



2012

HOLY CROSS JUBILARIANS

SIXTY, FIFTY, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS



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SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION

REV. MATTHEW M. MICELI, C.S.C.

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION

BR. CLARENCE J. BREITENBACH, C.S.C.

BR. ROBERT C. EWALD, C.S.C.

BR. LOUIS F. HURCIK, C.S.C.

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REV. EUGENE JUSTIN ANJUS, C.S.C.

SACRED HEART OF JESUS PROVINCE

REV. MICHAEL M. DELANEY, C.S.C.

REV. JOHN F. DENNING, C.S.C.

REV. THOMAS E. GAUGHAN, C.S.C.

REV. CHARLES B. GORDON, C.S.C.

REV. THOMAS P. LOONEY, C.S.C.

REV. ROBERT E. ROETZEL, C.S.C.





SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF ORDINATION



REV. MATTHEW M. MICELI, C.S.C.

Rev. Matthew M. Miceli, C.S.C., was born on Jan. 2, 1923, in San Giuseppe Jato, Italy, to Carmelo and Maria (Migliore) Miceli. The family moved to upstate New York when Fr. Miceli was 6 years old. He attended public schools, graduating from Oswego High in June 1942.

After a candidate year at the University of Notre Dame, he entered the Novitiate in Rolling Prairie, Ind., on Aug. 15, 1943, and made his First Profession of Vows a year and one day later. Returning to Notre Dame, he graduated in June 1947.

For the next three years, he studied at the Gregorian University in Rome, receiving a Bachelor of Sacred Theology in 1949. After two years of study at Catholic University in Washington, D.C., he received his Licentiate in Sacred Theology and was ordained in Washington, D.C., on Feb. 9, 1952.

He remained for two more years of study at Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C., and resided at Holy Cross College. In 1954, he was assigned to teach and prefect at Notre Dame. Further research and summer classes resulted in a Doctor of Canon Law from Catholic University of America in the early 1960s.

After two years on the faculty at the University of Portland (1961-1963), he returned to Notre



Dame, teaching until 1993, when he retired from the classroom.

Fr. Miceli once held the record for serving as Rector of the same residence hall, calling Cavanaugh Hall home for 27 years, from 1963 to 1990. He previously served as Rector of Stanford Hall for three years.

His impact on students has been great. There are 17 children named after him: 16 Matthews and one Matthea. Other student tributes include the endowing of the Rev. Matthew Miceli

Scholarship by an ND alumnus of Cavanaugh Hall.

After retiring as Rector of Cavanaugh, Fr. Miceli lived in residence at Zahm Hall, where he helped with student hall and garden management and regularly celebrated Mass in chapels across campus and in retirement communities across South Bend. Fr. Miceli kept up with his small vineyard on Bulla Road and his “wine making” as well. In 2009, he moved to Holy Cross House, Notre Dame, Ind., where he enjoys life with confreres of many years. Fr. Miceli participates in a variety of activities, keeps the staff on its toes with jokes and stories and enjoys many visits from former students, their children who also became graduates, current students, friends and family.





SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION



BR. CLARENCE J. BREITENBACH, C.S.C.

“One thing I ask of the Lord; this I seek: To dwell in the Lord’s house all the days of my life, to gaze on the Lord’s beauty, to visit His temple.” (Psalm 27:4)

Throughout my 85 years, the words of the psalmist have been a resounding and recurring call; at times more prominent than others, but nonetheless a constant prayer for me.

I was one of six children raised in a close-knit and faith-filled family, growing up on a farm in rural Indiana. By no means wealthy, my parents gave us the best gifts of all – a strong work ethic and an even stronger faith. It was this combination of gifts that prompted me to discern the religious life that I eventually came to share with the Congregation of Holy Cross and with the Church.

After completing my high school education in 1945, I was inducted into the Army and served in Europe for 18 months. Throughout my military service, my faith remained strong, particularly with the help of the Sacraments which were readily available. After being discharged, I returned to northern Indiana and obtained a job in a factory in Valparaiso. It was during this time that I experienced the call to serve God as a religious brother in a community of priests and brothers. It was important to me to be a member of a community in which the Sacraments and community prayer were readily present.

I was first interested in the Sacred Heart community which had a seminary not far from my home. I paid them a visit and obtained information on their vocation and formation program. But God was directing me elsewhere. Just after visiting the



Sacred Heart community, I went to see my parish priest. Little did I know that a priest from the Congregation of Holy Cross happened to be visiting my parish and suggested I consider the Holy Cross community at the University of Notre Dame.

My first visit to the Holy Cross community was enough to confirm my call and in 1950 I joined Holy Cross as a postulant. What convinced me were the apostolic works I witnessed in the brothers I met and their love of religious life. I knew this was

where God wanted me to be.

On Aug. 15, 1951, after a year in formation, I received the religious habit at Sacred Heart Church at Notre Dame. I, along with a group of 12 brother postulants and seminarians, began our novitiate year in South Bend, Ind., but completed the year in Jordan, Minn., because the South Bend Novitiate was too small to accommodate the large number of novices.

I made my First Profession of Vows on Aug. 16, 1952, in Jordan, Minn., and my Final Vows Aug. 16, 1955. I remained at the Novitiate for 15 years in charge of the care and maintenance of the buildings and property and determining work assignments for the novices. What drew me to Holy Cross originally, the apostolic works and the life of prayer in community, were affirmed each and every day throughout my time in Jordan.

I returned to Notre Dame after the Novitiate in Minnesota was sold in 1966, and was put in charge of the maintenance of Moreau Seminary and Provincial Administration/Provincial House. My helper, Brother Roderick, not only shared the work

responsibility, but was to become a valued friend and colleague in the care of the buildings and in religious life as well.

After 10 years of faithful service to the Holy Cross community at Moreau Seminary, I moved to Holy Cross House, the residence for elderly and infirmed religious, in which I was again placed in charge of maintenance. I found at Holy Cross House, like I did at the Novitiate, a vibrant life of prayer so close to my heart.

I remained in charge of maintenance at Holy Cross House for 23 years before I passed the reigns to my successor. I was 73 years old at the time and while far from retiring from work with Holy Cross, I was ready to pass the responsibility and pressures onto those ready to assume my former role.

My life in Holy Cross has been and continues to be inspired and blessed by God. It's the only way to explain how I could be successful in my work even though I had no formal training or experience. I believe God gifted me with the ability to intuitively understand systems and processes, boilers and mechanical operations, to take care of the responsibilities given me. I was even able to fabricate

a simplified Zamboni for use on the modest ice rink novices enjoyed for hockey at the Jordan Novitiate. Only God could provide the vision and know-how to do such a thing.

My advice to anyone who is considering the life of a brother is simple: If you're a man who doesn't mind doing the little things and the big things and doing them well and doing them all for the love of God, consider being a brother. A vocation to religious life is not just a job; it's a way of life that requires faithfulness. Trust in God in all things and He will not lead you astray.

At 85, I continue to work for my community as much as my schedule and time allow. I particularly enjoy working outdoors, cutting and hauling fallen trees, raking leaves, clearing brush and doing a host of maintenance tasks that contribute to the beauty of Holy Cross House and the surrounding area.

I believe the "*House of the Lord*" in which I have been privileged to reside in my 60 years of religious life has been strengthened by my daily work and prayer and I feel most blessed to have even a small room in this great house.

BR. ROBERT C. EWALD, C.S.C.

As I reflect on my life of 60-plus years in the Congregation of Holy Cross, I am amazed and profoundly grateful to God, our Father, His Son Jesus, Mary, Joseph and the Holy Spirit for their care and protection throughout my life from birth to the present.

I was born on June 20, 1932, to Wilma and Victor Ewald on a Monday afternoon around 4:00 on a farm near Adams, Minn. Sacred Heart Church in Adams, is a very special place for me. Not only was I baptized and learned to serve Mass there, but my grandparents, August and Helena, and Uncle Augustine, were buried in the church cemetery.

My parents and I moved to Iona, Iowa, and it was there that I received my first Holy Communion in St. Boniface Church in May 1938. By my first Holy Communion, I had a new brother, George (1936-1999) and a new sister, Mary. My brother Paul was born in 1941 and Cheryl Ann, my youngest sister, was born in 1948.

I was confirmed in Immaculate Conception Church on Nov. 20, 1945, in Charles City, Iowa. I then entered the Immaculate Conception High School. Sister Georgina, who I was fond of, told me that she thought that I should become a brother. Rev. William F. Powers guided me my senior year. He was a friend of Rev. Frank Gartland, C.S.C. It was there that my contact with Holy Cross began. Fr. Powers encouraged me to get in contact with Rev. John Wilson, C.S.C. It should be noted here that the Notre Dame football program was a guiding influence for me choosing the Indiana Province of the Congregation of Holy Cross. The University of Notre



Dame had Holy Cross brothers, along with great Notre Dame football teams. Here is where I wanted to be. I graduated from Immaculate Conception High School in June 1950.

In late January 1951, I left Charles City. Even though I was late due to a blizzard, I headed to André House at Notre Dame. The novice class of 1951 received the holy habit on Aug. 15, 1951, in Sacred Heart Church, now Sacred Heart Basilica. From there we proceeded to the Novitiate on Miami Road. Fifty-

plus novices in the old Hoffman Mansion, as well as Rev. William Craddick, C.S.C., Rev. Louis Kelly, C.S.C., Br. DeSales, C.S.C., and Br. Christopher Bauer, C.S.C., were waiting. In June 1952, the Novitiate moved to Jordan, Minn. First Vows were professed on Aug. 16, 1952. A short time later, Br. John Platte, C.S.C., and I made our way to Holy Cross College, Washington, D.C., for our first obedience.

The next few years were glorious. I got to know the theologians studying for the priesthood and the Holy Cross missionaries at the Foreign Mission House. Brother Ludger, C.S.C., was head of maintenance at Holy Cross College. I learned much from Br. Ludger. Br. Marcellus, C.S.C., was bursar and grounds keeper. Rev. Howard Kenna, C.S.C., was Superior, and Rev. Joseph McCartney, C.S.C., Assistant Superior.

I became interested in bird watching while at Holy Cross College. The Capuchins next door to had a bird-banding station and would use the Holy Cross dell to set up their bird-catching nets. I would help remove birds from the nets and became hooked on bird identification. Thus was the befitting love affair

with God's most visible and beautiful feathered creatures begun.

My introduction to Holy Cross Camp, Deer Park, Md., came in the summer of 1953. The shop was being built and plans were being made to build the faculty house starting in the summer of 1954. Soon other projects at camp developed. At one point in the spring of 1955, Br. Ludger, myself and several seminarians found time to plant 5,000 pine trees on vacant land at the beginning of Holy Cross property. Holy Cross House at Deep Creek Lake was a wonderful place to spend one's summers among the forested mountains, deep blue water of Deep Creek Lake and in a cool, not-too-hot climate. I was blessed.

Other obediences around the Indiana province included a time at St. Joseph Hall with the candidates, a short time at the Foreign Mission

House, 10 years at Notre Dame High School, Niles, Ill., and Moreau Seminary.

I currently reside at Holy Cross House.

Occasionally, I visit our Holy Cross Cemetery and stand at the grave of the first priest whose funeral I attended as a postulant in February 1951, Rev. William P. Lennartz, C.S.C. I look down the line to the present and think that I am among these great and holy pillars of Holy Cross. I am filled with wonder and gratitude to God, our Father, for bringing me to Holy Cross knowing that I will be laid to rest with all my brothers in Holy Cross one day.

I wouldn't change a thing. I would do it all over again. Heaven is next.

BR. LOUIS F. HURCIK, C.S.C.

As I grew up in Chicago, a number of my relatives were in the Benedictine order and ministering at St. Vitus, my parish and grade school.

My aunt knew I was thinking of becoming a religious brother and to serve in the Church and introduced me to a Holy Cross brother whom she knew was in the Mission Band at the University of Notre Dame. After graduating from St. Ignatius High School in Chicago in 1950, I joined Holy Cross as a postulant at North Dartmouth, Mass. In January, we moved to Notre Dame, Ind., to found André House – presently the site of Legends Restaurant. I started my novitiate in South Bend, Ind., and ended up moving to the “promised land” beyond the Jordan (Minnesota).

After profession in 1952, I assisted Br. Boniface Landenberger, C.S.C., at Sacred Heart Church and Parish at the University of Notre Dame for 10 years. While living at Moreau Seminary, Rev. Bernie McAvoy, C.S.C., invited me to take a lifeguarding class. However, since I couldn’t swim, he sent me to see Gil Burdick at the Rockne Memorial Pool to join the freshmen in swimming class. I completed the swimming class and did take the lifeguarding class and the water safety instructor course. I ended up teaching swimming and lifeguarding to the seminarians. I also had the privilege of assisting



Rev. Frank Gartland, C.S.C., at the Catholic Boy/Miss magazines from 1960 to 1968. When the Community sold the magazines back to a former publisher, I assisted at Little Flower Parish, South Bend, Ind.

In 1970, Gil Burdick was retiring and suggested to John Scannell, the Director of the Rockne Memorial Gym and Physical Education Department, that I be in charge of the pool and help with the swimming classes. I was to work for the P.E. Department two-thirds time and the Rockne one third time. That's

where I served for the next 30-plus years.

This changed in 2002 to working with the Physical Education Department two-thirds time and University Health Services one third. Since retiring from the P.E. Dept. in 2008, I have the privilege of assisting at the University Health Service as a computer/safety specialist.

I thank God for putting so many wonderful people in my life at just the right time. Also thanks to the Holy Cross Community for so many great opportunities. Several of the people who have been especially important to me include my sister Mary Lou Johnson, and Revs. John Wilson, C.S.C., William Melody, C.S.C., and Robert Pelton, C.S.C.



BR. JOHN J. PLATTE, C.S.C.

I was born and raised in St. Charles, Mo. My parents' faith and trust in God and their example of prayer instilled in me and my two sisters the Christian values of our Catholic faith and the importance of prayer in our life. In my parish grade school, I was educated by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. After my first year at our parish high school, I was educated by the brothers of the Society of Mary at Chaminade College Preparatory School in St. Louis. At the time, Chaminade was a small boarding and day school, and I was influenced by the brothers. Through their example of living a vowed life of prayer in Community and dedication to the apostolate of education, I came to know about different religious vocations in the Church.

Different people and events had an influence on how I came to Holy Cross, the support of my parents, family, friends and teachers. After spending a period of time with the Benedictines at Conception Abbey in northwest Missouri, making a good retreat and seeking advice, I came to realize that I wanted to be a religious brother in an active, apostolic Community.

I entered the novitiate of the Congregation of Holy Cross, Indiana Province, at Sacred Heart Novitiate, South Bend, Ind., in 1951. I made my First Profession of Vows in 1952 and Perpetual Profession of Vows in 1955 at the University of Notre Dame.

After first profession, I was assigned to Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C., at that time the house of theology for the Indiana Province, where I assisted in the accounting office. In 1953, because of a need at our Provincial House in South Bend, Ind., I was assigned



as Secretary to the Provincial and Administrative Assistant to the Provincial Administration. Thus began my long history of 47 years of service in our Province with six Provincials, during which time I served as a member of several Provincial Councils. My ministry in religious life in Holy Cross has been one of service and commitment to our Province and its members and to the Congregation until I retired from that position in December 2000.

In the early spring of 2001, I accepted an assignment on a part-time basis as Facility Coordinator at the Coleman-Morse Center on the Notre Dame campus, the new facility for the offices of Campus Ministry and other activities.

I continue to reside at Moreau Seminary. I value our Community Life together, the time we have for Eucharist, common prayer, companionship in Community and where I am able to maintain contact with our young religious in formation.

In 2012, the occasion for another Holy Cross event is my 60th anniversary of first profession. I have lived and experienced so many changes in our Community life and in my personal life in Holy Cross, including a few health issues from which I have recovered. I pray and ask God to continue to give me His strength, healing and peace in the years ahead in Holy Cross. I may not be so actively involved in a given assignment in our Province, but I continue to be open and interested to be of service in whatever way I can.

May God continue to bless all of us as we continue our journey in faith with joy and hope to make God known, loved and served.



BR. RONALD G. WHELAN, C.S.C.

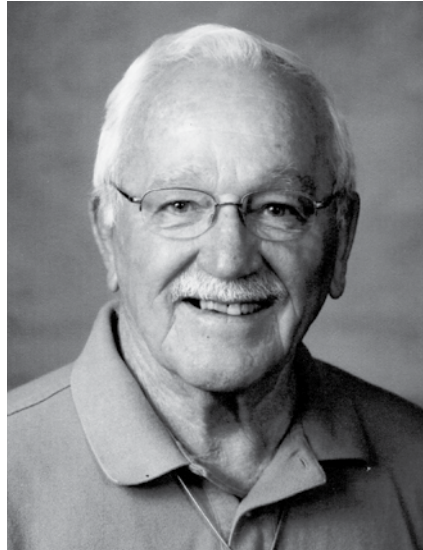
One of the high points of Br. Ronald's life was being in Vatican Square for the canonization of Saint André Bessette. The date, Oct. 17, 2011, was his birthday. Br. Ronald is also Canadian by birth. Visitors to Casa Santa Cruz are often shown the panoramic photo of the Canonization scene in which Br. Ron can point out his "picture."

Br. Ron is the third of five brothers. His parents moved the family to Detroit when he was 2 years old. He was educated by the Adrian Dominican Sisters and the Basilian Fathers through grade school and high school. Then Br. Ron followed his older brother, Gerald, to Holy Cross. His next brother, Edgar, also entered Holy Cross, but is now a priest in the Episcopal Church.

In the earliest years of his professed life, Br. Ron worked briefly at Ave Maria Press and then the bookstore at the University of Notre Dame with Br. Conan Moran, C.S.C. This time was followed by a period as a maintenance worker at the Provincial House on Miami Road.

Then he was asked to serve in the first of two pioneering missions undertaken by the Religious of the Province.

He was among the first Holy Cross Religious to serve at Notre Dame High School for Boys in Niles, Ill. Br. Ron recalls vividly the building of the football stadium at the newly opened school. He also remembers the occasional floods that invaded the building's gymnasium and the faculty house basement. His labors there included grounds keeping, managing the bookstore and serving as Attendance Officer and Dean of Students. He



worked with Rev. Jim Blaes, C.S.C., to set up the school's swimming team. This fete was accomplished without a swimming pool in the school complex and involved many hours and miles driving swimmers to rented and borrowed waters. Br. Ron served at the high school for 15 years.

He then returned to Notre Dame to serve as Assistant Rector at Sorin Hall while he completed his degree with a major in social studies.

With degree in hand, Br. Ron became part of another pioneering effort called Casa Santa Cruz in Phoenix. In its second year of operation, the community was four brothers and two priests. In the next few years, Br. Ron studied in a master of social work program at Arizona State University.

Then he began his full-time ministry to the sick and the poor. For 17 years, Br. Ronald was the social worker in the Neonatal Intensive Care Nursery at St. Joseph's Hospital. His work was with parents of children having difficulty surviving the first years of life. He recalls with delight that Casa Santa Cruz served for several years as a site for a picnic for the "graduates" of their days in ICU. During these years, he was a member of the Arizona Association for Children's Health, for which he served a term as President. He also served as a Board Member of the Phoenix March of Dimes. The hospital also recognized his service by choosing him employee of the year.

While still at the hospital, Br. Ronald became part of another new venture of the Province: André House in Phoenix. This ministry began

with a vision of providing temporary housing to homeless men. Almost from the beginning it began to attract volunteers who set up a mobile soup kitchen for an evening meal. As Br. Ronald became more involved as a full-time member of the André House community, he was instrumental in adding a clothes closet to collect and distribute clothing and blankets to those in need. Later he began a program to help homeless people find employment. This has grown into St. Joseph the Worker, an independent agency that provides employment education and job placements. Br. Ron ministered at André House for five years.

After a year of sabbatical at the School of Applied Theology in Berkeley, Calif., Br. Ron was asked to become Director of André House, Oakland, Calif. This was another five years of service to the homeless.

Following a year as campus minister at California State University at Hayward, he returned to the service of the homeless at the Downtown Chapel in Portland, Ore. — now Saint André Bessette Parish. This would be another four years of direct service to those most in need.

In 2001, the National Association of Religious Brothers honored him with its Call to Brotherhood Award.

After celebrating his 50th Jubilee of Religious Profession in 2002, Br. Ronald “retired” to Casa Santa

Cruz. He works diligently to keep the grounds in top condition. His most pursued enemies are fallen leaves and pigeons. In season, he harvests oranges, grapefruits and lemons. He sends many boxes of fruit to André House and he produces gallons of freshly squeezed orange juice for the Casa community and friends. Br. Ron is a volunteer Eucharistic Minister at St. Joseph Hospital and volunteers in The Clothes Closet at André House.

At this anniversary, Br. Ronald would repeat what he wrote 10 years ago:

“In conclusion, let me offer a sincere word of gratitude and thanks to the Congregation of Holy Cross and the Indiana Province for the countless times they have cared for me in so many ways over the past 60 years. I am at a loss for words to express my thanks to the Congregation. To the Whelan Family and countless friends, I say thank you. Let me ask for forgiveness for the times I have hurt or offended anyone by my actions or omissions. And finally let me again put in a plug for vocations to the religious life, especially brothers in the (United States) Province. I know I speak for the brothers in the Novitiate class of 1951-52 and now the 60th Anniversary class of 2012.

“As a group second to none in their loyalty to the Province, we ask you to pray for us and for vocations to the religious life as Holy Cross brothers in the Province. We have the honor of being the largest class of brothers in the history of the Province. We would like to pass that honor along. Please pray that this happens.”



FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF ORDINATION



REV. HARRY C. CRONIN, C.S.C.

I wrote a play a number of years ago called “The Prophets of Baal.” It was a play about priests. One of the characters, Fr. Gerry, speaks the following lines:

“It’s this giant goodness that moves into your life, when you’re ordained – a huge, giant, unfathomable goodness. And you have to go along with it. You have to let that goodness do whatever it wants to do. You have to let it change you. But along with the goodness is struggle. There has to be, because the goodness – that goodness – means to take over your whole life, every part of you.”

As I celebrate this “giant goodness” approaching 50 years as a Holy Cross priest, part of the “giant goodness” is my deep awareness of the privilege of spending my life with the most amazing group of men in Holy Cross who have encouraged me, molded me, inspired me and led me down the path I began at Old College when I was 17 years old.

The path continued through the Novitiate at Jordan, Minn. (where, incidentally, I wrote my first play) through studies at Moreau where my Superior, Rev. Paul Rankin, C.S.C., decided that I should be exempted from the English class required of all seminarians. Instead I was allowed to take a class in creative writing.

When I began my theology studies at Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C., I was also allowed to begin summer studies in theater at Catholic University of America. By this time, I had decided that I wanted to write plays.

The year I was ordained, 1962, the Tyrone Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis, which had just opened, had begun a program in which they accepted eight



graduate students in theater to work with Tyrone Guthrie himself, who was at that time the most famous theatrical director alive. I applied and was one of the eight.

I began doctoral studies at the University of Minnesota after my year at the Guthrie and began to acquire a deep and special knowledge of theater. Up until this time, I had been given priceless opportunities to learn and to grow. Along with these opportunities, however, I also developed a serious and

dangerous drinking problem, which would pursue me for the next several years.

In spite of this, I received my doctorate and was assigned to the University of Portland and began teaching classes in theater and fine arts. However, the real “giant goodness” of those years came through working in campus ministry, especially with a student retreat called the Antioch Weekend. It was while working on these student retreats that I became more deeply aware of the reality of Jesus Christ in my life and the lives of others.

At the same time, because of my continuing problem with alcohol, the years at the University of Portland were difficult, both for me and my Community; but it was during these years that another “giant goodness” entered my life: the gift of recovery from alcoholism. This truly amazing grace literally saved my life and gave my life – and my writing – a new and wonderful dimension. It is a gift for which I am careful to be grateful one day at a time.

I then moved to Los Angeles, became associate pastor at St. Francis Parish in Burbank, Calif., and

began to see that my ministry as a priest had to be directed to the whole spectrum of human life. While working at the University, I had ministered to young people who were growing up and, perhaps, falling in love. At Burbank, I ministered to them struggling with marriage and children, growing old and, of course, facing death.

At the same time, I started working with several professional theater groups in Los Angeles. I learned that my writing was an integral part of my ministry, not separate from it. I had several plays produced professionally in Los Angeles. I wrote a one-man play called "Memoirs of Jesus." I originally wrote the play while serving as Chaplain to the Holy Cross Sisters in Tiberias, Israel. It was my own personal, creative attempt to more closely identify with Jesus. The play received two critic's awards and was later produced in Canada.

For five years, I served as Director of Campus Ministry at Notre Dame High School in Sherman Oaks, Calif., and later began work as a Hospital Chaplain for the Veteran's Administration. I had the

privilege of working with Vietnam veterans who had been diagnosed with post-traumatic stress. I discovered that being a Hospital Chaplain was the perfect job for a playwright. The Chaplain was always called at the tragic climax when everything else had failed. Being a playwright helped.

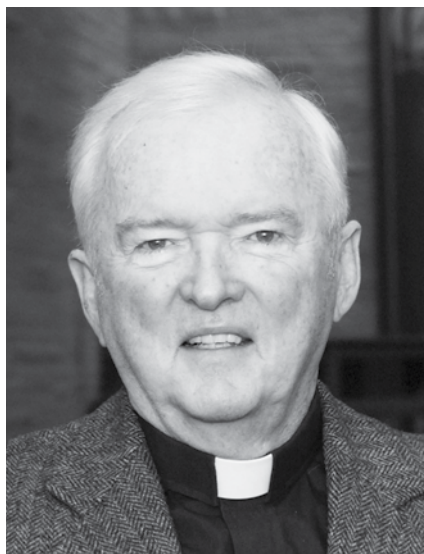
I was offered a position to teach theater at the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley, Calif., and moved to the Bay Area where I became Director of Holy Cross Center, our house of studies and sabbatical house. I continued writing and had the opportunity to teach playwriting.

Last year, Rev. Ed Obermiller, C.S.C., one of our Assistant Provincials, asked me if I could write a one-man play about Brother André to honor his canonization. I told him I would try. The result was a play called "The Lesson of Wood." The play was presented at our Province assembly. I was finally able to do for my Community which I loved, the one thing I did best.

It is all indeed a "giant goodness."

REV. JAMES J. DENN, C.S.C.

I was born to Mary Rose Hanley and Nicholas Edward Denn on Dec. 16, 1935, in Watertown, N.Y., I was their fifth son in six years of marriage; three daughters were to follow. My family moved to Utica, N. Y. in the summer of 1936, where my father found employment as a telegrapher for the New York Central Railroad. Our first home was a block from Our Lady of Lourdes Parish in South Utica. Within six years, we moved into a home owned by the parish. It was located next to the parish school between the rectory and the convent. At our kindergarten graduation in 1940, Sr. Paula, D.C., dressed four boys from my class as priests, as there were four priests in our parish. Two of us are priests today. Our proximity to the church, rectory and convent occasioned close contact with both the priests of the parish and the Daughters of Charity, who encouraged all the parish children to pray for vocations to the priesthood and religious life. I was an altar boy during all my grammar and high school years and subscribed to the Catholic Boy Magazine. I served on the altar when Servant of God Patrick Peyton was preaching on the Family Rosary as he traveled from Albany to California. In 1949, I followed my brothers to St. Francis de Sales School. There I met the Xaverian Brothers, who taught 160 high school boys on the north side of the third floor of the parochial school. Throughout these years at home, the parish priests, the Daughters of Charity and the Xaverian Brothers encouraged me to pray and discern if God was calling me to priesthood or religious life. I remained faithful to the Miraculous Medal Novena every Monday afternoon, asking the



favor of knowing and following the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

As a high school freshman, I met and became a close friend of Tom Nicknish, with whom I traveled to South Bend at Thanksgiving time in 1951. He was traveling to visit his brother John, who was a freshman in Farley Hall. My father's railroad pass made this trip possible. Br. Martin John Spalding, C.F.X., graduated from the University of Notre Dame as a layman and was responsible for John's attendance at Notre Dame. At the time of our

visit, I met Rev. Charlie Sheedy, C.S.C., who was then Rector of Farley Hall. The following Thanksgiving, Tom and I again went to visit Notre Dame. My brother Ed, who served four years in the Korean conflict, was a freshman enjoying the benefits of the G.I. Bill. During this visit, Ed was insistent that I meet Rev. Dan O'Neil, C.S.C., who was the Director of Old College. Apparently, Fr. O'Neil was trying to persuade Ed to join Holy Cross, but Ed begged off and told Fr. Dan that he would bring me out instead. The visit was followed by a great letter of support and encouragement from Rev. John Wilson, C.S.C., and in September 1953, I reported to Old College.

After a year at Old College, I traveled to Jordan, Minn., for the novitiate year with Rev. Bill Craddick, C.S.C. I returned to Moreau Seminary to graduate from Notre Dame in May 1958 and then it was off to Rome and the Gregorian University for four years of theology. I just happened to be in the Basilica of St. Paul outside the walls when, in January 1959, Pope John XXIII announced Vatican Council II. It was my good fortune to be in Rome for the

four years of preparation prior to the Council, for its opening and for two of the sessions. With Ordination to the priesthood on Dec. 3, 1961, I then received the Licentiate in Sacred Theology from the Gregorian in June 1962 and after two months in the States, I returned to Rome to begin doctorate of Sacred Theology studies at the Alphonsianum. In September 1964, I began teaching Canon Law and Moral Theology at Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C., where I remained until its closing in 1968. During these years, I helped in a number of local parishes, became active in the Christian Family Movement and assisted in retreat ministry. I returned to Rome for the academic year in 1968-69 to write my dissertation and was awarded the Doctorate of Sacred Theology in June 1969. Rev. Howard Kenna, C.S.C., asked me to help at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore, and after a year, Rev. Christopher O'Toole, C.S.C., persuaded me to come to New Orleans to teach at Notre Dame Seminary. I also became involved in the formation program of the Southern Province. After three years at Notre Dame Seminary as Academic Dean and teacher of Moral Theology, I accepted the position of Academic Dean and Moral Theology teacher at Sacred Heart School of Theology in Milwaukee. I remained there for three years. I then substituted in theology for a year at the University of Portland before going back to the Washington area. I found residence in St. Luke Parish in McLean, Va., and taught at the Immaculata College for Women until it closed two years later. Returning to South Bend, I was assigned to Holy Cross Parish and taught a course in Moral Theology at Notre Dame for two semesters.

Washington, D.C., had always attracted me, and I was able to return to St. Luke Parish to become active

in religious education for adults. At that time, I was introduced to the Hospice movement. After serving as a volunteer chaplain, I accepted a full-time position as the first chaplain for the Hospice of Northern Virginia, where I remained for three years while still living and assisting at St. Luke Parish. After three years at Hospice, I returned to teaching for a year at Loyola College in Baltimore. Then I was asked to return and teach the Moral Theology at Sacred Heart in Wisconsin. The new Rector at Sacred Heart was prepared to teach the moral theology courses that I had taught so that I could return to Washington to become chaplain for the Damien Ministries, a lay group ministering to HIV/AIDS patients, their families and friends. I also served as Chaplain at the Holy Cross Hospital Hospice, a ministry of the Holy Cross Sisters. In 1989, I returned to retreat ministry at Fatima Retreat House and volunteered to help Rev. Tom Waldron, C.S.C., when he became sick while serving as Chaplain at St. Anthony Hospital in Michigan City. Upon his death, I was asked to assume the position of Chaplain, which I held for two years before serving for a year at Providence Hospital in Holyoke, Mass. From there, I went back to Washington to serve for five years as a Chaplain at Georgetown University Hospital. I felt a need to get back to Community life and was then assigned to Little Flower Parish in South Bend. After a year, I was asked to help out at the Oratory of St. Joseph and then I moved to Sacred Heart Parish in New Orleans, where they were in need of a priest. Again, I became a Hospice Chaplain until I left to spend six months at St. Luke Center in Silver Spring, Md. In 2005, I began my life at Holy Cross House.

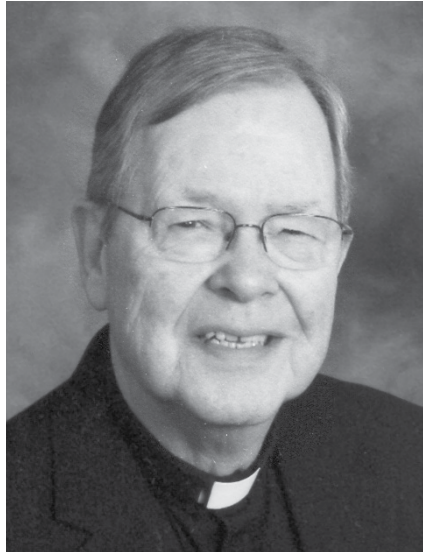
REV. JEROME C. ESPER, C.S.C.

I was born at home in Cleveland, on Oct. 5, 1935, the fourth of the five children God entrusted to our parents, Joseph and Leona (Kunzen). Two weeks later, I was baptized at Blessed Sacrament Church, which remained my family's parish right up to the time of my first Mass in the States in August 1962.

Life in that depression/pre-war era was fairly austere, but we never wanted for anything. It was a life lived, even physically, very close to the church; daily Mass, becoming servers as soon as permitted and also regular involvement in the public devotional life typical of the time. We prayed the family Rosary daily after supper as the dishes were being done. There was this special twist: We children remained seated around the table while my mother washed and my father dried, the hope being that we would better focus on prayer.

There was in my family, from my earliest years, a vivid awareness of consecrated life. Between them, my parents had 10 cousins who were religious sisters in five different communities. And when I was a year old, a first cousin entered the Jesuit Novitiate, continuing on to be ordained in 1949 as I graduated from Blessed Sacrament.

Perhaps I can say my vocation in Holy Cross began in the seventh grade. That year, Rev. John Wilson, C.S.C., came to our school and spoke to the older boys about the priesthood and about the minor seminary at Notre Dame. I don't recall the details of application, but in September 1949, I arrived at Holy Cross Seminary. The four years there under



the tutelage of exemplary – and seemingly tireless – priests ended with commencement on a sweltering June day in 1953. Our graduation in the gym of the just-completed Butler building was the very first event to take place in what is now known as Holy Cross Annex.

On Aug. 15, 1953, I received the habit in Jordan, Minn. A year later began my undergraduate career at Notre Dame, which concluded with commencement in June 1958 as a member of the last group to graduate from the old

Moreau Seminary. With five others of the class, I was assigned to Rome for theology. In late September, we sailed on the S.S. Independence for Italy.

The first semester in Rome was surely the most distracted, yet also the most memorable of all my years in school. We disembarked in Naples on Oct. 6, 1958. The previous day, Pope Pius XII had suffered a stroke at Castel Gandolfo. He lingered for four days, dying on Thursday, Oct. 9. So less than a week in Rome, we were participating in all the public events of a papal funeral. Still in the period of mourning, our classes began at the Gregorian University.

In short order, the somber time passed into a time of multiplying celebrations. On Tuesday, Oct. 28, after the 11th ballot of the conclave, Cardinal Giuseppe Roncalli came out onto the loggia of St. Peter's to give his first blessing as Pope John XXIII. His coronation (the papal tiara was still in use) took place on the loggia after Mass just one week later on Nov. 4. Not many days later came a wonderful surprise for us in Holy Cross with the publication of a list of new cardinals, which included our own

Archbishop John O'Hara, C.S.C., of Philadelphia. Before the actual consistory came the celebration at the Collegio of Ordination to the priesthood of our fourth-year theologians.

The consistory took place in early Advent, the major public event being the conferring of the red hat in St. Peter's. In the afternoon on the same day, the personal galero of each new cardinal was formally delivered to his place of residence. This ceremony occurred twice at the Generalate because in addition to Cardinal O'Hara, another new cardinal, Amleto Cicognani, the just-retired Apostolic Delegate to the United States, was in temporary residence there. The final ceremony of the consistory ritual several days later was the taking possession by Cardinal O'Hara of his titular church, San Gregorio al Celio.

Not long after all these celebrations came the celebration of Christmas. A kind of coda to all the excitement of that time was the announcement by Pope John XXIII on Jan. 25, 1959, that he intended to convoke an ecumenical council.

For the first three years, my stay in Rome coincided with that of my brother Jim, a student at another Roman seminary. In August 1960, my parents and I had the happiness of attending his Ordination in Orvieto Cathedral. Five days later on Aug. 19, we were received in a special audience (about 40 people) with Pope John XXIII, at Castel Gandolfo. He spoke to everyone individually. Seeing my habit, he asked about my congregation. When I said Holy Cross, he immediately replied: "O, Fratello Andrea! Lui mi piace molto perchè sono anch'io Giuseppe. — Oh, Brother André! I like him a lot because I too am Joseph (his middle name)."

Less than 16 months later, on the first Sunday of Advent, Dec. 3, 1961, I was ordained with eight classmates in the Generalate chapel by Cardinal Luigi Traglia, Pope John's Vicar for Rome. So soon after their trip for my brother's Ordination, my parents felt a return for mine would be out of reach.

But through a gift of their airfare from my late sister Jeanne, they were happily there.

I arrived back at Notre Dame in August 1962 for the pastoral year, during which I prefected in Dillon Hall and taught a freshman theology course. A year later, I returned to Rome to complete a requirement for the Licentiate in Sacred Theology. I then enrolled at the Accademia Alfonsiana, where I followed courses for two years. They were the years of the second and third sessions of Vatican II, and among my Redemptorist professors were two associated with that event: one as an eminent peritus, Rev. Bernard Haering, C.Ss.R., the other as a celebrated gossip, Rev. Francis X. Murphy, C.Ss.R., a.k.a. Xavier Rynne.

Back at Notre Dame in 1965, I went on to teach theology to juniors for four years, the first of which I prefected in Badin Hall and the last three as Rector of Stanford Hall.

A major transition in 1969 took me to Gilmour Academy in Gates Mills, Ohio, as chaplain and teacher. Two years later, Rev. Robert Kramer, C.S.C., took over as head Chaplain, enabling me as his assistant to follow courses for the next two years at John Carroll University, which led in May 1973 to my being certified as a teacher of German and French.

Assigned that fall to Notre Dame High School in Niles, Ill., I would remain there for the next 12 years, teaching those languages as well as assisting several years with Spanish classes. In 1981 and 1983, I led groups of my students on three-week tours of the German- and French-speaking countries of Europe. Learning of these experiences, Rev. John VanWolfelear, C.S.C., a new priest at "Little Sem" when I was a new seminarian there, recommended me to Rev. Thomas Oddo, C.S.C., as a potential director for the University of Portland. I received the appointment and happily served the two-year term from 1985 to 1987 in that beautiful place.

With no opening in Niles at my return, I served for the next three years as Chaplain to the brothers and French teacher at Holy Cross High School in River Grove, Ill. There followed two years, 1990 to 1992, of assisting at St. Mary's in Chesterville, Ontario, where my brother was pastor. A diabetic assault on his vision required surgery and extensive laser treatments and the Province graciously allowed me to help him as he struggled against total blindness.

My brother's condition stabilized and I returned to the States in the summer of 1992, this time to Notre Dame, Niles, where I would remain the next 15 years. I assisted in the guidance department, but also taught French and Spanish, adding briefly Latin and Italian. To have taught at some point all five foreign languages offered at the school set a mark that is still unmatched.

Extra tasks and opportunities were always available in Niles. I mention just two. For almost all my years there, I served as Treasurer of the Mission Mardi Gras, which over the course of its 40-plus years, raised some \$200,000 principally for Holy Cross in Bangladesh and East Africa. And in 1992, I instituted a weekly Holy Hour at the end of classes on Tuesdays, which I conducted until we left the school in 2007. For the Community, I helped with steward and bookkeeping duties, was Sacristan for many years and for four years local Superior.

Outside pastoral assistance was the norm. I recall especially the three years spent in service to the Carmel of St. Joseph in Des Plaines, Ill., where the sisters to this day remain esteemed spiritual companions. Yet Canada remains the place of my most enduring pastoral involvement. Save for the years 1990 to 1992, it was not continuous. But for most of 40 years, at Christmas, Easter and for three weeks each summer, I would join my brother Jim at his current pastorate in the Archdiocese of Kingston, Ontario, to be of what assistance I could. Even after he achieved emeritus status, I joined him

at St. Mary's, Chesterville, where he remained in residence until his death in March 2010.

A special privilege of all these years is that I have sung the "Exsultet" at the Easter Vigil more than 30 times.

In 2007, when Holy Cross withdrew from Notre Dame High School, I came to Our Lady of Fatima House, Notre Dame, Ind., where there are regular opportunities for volunteering and pastoral assistance.

I am very aware at this anniversary of how richly God has blessed me in my two families: that of my origin (all of whom have now gone to God but my brother Jack) and that of Holy Cross. I have lived my life in the midst of faithful, generous, accepting, forgiving friends. For those already gone home, as well as those who remain, I express daily my prayerful gratitude. I have been given so much more than I could even imagine being able adequately to give back.



I add here a special memory from my early years as a priest: In the fall of 1964, while studying at the Accademia Alfonsiana in Rome, I was serving as Chaplain at Notre Dame International School conducted by Holy Cross Brothers. One day, one of the brothers came to me and said that the father of a boarder in the grade-school division was looking for a priest to do a favor. This boy's father was working in the U.S. Embassy in Budapest and the favor was to acquire a new skull cap for Cardinal Joseph Mindszenty. Of course, I agreed to do it.

Cardinal Joseph Mindszenty, Archbishop of Budapest, was tortured, tried and sentenced to life in prison in 1949 in a notorious Communist show trial. Freed for five days in the October revolt of 1956, he sought asylum in the American embassy when the Russian tanks rolled in. By this time, he had been there eight years.

Some days later, I received a large envelope which had come to Rome by diplomatic pouch. It contained a letter written in the cardinal's name, as well as his skull cap, which he likely had been using for 15 years. It had deteriorated to the point that it had virtually no color but a little pink here and there, the rest being perspiration stain and the whole held together by successive applications of sweatband. The cardinal insisted in the letter on complete confidentiality; no one was even to see the zucchetto except for me and the haberdasher near the Vatican where I went for its replacement. There the clerk opened a few small drawers until he found the right size. Learning the price, I asked for two.

As instructed, I put the original letter, old skull cap and the new ones back into the envelope. I

included a personal letter expressing my solidarity and offering the caps as a gift. The envelope returned as it had come via diplomatic pouch. There was no further communication.

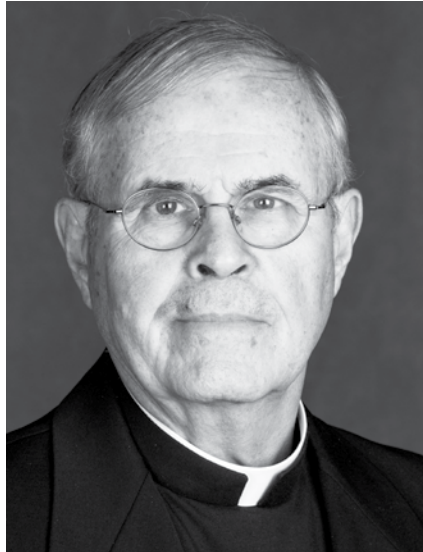
I feel certain that the cardinal would have been wearing one of those zucchetti when in 1971, under the pressure of Cardinal Casaroli's Ostpolitik, he left the embassy and Hungary where he had hoped to die. His exile continued in Vienna, where he passed away in May 1975. Buried at first in the Austrian shrine of Mariazell, he returned home at last in 1991 to be entombed among his own in the cathedral in Esztergom.

I have always considered it a great honor to have assisted this distinguished fellow priest; this courageous, persevering confessor of the faith.

REV. JAMES F. FLANIGAN, C.S.C.

I come from Chicago in a neighborhood called Canaryville, an Irish ghetto on the southwest side, near the stockyards and a mile from Comiskey Park. My parents were Donald and Marie Flanigan and I was raised with my sister, Anna Marie Franko and my brothers Don and Tom. I first knew about Holy Cross in 1948 when Rev. John Wilson, C.S.C., visited my grade school, St. Gabriel's. He told us about the seminary program and a visit to "Little Sem." It was enough to put all the other seminary trips out of the picture.

I entered Holy Cross Seminary in 1949, and then in 1955, the Novitiate in Jordan, Minn. I attended Moreau Seminary at the University of Notre Dame and studied theology at Holy Cross Seminary in Washington, D.C. I got involved in art through Rev. Anthony Lauck, C.S.C., who was my mentor since I was a sophomore at Notre Dame. I later earned a master's degree in art at Notre Dame during summer school and then a Master's of Fine Arts in sculpture under the direction of Heinz Warneke



at the Corcoran College of Art and Design, George Washington University in Washington, D.C.

I was Director of the Old College program and then later on the staff at Moreau Seminary. After returning to Notre Dame, I taught sculpture and drawing for 44 years. I served as the Associate Vice President for Student Affairs at Notre Dame and was also the Second Assistant Provincial of Indiana Province, concentrating on the renovation of Holy Cross House. In addition to teaching at Notre Dame, I assisted for

many years at St. Peter Church in La Porte, Ind. I am presently doing a sculpture of St. Peter the Fisherman for them. I ministered to the women of Lewis Hall for more than 20 years. Now living in Corby Hall, I continue working on sculpture.

The joy of my priesthood in Holy Cross has been in celebrating the Eucharist, teaching, living with and ministering to students and especially the brotherhood of Holy Cross, family and friends.



REV. GREGORY A. GREEN, C.S.C.

During my elementary school years, I thought of many different paths that I might like to walk. One choice was to become a priest. I thought that I would study for the priesthood after I graduated from high school. Priests, seminary recruiters, would visit our school and take us to visit seminaries. All the recruiters told me that it would be better for me to enter the seminary right after elementary school. I believed them, so shortly after my birthday at the age of 14, I left home and began my 13 years of preparation for the priesthood at Holy Cross Seminary on the campus of the University of Notre Dame.

The seminary programs were rigorous – incoming and outgoing mail was opened for our superiors to read if they felt there was a need; no newspapers, no radio and no TV (but that was in its infancy, so no big loss). We could have visitors once a month and twice a semester we could have lunch with our family – visitors. Although we could not go home for Thanksgiving or Easter, we were able to go home for Christmas. We had a very heavy study and housework schedule; also we were required to take strenuous outdoor recreation for one hour each weekday and two hours each non-school day. (Today this is seen as a very healthy program.)

Although the seminary program was strict, I am where I am because of, or in spite of, it.

After the high school seminary, I was received into the Holy Cross Community when I entered the novitiate – a year of prayer, study and reflection before we would have to decide if we would continue on our course to the priesthood. This beautiful year of “being away” was spent in the quiet countryside of Minnesota.



At the end of the novitiate year, I made my first profession and I came back to Notre Dame to begin my college career. I graduated from Notre Dame in 1958 and went to Washington, D.C., to begin my final four years of theological study before my Ordination. It was an exciting time to be in D.C. – Senate hearings and the election of John Kennedy, whom I met and whose inauguration I attended.

At the conclusion of the four years, I returned to Notre Dame and was ordained a priest in Sacred Heart Church on June 6, 1962. That summer I assisted at a parish in Detroit. I then returned to Notre Dame for my first priestly assignment – the Chaplain (Assistant Rector) of Breen-Phillips Hall. It was a great and exciting year. At its end I was sent to Texas to assist in a parish for the summer. Then, in 1963, I received my first long-term parish assignment at St. Bernard's Parish, Watertown, Wisc.

Some say a priest has a love affair with his first parish; perhaps it's true. I'm still very much in love with my Watertown experience. My years at St. Bernard's were energetic years: “The council” was in session and much was changing in the Church. It was an interesting, challenging and very, very busy time. Watertown isn't a large city, so I got to know “the city” rather well, especially the youth. Our parish became the center for youth activity – all youth, not just the parish. Great events took place and I'm still in contact with those who were the youth leadership.

In 1967, I was told to assist at St. Joseph's Parish in South Bend. I came to the parish with two other priests; all three new at the same time. St. Joe is a great parish and we were to bring it into the post-Vatican

era. It was a busy and enjoyable placement and, again, with some of the greatest people. I served there until 1972 when I was asked to help in the formation of our new members (novices) at the Novitiate, then located in Bennington, Vt.

My years in the Novitiate were blessed with prayer, strong Community life and farm work. My fellow staff were the finest religious that one could hope to work with and the novices that God sent us during those years were the most enthused and energetic men that could be chosen. Again, these were happy and beautiful years.

When I left the Novitiate, a new academic year was well underway, so I was on partial sabbatical, spending several months in our house in Phoenix with a great group of C.S.C.s, the majority composed of recently ordained who were full of energy – a great, happy place.

In 1975, I was asked to go to Holy Cross Parish in South Bend for a year so that the pastor could attend a renewal program. Again, even though I was there for only one year, I was serving some wonderful people in a huge parish and it was again a good placement.

Subsequently, I was able to come to Notre Dame to serve in a residence hall. I was the Rector of Sorin Hall. It was a rich experience and things went well. At the conclusion of the first year, I was asked to be the Associate Vice President of Student Affairs. In this capacity, I was in charge of all the personnel serving in all of the residence halls, which is the pastoral side of the Notre Dame experience. This, too, was a very active, but most enjoyable, placement. I served in this office until 1984.

1984 was a sabbatical year. The first semester I was enrolled in an excellent renewal program and was asked to assist in the administration of the program when my session concluded.

I was then asked to be on the formation staff at Moreau Seminary for a three-year term. However, after my second year, the University asked that I serve as the Staff Chaplain. In 1988, until today, I began this ministry to the 4,000-plus employees of the University. I am not their pastor, but I am with them in any need – happy occasions (picnics, award banquets, Christmas gatherings, recognition dinners) and at times of pain and grief (hospitalizations, wakes and funerals – not only of employees and retirees, but also of spouses, children, parents, grandparents and in-laws). It is a very rewarding ministry. All of these events are significant moments and I'm privileged to be with them. I am with them for consultation, prayer services and departmental Masses for weddings and Baptisms. Simultaneous with my appointment as Staff Chaplain, I was asked to be the resident priest in a residence hall where 280-some women have their campus home. These bright, beautiful, young "crazies" are a joy to be with.

In all, my 50 years of priesthood have been a blessed pleasure. It has all been pastoral ministry and I've had the good fortune of great placements and have served with some of the greatest pastors and supervisors in our recent C.S.C. history, notably: Rev. Vince Thilman, C.S.C., Rev. Don Guertin, C.S.C., Rev. Bill Neidhart, C.S.C., Rev. Tom Barrosee, C.S.C., Rev. John Van Wolvlear, C.S.C., Rev. John Gerber, C.S.C., and Rev. Dick Warner, C.S.C.

That brings me up to today with great gratitude for all the support and prayers of family and friends to whom I've ministered and for my C.S.C. brothers who walked with me. What's next? That word "retirement" has a very nice ring to it. We'll see!

REV. WILLIAM R. PERSIA, C.S.C.

Mrs. Mary Persia gave birth to a son, whom she and her husband Tony named William, after his maternal grandfather. This came to be in Niagara Falls, N.Y., one of the modern wonders of the world! His father died when he was 2 years old and his mother Mary was a widow at the age of 32. They moved in with her parents and she went to work to support Bill and his three sisters: Loretta, Jo and Mimi.

He attended Sacred Heart Grade School and perfected his talent in music in the church choir and also taking lessons in piano from the church organist. Later he became church organist at Mount Carmel Church while he attended Niagara Falls High School, where he took every course in music that was available. When he graduated from high school, he attended the University of New York at Fredonia, where he specialized in music, earning his Bachelor of Science degree in music education.

Insofar as his vocation to the priesthood existed from his grade school years, he knew that it was now or never in order to put it to the test. He entered the seminary at North Easton, Mass., in the Congregation of Holy Cross, in what was then the Eastern Province. He found a natural outlet for his talent in music working with the seminarian choir. He studied philosophy and Latin that he did not have at Fredonia for one year and then was sent to the Novitiate in Bennington, Vt., for a year of prayer and study with respect to the Congregation of Holy Cross family of priests, brothers and sisters.

He returned to the seminary at North Easton for one year to complete his studies and was then sent to the mother house of the Congregation at Le Mans,



France, where he studied theology at the diocesan seminary where the founder of the Congregation used to teach theology. He didn't know French and so he and all of the other Americans who were there had a three-hour study in French when they returned home from class. They were able to take their exams written and spoken in English up until Christmas and then everything was in French thereafter. It worked because they were constantly surrounded by the French language! France had a special indult from Rome to teach all of theology in three

years. While in France, Fr. Bill also studied Gregorian chant (the Monastery of Solesmes was close by), with the idea of returning to the States to teach Gregorian chant in the seminary.

He never got a chance to use it because with Vatican II, Latin was out and the vernacular was in and he was out of a job! When he returned to the States after Ordination, he was not able to function as priest because Rome required four years of theology. So his Provincial Superior sent him to Spain so that he could learn a new language and at the same time show that he had had another year of theology. After that first year of study, Fr. Bill was assigned to work with Rev. Patrick Peyton, C.S.C., who at the time was having a Rosary Crusade in Madrid. He remained with Fr. Peyton and the Family Crusades in Spain for five years and then returned to the States.

He had always wanted to teach and was assigned to teach French and Spanish and to be Superior of the local Community at St. Peter's High School at Gloucester, Mass. After three years, the Archdiocese of Boston sold the school to the local school system

due to financial problems in the diocese. Several priests and brothers from the Congregation were then sent to St. Mark's High School in Wilmington, Del., and Fr. Bill was one of them. He taught French, Spanish and Italian. It was in his ninth year at the school that he felt that he might have a vocation to the contemplative life and was given permission to go to Holy Cross Abbey in Georgia, where he remained for six months and then returned to the Congregation of Holy Cross.

He then was asked to teach French and Spanish in one of the high schools of the English-speaking Canadian Province, where he remained for a year. His uncle passed away and he was executor of his will and then was asked to assist at St. Joseph's Parish in Niagara Falls until he was able to clear up his uncle's estate. He was then assigned to teach and be Chaplain to the Holy Cross Brothers at Cardinal Mooney High School in Rochester, N.Y., where he taught French, Spanish and Italian.

In his last year at Cardinal Mooney, he was asked to go to Perú and do missionary work there. He spent 20 years in Perú working in the parish as assistant in Lima and also taught at one of the schools run by the Sisters of the Divine Master. Then he became pastor in Chimbote, where he remained for three years. Then he was asked to become principal of the school in Lima and then Superior of the District of Perú. He worked mainly in Lima, Chimbote, a fishing village, and in Tacna on the border with Chile.

He obtained his master's degree in religious studies and spiritual direction from Fordham University before he became principal of the school in Perú. When he returned to the States on vacation, he was asked to become Superior of one of our houses of retirement at North Dartmouth, Mass. From there, he was asked to take on a new apostolate helping out at the parish of St. Rita in Florida, which is half Spanish-speaking and half English-speaking. He is presently there.

REV. CHESTER S. PRUSYNSKI, C.S.C.

May 16, 1920-April 22, 2012

Fr. Pru, as he was affectionately known on the Bluff and within the Community, had been living at Holy Cross House in Notre Dame, Ind., since 2010 and was recently eagerly anticipating his 50th Jubilee and a chance to celebrate with old friends and his brothers in Holy Cross. Fr. Pru went to be with our Lord on April 22, 2012, but his Golden Anniversary will still be noted and celebrated by those who knew and loved him. He wrote this autobiographical piece in honor of the Jubilee.



I was born in Biron, Wisc., on May 16, 1920.

For three-and-a-half years, I honorably served in the Pacific Theater as first staff sergeant in the U.S. Air Force. Thanks to the G.I. Bill, I was able to attend Marquette University and graduated in the spring of 1950. I later received a master's degree in education at the University of Wisconsin in 1953.

I joined the Congregation of Holy Cross when I entered Sacred Heart Novitiate in Jordan in 1956 and made my First Vows there a year later. After a year at Moreau Seminary at the University of Notre Dame and four years of theology at Holy Cross College, Washington, D.C., I was ordained to the priesthood in St. John Cathedral, Milwaukee, on May 26, 1962.

Following a year in the pastoral apprenticeship program at Notre Dame and a year's teaching and prefecting in a student residence hall, I was

assigned to the University of Portland, where I taught accounting and became a Steward of the local Holy Cross Community. I also assisted in various parishes in the Portland area.

While at the University of Portland, I enjoyed watching my students grow in and out of the classroom. As I retired from teaching, I was able to spend more time supporting the students on the playing field. I enjoyed spending countless hours at the athletic facilities

around campus. It was a blessing to see those students excel on and off the field. My real love was, and still is, University of Portland soccer. To this day, I receive game tapes from my many friends at University of Portland and I watch them with great passion, just as if I were sitting on the sidelines.

I moved to Holy Cross House on the campus of Notre Dame in August 2010. Since that time, I have been able to visit the many sporting events on campus and have connected with many of my former students and friends from the University of Portland. I am enjoying all the wonderful sports programs on the campus of Notre Dame. I particularly enjoy the women's basketball program, along with the soccer and baseball teams.



REV. DAVID SHERRER, C.S.C.

I was born in Marion, Ohio, the last of the four children of Harold Dee Sherrer and Catherine Fye Sherrer. My family had deep roots in Marion. My grandfather, Arnold W. Sherrer, was a stone contractor who built churches, court houses and mansions from cut stone found in Ohio's quarries. In the 1890s, he built the parish church that still stands on North Main Street and serves St. Mary Parish, and he and my grandmother, Eva Dee, were married there on Thanksgiving Day of 1898. I attended St. Mary's Parochial School for 12 years before applying for admission to Holy Cross and to the University of Notre Dame in 1953. I made my novitiate in Jordan, Minn., and graduated from Notre Dame in 1958. I was sent to study theology at the Pontifical Gregorian University in Rome and was ordained, with several others now celebrating their 50th anniversary, in the chapel of the Collegio di Santa Croce, by Luigi Cardinal Traglia, Vicar Apostolic for Rome, on Dec. 3, 1961.

After returning from studies in Rome in 1962, I spent a year at Notre Dame, again with fellow Ordination classmates, in a year of pastoral studies. In the academic year 1963-64, I was sent to the University of Portland to teach English classes and assist in a residence hall, as well as doing some other pastoral work. I was back at Notre Dame the next year to finish a master's degree in English as part of my preparation for college teaching. From 1965 to 1969, I studied at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where I completed doctoral studies.

I returned happily to Portland, where I took up a regular position on the English faculty and, again, lived in a residence hall. By the early 1970s I was also serving as Chair of the English department. To my



surprise, I learned that a couple of friends in the Congregation who were active in the northeastern part of the country had put my name into the search for a new President of King's College. I made my first trip to Wilkes-Barre, Pa., in December 1973 and found myself accepting the Board's appointment in January 1974. I actually began my service as President in July of that year and was soon startled to learn that many of my obligations called me to service in the larger community – on the boards of institutions like the Chamber of Commerce and United Way,

the local public library, a statewide association of independent colleges and even a federal commission for the economic development of northeastern Pennsylvania. But my essential service was to the staff and faculty and student body of the King's. Although I had known scarcely a single individual before my becoming a part of King's, I found this community not only welcoming, but very much like other communities I had known since joining Holy Cross.

In 1980, I indicated to the board at King's that I would like to return to service within my own Province, and my Provincial graciously extended to me a sabbatical year in 1981-82, which I spent with the Holy Cross Community at Berkeley, Calif. I returned to the University of Portland in 1982 and have been here ever since. I served as Dean of the graduate school until 1987, when the President of the University, Rev. Tom Oddo, C.S.C., asked me to serve as Academic Vice President. After Tom's tragic death in an automobile accident in 1989, I continued in the same office at the request of the new President.

As my 60th year approached, I felt the desire to return to teaching before retirement. Another

sabbatical helped me prepare for teaching and in 1996, I found myself teaching introduction to literature, as well as courses in Shakespeare, Chaucer, Irish writers and a course I had invented long before: History and Politics in Fiction. These years of teaching led me to the most satisfying ministry of my life. I supplemented this work with occasional service of a Catholic community

in Stevenson, Wash. I had first offered Mass for this community, which has never had a resident priest, in 1969, and I have continued to go there on a monthly basis (but occasionally more frequently). I note that a couple of the young boys whom I remember as servers back in the 1970s still appear in the congregation on Sundays, but now accompanied by their grandchildren.

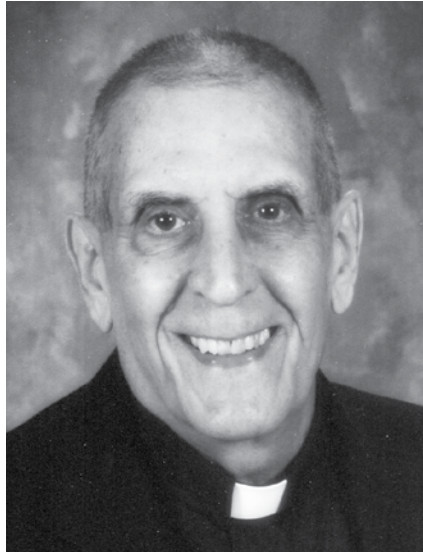
REV. RONALD R. TRIPI, C.S.C.

As I prepare now to celebrate with my classmates our 50th anniversary of Ordination to the Priesthood, my heart and soul are filled with gratitude, a deep and abiding gratitude to Our Heavenly Father and to so many others who have made this day possible.

When I arrived at the University of Notre Dame as a lay student in 1953, I could not have imagined that the years would pass so quickly and be so interesting, full and happy. First, those years in the seminary, and then 23 years as a missionary in Bangladesh and now these 27 years in parish work here in South Bend, at St. Stanislaus and Christ the King. God has indeed been very loving and kind and generous. As Peter the Apostle remarked at the time of the Transfiguration of the Lord, "Lord, it is good that we are here." (Matthew 17:4)



Rev. Ronald R. Tripi, C.S.C., was born in Buffalo, N.Y., on May 14, 1935, to Joseph C. and Jenny (Castiglia) Tripi. He graduated from St. Benedict's



school, Amherst, N.Y., in 1949, and in 1953 from St. Joseph's Collegiate Institute, Buffalo, before enrolling as a freshman at Notre Dame. After a year as a regular student, he entered the Sacred Heart Novitiate in Jordan, Minn., making his First Vows there on Aug. 16, 1955. He then returned to Moreau Seminary at Notre Dame to complete his college education. Graduating in 1958 with a bachelor's degree in philosophy, he moved on to four years of theology at Holy Cross College, Washington, D.C., where he received a master's degree in

sacred doctrine.

From the time of his Ordination in 1962 until 1985, Fr. Tripi served in Holy Cross missions in Bangladesh (East Pakistan when he arrived). While in Bengal, after a year of studying the language and culture at the Oriental Institute in Barisal, he served as Pastor and Associate Pastor of various parishes. From 1963 to 1966, he served as an Assistant and teacher at Little Flower Seminary in Bandhura. He has served in South Bend parishes since 1986.





TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF ORDINATION



REV. EUGENE ANJUS, C.S.C.

“We asked how we might follow, and we found many footprints on the road.” (Constitutions of the Congregation of Holy Cross, 1:5)

On the road growing from childhood, I found many footprints of many Holy Cross fathers and brothers working in Hashnabad Parish of Dhaka Archdiocese. My call came to me when I received First Communion. I prayed to Jesus: “Lord that I may become a priest and give Communion to many people.” Among a number of Holy Cross priests, Rev. George Pope, C.S.C., played a major role to inspire me when I was in primary school. He was a compassionate friend of children. Then when I was in the final stage of seminary, Rev. Charles Houser, C.S.C., was pastor of Hashnabad for eight years. During this time, I was greatly moved by his simplicity, prayerfulness and pastoral care for the people. I thank God for the wonderful family where I had been brought up and inspired to respond to the call. My father died when I was not yet 5 years old. I was brought up by my mother and four older brothers. My mother’s hard work, prayerfulness and obedience to God’s will were the main sources of my vocation. My brothers have never allowed me to feel the absence of my father.

In 1975, I had to enter into diocesan Minor Seminary at Bandura (next to my home). At that time, we did not have Holy Cross formation programs before the novitiate. In 1978, I joined the community of scholastics at Notre Dame College, Dhaka. I went to the novitiate in 1980 and professed First Vows on Oct. 27, 1981, and had my Final Vows on Oct. 26, 1986. I was ordained on Dec. 31, 1987.

From after my Ordination, I had been assigned in parishes and formation houses at different levels: Aspirancy, Novitiate and Scholasticate. As I look back

on my ministry, I thank God for allowing me to have this wider experience of serving the Community and the faithful. I cannot say that I have achieved great success, but all I can say is, I have tried to be open and accept any assignment the superior(s) considered needful. In fact, I had been asked to take up certain responsibilities in unexpected moments. I am grateful to my superiors and the Community for trusting me for such ministries. Besides my responsibilities given by the Community, I was asked by the Archbishop and other Bishops to work for the local Church. I have worked as the Secretary to the General Secretary of Catholic Bishops Conference of Bangladesh. I had been involved with diocesan youth ministry when I worked in parishes of Nagari and Luxmibazar.

I completed my studies at the University of Notre Dame in Notre Dame, Ind. (2006-2008), earning a master’s in theological studies, majoring in Liturgy. I replaced Rev. Gene Homrich, C.S.C., at St. Paul’s Church, Pirgacha (Mymensingh Diocese) in Bangladesh. For the last two years, I have been working as the Director of Diocesan Pastoral Service Team and the Pastoral Service and Retreat Center of Chittagong Diocese. Very recently, I was appointed as the Secretary of the Episcopal Commission for Liturgy and Prayer.

On this occasion of Jubilee, I recall its biblical meaning: It is time to forgive, loosen the bondage and return land and anything that had been sold and mortgaged and waive all debts! I am in “debt” for my life, my education and formation, for support in ministry. The year of Jubilee is the time for me to express my thanks and gratitude to God and family, friends and the Community through more sincere service to God’s people in the years ahead.



REV. MICHAEL M. DELANEY, C.S.C.

As I approach the anniversary of 25 years of priesthood, I am filled with gratitude for the ways in which God has blessed and accompanied me. It is a journey that I could not have anticipated as we gathered on April 25, 1987, to celebrate my Ordination with family, friends and the Congregation.

I cannot even try to name the many people and events that have shaped my life in these years, which provided me with moments of learning and transformation, as well as realizing the tremendous responsibility it is to serve as a priest in the Church. There have also been times of doubt of my own ability to serve as I have been asked to do, in ministry and within the Congregation. I have tried to respond faithfully in giving as generously as possible to others and in my ministry and to be genuine in being the person I am, sharing whatever talents I have – recognizing my humanness and faults.

Celebrating a milestone anniversary is an opportunity to look back with thanksgiving and joy and look to the future with much hope, which is how I see it today: I am very grateful and I look forward to the future with hope.

Family, education and life experiences prior to formation in Holy Cross

Named Michael McGrath DeLaney, I am the fourth of five children of William and Mary Jane (McGrath) DeLaney. Both my parents have passed on – my father in 1972 and my mother in 2005, 33 years later to the day. They have given my siblings and me the great gift of family and a set of values



that I see so clearly in my brothers and sisters and their families.

We are from Skaneateles, N.Y., a village upstate which will always be “home” for me. Both sides of my family hail from that area originally, but when my parents married, they moved to Ohio and it is there that the five of us were born within four years. I was baptized in St. Columbkille Parish in a Quaker town of Wilmington, Ohio. I mention the Quaker influence because I think that literally since my birth and then in my life in Skaneateles, I was influenced by ecumenism and the variety of

other Christian denominations in our village while growing up. Seeking what we have in common – while having different practices or expressions of faith – is something that has been important in my personal formation.

Our life was focused on family, school and parish, Saint Mary’s of the Lake. And while Skaneateles might seem isolated from the wider, more diverse world, I was always curious about the world itself and learning about cultures in other parts of the world. Even as a child and through my adolescence, I was coming to understand the concept of being a *Citizen of the World* and later being able to translate that into a more spiritual understanding of being a *Child of God*, who created us all equally and in his image – whatever our race, culture, abilities or gender might be. I believe that since my earliest ponderings on this concept as a child and throughout my life, these two concepts have been forever linked in shaping the person I am. I have come to know God’s presence in various cultures, having had the ability

as well to learn and speak various languages and experience directly from others all that we share in common as sojourners in our world.

My formal education has been a great blessing in my life. The public school in my hometown prepared me well for entrance into the School of Foreign Service at Georgetown University. I hoped for an international career, perhaps through the United Nations or something similar. The opportunities seemed endless for me studying in Washington, D.C.: I majored in economics and Latin American studies and studied three languages. Language study for me has been an interest in opening the doors to cultures – and through that I came to a great passion of area of study: human and political geography. While at Georgetown, I began discerning the vocation to priesthood and religious life and was drawn to both the Jesuits and Holy Cross, having come to know Holy Cross through my oldest brother who was studying at the University of Notre Dame. Obviously, after joining Holy Cross, I had the opportunity to study at Notre Dame and take part in the life in the University during my years in formation.

Another aspect of my early formation and education was the experiences I had in travel and as an exchange student in Brazil as a 16 year old. It was there, really, when I started asking the questions more profoundly and the experience which guided me continually in my studies and pursuit of the truth in life. I had other opportunities to visit in Brazil during my university years and after and traveled the entire country by bus, boat and plane in the late '70s and early '80s, during the height of its military rule and political oppression. My senior seminar project at Georgetown was on the Church in Brazil and had opportunities to meet with many of those whom I had researched, including a 30-minute private visit with Dom Helder Camara, at that time the archbishop of Recife. (To this day he, and Jean

Vanier, the founder of L'Arche, whom I later came to meet in Portland, are perhaps the two who have inspired me the most among all the spiritual leaders and community builders who have influenced me.)

These experiences inspired me to look deeper into the role of the Church in our world and the leaders who, through their faith, marked our world and civil society to bring about peace and justice: Archbishop Romero, the U.S. Bishops Pastoral Letter on Peace, Cardinal Bernadin and the "Seamless Garment" Life Ethic, etc. My years in formation were an exciting time in these areas of life in the Church and I was motivated greatly to grow in my faith and to serve in the Church.

I should also say that the idea of priesthood and religious life had a constant, yet subtle, influence in my life throughout my youth, as various members of our extended family were priests and/or in religious life. My uncle is a priest in the Diocese of Syracuse and always a very close member of our family. I also have extended family in religious life – a cousin who served in Molokai as a Sister of Saint Francis and another who was a Maryknoll priest in Peru for many years, among others. So the idea of commitment to a life of ministry in the Church was very present and always a part of our family life – even if extended family – while growing up.

The other crucial moment for me was a number of years earlier, when my father died in a plane crash at a young age (as well as the death of a friend in a similar manner just two months later). One's first experience of death is difficult; when it is someone young, unforeseen and close to you, it is all the worse. That period of time changed the reality I knew and there were many challenges ahead both personally and as a family. Without dwelling on this now, there was much to learn from this difficult time. Perhaps the most important for my family was the role that my mother played in assuming the responsibility

of raising her five children, keeping the family together and doing all possible to give us a good life, great education and opportunities that each of us thought were important. She was a significant person throughout my entire life until her death – and while I was usually far away from home in my years in Holy Cross, she enjoyed her visits very much wherever I was and the warm hospitality of the members of the Community when she came to visit. I feel a great spiritual connection to both my parents and many others who have shaped and formed me in life, whom I trust are now with the Lord.

These are many of the defining experiences in my life in the years that led to me to consider the possibility of being a priest, dedicating myself to what I believed to be the ideals and doing that through the Congregation of Holy Cross.

Life and ministry in the Congregation

I have served in three places in the Congregation as a priest: Portland, Ore. (15 years), Chicago (5 years) and Santiago, Chile (now in my sixth year). While they have been very different experiences pastorally, all have been related primarily to the ministry of education. And a common thread which has guided much of these years was to serve in these places in a time of redefining or rearticulating our mission as Holy Cross in these ministries.

The University of Portland was my home from 1987-2002. It continues to be a very special place for me. It was truly a time of great blessing; the many former students with whom we shared important moments in their lives, their families, the colleagues and friends – so many people come to mind just thinking about it. Some continue to be present in my life – even though far away – with the special bonds we have. Sharing life of their university years, celebrating and sharing in important moments in their lives beyond the University is something

which many of us in the Congregation have lived and is a true blessing.

The years I was at the University were exciting, as it was redefining its Holy Cross mission and Catholic character – and I am very grateful to have been able to be a part of that in my work pastorally, administratively and in teaching – and living 15 years in residence with the students on campus, three years as director of our program and building our new Center in Salzburg, Austria. The role of Catholic education in Oregon is so very important as well. It was truly a time of great blessing in my life as a young priest and in my ministry with the students. I learned about *Apostolic Zeal*, the *Identity of Priesthood*, *Collaboration with Laity*, the need for a *Spiritual Life to sustain the Apostolic Life* and the *Trust* that others placed in me in those first 15 years.

In 2002, I was asked to serve as the president of Notre Dame High School, in Niles, Ill. While I understood that there would be many challenges, I had not anticipated what these years would bring. They were extremely difficult. In those five years, I worked with some tremendous people dedicated to the mission of the school and the Congregation. Our mission was to strengthen the school's Holy Cross mission, minority outreach, implement a comprehensive strategic plan and bring it into financial accountability. Fortunately, we were graced with some outstanding successes in those areas.

However, in 2006, the decision to withdraw from the ministry was made. It was a very challenging time for all. I felt two loyalties that I had were in conflict and difficult to resolve – yet, I believe through the Grace of God I did the best possible. My loyalty was first to the Congregation and I had to support the decision. My other loyalty was to Notre Dame High School – the students and families, 50 years of alumni, faculty and staff and the C.S.C.s who

had dedicated many years of their lives there. I soon came to realize that part of my mission there, which I had never anticipated, was to be able to bring about a dignified departure from this ministry and our collective presence in the Archdiocese of Chicago. I believe that occurred and we left the school in the hands of committed men and women inspired by the educational mission of Holy Cross with a new desire to succeed. Through this experience, I was strengthened by *Prayer, Living the Truth, Apostolic Commitment and Reconciliation*.

In December 2006, I was asked once again to serve the Community and this time as the Superior of the District of Chile. I believe that this move gave me a renewed passion in my life in ministry and sacramental work in the Church. It has opened me to the life of Holy Cross in Chile and Latin America, the ministries and the experience of living permanently in another culture and serving the mission of Holy Cross – not always easy, but very rewarding. I have learned so much, feel a tremendous connection with the people I have come to know and cherish and a sense that I am in the right place at this time with the needs of the Church and the Congregation in Chile and the talents I have to offer.

Leadership in the District of Chile brings a new level of responsibilities in service to the Community and has also given me the additional blessings of working with the leadership throughout the entire Congregation. At the Council of the Congregation, or working on projects in Latin America, I feel like an “ambassador” for the District of Chile. It has been a great education for me to come to know so many in the Congregation living on the five continents where we serve. I truly feel the sense of international mission and am very motivated in my work to continue and pursue this for our future. Participating at this level in the Congregation shows me all that we share in common across cultures and

continents the ability to establish close friendship and a sense of brotherhood regardless of country of origin, language or culture and witness the role that local culture has in the living out of life in the Church and in the Congregation. I have learned *La Vida Misionera, Inter-culturalización en la Iglesia y Mucha Alegría*.

Serving as the Religious Superior in three communities

I have served as the Superior in Portland and Chicago, and as the District Superior in Chile – totaling 15 of my 25 years of priesthood as the Superior in the communities where I have lived. It is a privilege and has marked my life as a priest and my life in Holy Cross.

This service has given me the opportunity to know in unique and blessed ways the Religious in our Community. I have learned from their history, witness and the generosity and have been humbled in the moments of difficulty and crisis, trying to be present and as supportive as possible. Coming to know closely so many men in the Community has been an experience of transformation for me; it has given me great examples of men who have followed God’s call in their service as priests and religious. I believe that I have gained much as a priest walking closely with so many of our men in Holy Cross and sharing in their trust. It has solidified the sense of brotherhood I have in Holy Cross: accompanying the daily living, moments of joy and successes, the times of crisis, illness and at the moments of death. Serving as a Superior keeps me faithful, committed to growth in my spiritual life and a profound honesty with myself and others. While often not easy, I have felt this call to serve the Community in this way as very real, motivating and worthwhile. For me, the Community is family. Like my siblings and friends who work hard and are committed to their families, I feel the same in my service to the Community.

Things I have learned from lay colleagues and the people of God about being a priest:

- The people of God deserve the best from us in sacramental ministry as a priest in the Church.
- They want us to be men of prayer, with compassion and integrity.
- The people of God want to trust and find in each of us someone who can transmit the love that God has for them and that Jesus had for those He served.
- We need to be truthful, honest, faithful and human. If we make a mistake or error, they will understand; we have to correct it and ask pardon if someone was hurt or offended.
- We don't have to be the best at everything we do. However, I believe we have to try our best in all that we do.
- We have much power and influence in the lives of others and in our society. We have to use that well, not abuse it and never take it for granted.
- Wherever we go in the world, as Men with Hope to Bring, we will find good and holy people, women and men – young and old – searching for deeper meaning in their lives, a sense of communion with others and an experience God's love.
- We must be a healer and reconciler in our ministry and in our Community. We have a tremendous opportunity to be an example for others.
- Young people want to know us – and learn from us – and are open to the invitation to explore a deeper call and discover God's love for them and plan for their lives.
- Each day is a true gift if we choose to see it that way: an opportunity to discover God's grace and presence in our world and in the lives of others.

I have tried to answer God's call in my service as a priest and through the Congregation of Holy Cross, wherever that has led me. There will be more changes in our world and our Church in the next 25 years in our more globalized society. May we be open to the ways that God will move in all of that and invite us to be agents of his love, compassion and healing in our world!

I am grateful to all those who have been a part of these years with me – and have supported me and welcomed me into their lives. I truly feel that I have family, the DeLaney and McGrath clans, the Congregation and true friendships in each place where I have lived and I am very grateful for your genuine love and care that we have shared. I am truly blessed and very grateful for the life I have been given.



REV. JOHN F. DENNING, C.S.C.

I was fortunate to be ordained a priest in the church where I had been stationed as a deacon, Holy Cross Parish in South Easton, Mass., not far from my hometown in Rhode Island. This was a wonderful first assignment for me, being mentored by some truly pastoral, kind and extraordinarily generous Religious, including Rev. Bob McDonnell, C.S.C., and Br. Jim Madigan, C.S.C. The parish experience afforded me an opportunity to be engaged in pastoral and sacramental ministry, with a particular emphasis in the area of youth ministry.



In the early 1990s, I was asked to serve as Vocation Director for the Eastern Province of Priests and Brothers. While in this role, I was also working part-time in campus ministry at Stonehill College, living as a priest-in-residence in the basement of O'Hara Hall, a freshman/sophomore hall. One of the things that I greatly value during my time as Vocation Director was that I was privileged to accompany

young men as they discerned how God was inviting them to live out the call to follow Christ.

My ministry since completing the work as Vocation Director has centered on the educational apostolate, including secondary education at Coyle and Cassidy High School in Taunton, Mass., as well as in higher education at Bridgewater State College and, for the past 12 years, at Stonehill College. This has been a truly rewarding ministry, working with Holy Cross confreres on our common mission and with exceptionally gifted and talented lay colleagues who embody

the charism of the Congregation of Holy Cross as educators in the faith.

These past 25 years leave me with a sense of gratitude to my parents, my family, my confreres in the Congregation and the friends and co-workers who have supported me by their many acts of kindness and prayers.



REV. THOMAS E. GAUGHAN, C.S.C.

Without a doubt, I approach the 25th anniversary of Ordination with a deep sense of gratitude for all of the people who have formed, and who continue to form, me into the priest that I have become. To be sure, from my childhood until the present, the Lord has blessed me with people who have been a source of grace and inspiration. Indeed, daily I feel a sense of awe and wonder at the many people who have blessed my life with their presence. Truly, as I reflect upon my 25 years of ordained ministry, it becomes all the more apparent that my life as a priest is the result of the beautiful tapestry of people that has been woven together to create this wonderful life of ministry that I have been blessed to have lived. To be sure, there are far too many people to name and to personally thank here. So, in a general, although no less sincere way, I wish to thank all those who have blessed my life as a priest. And quite specifically to my family, I wish to offer thanks for all the love and support that has made possible my life as a priest.

As the third child and second son born into an Irish-American family in southeastern Massachusetts, I suppose that the idea of a religious vocation was never very far removed from a reality in my life. I was born in New Bedford, Mass., on Feb. 16, 1958, during what was a blizzard of historic proportions. My mom, Mary Muldoon Gaughan, tells the story of a winter night when city officials placed a ban on driving because of the snow. I, however, never got that memo, and so chose to make my grand entrance. My dad, Richard, a fireman at the time, was able to negotiate the snow-packed roads to get my mom safely to the hospital in time. I always



tell people that being born during a blizzard explains my affection for snow and icy sports like ice hockey.

From my earliest memories of childhood, I can recall the perduring images of my parents passing along the gift of faith through their example and instruction. Memories of being a little 5 year old who climbed out of bed to sit with his dad who had just returned from an early Sunday morning Mass before heading off to start his 8 a.m. shift at the firehouse; memories of praying with my mom for my dad as he was called out to fight a

fire and when he was taking the fire chief's exam; memories of being told that prayers would be prayed for anyone in the family who was sick; and memories of picking flowers from the garden to bring to the statue of the Blessed Mother to my elderly neighbor, Miss Downey. All of these memories reflect the seeds of faith that were sown into my life by my parents from the very early days of my life.

After attending public school through eighth grade, I was lucky enough to have been given the opportunity by my godmother to attend the local Catholic high school, Bishop Stang. Having attended high school from 1972-76 meant that all of the excitement and optimism for change that was sparked by the Second Vatican Council was still very much in the air. Given this, one of the great things about attending the Catholic high school was being able to grow in my faith through the course of studies, as well as all the great discussions that came with the changing times.

Because of these positive experiences, I knew that I would only be happy at a Catholic college and I was lucky enough to have been accepted to the University of Notre Dame. In God's Divine Providence, it was at Notre Dame where I came to know and admire many Holy Cross priests and brothers and seminarians through my life in the residence hall and my involvement with Campus Ministry and in the Chapel Choir. I can clearly remember the strong vocational calling that stirred within me early during my freshman year, and it was the supportive guidance of religious like my Rector Rev. Gene Gorski, C.S.C., and Revs. John Fitzgerald, C.S.C., John Gerber, C.S.C., and Tom McNally, C.S.C., among others who helped to foster my vocation and strengthen my desire to *"follow (in the) many footprints on the road (made) by the great band of men...who had walked side by side in their following of the Lord"*. (Constitutions of the Congregation of Holy Cross, 1:5)

After graduating from Notre Dame with a bachelor's in sociology (and a theology concentration) in 1980, I served as a lay volunteer in the Holy Cross Associates Program in Portland, Ore., for one year. Again, God's Providence would provide me with the opportunity to get to know several more members of the Holy Cross Community through the welcome and hospitality of the Portland Community. Revs. Dick Berg, C.S.C., Michael O'Brien, C.S.C., and Tom Hosinski, C.S.C., all played important roles in helping to nurture my vocation during that year. It was the great witness, support and friendship of the many Holy Cross Religious that I had gotten to know at Notre Dame and Portland that moved me to formally apply for the formation program at Moreau Seminary in the spring of 1981.

I entered the candidate program at Moreau Seminary in the fall of 1981 and the Novitiate in Cascade, Colo., the next year. I professed my First Vows in Holy Cross in August 1983. After returning

to Moreau Seminary, and while under temporary vows, I studied at Notre Dame, earning a Master's of Divinity degree in 1986. In August 1986, I professed my Final Vows and was ordained to the diaconate. After serving slightly less than a year as a deacon at Christ the King Catholic Church in South Bend, I was ordained to the priesthood on April 25, 1987, by the Most Rev. Paul Waldschmidt, C.S.C., in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart with six of my Indiana Province brothers. Throughout my seminary formation, there were many people who served as guides, motivators and examples, however, none so dedicated as Rev. Bob Antonelli, C.S.C., who provided me with countless hours of direction, counsel and friendship as my spiritual director throughout formation.

While in formation and studying in the master of divinity program, I also earned the coursework necessary for certification in secondary education. At the time, I thought that high school teaching would be my first assignment as a Holy Cross priest; yet as the mysteries of Divine Providence are revealed, the only thing that I have ever "planned" on doing in Holy Cross, I have never really done! This brings me to my actual first assignment as a Holy Cross priest. A month before Ordination, I had a conversation with my (then) Provincial Rev. Dick Warner, C.S.C., who talked to me about a group of priests that he was putting together to serve in a parish on the west side of South Bend. To my great surprise, two weeks *after* Ordination, Fr. Warner informed me that there had been a change of plans and asked me to consider being assigned to live "in residence" in a campus residence hall, and to work in Campus Ministry as the Associate Rector of Sacred Heart. While this change of plans came as a surprise, I was excited for the opportunity to give back to the new generation of Notre Dame students in the way that so many Holy Cross religious had given to me. I never could have guessed on that May day in 1987

that 25 years later my obedience assignment as a Holy Cross priest would always read the same: assist and reside at the University of Notre Dame.

Even though my “obedience assignment” has never changed, I have been blessed with many wonderful and enriching experiences of ministry that have challenged me and continue to challenge me to grow as a priest and as a person. For my first two years, I lived in residence in Sorin Hall and worked in Campus Ministry as the Associate Rector of Sacred Heart with (the now) Most Rev. Daniel Jenky, C.S.C. (Bishop of Peoria). As year two wound down, I was asked to serve as Assistant Rector in Sorin, and then two weeks later, I was asked to serve as the Director of Retreats in Campus Ministry. These ministries I served for the next three years when, in the spring of 1992, I was asked to serve as Rector of Stanford Hall. For the next five years, I served as both Director of Retreats and Rector of Stanford. During my tenure as Director of Retreats, it was my great pleasure to work with countless students in the growth of the Notre Dame Encounter Program, led Silent Retreats during spring break at the Abbey of Gethsemane in Trappist, KY, and created the overnight retreat for freshmen (known as The Freshman Retreat), which stills thrives today.

After the school year of 1997-98, I stepped down from my position in Campus Ministry and, while still serving as Rector of Stanford, began to explore other possibilities for personal growth and development. In the fall semester of 1997, I was given permission to take a beginning Spanish course and then for the next two summers, I had the opportunity of traveling to Santiago, Chile. During these two, six-week experiences, I had the enriching opportunity to live with those Holy Cross Religious who minister in Chile. Both summers (or *winters* in Chile!), I had the privilege of living at the Hogar San Jose in Santiago and through the generous hospitality of Br.

Donald Kuckenmeister, C.S.C., was given the great opportunity to minister (in a very small way) to the children of the Hogar.

An initial spark to my vocation was the desire to make God’s Word come alive and to be made accessible for all of God’s people. To that end, as a priest of Holy Cross, I have always understood the charism of Holy Cross as “Educators in the Faith” to find its meaning in preaching. And while preaching has always been important to me, the Community gave me the opportunity to further develop these skills. In the spring of 2002, I applied for and was accepted into a doctor of ministry in preaching program at the Aquinas Institute of Theology in St. Louis, Mo. Because this program was designed around those in active ministry, I was able to remain in my role as Rector of Stanford while in studies for this degree. In the fall of 2009, my dissertation was submitted, accepted and approved as successful completion of the degree requirements. With this credential, it my hope to one day (finally!) achieve the goal of teaching in the classroom.

While my main ministry has been in the residence hall ministry on the campus of Notre Dame, (five years in Sorin and 20 years as Rector of Stanford), suffice it to say that there have been many other opportunities that have enriched my life. Many of these have come from my involvement with the chaplaincy of several sport teams. From 1988-92, I served as Chaplain for the Notre Dame baseball team; from 1989-1999, I served as one of the Chaplains for the Notre Dame men’s basketball team; and since 1992, I have served as Chaplain for the Notre Dame ice hockey team. In these ministries, I have been given the rare opportunity to engage the lives of these college athletes and to bring a witness and challenge of faith to their busy lives – a witness that could easily be lost in the swirl of their academic and athletic demands. Through this

ministry, it has been my privilege to serve some of these athletes in a uniquely special way: presiding at weddings, Baptizing their children, receiving one into the Church and serving as “godfather” for two others who sought the Sacraments of Initiation while here at Notre Dame. And traveling with these teams has given me the rare opportunity to serve as “ambassador” for the University in formal and informal ways; taking the mission of this University and message of Holy Cross to places far beyond the boundaries of the campus.

One final chaplaincy that is near and dear to my heart is the seven years (1991-1998) that I served as Chaplain to the Notre Dame Folk Choir. Like the athletic chaplaincies, this role provided me with a very unique way to minister to the students, as well as to all the hundreds of congregations that were touched by the music of the choir. Through the deep friendship of the choir’s founder and Director Steve Warner, it was my great privilege to be a part of this great liturgical choir. Through this chaplaincy, I was invited to share in some truly incredible moments of ministry: from countless moments of Grace in the choir loft, to three tours to minister to the people in Ireland, to a tour of England that

included a private high tea with the Archbishop of Canterbury in Lambeth Palace, to being a part of the choir that sang for Pope John Paul II at the World Youth Day in Denver, to several recordings, retreats at Gethsemane and multiple concerts at national liturgical conferences. All of these moments were powerful and unique ways to serve the Lord through the gift of music and the power of prayer.

So, as I mentioned earlier, I have had only one official obedience as a religious of Holy Cross, but an awful lot of ministry and personal formation has been packed into the few words “to assist and reside” at Notre Dame. As I stated at the beginning, there are far too many people to be named that have greatly influenced my life. Without a doubt, I owe a debt of gratitude to my family, my Community of Holy Cross and the thousands of lives who have touched my life (and whom I hope I have likewise touched) throughout these past 25 years of Ordained ministry. And of course, I constantly give thanks to God whose Providential plan has so lovingly woven such an amazing tapestry in my life. It is with heartfelt thankfulness for all that has been, that by God’s Grace I say “yes” to whatever more is yet to come by His design.

REV. CHARLES GORDON, C.S.C.

I was a “Viz kid” – born into Visitation Parish on the south side of Chicago. The neighborhood was Irish (though we weren’t), the sisters were Dominicans and the church was a massive, grey, craggy mountain of a place where my parents had been married. The pastor, Msgr. Wolfe, was a great man whose name was engraved in big letters into the sidewalk in front of the rectory. Msgr. Wolfe was fierce. We children were terrified of him. Our parents were too. Once, I walked into church with my grandmother, still wearing my cap. The cap disappeared from my head and was thrust into my hands. I looked up to see Msgr. Wolfe glaring down at me. My grandmother was mortified. The only sermon of Msgr. Wolfe’s that I remember was about the importance of dressing up for Sunday Mass so as not to offend our crucified Lord.

At Visitation kindergarten, I learned my prayers and made a Rosary of blue beads and string. I knocked my chin against a corner of the cement plinth supporting a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The teacher wiped away the blood and told me I’d be fine. When I got home that day, my mother took me to the hospital to get five stitches. I still have the scar. On the day of the May Crowning, the police closed Garfield Boulevard to traffic so that we children could parade back and forth between the school and the church.

Every time my father was promoted, we moved to a different town. At St. Teresa’s Parish in Kankakee, Ill., I was a member of the first class of altar boys to be trained for the English Mass. In primary school,



when I had an itch, I would hold off scratching it until I had counted to 60. This was for the sake of the poor souls in purgatory. We saved Pepsi Cola bottle caps and gave them to the sisters. One month I turned in a whole Kentucky Fried Chicken bucket full of caps and won a beige plastic statue of Mary standing on a globe. When I was in fifth grade I had occasion to ring the doorbell at the convent. My fourth grade teacher answered the door and said, “Why Chuckie Gordon, aren’t you a sight for sore eyes!” When I told her what sister had said, my mother worried that the expression might mean

something bad about me.

After a couple more moves, we ended up in Franklin, Mass., when I was 13. In high school, I purported to be an atheist, but for some reason I asked for a silver cross and chain for my 16th birthday. My parents were delighted when I was turned down for admission to Harvard, because it meant that I would go to the University of Notre Dame. When they gave us aptitude tests as Notre Dame freshmen, I scored off the charts for a career in ministry. I was shocked. During my undergraduate years, I seldom made it to Sunday Mass, but frequented daily Masses around campus. Sometimes at night I would say a Rosary, using the lights reflecting off St. Mary’s Lake in lieu of beads.

Upon graduation, I worked for three years in three different cities for Hemingway Transport Inc. One day, in Harrisburg, Pa., while listening to a radio broadcast of a Notre Dame/Michigan football game, I decided, quite out of the blue, to become a priest. After the game, I called the Notre Dame information

number and told the operator about my plan. The excited, flustered operator found Rev. André E. Léveillé's phone number for me. When I told my mother of my decision, she was delighted, but not surprised. She told me that before she met my father, she had prayed in the Log Chapel at Notre Dame that she would marry a good Catholic man and that one of her children would be a priest. She hadn't told me about this before so as not to put pressure on me. My father said he approved of my being a priest as long as I promised not to be a Jesuit. The next weekend, I flew out to Notre Dame for interviews and was accepted into the candidate program.

I breezed through the candidate year and barely scraped through the novitiate. Apparently, the staff found me nearly, but not quite, conversion proof. When I was ordained a deacon, I served at St. Pius X Parish in Granger, Ind., with Revs. Tom Jones, C.S.C., and Jeff Schniebel, C.S.C. When we sat in the community room with two pipes and a cigarette burning, it could be difficult to see the television through the smoke. My first assignment as a priest was to the District of East Africa. I lived for two years in Dandora, a World Bank housing project at the east end of Nairobi. I taught across town at two seminaries. Rev. Bill Blum, C.S.C., taught me how to

teach in the African context. In Dandora, I invented a new way to wash clothes. I put the laundry in a plastic tub with water and detergent and stamped on it with my feet for a 20-minute "wash cycle." This left my hands free to read a book. I thought my new method would sweep East Africa, but it hasn't caught on.

When I returned from Africa, I taught at Notre Dame for a year while looking at doctoral programs. When I told Rev. David Burrell, C.S.C., what I wanted to study, he said, "Charlie, I think for you, Cambridge." I was at Cambridge for the better part of the 1990s before finally having to admit that I was finished. Fr. David Burrell's pastoral care and the friendship of Nicholas and Rosemary Boyle got me through. Back in the States, I taught theology at Notre Dame for about eight years. For much of the time, I was the director of the Old College undergraduate seminary program, where working with Br. Ed Luther, C.S.C., was one of the great privileges of my life. Since then, I've been teaching at the University of Portland in the midst of a marvelous, vibrant Holy Cross Community. I'm grateful to God and to my family and friends for sustaining me through these 25 years of priesthood. It's not something I have done. It's something we have done together.

REV. THOMAS P. LOONEY, C.S.C.

“Love Jesus Christ and before long his thoughts, conduct, actions and affections will be yours.”

I chose this quotation from Blessed Basile Moreau and had it printed on a memorial card at the time of my Ordination to express my deepest hopes for my life and ministry as a Holy Cross Religious. I wanted and want to be a Holy Cross priest because I wanted and want to love the Lord and so to love as he loves me.

In Holy Cross, we say that our vows are an act of love for the God who first loved us. God’s love has been so evident to me through the generous love of my mother, father, sisters, extended family and now my nieces and nephews. As the Baptismal ritual proclaims, my parents were my first and best teachers in the faith. Since my mother’s uncle was a Holy Cross brother and my father’s uncle a diocesan priest, it seems that my vocation to the priesthood in Holy Cross is a natural blending of the love I knew and continue to know in my family. I am grateful for the love of my family that by God’s Providence has led me to the family of Holy Cross.

In Holy Cross, we say that our common life “refreshes ... fortifies ... and protects us” (Constitutions of the Congregation of Holy Cross, 4:33). I have been blessed to live in Community with great men at Stonehill College, Easton, Mass.; the Novitiate in Waterford, N.Y.; the house of studies in Toronto, Ontario; King’s College, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; the Holy Cross Brothers’ Residence, College



Park, Md.; and the Provincial House, Bridgeport, Conn. In every Community in which I have been privileged to live, God had blessed me with excellent models of loving service, companions who have supported me in my struggles and brothers who have become my closest friends. I am grateful for the many ways that my brothers in Holy Cross have refreshed, fortified and protected me.

In Holy Cross, we say that in ministry we learn much from those we have been called to serve and that we help one another to discover the deepest longings of our lives. In ministry, as a teacher, retreat master, supply priest in parishes, as well as in administration and in Province service, I have learned from students, colleagues, parishioners and my brothers in Holy Cross that relationship is at the heart of good ministry and that the most significant ministry is the sharing of my own desire for God and God’s graciousness in sharing the mission of his Son with me. I am grateful for the many lessons that I have learned from those I have been called to serve.

And so, I celebrate this jubilee of Ordination with deep gratitude for God’s love expressed with such clarity in the love of my family, friends, colleagues, former students and my sisters and brothers in Holy Cross. In gratitude, I take up once again Blessed Moreau’s counsel to love Jesus Christ, trusting that with God’s grace my deepest hope will be more deeply realized in the years to come.



REV. ROBERT ROETZEL, C.S.C.

I grew up in a middle-class family, the oldest of five children. My siblings and I were blessed to have loving parents who provided us with a strong and supportive family life that included an upbringing in the Catholic faith. One of the most valuable aspects of that religious experience was 12 years of parochial education. My parents made significant financial sacrifices to send all of us to Catholic schools. In addition to an excellent education, the good sisters and brothers grounded us in the orthodox doctrine and tradition of our Catholic heritage – something that only later would I fully appreciate.

I don't think I gave much conscious thought to a religious vocation as I passed through high school and later college. I'm sure the "seeds" of a religious vocation were planted during those formative years, but my calling to religious life was to be what some have called a "late vocation." After high school I received an appointment to West Point, where I went through four intense years of professional and academic preparation to serve as an Army officer. Though I regularly practiced my faith while at the academy and found it to be a great source of strength and guidance, there was little time or energy available to consider any vocation other than the one that I knew awaited me upon graduation. Five years of active-duty service would determine my life for the foreseeable future. Hence, it was not until after several years of active duty in the Army that circumstances enabled me to discern the Lord's invitation to priesthood and religious life.

As with most people, I suspect my discernment involved an extended, persistent process. Mine



would not be as clear-cut as the call of Sts. Paul or Augustine. That type of experience would have obviously made my discernment a lot easier and more certain. That search for certainly about a religious vocation was the most challenging for me and the object of much prayer. To pursue a religious vocation at that point in my life would require burning a number of bridges behind me if I chose to take that step in faith. I made my decision to take that step with the helpful guidance of Holy Cross' Vocation Director Rev. André Léveillé, C.S.C. So in 1981, I entered the candidate program

at Notre Dame and joined a number of other young men going through the same discernment process. We would spend the next five years praying, studying, ministering and discerning together. We faced the same fundamental question: Does one ever know for certain that he is choosing the right vocation? As the time approached for Final Vows and Ordination, I think we all reflected on that question. In that regard, I still remember the words of our novice master: "You can say 'yes' to a commitment without having absolute certainty. That is, in fact, how all serious commitments are made." That truth, together with my personal discernment and that of our formation staff, was what I based my final "yes" upon. I made my Final Profession, was ordained a year later, and continued my life in Holy Cross, which I have never regretted.

I think all in Holy Cross would agree that the Lord has accompanied them to places and given them experiences that they never expected. That has certainly been true for me. My first assignments were rich experiences of parish ministry and secondary

education. Within the parish communities, I was able to minister the Church's sacramental life to people of all ages and stages of life. I experienced Christ's Church in its flesh and blood embodiment and was privileged to share in the most significant moments of parishioners' lives, from birth to death. Within the high school apostolate, I joined other dedicated faculty and staff in contributing to the development of youth during their critical formative years – preparing them to be Christians of strong faith and character. Here, in a very real sense, we passed the torch of the Church's heritage on to the next generation.

Following those assignments, I was next privileged to serve within the Archdiocese for the Military Services as an Army Chaplain. The Archdiocese ministers to thousands of military personnel and their families across the globe. I suppose one could describe my Chaplain Ministry as having been that of an ordinary Pastor within an often-unordinary setting. I, along with fellow Chaplains, brought the Church's life to soldiers and families living far from hometown civilian parishes. We sought to offer the Church's support and guidance to young

men and women facing challenges that few of their age ever have to face. The most extreme experiences of that ministry took place within the tragic environment of combat. During a yearlong deployment to the war in Iraq, I was able to bring the Church's presence to young soldiers and Marines who daily risked life and limb. I will always feel blessed to have had the opportunity to be with those young Americans – bringing them the Sacraments, offering them counsel, sharing in their moments of laughter and grief and commending their lost comrades to God.

Following my years in the Army, I have resumed my work in Catholic high school education, hopefully a bit more seasoned by the experiences that have preceded it. As I celebrate this 25th anniversary, I thank the Lord for the journey of faith on which he has accompanied me. I am grateful to my family and the Holy Cross Community for their loving support and to the Blessed Virgin Mary and the great Communion of Saints whose intercessory prayers doubtless made all of this possible through the Lord's gift of amazing grace.

