pastor. From 1978 to 1984, I was appointed assistant provincial by Rev. John Miller, C.S.C., provincial of the Southern Province.

In the summer of 1977, I was assigned to St. Mary Cathedral, Austin, where I served as associate priest to Rev. Bill Donahue, C.S.C., a classmate.

A year later, in the summer of 1978, I was appointed pastor of St. Jude Parish, Baton Rouge, La., along with Rev. Harold Essling, C.S.C., a newly ordained priest. As pastor of St. Jude, I saw the rapid growth and expansion of the young parish and sensed the need for establishing a grade school for the parish children. In 1982, the first school building was completed and classes began; it continues to flourish to this very day. After six pleasant years at St. Jude, in 1984, I underwent an emergency operation for a detached retina. Because the operation was unsuccessful, I left St. Jude for New Orleans to undergo a second operation at the Specialist Retina Clinic. This, too, proved less than successful. I remained at Sacred Heart Church until the fall of 1985 with Fr. Essling, now pastor and close friend.

In the fall of 1985, I was appointed pastor of St. John the Evangelist Church, Marble Falls, Texas, where I served as pastor until 2000. I saw the

young parish grow rapidly with a large number of Hispanic immigrants from Mexico. I followed up on my observations and slowly began to learn the language of the new population. I set up a Mass in Spanish and continued the study of the language and the customs of the Latinos with "on the job training" Spanish Bible study groups. Eventually, I selected one of the Hispanic parishioners, Eraclio Solorzano, to study for the diaconate, which he completed in three years.

During my tenure at St. John's, shortly after Bishop John McCarthy was appointed bishop of the Diocese of Austin, I was appointed dean of the Western Deanery and served in this capacity until 2000.

On June 14, 2000, I left St. John's Church and moved to Austin to live with Fr. Essling at Steiner Lodge, West Lake, Texas. While living at Steiner Lodge, I was assigned as chaplain to the Holy Cross Brothers, Br. Vincent Pieu Retirement House at St. Edward's. While I was chaplain for the brothers, I also helped out at neighboring parishes on weekends, especially at Dolores Parish, where in 2004, I was officially appointed as associate pastor in-residence. I served there until 2007. I enjoyed working very much with the Hispanic people of the parish who were most hospitable and generous.

In April 2007, I was reassigned to Holy Cross House at Notre Dame, where I commenced my years of full retirement.

Looking back over the golden years – 65 of them – I can truly say that I experienced many years, many works and many different assignments with many and diverse challenges. These experiences of enrichment and growth included: preaching; baptizing; weddings; quinceañeras; funerals; teaching at all levels in diverse climates, customs and languages (Polish, Spanish, English, etc.). Like "extra chunky salsa," these added new zest, joy

and flavor to many varieties of experiences and memories, with a fair amount of good health and energy left to invest eagerly. I would like to close with the words of Mary: My soul cannot but magnify the Lord for He who is mighty has done so many, mighty good things unto me in these past 65 years. And holy is His name.

The class of 1949 was a very close and active group with plenty of support, which I appreciated very much. May God continue to bless and support us in our retirement and beyond.

In these final years of retirement, I would like to re-echo the words of Mary's "Magnificat:" He continues to bless me.



REV. ROBERT S. PELTON, C.S.C.

I came to Notre Dame in the fall of 1939, intending to study somewhere for the priesthood. The priests of the Chicago Archdiocese had been a model for me. However, I had just graduated from Evanston Township High School, an excellent school, and I was told by the Archdiocese that I would need to return to Quigley High School Seminary in order to be considered by the Archdiocese. Consequently, I preferred to review other options while at Notre Dame.

At the University, I studied Greek, a required language at seminaries. As a lay student, I participated in the ministry of Catholic Action under the guidance of Rev. Louis Putz, C.S.C., and was also an avid member of the Third Order Franciscans. Since Notre Dame did not then have varsity swimming, we formed a club and had meets with nearby universities, including the University of Chicago. Rev. Frank Gartland, C.S.C., and Sr. Madeleva, C.S.C., were strong influences in my later request to enter Holy Cross. I applied to the Congregation and was accepted as a candidate in the spring of 1941, as I concluded my second year as a lay student at the University. At the Seminary, I was asked to take an intensive course in Latin and I was also free to take some excellent classes in English and philosophy.

It was at the novitiate where I had my first challenge. When I asked the master of novices about the appropriateness of continuing to wear a Franciscan scapular, I received a reply which was not clear. It seemed to imply a lack of spiritual focus on my part. I then began to think carefully about returning to the Chicago Archdiocese. After much prayer, I decided Holy Cross was for me. We finished our



first year and I was approved for first vows. I then returned to Notre Dame for two years of philosophy in preparation for the final four years studying theology in Washington, D.C.

Washington was a special place to be, culturally and spiritually exciting. My “ministry” for four years was as chaplain’s assistant at St. Elizabeth’s Mental Hospital, where there were many victims of the Second World War.

I became a member of the great ordination class of 1949. Of the 21 members of this class, there are only four still alive as we celebrate 65 years of ordination.

After ordination at Notre Dame in 1949, I was asked to teach for one year at Notre Dame before going on to graduate studies. In the summer of 1950, I worked in a parish in Detroit and took classes in French at Berlitz, only to find out at the last moment that I was being assigned to Rome, not to Paris!

From 1950-53, I did graduate studies at the Angelicum in Rome, earning a doctorate in Fundamental Theology, with a thesis in lay spirituality. Mark McGrath and I lived at the College del Anima, the German college. Rome proved to be a remarkable experience, as it gradually prepared itself for the great breakthroughs of Vatican II.

Upon returning from Rome in 1953, I had many responsibilities, including teaching theology at Notre Dame and chairing the Theology Department from 1959-63. Following a year of post-doctoral studies in Europe, I was invited to Chile, where I served for eight years. The most moving were

the five years of service as the episcopal vicar for religious with Cardinal Silva – an outstanding pastoral leader.

I served with Cardinal Suenens at the last session of Vatican II before being called back to serve on our Provincial Council to initiate and direct pastoral renewal programs and to become an analyst in the Church of Latin America. In the renewal efforts, I had the opportunity to cooperate with our Holy Cross Sisters. I am grateful for that opportunity. Major outcomes from the Latin

American connection include the annual Romero Days symposiums and lectures at Notre Dame and production of an award-winning documentary about Archbishop Romero.

I am happy with our new Pope Francis and look forward to the future.

Finally, “what goes around comes around.” I believe that a person can have a commitment to complementary spiritualities, as does Pope Francis. However, I am also glad that my primary choice is Holy Cross.

REV. R.W. TIMM, C.S.C.

Sacred Heart of Jesus Province, Bangladesh

I came to what is now an independent country, the People's Republic of Bangladesh, 62 years ago. It is almost exactly the size of the State of Illinois – 55,598 square miles – with a present population of at least 150 million. For my 60th anniversary, I gave a summary autobiography. Here I will emphasize only highlights.

Before leaving for Bangladesh, I had a vision of myself as a pastoral minister. I would learn the Bengali language well, like Fr. Ed Goedert, C.S.C., Fr. Greg Steigmeyer, C.S.C., or Fr. Charlie Hauser, C.S.C. I would work preferably in jungle areas of the country, where life was difficult, where one had to be a Jack-of-all-trades.

When I was ordained in 1949, the Congregation opened a college in Dhaka with 19 students, using St. Gregory's High School for class space. Arts and commerce were the two options, but they planned for me to get a master's degree in biology in one year and establish a science department. My vision of a pastoral career flew out the window. With it went the prospect of learning Bengali well, since we were expected to use English at all times with the students.

I had not yet learned much about Divine Providence. "Man proposes but God disposes," counsels the old proverb. My high school orientation was all in favor of biology and I planned to get a bachelor's degree in Biology. When I visited Holy Cross Seminary, the superior was a biologist, Fr. Joseph McAllister, C.S.C. He told me, "Sure, you will be able to specialize in biology." When September came around, though, the new superior was Fr.



Christopher O'Toole, C.S.C., and he told the group, "You will all take your degree in philosophy."

Because of the accelerated war-time program at the University of Notre Dame, I was able to take many classes in biology and three graduate classes in philosophy with Professor Yves Simon, including one on "Critique of scientific knowledge." I was worried that the science courses might stand in the way of my missionary vocation – and they did! I was assigned to Holy Cross College

in Washington, D.C., for theology. But Divine Providence came to my rescue when Servant of God Vincent McCauley called on me to fill a vacancy at the Foreign Mission Seminary.

The main task of Divine Providence came in my higher education. Within the next three years, His graces came like gifts falling from Heaven right into my lap. Because of my numerous non-scientific choices of classes as an undergraduate, it would take me two years to get the master's degree. But with the help of the entire department at The Catholic University of America, including the head, a well-known parasitologist, I managed to fulfill all class requirements and the master's thesis in two years and in the third year finished my doctoral dissertation. Preparing scientific equipment for the new department was almost completely the contribution of Fr. Frank O'Hara, C.S.C., biologist at King's College.

The achievement for which I am probably best remembered is the publication of a college textbook of biology in English, which passed through six

editions and was used in all the colleges of the country.

A synthesis of my scientific publications occupies half of one volume of the 17 volumes of the “Encyclopedia of Flora and Fauna of Bangladesh.” I specialized in many different groups of nematodes – soil, plant, freshwater, marine and parasites of earthworms. The name *Scottinema* Timm, 1971 is known to all the scientists of “Operation Deepfreeze,” the National Science Foundation year-round scientific program in Antarctica. *Scottinema* is the best-known and the most abundant animal in Antarctica and it survives the nearest to the South Pole. Research interest in it is great because of its ability to survive very low-freezing temperatures most of the year and yet revive in the austral summer. Those working on establishing a base for scientists to live on Mars want to know how the

lowly nematode does this, so there are scores of studies on this one genus alone.

Since the report on our 60th Jubilee, I have published a biography on Fr. Charles Young, C.S.C., father of the credit union movement in Bangladesh and a book on Caritas disaster management. I still teach two classes, one each semester, at the Major Seminary of Theology. Since it is a papal seminary, the better seminarians prepare dissertations for a degree in theology. I normally direct five dissertations each year.

Outside Mathis House where I live, I have few commitments nowadays, mainly because of the dense traffic and the danger of traveling alone. Thanks to Divine Providence and my Guardian Angel, I still have not broken a bone in my innumerable spills and accidents.



SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF ORDINATION



REV. DAVID J. ARTHUR, C.S.C.

I was born in Pittsburgh on Aug. 6, 1927, the eldest of the three children of David and Kathryn Arthur. During my high school years, I felt an attraction to the priesthood, which I attribute to the devotion to the Mass that I witnessed in my family; to the 12 years of parochial school I spent under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy; and to the example of loving service shown by the two zealous priests who ministered to the parish during my formative years.

I owe my introduction to Holy Cross to Sr. Benedicta, the school principal. She had already recommended the Congregation to four other students, all of whom had already begun their illustrious careers in Holy Cross: Paul Beichner as dean of the Graduate School at Notre Dame; Leo Flood as president and William Scanlon as vice president of King's College; and Lawrence Grainer as Archbishop of Dacca. She arranged for a visit from the vocation director, the first Holy Cross religious I had ever met.

When I sought advice from one of our parish priests, he had only praise for the Congregation. It seems that he had attended a football game at Notre Dame on a rare Saturday off and after the game, one of the religious, seeing him alone in the crowd, invited him to supper at the community residence. What he experienced there left him with a quite positive opinion of Holy Cross. He told me, "You couldn't go wrong joining that great bunch of guys." Quite a generalization from just one incident, but it certainly has proven to be true for me. In 1945, I entered the seminary at Notre Dame.

Several years later, I was required to make



another important decision. While I was in Moreau Seminary, an Eastern Vice Province was established, and, being from its territory, I was asked if I wished to join it. Since I had never been east of Pittsburgh and all my community experiences and my closest friends were in Indiana, I just presumed I would remain in that province. But when I casually mentioned the matter to my spiritual director, he surprised me by advising, in effect, "Go East, young man, go East." He explained that I would have many more opportunities

to engage in a variety of meaningful and interesting ministries in a new province where the positions of authority and responsibility were not already set. I followed his advice and have never regretted my decision.

At ordination in 1954, I was assigned to Stonehill College in Massachusetts, a struggling young institution with fewer than 300 students and no endowment. This placement was temporary, I was told by my provincial. Since I was a Pennsylvanian, I would be moved to King's College in that state as soon as a replacement for me at Stonehill was available. But a move never came, nor did I ever ask for one. Except for two short absences for graduate studies, one to Catholic University for an M.A. in philosophy and the other to the University of Michigan for a Ph.D. in college administration, I have remained on the Easton property for my whole priesthood.

But while the place may not have changed, my ministries have been as varied and interesting as my spiritual director had predicted. Over the years, I have served the College as a teacher

of philosophy, mathematics, psychology and something called “pulpit eloquence.” I have served as director of intramural athletics, head of the library, affirmative action officer, director of institutional research, dormitory prefect, overseer for the construction of two major buildings and as academic dean. Often, especially in the early days, I held two or three of these positions at the same time. For my years of service, the College has honored me with two awards. At its 50th anniversary in 1998, I received a Moreau Medallion, awarded to 50 administrators, faculty, staff, alumni and benefactors “who were deemed by their peers to have contributed significantly to Stonehill’s development.” And recently, one of the roads on the campus was named “Fr. David Arthur Way.”

In addition to my College responsibilities, I have regularly assisted in parishes on weekends and in the summer. I have served as chaplain in

two houses of the Holy Cross Brothers and as counselor in the seminary. After enjoying a one-day retirement from the College in 2000, I was asked to take over the Province Archives, a position I held for 12 years. This time, at age 85, the retirement held.

A satisfying advantage of my long stay in Easton has been my membership in a variety of fairly large communities of Holy Cross religious of both societies. These have provided me with the stability of lifestyle, opportunity for regular community liturgy and prayer, intellectual and spiritual stimulation and the companionship of agreeable and supportive confreres.

I thank God for His grace and guidance in what has been for me a happy and fulfilling life and for blessing me with sufficient health and strength to continue in His holy service even after 60 years in the vineyard.

REV. RICHARD A. LAURICK, C.S.C.

I was born in Oak Park, Ill., on May 25, 1924; baptized at St. Bernardine Church in Forest Park and confirmed there by Cardinal Mundelein. I was educated by the School Sisters of St. Francis and the seeds of my vocation were planted there. My older sister Dorothy was a quiet, yet positive influence on my vocation. She became Sister M. Ione, SSSF, who taught primary grades for more than 52 years, preparing first communicants almost to the day she died. I still remember her statue of the Sacred Heart and the moment I noted her special relationship with Jesus and that I could have that too.

I went to Saint Philip High School taught by the Servite Fathers, with some classes taught by Servite seminarians en route to priesthood. They all seemed very happy and were very good to us kids: an alternative to being a parish priest; membership in a religious community. They became role models. Upon graduation in 1941, I was accepted as a postulant; it was very exciting to be measured for a habit.

I took this very seriously, became plagued with scrupulosity, got sick and at the end of that year, was sent home. The war had begun that December: I registered for the draft and took a job as a shipping clerk at Boston Gear Works, a minor contribution to the war effort.

The Servites or Servants of Mary were founded in the 13th century with their main work devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows. As the war went on, hundreds of thousands were drawn to their church in Chicago. They came each Friday to identify with



Our Lady standing at the cross of her Son, worried about their own sons, brothers or fathers in harm's way overseas.

My draft number came up that spring: I was processed in downtown Chicago, inducted into Navy and left for Naval Station Great Lakes. I sought out churches and Mass schedules wherever I went. I also kept careful watch of bulletin boards and learned that I could apply for a program that put college students on track for officer training.

After three semesters at Western Michigan in Kalamazoo, and four months of Midshipman School at Northwestern, I was commissioned as an ensign at Navy Pier in March 1945, feeling like an adult for the first time. I was sent to Harvard for communications training. FDR died while I was there and VE Day and the end of the war in Europe occurred.

Buildup of forces in the Pacific continued until, to everyone's great surprise and joy, the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki brought the sudden surrender of Japan. I had orders to report to the USS Missouri – flagship for all naval operations – during the final phase of the war in the Pacific where the surrender was to take place.

I came close to being present when the historic documents were to be signed on Sept. 2, 1945. However, I was still en route at Saint Boniface Church in San Francisco listening on the radio. I had, by chance, seen notice of a meeting about the "Young Christian Workers" at that church. There I met a young woman from Chicago who had come to generate interest in the Young Christian Workers movement and a companion movement

among college students. Plans awaited return of men from service, lest these be seen as women's organizations. I was put in touch with students in Chicago.

I reported aboard the Missouri at Pearl Harbor. She was to traverse the Panama Canal en route to her home port of New York and lie at anchor in the Hudson opposite Manhattan for Navy Day 1945 as joyful celebrations continued.

I became responsible for the Missouri's print shop where battle plans and surrender documents had been reproduced. I went ashore to obtain translations of the wording on the plaques marking the location of the surrender ceremony for distribution to visitors. The ship was sent to Istanbul, Athens, Naples and Algiers. We had a private audience with Pope Pius XII on Easter Sunday 1946. I served Mass daily in the Jesuit chaplain's stateroom.

How all this affected my vocation, I am not sure. I do believe that the Lord kept me out of trouble during those years and that broad experience, travel to other parts of the world, contact with non-Catholics, etc., put me in better position to serve as a priest than I might otherwise have been.

I enrolled at Loyola in Chicago and joined a Young Christian Student group, about which I had learned in California. At a YCS study week at Rosary College in 1946, I met Holy Cross priests from Notre Dame: Frs. Putz, Kenna, Simonitsch and Sheedy. At another study week, I met Fr. John Wilson, C.S.C., vocation director. My application was accepted and I started the seminary program in August 1947.

I have said this by way of testimony to Our Lady of Sorrows. We all have devotion to the Mother of God; mine included particular relationship with Mary as our Lady of Sorrows. I had no idea that Fr. Basile Moreau had made her the principal

patroness of Holy Cross until I had entered. I believe Our Lady found a place for me. I want to express gratitude to her for my vocation as a priest of Holy Cross.

My first assignment was at St. Edward's University, Austin, Texas, in campus ministry, with a full schedule of theology courses, weekly religious bulletin and counsel to students.

Three years later, I was sent to the University of Portland with the same responsibilities. I did that for five years, but sought full academic faculty status. I received permission to enroll at Catholic University in Washington, with four years to complete a Ph.D. in religious studies.

These were also the years of the Second Vatican Council, 1962-66. I came under the tutelage of Fr. Gerard Sloyan who headed the more progressive program at CU, where the seminary remained traditional. Vatican II documents were read the day after passage with implications thrashed out in seminars. This enabled me to update my thinking about theology, biblical studies, liturgical celebration, etc. I was better able to help others assimilate the changes in the Church that created so much turmoil and to withstand the turbulence that drew many others out of priesthood and religious life.

For the next six years, I taught religion at Notre Dame High School for Boys in Niles, Ill., part-time because I had begun to work for the Archdiocese. I did this for the next 19 years as a member of the staff of the Office for Religious Education. I found this very exciting as a response to the call for renewal sounded by Vatican II.

The Youth Division prepared new high school materials. I later became a consultant for parishes seeking better organization of their programs: screening applicants for parish positions;

certification of DREs; and tours to catechetical centers in Europe and to the Holy Land.

In 1985, I became pastor of St. Stephen's in South Bend. I did this for three years until given a sabbatical for clergy renewal. I completed four units of clinical pastoral education and began full-time work as Catholic chaplain at Memorial Hospital in September 1990. I remained in that position for 23 years. It was the most priestly ministry I have ever done – ministering to non-Catholics and Catholics, carrying the Blessed Sacrament with me every day,

anointing the sick, celebrating Mass in the hospital chapel and living in C.S.C. parishes, celebrating Mass there as well.

The approach of my 90th birthday and 60th year of Ordination meant it was time to retire. I continue to celebrate Sunday Mass at the hospital, parishes and nursing homes as needed.

Celebration of Mass is, after all, the most consequential thing a priest does. I hope to do this for a long time to come.



REV. PATRICK H. MALONEY, C.S.C.

It began in the choir loft of St. Anthony's Church in Gary, Ind., where my mother was the choir director. I accompanied her to rehearsal and High Mass. From that time on, I knew I wanted to be a priest. I told Fr. Costello, the pastor, that I wanted to be a priest like him so that I, too, could scold the people.

I never changed my mind and my parents supported me all the way. When my father, at a Notre Dame class reunion, told Rev. J. Hugh O' Donnell, C.S.C., that he had this boy who wanted to be a priest, arrangements were soon made for me to visit Holy Cross Minor Seminary during the summer. This quickly turned into my entrance to the "Little Sem."



From the "Little Sem" to the novitiate (Rolling Prairie), to Moreau, to Holy Cross College in Washington D.C., to music study in Washington, California, Vienna, and then back to Notre Dame to teach and to perform, and now to Holy Cross House. It was all beyond my dreams.

Through all this I was always a priest (from 1954 on). Then, in 2001, I stumbled into Worldwide Marriage Encounter. It was the perfect tool for me to grow even deeper in my priestly vocation.

A priest companion assured me that Marriage Encounter is the very best way for a priest to know the church. Yes!

For it all – thanks be to God!



REV. CHARLES WALLEN, C.S.C.

Sometimes when I betake myself to the chapel here in North Dartmouth, Mass., my customary fervent recollection is rattled by the realization that I have been coming here now to this chapel, off and on, for about 65 years. The Province directory says I was first professed in 1948. I wonder if that's a typo?

But it certainly was here that I knelt before the novice master, the unflappable Richard Sullivan, for first profession. And it was to this place I came, five years later, newly ordained, to join that stalwart group, the Mission Band. In those days, the Parish Mission, an annual event in many parishes, less often in others, was a big event! But sadly, parish missions were waning when I came on the scene, so I left North Dartmouth for the Army.

Unfortunately, I was assigned to Germany. I say "unfortunately" because I liked being in the Army, serving in units that provided great support to the chaplains (to say nothing of the *gemütlichkeit*). There's something especially fulfilling about ministry in the armed forces. And it is a blotch on the C.S.C. escutcheon that we are so underrepresented there.

But Rome had promulgated something about religious not being away from community for more than five years, which most provincials wisely ignored. But not mine; so back to the community and the classroom at King's College for a few



years. Richard Sullivan, now provincial and still unflappable, rescued me, sending me to (now merged) Sacred Heart Parish in Bennington, Vt., a good place to breathe some deep French Canadian Catholic faith. With Henry Bourgois as associate, this must have been the only parish in the world with a clergy/staff made up of former bombardier-navigators. (I realize nobody but me thinks this is noteworthy.)

Later, a rich sabbatical at Genesee Abbey was followed by parish ministry in Newport, R.I. where, being a native Rhode Islander, I planned to spend the rest of my life, but was lured to join the Holy Cross team at the Brockton VA Hospital and helped form the original Barn Community at North Easton. A subsequent assignment to the VA in Phoenix gave me the experience of Casa Santa Cruz community life at its best where, again, I planned to spend the rest of my days. But an importunate provincial brought me back to North Dartmouth, where it all began.

And I have been here ever since: Except for the years at the parish in Wilmington, Vt. Aaah, Wilmington! Were those really the sweetest years or does it only seem so because they are the closest chronologically? Memory has the happy facility of brushing out warts and blemishes, but even the dark days are precious. They help remind us of what and who we were called to be in Holy Cross.





FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF ORDINATION



REV. WILLIAM J. CRUMLEY, C.S.C.

Over the years, I have taught school, served as a chaplain at the University of Notre Dame, served as pastor of parishes, founded another parish, built and maintained two solar houses and founded and worked with a group which attempted to help low income and elderly persons find alternatives to rising utility costs. This work eventually involved attending Louisiana Public Service Commission meetings and making its members aware of issues they might not have been aware of. Two members of the commission asked us to meet with them periodically and provide them with a perspective they would not have had. This work is what led me to seek economic solutions to our major problems. That ultimately led to writing books.

I was asked by one publisher: "What does a priest know about economics?" My knowledge of economics was not obtained by pursuing degrees in a university. My only university experience in economics would have led me to the same conclusion the experts today are pursuing. My



knowledge of economics was obtained by private research. This research was not in order to obtain a degree. The research was aimed at understanding the underlying causes of many of our social problems today (poverty, high utility rates, wars). The knowledge gained was the result of an attitude that was not willing to accept the usual suggested answers, but always sought a deeper solution. This solution always looked at economic factors that might otherwise be ignored. It also led to writing several

books.

Two and a half years ago I turned 75 and I asked to retire. The provincial laid down only one condition: that I live in a Holy Cross house. The Holy Cross Brothers at St. Edward's University in Austin, Texas, accepted me as a member of their house. I have since become their chaplain and also have become chaplain for the Notre Dame Club of Austin. I continue to write and work with groups that are attempting to make the world a little better for everyone.



REV. JAMES W. THORNTON, C.S.C.

I was born on Jan. 18, 1937, to Cyrilla Mary Dolan and James W. Thornton Jr. in Palo Alto, Calif., at Stanford University Hospital, as my father was a graduate student at the University. My early years were spent in Redwood City, Calif., where my dad was a teacher at Sequoia High School. For a couple of years, the family lived in Minneapolis, where dad was an assistant dean at the College of Education. Then we returned to California and Redwood City. My childhood was care free. I attended Mt. Carmel grade school, spent every day in the summers at the high school swimming pool and had good friends among my peers.

In 1948, my dad was made founding vice president of Orange Coast College in Costa Mesa, Calif. We moved to Corona del Mar and I went to Newport Harbor Union High School, graduating in 1953. I then enrolled in the Old College program at the University of Notre Dame. In September 1953, my parents put me on a train in Los Angeles for the three-day journey to Chicago. In Chicago, I changed trains to the South Shore and arrived in South Bend and took a taxi to Notre Dame and Old College, where I was met by Fr. John Van Wolvlear, C.S.C. I spent my freshman year in Cavanaugh Hall and in the second semester at Holy Cross Seminary. In August 1954, I went to the Novitiate in Jordan, Minn.

I graduated from Notre Dame in 1959 with bachelor degrees in philosophy and science and was sent to Rome for theology. The years from 1959 to 1963 were exciting. Pope John XXIII had been



elected and called the Second Vatican Council. Fr. Edward Heston, C.S.C., was our superior and had various positions in the Curia. He managed to get various Conciliar periti to come and have supper with us on Wednesday evenings and to provide a conference and take questions. We had some real stars visit and speak with us: Karl Rahner, M.D. Chenu and Bernard Herring, among them. In addition, we had several of the Conciliar Fathers staying at the Generalate for some of the sessions: Archbishop Graner,

Archbishop McGrath, Servant of God Bishop Vincent McCauley and Bishop Mendez are among the ones I remember.

In 1963, I was sent to the high school in Niles, Ill., to teach. Fr. Joe O'Neil was the superior. These, too, were exciting years. The liturgical changes were coming into effect and Fr. LeRoy Clementich and I were trained to be trainers for the new liturgy in Chicago. At the same time, of course, great changes were happening in the country: President John Kennedy was assassinated, the Selma March was led by Martin Luther King Jr. and the Vietnam War was shaping the future. On Dec. 14, 1964, I was ordained on the free throw line of the gymnasium of Notre Dame High School for Boys. The entire student body and faculty were present. Br. Boniface Landenberger had decorated the gym in a marvelous way and Fr. Wiskirchen had divided the high school Melodons into two brass choirs on either side of the gym. What a great day!

Since then, I have served as a student, teacher and an administrator, as well as an addiction

counselor for street people and as a parish priest. Each of these tasks has been rewarding in its own way. And through the years, I have also had to face alcoholism and debilitating depression. Each of those have proved to be more a blessing than a cross. (Though, I will admit that at the time, the blessing was hard to see.) Presently, I am engaged

in Worldwide Marriage Encounter, a movement that changed my whole view of the Church for the better. The past 50 years have been a blessing for me. I thank the Congregation for making them possible and hope that I may have several more years serving the Church in the Congregation – and in Worldwide Marriage Encounter.



TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF ORDINATION



REV. MICHAEL T. BELINSKY, C.S.C.

Bill and Lori Belinski – my parents – were raised in Sidney, Mont., and married on March 30, 1957. My sister, Jan, was born in 1959. I was born in Miles City, Mont., April 20, 1961, and baptized on May 7, 1961. My godparents are Bob Swanson and Dorothy Doran. I have two younger brothers: Tim (born in 1963) and Pat (born in 1968). All my siblings are married and have children.

We were raised in Billings, Mont., two blocks from St. Thomas the Apostle Catholic Church. My siblings and I had excellent teachers at Poly Drive Grade School and Lewis & Clark Junior High School. For high school, we attended Billings Central Catholic, staffed by the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kan., and the Irish Mercy Sisters. During my youth, I was fortunate to study the organ, the harp and voice.

I graduated in 1979 from high school and went to Notre Dame for college. I lived in Dillon Hall and was an RA for a group of freshmen in my senior year. After taking courses in English, psychology and philosophy, I decided upon theology as my major.

I graduated from ND in 1983 and entered Moreau Seminary that fall. Then I went on to the novitiate in Cascade, Colo., with 15 novices and Fr. Paul Marceau, C.S.C., novice master, followed by three years at the Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley in California, with Fr. Jim Buckley, local superior. As a seminarian, I volunteered in hospices in Colorado and California, served developmentally disabled adults, worked at André House in Phoenix, ministered to people with AIDS in San Francisco



and engaged in social justice ministry in Portland, Ore.

In August 1988, I professed final vows and was ordained a deacon by Bishop John D'Arcy and served at Holy Cross Church, South Bend, Ind. On April 1, 1989, Bishop Paul Waldschmidt ordained my classmates and me to the priesthood. I served as associate pastor at Holy Cross Church for three years with Fr. Don Dilg, C.S.C. From there, I spent four years at Christ the King Church, South Bend, with pastors Fr. Bob Epping, C.S.C., Fr.

John Van Wolvlear, C.S.C., and Fr. Tom Jones, C.S.C. I then returned to Holy Cross Church as pastor and then to Little Flower Church, South Bend, as pastor.

Amid ministry and life's challenges, I was diagnosed with clinical depression and this condition has hospitalized me at times. In struggling with this, I took a leave of absence from active ministry and worked for FEMA in Washington, D.C., from 2003-2006. After much soul-searching and prayer, I returned to active ministry and served at Holy Redeemer Church, Portland, with Fr. Joe Corpora, C.S.C., and later at the University of Portland (Ore.) with the Office of Campus Ministry. Currently, I serve at Christ the King Church, South Bend, as associate pastor.

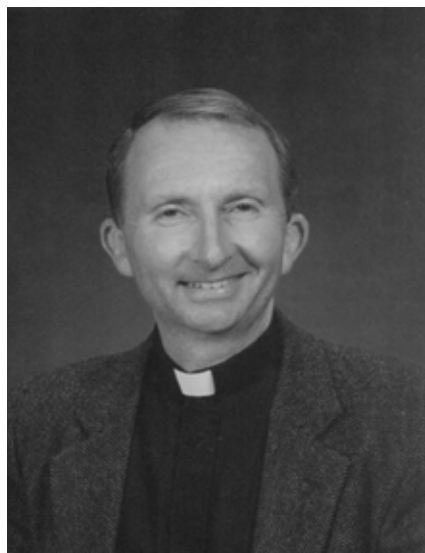
For all this, I give thanks for family, friends, C.S.C. confreres and all those whom I've been privileged to serve. Thanks be to God who gives me life and enables me to offer the ministry of Word and Sacrament in Jesus Christ through the Congregation of Holy Cross!



REV. RICHARD E. GRIBBLE JR., C.S.C.

In a rush to enter the world, I was born in a doctor's office in Shafter, Calif., a small town about 150 miles north of Los Angeles, on Dec. 5, 1952, the only boy and third child of Richard and Dorothy Gribble. My early years of my life were dominated by family, school and the activities of a typical American male growing to maturity in the late 1950s and 1960s. During those years, my father worked for Shell Oil Co., which required the family to move several times, always in California, save a one-year hiatus in Durango, Colo. Returning to California, my family settled in Whittier, some 20 miles southeast of Los Angeles. Whittier would be my home base until my parents' deaths in 2004 and 2006.

My memories of growing up in the "burbs" are all pleasant. I was a public school kid, but attended CCD very faithfully on Saturday mornings, where the good sisters, robed in black and white habits, taught my classmates and me the faith using the old Baltimore Catechism. It was rote, but we knew the basics. At that time, I was introduced to the Rosary, an event that has marked my spirituality to this day. I was a good student, graduating second in my class in high school. Besides activities with my friends, I remember with great joy attending Friday night football games, working with a friend to score the varsity basketball games and periodic trips to the beach with the family. My major activity in high school was tennis, participating all four years on the varsity squad. After graduation, I attended the United States Naval Academy. The rigor and discipline learned as a midshipman have in many ways guided my life from those days forward. I



graduated in the top 5 percent of my class, which allowed me to receive my diploma personally from the graduation speaker, then-Vice President Nelson Rockefeller. Graduating in 1975, I spent five years as a nuclear trained officer in submarines. My homeport was Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, but we operated in the Western Pacific.

My life in Holy Cross actually began after my discharge from the Navy in 1980. However, after only a few months at Notre Dame, I left to "check out" the business world. I worked for Bechtel, an engineering and construction firm, and then for two years with Hughes Aircraft, a defense contractor. I bought a home and drove a Porsche, but realized that God was calling me to something much different. Thus, in 1983, I returned to Notre Dame, completing the candidate and novitiate years, the latter in Cascade, Colo. I was privileged to attend the Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley, where I completed my M.Div. and through the kindness of my formation director, Rev. Jim Buckley, C.S.C., an additional degree (STM) in American church history. The next three years were spent at Saint John Vianney, our parish in Goodyear, Ariz. If there were three years in my life that I would never change, it would be my time in the parish, for it was there that I learned what it meant to be a priest, celebrating the joys and sorrows of God's people through the Sacraments.

The vast majority of my priesthood, however, has been spent in higher education. I attended The Catholic University of America, completing my doctorate in American church history in 1995. I was assigned to Stonehill College, where I have been ever since, save two years as rector of Moreau

Seminary between 1998 and 2000. Initially, I taught in the history department, but when returning to Stonehill after my time at Moreau, I felt better suited for the religious studies department, which has allowed me to teach both history and Catholic theology. I have never considered myself an expert in anything, but rather a continual learner. My ministry of education is principally in the classroom, but I enjoy many additional activities with students, including opportunities to assist with athletics, Masses in dormitories and even a second-place finish in the annual “Stonehill’s Dancing with the Stars” competition.

Closely associated with my ministry in higher education is the opportunity to write, both from a more professional (historical) perspective and in

spirituality. The Congregation has given me the opportunity to write biographies of two of our great men, Patrick Peyton and Vincent McCauley. I have also completed books and essays in the areas of homiletics and religious life.

I am grateful to many for these first 25 years of priesthood. My parents, Richard and Dorothy; my two sisters, Judy and Barbara; my brother-in-law, John; and my nieces and nephew, Sarah, Erin, and David have been a rock of support for me. I have learned from many fine men in Holy Cross, who have challenged and assisted me to be the best I can possibly be with my God-given talents. I look forward with joy and anticipation to both the joys and the challenges that my future life in Holy Cross will bring.

REV. W. PATRICK HANNON, C.S.C.

I've been born into stories. There's the Hannon one: immigrants from Irish Limerick and Mayo mostly, and a few from German Bavaria and Holstein – potato and wheat farmers. In the ancient times, some of them were mountain-dwelling marauders. The composer Franz Liszt is a distant cousin and so are all the Kennedys (if you believe my Great Auntie Ber). One side of my family got to the San Francisco Bay Area by way of a 17-year-old German sailor who jumped ship at Half Moon Bay in 1875. Apparently we also have a horse thief in the family who was hanged until he was dead sometime in the 18th century. My father William was born on a potato farm on the California-Oregon border, met my mother Monica at a college dance in Oakland, fell in love, married, had 10 children in 11 years and settled in Castro Valley, near Oakland. My father practiced law; my mother did pretty much everything else. I was their seventh child; the fifth son. We kids fought more than we kissed growing up – and we loved each other secretly. I didn't sleep in my own bed until I was 15. Now I watch as the tribe grows (28 nieces and nephews; 13 grandnieces and -nephews; two more on the way). This story is in my blood.

There's the Catholic one: baptized on my first day on Earth (a month premature, born with pneumonia); taught by Spanish Carmelite nuns, Holy Cross brothers (Moreau Catholic in Hayward) and Holy Cross priests and brothers (University of Portland); took to my faith at an early age – said my first Mass when I was around 6 (in the upstairs hallway – my parents loved it); served at Sunday Mass as a boy; went on retreats in high school and college; led retreats; learned to pray and learned to



keep at it; took my final vows in August 1988; and was ordained on Feb. 11, 1989, Blessed Basil's birthday; grew astonished then speechless when I began to see the world through a sacramental, incarnational lens – grace found in unexpected, sometimes dark, places, the Risen Christ roaming in disguise, inhabiting every human body, love without rival. I still am.

There's the Holy Cross one: holy, wounded, fierce and lovely men who left their footprints for me to follow. Among the thousands of men – living and dead – with hope to bring: Gary Stone, Charlie Anderson, Tom Fry, Gordon Wilcox, John Gerber, Jerry Wilson, Gene Montoya, Phil Sopke, Bob Antonelli and John Fitzgerald. I am here because of men such as these. I love that our story is so human, honest, daring, forgiving. To me, now, it's about all of us piling into one big boat, grabbing our oars and rowing forward; brothers, all.

A story: When my father died unexpectedly at 57, I was at Moreau in my first year of theology. I was walking alone around St. Mary's Lake one evening, cussing and crying softly. I bumped into an old Holy Cross priest whom I didn't know and would never know because he died a few months later. We walked together for a bit and I told him about my father's death. We paused, I remember, near the Grotto. He sighed deeply. "I'm going to light a candle for your father," he said, "and for you." I watched him as he made his way to that cave of light, watched him light two candles, and watched him kneel, slowly, on one of those hard, wooden pews. It was chilly, I remember. And dark. And the Indiana night sky beheld, gently, a million suns.



REV. ROBERT J. LOUGHERY, C.S.C.

Currently, I serve as rector of Sorin Hall at the University of Notre Dame. I served as the assistant director of the Holy Cross Mission Center and director of the Overseas Lay Ministry program, a post-graduate service program in Uganda and Chile.

I have served as pastor of St. André Bessette Parish (also known as The Downtown Chapel) in Portland, Ore., a faith community whose mission is to serve the poor, mentally ill and homeless.



In addition to parish work, my other pastoral experiences include campus ministry; serving as director of the former André House homeless shelter in Oakland, Calif.; co-facilitator for the Holy Cross Associates program; and spiritual director.

I am a 1979 graduate of Notre Dame with degree in architecture. I received my master of divinity degree from the University.

I was born and raised in Indianapolis, Ind.

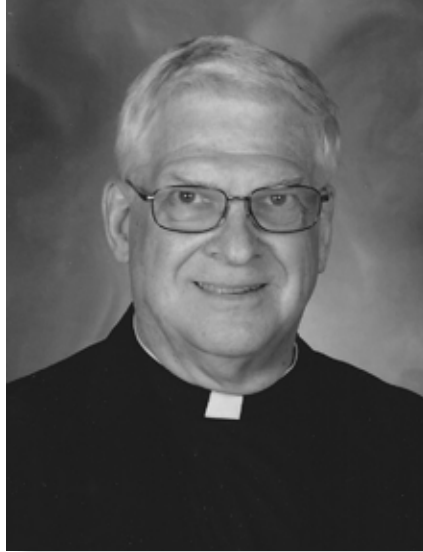


REV. STEPHEN P. NEWTON, C.S.C.

Rev. Stephen Patrick Newton was born on Sept. 23, 1947, in Evanston, Ill., to Walter J. and Mary (Malatesta) Newton. He was baptized in St. Jerome Church in Chicago on Oct. 12, 1947, and received the Sacrament of Confirmation in 1958 at St. Nicholas Church in Evanston.

Fr. Newton was educated at St. Nicholas School from 1952 to 1959, and St. Edmund in Oak Park, Ill., from 1959 to 1961. He attended Holy Cross Seminary from 1961 to 1965 and was received into the Congregation of Holy Cross on Aug. 15, 1965, at the Sacred Heart Novitiate in Jordan, Minn. He made his first profession of vows on Sept. 14, 1966. He earned an A.B. degree in English from the University of Notre Dame in 1970. From 1970 to 1972, Fr. Newton assisted at Notre Dame High School in Niles, Ill.

Fr. Newton later earned a master's in pastoral studies from Loyola University of Chicago in 1977 and a doctorate in public service from the University of Portland (Ore.) in 1986.



Fr. Newton made his final profession of vows on Aug. 27, 1988. He served as executive director of the South Bend Center for the Homeless from 1988 to 1989. He was ordained to the priesthood on April 1, 1989, at Sacred Heart Church, Notre Dame. From 1989 to 2000, Fr. Newton was rector of Sorin Hall at Notre Dame. From 1993 to 2000, he also served as executive director of Life Treatment Centers. From 2000 to 2001, he was president of the Wilson Foundation while living at the Southlands Community

in Nairobi, Kenya. Upon his return to the United States, Fr. Newton assisted in the Archdiocese of Chicago as a Newman Center chaplain at the University of Illinois and associate pastor at St. Joseph Parish in Chicago and St. Emily Parish in Mt. Prospect, Ill. Fr. Newton served as pastor of St. André Bessette Catholic Church (formerly the Downtown Chapel), Portland, Ore., from 2010-2013. He is now a teacher at St. Joseph High School in Westchester, Ill.



REV. MARTIN L. NGUYEN, C.S.C.

I was born into a Catholic family in a small Catholic village outside of Hue in Central Vietnam in 1958. Growing up in a country with a strong Buddhist tradition and practice, in the midst of a raging war, my parents had provided me a solid Christian education.

In March 1975, the conflict between North and South Vietnam spiraled rapidly to its fateful end. People fled as city after city fell under the Communists' final offensive. I found myself alone with my father on a beach near an old U.S. Navy base in Da Nang. The first Marines landed there in 1967. My mother and all my siblings left by the sea the night before, probably for Cam Ranh Bay and Saigon and somewhere beyond that which was unknown to me.

From 1975 to 1979, I was with a small group of 20 fellow seminarians and three priests living in a parish's empty schoolhouse. We studied and farmed in the Communist commune system. We wore no religious attire in the field, but the government and everybody knew we were "Catholic religious people." This was confirmed on our identification card. One could say that this is one of the best "liberal arts" programs I have ever graduated from.

In 1978, my father received news that my mother and my siblings had survived the voyage and settled in Portland, Ore. My father traveled to visit me one Sunday at this "seminary;" my superiors encouraged me to "move on." At the third attempt, we crossed the Gulf of Tonkin and landed in Hong Kong in 1979. We arrived in Portland the same year.

In 1980, I started as a non-degree student at the University of Portland and graduated in the



summer of 1982. The same year, I entered the Holy Cross candidate program at Moreau Seminary. In 1984, I began at the novitiate with 15 fellow novices. After my first profession of vows, I returned to Moreau Seminary for studies. In 1988, we made our final vows profession and were ordained deacons.

From 1988 to 1990, I served at Saint Francis Xavier Parish in Burbank, Calif. From 1991 to 1993, I was sent to receive foundational training in fine arts at Yale School of Art. I

enjoyed living with Fr. John Young, C.S.C., and the brothers at Notre Dame High School in West Haven, Conn. I went to U.C. Berkeley for my graduate works in painting and graduated in 1995. I have been assigned to teach in the Art Department of Notre Dame since 1995.

It is in Holy Cross that I have kept and strengthened my pastoral engagement with the Vietnamese apostolate. Everywhere I go, from the candidate year to the novitiate, from Burbank to New Haven and here at Notre Dame, Ind., and in Ohio, the community generously supports my work with Vietnamese Americans. The Mass has been celebrated in Vietnamese at Moreau Seminary, Keenan-Stanford, Siegfried, Ryan, Coleman Morse, Fischer-O'Hara-Grace Chapel and the Basilica of the Sacred Heart.

Life is a long journey; I am thankful to the Holy Cross men and women I have met on the road. In them, I have found a home, a brotherhood and a passion to serve the Church. I thank God for my family and friends who have allowed me to be their son, brother, priest and teacher over the years.



REV. RÓMULO E. VERA MUÑOZ, C.S.C.

I was born in Puerto Varas, a beautiful city in southern Chile, on Oct. 18, 1956. My childhood was spent in several cities, but especially in Valdivia.

I joined the training program in 1980 as a postulant. A couple of years later, I finished high school; I was discerning what to do with my life, along with helping my father at work painting houses and performing pastoral work in the parish of Christ the Redeemer, administered at that time by the Congregation of Holy Cross. It was Fr. Gerardo Whelan, C.S.C., who invited me and helped me make the decision to enter religious life.

I began my novitiate year on Feb. 8, 1981, and on Feb. 28, 1982, I professed my first vows. I professed perpetual vows on April 29, 1987. I was ordained a priest on Nov. 18, 1989.

I am the eldest of six children: three sons and three daughters. My parents, Rómulo and Herminda, are alive. They are 87 and 78 years, respectively. My brothers and sisters are: Jaime, Maria Antonieta, Victoria, Victor and Alejandra. I have seven nephews and nieces and another nine children and counting have been born to my nieces and nephews, not counting those with other novel, modern forms of inclusion in the family. A grand family living in Santiago, I can see them often and enjoy their love and affection.

Regarding my studies, I can tell you that in my childhood, due to my father's job painting houses and buildings, I was in several schools in different cities. I graduated from Colegio Nuestra Señora de Andacollo, an educational establishment in which I serve as chaplain. After going through



some theological formation in several institutions, I graduated with a bachelor of religious studies at the Pontifical Catholic University of Chile in 1988. Between 1994 and 1996, I studied in Spain, where I obtained a bachelor of catechesis, issued by the Pontifical University of Salamanca. In January, I completed a diploma in psycho-spiritual direction, a vital and very helpful area to ministry. I spent two years participating in the program to learn the art of accompanying people.

In thinking about these 25 years of ministry and all the years of training, I recognize that there are many things and situations I've experienced. Today I was reminded of my early, socially oriented motivations for entering religious life: the work being conducted by the Congregation, especially its strong commitment to the reality of poverty. Once a part of Holy Cross, I discovered that to serve in this way, I do not necessarily need to be a priest, even though it is one part of the life of a priest; indeed, an indispensable part. Later, I also met other dimensions of religious life that led me to the decision to enter the novitiate and then take the first vows. Thinking about this, I think sometimes the most real and true motivations came after my ordination.

How can I forget, too, the initial opposition of my parents to my entering religious life, due to what they had known in rural places: the priest with sandals, with a generally shabby habit and a very lonely life? So I think that in their role as protective parents, they imagined that I would suffer a lot. Fortunately, it was only an initial resistance. I've always felt very respected and supported by them.

Also, thank God, they do not depend on anything from me, allowing me tremendous freedom to live the religious life and to serve. Even today, I am looking for the best way to be closer to them, due to the cancer that afflicts my father.

The celebration of 25 years of my priestly life gives me the opportunity to recognize and be thankful for all the possibilities that the Congregation has offered me in ministry. I had the opportunity to serve as a deacon for two years in Parroquia Nuestra Señora de Andacollo, associate pastor (Parroquia San Roque), director of campus ministry for six years at Saint George's College, pastor for seven years in Parroquia Nuestra Señora de Andacollo, and director of formation for three years in the District, and, most recently, I serve as chaplain at Colegio Nuestra Señora de Andacollo.

I consider it a privilege to be able to be of service both within the religious community as well as service to the local Church. I have worked with people of different ages: children, young adults, adults and elderly, reflecting the mission of Holy Cross among people from various social strata.

If I had to elect which ministries have most affected me pastorally and personally, it would be my time as pastor and my time directing our house of formation, perhaps because they allowed me to become more aware of my strengths and weaknesses. I believe that the Congregation has been very generous to offer these different opportunities to me, as they also involve depositing a great deal of trust in me.

At this time, along with other Holy Cross religious, I work at Colegio Nuestra Señora de Andacollo, a school located within the boundaries

of the downtown area of Santiago, which belongs to the Archdiocese of Santiago, but since 1976 is administered by the Congregation. Today, the school has a lay rector and has about 1,050 students. It is an institution with a long tradition of education and formation and its history underscores an outstanding role in the neighborhood, with a recognized and appreciated role in the education of many youth.

It is in the middle of this school community that I celebrate my 25 years as a priest. Anew, it is an opportunity to thank the Lord for the love received in each of the places where I have worked, for the role that I exercise as a religious in the apostolate and for the trust Holy Cross places in me. This provides strong support to live the consecrated life amid the tremendous challenges of our day, a time characterized by an increasingly secularized environment, marked by mistrust, pain and uncertainty about our Church because of the cases of abuse.

As a synthesis of what has been my religious and priestly life, I can say I feel very identified with the Biblical passage that describes Jesus' encounter with the Samaritan (Jn 4:4-26). I have experience of a merciful God in my life. Jesus welcomes without rejection and without accepting our justifications for mistakes or sins, but simply loves and offers a new direction in life, permitting Him to become increasingly the center, present in my decisions and ministry. What I find myself doing well in a process of growing toward a full and complete life, but also, so very human, with occasional wasted time, inconsistencies, lack of meaning, lack of motivation and frustrations, but, at the end of it, happy with what God has called me to be.

REV. PETER J. WALSH, C.S.C.

Rev. Peter Walsh, C.S.C., comes to St. Edward's University from St. John the Evangelist Catholic Church in Viera, Fla., where he served as parochial vicar for one year. While there, he worked primarily in Young Adult Ministry, opening a local chapter of "Theology on Tap" and organizing programming for young adult parishioners.

Fr. Walsh spent five years in campus ministry at Yale University, serving as assistant chaplain at Saint Thomas More, the Catholic Chapel and Center at Yale. While at Yale, Fr. Peter worked with graduate students, developing social and spiritual programs that connected Catholic graduate students with each other and with the intellectual tradition of the Catholic Church. Fr. Peter also worked with undergraduate student athletes in a program called "Cathletes" that explored the spirituality of the student athlete. With the other chaplains, he worked with the Muslim Student Association



and the Slifka Center for Jewish Life on programs promoting interreligious dialogue. In addition, Fr. Walsh led Alternative Spring Break trips to Lima, Perú, and Biloxi, Miss., where students worked with disaster relief following Katrina. Prior to Yale, Fr. Walsh worked in campus ministry at Stonehill College.

He was born in Boston and remains a faithful Red Sox fan. After graduating from Stonehill College in Massachusetts with a B.A. in English, Fr. Walsh entered the Congregation of Holy Cross and was ordained a priest in 1989. He attended seminary at the University of Notre Dame, where he graduated with an M.Div. He also has a master's degree from Boston College in English literature with a concentration in Irish poetry and often brings insights from literature into his preaching. Fr. Walsh enjoys hiking, reading, independent films and all kinds of music.

