



*2011*  
HOLY CROSS JUBILARIANS  
SIXTY-FIVE, SIXTY, FIFTY, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

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2011

# HOLY CROSS JUBILARIANS

Sixty-Five, Sixty, Fifty, Twenty-Five Years

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Sixty-Fifth Anniversary of Ordination

Rev. William J. Brinker, C.S.C.

Rev. Howard A. Kuhns, C.S.C.

Sixty-Fifth Anniversary of Religious Profession

Bro. Edward C. Luther, C.S.C.

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Rev. Lawrence A. LeVasseur, C.S.C.

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Rev. William G. Condon, C.S.C.

Rev. Donald F. Guertin, C.S.C.

Rev. Thomas F. McNally, C.S.C.

Rev. Richard J. Segreve, C.S.C.

Rev. Robert G. Simon, C.S.C.

Rev. Joseph L. Walter, C.S.C.

Rev. Joseph S. Peixotto, C.S.C.

*-Sacred Heart of Jesus Province*

Fiftieth Anniversary of Religious Profession

Bro. James H. Miller, C.S.C.

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of Ordination

Rev. Francis J. Murphy, C.S.C.

Rev. Thomas G. Streit, C.S.C.

Rev. Mark B. Thesing, C.S.C.

Rev. Robi Hubert Gomes, C.S.C.

Most Rev. Ponen Paul Kubi, C.S.C. (Biography Not Submitted)

Rev. Eilas Palma, C.S.C.

Rev. Bakul Stanislaus Rozario, C.S.C.

*-Sacred Heart of Jesus Province*





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# Sixty-Fifth Anniversary of Ordination

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# Rev. William J. Brinker, C.S.C.

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Fr. William Brinker was born in Covington, Ky., on May 8, 1919. He attended St. Aloysius Elementary School there and St. Xavier High School Cincinnati before enrolling at the University of Notre Dame as a freshman in 1937. He entered St. Joseph's Novitiate in Rolling Prairie, Ind., in August 1939. He made his First Profession of Vows in 1940. After two years at Moreau Seminary he graduated from Notre Dame in 1942. He studied Theology for four years at Holy Cross College in Washington D.C., and was ordained a priest on June 24, 1946 at Sacred Heart at Notre Dame. After Ordination he was assigned to teach at Holy Cross Seminary on the campus of Notre Dame from 1946-1955. From 1955 to



1964 he was assigned to teach and perform other duties at Notre Dame High School in Niles, Ill. In 1964 he returned to Holy Cross Seminary, and in 1967 he was assigned to be the college and Career Counselor back at Notre Dame High School until he retired in 1992. After 1992, he stayed on there as Counselor Emeritus until 2007. He lived at Fatima House for one year in 2007 and then he moved to Holy Cross House, Notre Dame in 2008.

Fr. Brinker assisted in parishes for weekends in the South Bend area and in parishes near Notre Dame High School.



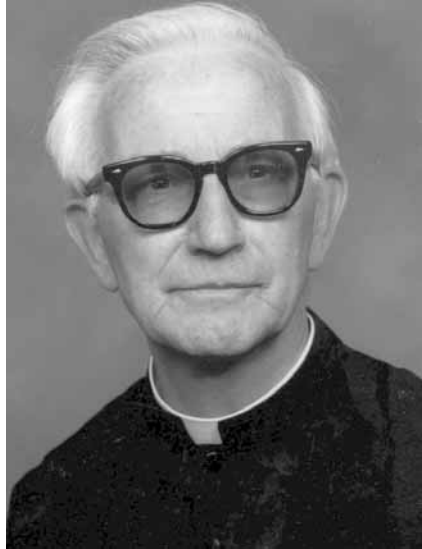


# Rev. Howard A. Kuhns, C.S.C.

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Fr. Howard Kuhns born in Canton, Ohio, March 11, 1918, attended St. Peter's Parish School and then went to St. John's High School where he graduated in 1936. After a year at Holy Cross Seminary as a freshman at Notre Dame, he went to St. Joseph's Novitiate, Rolling Prairie, Ind., and made First Vows there on Aug. 16, 1938. He completed his Notre Dame education at Moreau Seminary and graduated from the University in 1942, then began studies in Theology at Holy Cross College, Washington, D.C. He was ordained a priest June 24, 1946, at Notre Dame.

After Ordination, Fr. Kuhns worked in residence halls and studied history at Notre Dame, where he earned a master's degree in 1948. After further studies at the University of Minnesota, in 1951 he was assigned to teach Liturgy and Church History at Holy Cross College in Washington, while continuing advance studies at Georgetown University, where he received a doctorate in 1959. In 1962, he returned to Notre Dame where he taught history while prefecting



in residence halls and serving in several administrative posts.

From 1969 to 1974, Fr. Kuhns was Chaplain for the Holy Cross brothers at James Hall, Holy Cross Brothers Center at Notre Dame. In 1974, he was assigned as Assistant Pastor at St. Casimir's Parish in South Bend, Ind. In 1978, he was made Pastor and remained there until September 1987 when he moved to Casa Santa Cruz, Phoenix. He has assisted at St. Luke's Parish

almost continuously except for a time when he served as Administrator of St. Michael's Parish in Gila Bend, Ariz.

"Gus" enjoys listening to classical music and doing crossword puzzles. He asserts that he has never had the flu and that the only time he got a flu shot it made him sick. His advice to his fellow residents is "Don't get old."





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Sixty-Fifth Anniversary  
of Religious Profession

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# Bro. Edward C. Luther, C.S.C.

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I entered the Junorate in Watertown, Wis., in January 1945. During the spring semester my studies began; my obedience was to assist with the milking because my background was working on a farm. In the spring when the Superior, Brother Bonaventure, interviewed me, he asked me if I wanted to be a teaching brother or a working brother. My choice was to be a working brother (at that time the word “coadjutor” was used). The House Council said that I would be a candidate for the Novitiate in August 1945.

On August 4, 1945, 13 brother candidates entered St. Joseph’s Novitiate at Rolling Prairie, Ind. A seven-day retreat began August 5. On August 6, the Retreat Master announced that World War II in Europe had ended—which was good news to hear. On the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, we received the habit of the Brothers of Holy Cross. This began a year of learning about the religious life, becoming familiar with prayers, and learning the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. It was my obedience to work with Brother Polycarp in the kitchen. Working with Brother got me interested in cooking which became a lifetime interest. On October 21, 1946, I made my First Profession of Temporary Vows.

In October of 1946, Sacred Heart Novitiate opened up on Miami Road in South Bend, Ind., for



seminarians. The Provincial gave me the obedience to cook for them. Father Duffy was Novice Master and he was very understood of my limited experience in the kitchen. Fr. Duffy was there two years. Fr. Craddick replaced him in the summer of 1949. On October 21, 1949, Fr. Craddick received my Final Vows.

In November of 1949 Brother DeSales, who was the cook at Moreau Seminary, and I exchanged positions. I began

to learn about cooking and baking from Brother Andrew Corsini. After two years, Brother Andrew went to the Novitiate which had moved to Jordan, Minn. Plans were beginning to be made for a new seminary building. In the spring of 1956, ground was broken for the seminary. My new assignment was to cook at Jordan, Minn., and cooking at Moreau was taken over by a food company.

During the Provincial Visit at Jordan, Minn. Provincial Fr. Mehling, asked me to go to the new seminary to supervise the lay people in the kitchen. My response was that I had no experience with working, and hiring kitchen help. As a result of his visit, I spent that summer and two more summers taking a course in Food Service Management in St. Louis. From the fall of 1959 until the summer of 1964, I served at Moreau Seminary. From the summer of 1964 until 1968 my obedience was at the Foreign Mission Seminary at Washington, D.C. I

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returned to Moreau Seminary to be assigned as House Manager, which included supervising the kitchen.

In the summer of 1979, there was an unforeseen change in my life. Fr. John Van Wolvlear called and asked me to be a Rector at the University of Notre Dame. He had spoken to the Provincial and wanted to talk to me about the position. I contacted Fr. David Porterfield, Sorin Hall Rector, and Fr. Dan Jenky, Dillon Hall Rector (now Bishop of Peoria, Ill.) to get their advice. After lengthy conversations, and with their encouragement, I accepted the appointment. Eight years at Morrissey Hall gave new insights on how to develop guidelines for students to help them take responsibility for their lives. My years at Morrissey Hall gave me much respect for the roll of a rector.

In the spring of 1986, Fr. Tyson assigned me to Fisher Hall. The challenges were much greater at Fisher than Morrissey. A new hall spirit was created by the hall staff and students. Football became very competitive during the fall semester. In 1995, Fisher won the Campus Hall Football Championship. The hall motto of pride, respect, unity, and concern became a way of life. The Fisher Hall Regatta has been a regular event for 24 years; this past year, 27 halls participated on St. Mary's Lake. Fathers Warner and Scully gave of their time to make the Hall a home, and a proud place to live. After 13 years in Fisher Hall and eight in Morrissey Hall, I told the Student Affairs Office and the Provincial that I wanted to retire from being a rector. It was with mixed emotions that I left the hall with the big green

“F.”

Twelve years assisting in Old College began in the fall of 1999: Fr. Charles Gordon for five years; Fr. Kevin Russeau for six years; and Fr. Stephen Lacroix for one year. It is a very gratifying period in my life. Being involved in the formation of young men who are the future of Holy Cross gives me hope for its many ministries. There is a feeling of respect for seminarians when they take First Vows, the day of their Final Vows, and most of all great satisfaction on their Ordination to the priesthood.

The 65 years as a brother in the Priest Society of Holy Cross has been short. The enjoyments that I have gotten from the ministries that have been active in my life have taught me that Blessed Basil Anthony Moreau had great foresight in the Congregation. I thank God, Our Sorrowful Mother and St. Joseph for their grace in my life.



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# Sixtieth Anniversary of Ordination

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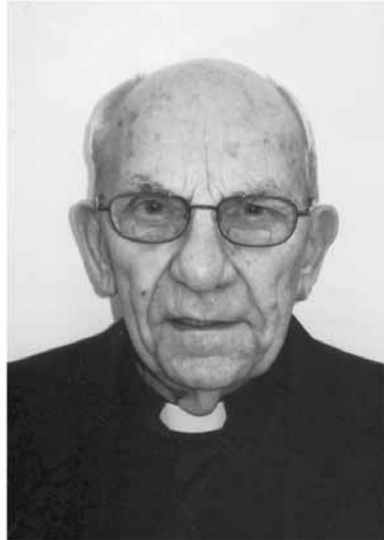




# Rev. Lawrence A. LeVasseur, C.S.C.

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I was born in New Orleans, and grew up in Sacred Heart Parish served by Holy Cross priests and went to high school where I was taught by Holy Cross brothers. When people ask me why I became a Holy Cross priest, I tell them that I didn't know any better. After 69 years as a Holy Cross religious and 60 years as a Holy Cross priest, I still don't know any men who are better. My first assignment after Ordination was to the faculty at Holy Cross Seminary, our high school seminary at that time, located at the University of Notre Dame. The building no longer exists. After eight years at Holy Cross Seminary, I moved to St. Joseph Hall which housed our Old College Program of Formation. After two years, I was assigned to Santiago, Chile, as District Superior and Superior of our seminary. In the last two of my nine years in Chile, I was an Assistant Pastor in one of our parishes—I returned to New Orleans in 1970 because my father was dying of cancer. After Dad died on Good Friday, I became pastor of Sacred Heart Parish where I had attended elementary school. The elderly ladies, mothers of some of my classmates in elementary school, used to say to me, "I knew you when you were a little boy, you used to be nice then." From 1979 to 1980, I enjoyed a year of sabbatical renewal. In June 1980, I was elected as an Assistant to our Superior General in Rome until 1986. From 1986 to 1991,



I was Pastor at St. Ignatius the Martyr Parish (Austin, Texas). In 1991, I was assigned to work with Holy Cross Brother Michael Winslow at Brother Charles Anderson house in San Antonio, in the formation program for Holy Cross brothers and seminarians preparing to make their profession of Perpetual Vows in our Congregation. In 2006, I moved across the city to the brothers' residence at Holy Cross High School

as Chaplain for the brothers who lived there. During this time, I have been assisting in pastoral ministry at different parishes in San Antonio and also serving as chaplain at St. Francis Nursing Home, a facility owned and operated by Sisters of our Lady of Sorrows—a dedicated group of Franciscan sisters from Poland. I am deeply grateful to God and to the Congregation of Holy Cross for the wonderful experiences and opportunities in ministry that have been afforded me, and I pray that my response of service has been effective for the spiritual growth of the people with whom I have lived and whom I have served in ministry.



# Most Rev. Charles A. Schleck, C.S.C.

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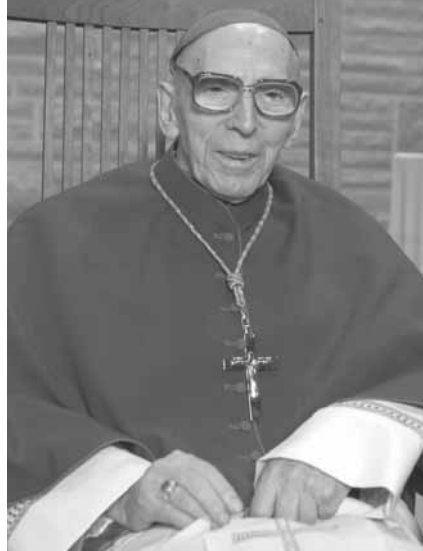
Archbishop Charles A. Schleck, C.S.C., D.D. was born to Raymond and Lucile Schleck on July 5, 1925 in Milwaukee. After attending St. John's Grade School in Milwaukee, he entered South Milwaukee High School in 1939. After two years there, he entered Holy Cross Seminary at Notre Dame and graduated in 1943.

On August 15 of that same year, he entered St. Joseph Novitiate, Rolling Prairie, Ind., and made his first vows in August of 1944. After graduating from Notre Dame in 1948, he went to study in Rome at St. Thomas University, also known as the Angelicum.

After receiving his Bachelor of Sacred Theology degree (S.T.B.) in 1950 he was ordained a priest on December 22, 1951 in the Church of St. John Lateran in Rome. While continuing his studies in Rome and serving as chaplain at Notre Dame International School, he earned his degree of Licentiate in Sacred Theology degree (S.T.L.) in 1952 and his Doctor of Sacred Theology (S.T.D.) in 1953.

After one year teaching at the University of Notre Dame (1953-1954), he began a long career in teaching and formation at Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C. (1954-1961 and 1962-1968) and Collegio de Santa Croce in Rome (1961-1962).

In 1968 when Holy Cross College in



Washington, D.C. closed, the then Fr. Schleck ventured to California where he served as consultant to the Sisters of Mercy in Burlingame. In 1972, he served as Apostolic Visitor in Rome for an international religious congregation.

In 1974, he began to work in the Sacred Congregation for the Evangelization of Peoples. He was named Undersecretary for that Congregation in December of 1986.

Our Holy Father, Pope John Paul II, named Fr. Schleck bishop and he was consecrated in the Collegio Urbano, Rome on April 1, 1995. As Titular Archbishop of Africa, he served as Adjunct Secretary of the Congregation for the Evangelization of Peoples and President of the Pontifical Mission Societies from 1995 until his retirement six years later.

On the occasion of his 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary, Archbishop wrote, "I wish to express my thanks to God and my mother and father for their having given me the gift of life and of the Catholic faith. Given my experiences in a multicultural world, especially during these last 30 years of living in Rome and working for the Holy See, I have come to see these two things, life and faith, as the key to my existence. When this is complemented by the gift of the priesthood and of the episcopacy, one can only deepen that gratitude and acknowledge that all these things, each in its own precise way, is a gift of the most loving Father—which I in

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no way deserved. They are just that, gifts of the mysterious and loving Father who has brought me into being and given me continued existence to this moment.”

In 2001, Archbishop Schleck retired and resided at the Holy Cross Generalate in Rome. In 2007, he moved to Holy Cross House, Notre Dame, Ind.

# Rev. Thomas C. Tallarida, C.S.C.

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I stood on the platform of the New York Central's Pacemaker Railroad in Rochester, N.Y. in August of 1942 headed for South Bend, Ind. I was 19-years-old. What brought me to that platform on that day? Where was I going?

I was born to Giovanni and Tommasina Tallarida, who had recently emigrated from Calabria, Italy. Our family spoke only Italian which created some humorous challenges for my parents, two brothers, two sisters, and I. We belonged to Mount Carmel Parish, an Italian National Parish, where we celebrated many feasts and festivals. When I was six years old, my family moved to the northern part of the city where my parents bought a home in Our Lady of Perpetual Help Parish. I remember the day that my mother took me to the grammar school for registration. As she handed Sister Catherine Joseph my baptismal certificate, the nun asked my mother what "Gaetano" meant. Being that mother did not understand English, she was unable to respond. So the nun recited the Litany of the Saints. When my mother heard, "St. Thomas," she nodded her head. So, I ended up with the name of Thomas, even though the actual translation for Gaetano is Cajetan.

I had a difficult time in the first three grades of grammar school. I had to repeat the third grade, but I was blessed with a new teacher, Sister Eligia, an Italian woman. When I did not understand something, I raised my hand and asked her in Italian what the word meant and how to pronounce it. Very patiently, she explained everything to me. I progressed well, and after graduation from



OLPH, I attended Aquinas Institute where one day my life took an unexpected turn. At one of our school assemblies, a Holy Cross Father came to speak about his congregation and his works in the world. I became very inquisitive about the Holy Cross fathers. I wrote him a letter in the beginning of my senior year.

In the spring of 1942, I was helping my father remove wallpaper when the outdoor bell rang. Happy to get a break, I descended from my ladder and opened the door. My mother asked me who it was. I said in Italian, "A priest." She replied, "What did you do now?" The priest, Fr. John Murphy, answered my mother in Italian. He told her I did nothing wrong, and he had come to visit me. My mother's total demeanor changed. She welcomed him with enthusiasm and treated him with Italian delights. Both of them spoke Italian. Fr. Murphy suggested that I travel to Notre Dame to discern whether or not I had a vocation. Little did I know that I would not return to Rochester for the next five years, having found my true vocation in life.

The next nine years went by quickly. I earned my degree from Notre Dame University, attended the Novitiate in Rolling Prairie, Ind. and studied Theology in Washington, D.C. for an additional four years. The highlights from this period were the sports program at Holy Cross Seminary, the visit of my two sisters to the Novitiate, and the presence of Fr. George Marr. I also enjoyed the choir at Moreau directed by Fr. Hager. The choir provided me the opportunity to learn the

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importance of liturgical music and the beauty of Gregorian chant.

After Ordination in 1951, I was assigned to Columbia Prep in Portland, Ore., for a short time. On my return to Notre Dame, I lived in Holy Cross Seminary, assisted at Holy Cross Parish under Fr. Higgins, and took classes in American History which eventually led to a master's degree in History. I was then assigned to our new high school in Niles, Ill., where I spent 13 years as a teacher. We had a great group of religious and wonderful and talented teachers, both religious and lay. Community life was strong.

In 1968, I left the high school for further studies at the University of Ottawa where I earned another master's degree in Psychology. In the spring of 1970, Provincial Fr. Kenna, visited with news of my new assignment. I was to return to Notre Dame in a new capacity—as a Rector in one of the dormitories.

University life was a new experience for me. As seminarians, our classes were separate from the lay students. I now lived among the students in Zahm Hall as rector for ten years. While in Zahm, I also became the Director of Off-campus housing in 1972. Later, I became the Director of International students. In 1980, I left Zahm Hall to become the Assistant Superior at Moreau Seminary. I continued to work with the international students until 1984 when I left the University to become Superior of Notre Dame High School.

A new chapter in my life began in 1987 with my sabbatical. I travelled to Berkeley, Calif., and enrolled in two classes at the The Graduate Theological Union. On weekends, I visited my brother, Frank, and his family and attended mass at their parish. Eventually, I became friends with the priests in the parishes in Marin County. One of them, Monsignor Lacey, asked me to work in a

Marin parish and made arrangements for me to do the preliminary work to qualify. When Archbishop Quinn of San Francisco sent me a telegram requesting that I start work in October 1988 at St. Raphael's Parish in San Rafael, Calif., I accepted.

I retired in 1993 and returned to Notre Dame to live in Corby Hall. Father Kevin Gaffey, the pastor of St. Anthony of Padua in Novato, Calif., invited me to come during the summers to his parish. I have returned every summer and lately for some winter seasons too. I have enjoyed my time in California and the lasting friendships that I have made.

New York Central's Pacemaker train ride brought me to the seminary and to a new life. God has been very merciful to me because I have enjoyed my work at Notre Dame High School for 16 years, Notre Dame University for 14 years and administrative positions within the Congregation for seven years. Even in retirement, I have enjoyed my part-time work in California parishes for 18 years. I am grateful for all the persons who made this adventure possible, especially Jesus who chose this unworthy servant.

“As I look to the Day of Christ, you give me cause to boast that I did not run the race in vain or work to no purpose.”

– Phil 2:16

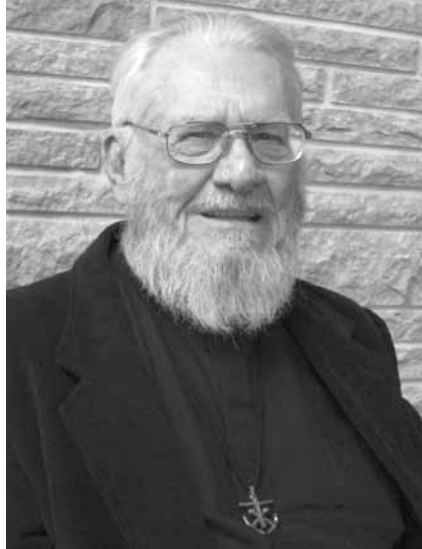
# Rev. John V. VandenBossche, C.S.C.

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My name is John VandenBossche. I was the first-born of four boys in the family of Ray and Palmyra (Remery) VandenBossche, 87 years ago. We lived on the southeast side of South Bend, Ind. My father worked as transportation director for Studebaker Corp.

St. Matthews Church and School were close by and I became an altar boy in elementary school. My father was very involved in the Boy Scouts of America, which gathered at the school and so all of us joined the scout troop. I worked at a filling station the last two years at Central Catholic High School (which is now part of St. Joseph High School). During these years, I felt a calling from God, but I thought it was to become a brother. Brother Elmo, told me that I would never become a brother, but the feeling persisted and after hearing a talk by Fr. J. Murphy, C.S.C., on the priesthood, I knew that was the right decision for me.

In 1942, I entered the Little Seminary at Notre Dame and joined the School of Science. At the house, I first worked in the kitchen, and then when there was need for a maintenance man, I was asked to do that. I did it for 25 years. After a year, I went to the Novitiate at Rolling Prairie, Ind. where I was put to work sharpening saws in the workshop. The last time I talked to Fr. Duffy, the Novice Master, he remarked, "I don't know why I am letting you take vows." Now, nearly 70



years later, I am still wondering about that, but I am still here, loving God more and more.

In 1947, I graduated from Notre Dame with a degree in science and was sent to Washington, D.C. to study theology at the Foreign Mission Seminary. Besides attending classes, I enjoyed visiting the many museums and libraries in the city as well as attending the summer concerts on the river. In 1951, we returned to Notre Dame for Ordination.

That fall, I was back at Notre Dame working on a master's degree in Physics. Two years later, I was sent to Notre Dame College in Dacca, East Pakistan. The language there is Bengali and it took five years for me to feel comfortable enough to preach and hear confessions. This was in 1966 and we began to say Mass in Bengali.

Beside teaching Physics and sometimes Mathematics, we built three big concrete buildings over the next 15 years. At the University of Dacca, they appointed me to the board of examiners and for a year I lectured in Electronics. We were very busy. I had two six month leaves to go home in 1959 and 1965.

From the beginning of my stay in Bengal, under the leadership of Fr. Hoffman, I assisted the Archbishop in various ceremonies including the consecration of Bishop Ganguli. That led to an appointment to the Liturgy Commission which was formed during the Vatican Council. With the



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help of many Bengali teachers and priests, we were able to publish rather quickly translations of the new documents. Bishop Ganguli was a great help in this work. I could give him a text in English or Latin and he would present it in Bengali.

In 1967, I was appointed president of Notre Dame College in the midst of civil strikes and unrest. Two years later, my fellow priests decided I was burned out and sent me home. I was exhausted. After recovering, I decided to get another degree in guidance and counseling. I couldn't go back to Bengal because war had broken out. The new country of Bangladesh came into existence and no visas were being issued. I went into campus ministry, parish work in South Bend, Ind., Michigan, and California, I went on the road for Family Prayer. In 1997 at 73 years of age, I was sent to Mountain View, Calif., as Chaplain to the Brothers of Holy Cross. The nursing home next door and the parishes kept me busy.

Along the way, art became a hobby for me. I began woodcarving, but found I liked painting in watercolors best. There were many courses available for seniors so I availed myself of those opportunities.

The South West Province of Brothers closed the house in Mountain View in 2007 and the Provincial asked me to return to Notre Dame to live in Fatima House. I soon was saying three masses a week in nursing homes and working in the Community Archives. In 2010, I asked to be transferred to the care center, Holy Cross House. I am still working at the Archives but not

as much and I go to celebrate Mass when called. I am filled with joy every day and retire at peace with God every night. It is wonderful living here.



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# Sixtieth Anniversary of Religious Profession

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# Bro. Herman F. Zaccarelli, C.S.C.

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I am a native of New Castle, Pa., the product of humble Italian peasants. I was born when the Great Depression was in full swing—April 11, 1931. My parents were immigrants from the southern provinces of Italy. My father, Frank, worked as a tailor, while my mother, Mary, filled the role of homemaker. My older brother Frank, my sister, Anna Marie and I were of a loving family. Both of my parents are gone now, but remain a very positive influence in my life.



I entered the Congregation of Holy Cross after graduation from high school as a brother of the Eastern Province of Priests at North Dartmouth, Mass., to embark on my chosen life's work as a brother of the Congregation of Holy Cross.

I was encouraged in my vocation by two Holy Cross priests: Fr. Bernard Ransing, C.S.C., and Father Dan O'Neil, C.S.C.

My life's journey in the Congregation was blessed with various services to the Congregation and to the People of God:

## **1951-1954**

Cook, Community Houses

## **1954-1961**

Director of Food Service,  
Notre Dame High School, Bridgeport, Conn.

## **1961-1971**

Director of Food Research  
Center, North Easton, Mass.

## **1971-1976**

Acquisitions Editor for Hos-  
pitality/Food Service Books,  
Cahners Publishing, Boston.

## **1976-1986**

Founder and Director of the  
Restaurant, Hotel and Institu-  
tional Management Institute  
Purdue University, West La-  
fayette, Ind.

## **1986-1991**

Director of Business and Entrepreneurial Man-  
agemnt  
St. Mary's University, Winona, Minn.

## **1991-1997**

Director of Kings College Conference Center  
Wilkes Barre, Pa.

## **1998-2001**

Student, Barry University, Miami

The Eastern Province has been uniquely blessed by God for the leadership its had during the past 53 years. The past Provincials created an environment for the development of creative ministry of service to the people of God and challenged the membership of the Province to respond. I wish to thank these Provincials who

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exemplified to us that leadership is service.

If I have been able to serve the Congregation and the people of God during these past 50 years, it is because of the support and encouragement of the Priests and Brothers in the Eastern Province and the members of the food service industry who shared with me their knowledge and expertise.

Presently, I am in the autumn of my life's journey. I am grateful to God for the opportunity to live out 50 years of my life within the Congregation of Holy Cross in the service of humankind.



# Fiftieth Anniversary of Ordination

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## Rev. Maurice E. Amen, C.S.C.

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The most unusual story-part of my journey to priestly Ordination is before I went to college.

Where to begin? Why, at the beginning, of course! I most certainly do not remember the mid-evening when I was born on October 19, 1934, in Scottsbluff, Neb., almost in Wyoming. Nor do I remember when I was baptized in a Methodist Church somewhere either in the panhandle of Nebraska, or near Deer Trail, Colo. (east of Denver on I-70), where my father grew up and where my parents lived shortly after I was born. The Deer Trail High School (grades 9-12) probably had no more than a dozen students total. But born and baptized somewhere, I most certainly was.

The series of memories pertinent to this sort of auto revelation involves my bicycling as a second or third grader every Sunday morning, if the weather was decent across town to the Baptist church. Something in me made me realize that I should attend not only Sunday School, but also the adult services in the main part of the church to receive the monthly the Ritz cracker and Virginia Dare wine which formed of Communion and was offered to only one member of a family. What was also curious about my religious environment was that the small driveway to the backyard garage of our house was the only dividing line between our house property and the property of an Evangelical church next door. This Baptist



church attending went on as long as I was on the west side of town, 16 blocks from the Baptist church.

Throughout all this early time of my life, I had one steady prayer which my Russian Grandmother Amen taught me. To use the “Maury-as-a-child’s” pronunciation and accents as I memorized them then and even now remember them, “Abbá lee Fáther in Himmel. Amén.” Grandma Amen was right on target: “Abba, the

Father, in Heaven. Amen.” The language was probably a mix of what I as a child could hear and comprehend, and in language that my Amen Grandparents called “low German/Russian.” The other prayers I learned as a child were all Biblical. In Baptist Sunday school we won prizes for who memorized the greatest number of bible verses during the week and could recite them on Sunday morning in front of the class. I won my share of these small prizes, always religion-related. I grew up using the King James Version of the Bible and even had a red letter edition—in all the Gospels, the words actually said by Jesus were printed in red. From fourth grade until ninth grade when I lived on the east side of town and had only six blocks to bicycle. I continued going the Baptist church, always for Sunday school and then the adult services. I have no memories what so ever of being in a church pew with any member of my family, even as I headed off to college.



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Through the influence of a neighborhood friend, Mom decided to become a Roman Catholic and asked me if I wanted to convert to Catholicism at the same time. By this point, I was a thorough-going Baptist, but my family religious background because of my Amen Grandparents was German Lutheran. I had a young teenager's spiritual crisis because this option to convert was going against all my religious training and family traditions. The 13-year-old me thought seriously about running away from home, but after due consideration I decided I would not get very far with the \$15 I had in my pocket. I still cannot fully explain my decision and change of heart without getting all misty-eyed. Something deeply spiritual was happening to me.

So I started becoming a Catholic. Good Father Maloney helped me every step of the way. I think my Mother was receiving instructions separately. My Father chose not to join the Church. The good priest Fr. M. sat me down that first Sunday on a stool like the First Communion kids were sitting on. There was me, a strapping 13-year-old, among kids who struck me as still being toddlers. This went on for a month and then I got to join the Confirmation class for the remaining months. Somewhere along the line I got trained as an altar server and was serving Mass before I was able to go to Holy Communion.

Then the fateful day arrived I was to undergo the practice of the time, the "A B C" set of rituals—I do not remember my mother doing these at the same time. "A" is for Abjuration, "B" is for Baptism, "C" is for Confession. So Maury was asked to kneel down at the Communion Rail, and

read a document which basically indicated that I had been forgive, the legal phrase, a "formal heretic"—no more, no less. At 13, I was of an age to have known better than to believe falsely. Abjure, I guess means to forswear that I would not in the future believe falsely and would continue to reject whatever I had believed previously. Then Father Maloney and I went to the baptismal font and he conditionally baptized me because there was no way to establish whether the previous Methodist Baptism had been done correctly and effectively. Finally, Father went into the center stall of the confessional and I went into the side closest to the main altar—it is always better to play things safely. So at least one time in my life—for however long it might have been—I was absolutely and thoroughly and praise-worthily and squeakily clean. All possible bases were covered to make me a fully-fledged and fully-pledged Roman Catholic.

There was no Catholic school at any level of education in my hometown or nearby towns. Sometime during my senior year, I decided I just had to find out if the priesthood was for me. I somehow knew that I did not want to be a diocesan priest, probably due to a mission or two given by visiting priests. So I explained this to Father Maloney and asked him how much it was going to cost. I didn't quite choke over this matter but absolutely realized I was going to need significant financial help. Father suggested that I contact Donald & Victoria Lanspa, who were mainstays of the parish of St. Agnes. So I made an appointment to see them and explained my situation. They said that their son Donald had

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just finished his freshman year at the University of Notre Dame and he had thought of becoming a Holy Cross priest. The Lanspas went into another room and got all the vocation literature their son had brought home and gave it to me. They drove me to Notre Dame when they were returning their son Donald for his sophomore year and paid all my tuition, room and board, textbook and other expenses for me. They also generously paid for some serious dental work I had done during my freshman year and again in my novitiate year.

During my four years at Notre Dame, seminarians were not required to take any Theology courses, so the training I got spiritually was through seminary conferences, spiritual direction, and spiritual reading. The summer after my freshman year, I started the Novitiate in Jordan, Minn. I made First Profession of the Vows of poverty, celibacy, and obedience on August 16, 1954. I finished my university studies as a Philosophy major at Notre Dame. My parents could only afford to come to Notre Dame only once, and so I asked that they come for Final Vows on August 16, 1957 rather than for my university graduation ceremony.

I began the four-year program of graduate Theological studies in Autumn 1957 at Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C. Summers were spent at the Holy Cross Property near Oakland, Md., on Deep Creek Lake, and at summer school at Notre Dame. At the end of these four years, I had a master's degree in Theology from Holy Cross College and a master's in English (Literature) at Notre Dame.

Before my third year of Theology started, I

took two different trains to get to Omaha for my Father's open heart surgery in 1959, a time when there was no heart-lung machine. He died during the operation. Since he had become a Catholic shortly before he died, Father Maloney allowed a Solemn High Mass to take place for his Funeral Mass. He explained to the Catholic parishioners the unusual Solemn Mass was so that I could take part in the ceremony at the altar by being the sub-deacon during Mass. The good Father M. also noticed how many of those attending the Funeral Mass were not Catholic, and he gave the homily of a lifetime—explaining to those present the Catholic viewpoints on death.

Because my family lived more than 1,000 miles away and did not have the finances to attend my Ordination at Sacred Heart Church at Notre Dame, I was allowed to be ordained elsewhere. So I was ordained at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Denver, Col. Two other deacons were being ordained at the same time on June 3, 1961: one from the Archdiocese of Denver and the other from the Diocese of Cheyenne, Wyo. The ordaining Bishop was Bishop David M. Maloney (nice for that name, to appear twice in my journey to the priesthood!). He was the first Auxiliary Bishop of the Denver Archdiocese. Sitting on the Episcopal throne was Archbishop Urban J. Vehr, whose presence sure did make the ordaining Bishop nervous. The other two deacons and I were steadily and rather quietly encouraging and supporting Bishop Maloney. Years later, I discovered that prior to my Ordination, a rescript or dispensation had been obtained from the Vatican for me, because I

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had been...you guessed it a formal heretic!

I presided over my first Mass at my home parish, St. Agnes, in Scottsbluff, the dinner afterwards was in the Parish Hall, and the reception was held in Donald and Victoria Lanspa's home. Fr. Joe O'Donnell, a close friend and a year older, was there for the Ordination and preached at my first Mass.

My first assignment was in Cleveland's Our Lady of Peace Church, adjacent to Shaker Heights. I started hearing confessions for the first time and from this practical experience I knew for certain that I had been quite adequately trained for priestly ministry. My second summer assignment was as a Hospital Chaplain in Anderson, Ind., at St. John Hickey Memorial Hospital, operated by Holy Cross Sisters.

The first academic year after Ordination was spent in a program called the Tirocinium Year, at Notre Dame. I was Resident Chaplain in Lyons Hall and my 18 Ordination classmates also at Notre Dame were scattered in the other residence halls. At the end of the year, I was assigned to study Canon Law in Rome, but I did not do well there. I was in Rome for two years and then came back to Holy Cross College in D.C. and began studies in Canon Law all over again at Catholic University and did very well.

While still studying at Catholic University, I started teaching Canon Law at Holy Cross College. The Province closed Holy Cross College in 1968 and all students and several faculty members moved to Notre Dame. For one year, I was rector of Keenan Hall, and then for three years the First Rector of Flanner Hall. At

the same time, I taught full time in the Theology Department and for several years beginning in 1971, I was also director of the Program on Non-Violence.

In 1971, after a fine summer of at least two and-a-half months at Notre Dame's Property at Land O'Lakes, Wis., I drove back to Notre Dame with a priest who over the years had been one of my advisers, Fr. Charlie Sheedy. We went out to dinner together and as we continued to talk he asked me, "Maury, if you could do anything you really wanted to do, what would you do?" With no hesitation whatsoever, I said, "I would go to Japan!" I had not ever consciously thought of this possibility, so he pulled something right up out of my inner being. It took me some years to get there, but I got to Tokyo in 1977. In the meantime, and while continuing to teach full-time at Notre Dame, for three years I was Superior of St. Joseph Hall where Holy Cross seminarians would spend their first year of studies and training before moving to Moreau Seminary to further their journey toward priestly Ordination. It was there at St. Joseph Hall that Fr. David Verhalen and I began our friendship, that is still continuing and deepening today.

I arrived in Japan on July 8, 1977 and returned permanently to the United States of America on May 20, 2000, so I spent 23 years in Japan. In the fall of 1977 I went to Kamakura to study Japanese. I was there for a year-and-a-half. Then the Jesuits in the Kamakura area approached me about teaching at their junior/senior high school, Eiko Gakuen. The Jesuits at Sophia University in Tokyo also asked me to teach part time in the

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Department of Comparative Culture at a separate campus in Ichigaya, a short walk and one subway stop away from the main campus.

During my third year at the Eiko Gakuen High School, the Jesuits asked me to teach fulltime—I had received the accreditation I needed for such teaching from the Japanese Ministry of Education, so that was a possibility. But I was full time at the Department, now the College of Comparative Culture, and eventually got tenure as an Associate Professor. I also eventually got terminated thanks to a university-wide change of policy lowering the retirement age from 70 to 65. In Japan, there is no appeal or legal recourse against such a decision. So, instead of coming back to the States in 2004 as originally planned, I came back in 2000.

For about 10 years I was the Auxiliary Catholic Chaplain at Yokota Air Base near Tokyo. During these years, I did have some absences—two semesters, 12 years apart for quadruple bypass surgeries in 1986 and 1998, one in Denver and one in South Bend, Ind. I had a sabbatical “year” of 15 months in 1996-97.

I was fortunate to “land” two jobs on my return to the States and Notre Dame in 2000: 1). Resident Chaplain for a wonderful group of brothers in Columba Hall at Notre Dame and 2). Associate Professor at the nearby Holy Cross College, teaching Philosophy, World Religion, and Global Issues courses. I lived in Columba Hall, and taught until the end of the spring Semester 2007 at Holy Cross College. I moved out of Columba Hall into our health-care facility in mid-September 2007. I have lived rather

joyously here at Holy Cross House.

My first Ordination classmate to die was Fr. Dennis Freemal, on Valentine’s Day in 1965. I used his chalice yesterday when I was the main celebrant at our community Mass, and obviously I have been thinking of Denny these days because to the 46<sup>th</sup> anniversary of his death. As I write this, tomorrow is Valentine’s Day. In the past few months, two other Ordination classmates have died, Fr. Joe Koma and Fr. Bob Malone. Originally in 1961, 24 of us were ordained. Some have left the priesthood and others have died. At our 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Mass and celebration, hopefully all the living 50<sup>th</sup> Jubilarians, all ten of us, will be physically present. All deceased and departed Ordination classmates will be present in my mind and heart. I am hoping relatives of the departed priests and some former classmate will be in attendance at the Jubilee Celebration Mass and festivities.

My only living Catholic relative, my sister Ginny (11 years younger), will not be present because of health reasons. I most certainly will remember at the celebratory Mass my parents, grandparents, Godparents, the Lanspas (living and deceased) and my two deceased siblings, Connie (4 years younger), died in 1990; and Gregg (16 years younger), died in 1997. I will also remember those deceased men and women who have in the past helped me and those still living who continue to help me to be the individual, the priest, the Holy Cross religious, and the completed person I am struggling to be these days. However many these might be as I journey into the future.



# Rev. Ernest J. Bartell, C.S.C.

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If I had pursued a priestly vocation in high school, I probably would have applied to the religious order that owned and staffed, with excellent teachers, Fenwick High School, Chicago, which at that time was Notre Dame's largest feeder school. A Notre Dame alumnus whom I admired advised me to request housing in Farley Hall because the Hall Rector there at the time was a "great young priest" named Hesburgh. However, when I arrived at Notre Dame, I encountered a different Holy Cross priest Rector, Fr. Charles Sheedy. Moreover, it was his personal interest in my academic progress that ultimately led me back to him after earning a master's degree in Economics (A.M.) at the University of Chicago. He never talked to me about becoming a priest, but his own vocational path gave me the courage, hopefully with the influence of the Holy Spirit, to enter the Holy Cross Novitiate. I became the only member of either side of my family ever to pursue a priestly and/or religious vocation.

Although the Mass had always been central to my own religious faith, formation for priestly ministry and religious life in a religious community during the 1950's had its ups and downs for an only child raised in a Catholic family not especially active in Church life and activities. I am indebted to Frs. Charles Corcoran, Paul Rankin and Herman Reith for their understanding, pa-



tience and wise counsel during those years. After Ordination I was required to spend an additional year of formation at Notre Dame. That year may have had more to do with my later life of ministry than anything in my formal seminary training. I brushed up on my earlier Economics training while teaching Economics for the first time and serving as Chaplain in an undergraduate residence hall.

Perhaps more importantly, I became involved in the formation of the first international service program for undergraduate volunteers Community for the International Lay Apostolate, known by its acronym as CILA. After several months of informal discussions, beginning in the fall of 1961, with active undergraduates and Fr. Larry Murphy, MM, we began CILA with two self-financed international volunteer student service projects during the summer of 1962. One focused on social work in a shanty town outside of Lima, Peru and the other anticipated Habitat for Humanity by building homes in Tacámbaro, a remote small town in central Mexico, with the active participation of future occupants of the homes. The number of projects and participants in CILA increased rapidly, and in the second year, President of Notre Dame, Fr. Ted Hesburgh, C.S.C., accompanied by Fr. Howard Kenna, C.S.C., Provincial Superior of Holy Cross in the U.S., paid us a surprise visit at the Tacámbaro

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project, which continued for twelve years.

By the time I relinquished my responsibilities with CILA and left Notre Dame for graduate school, CILA had 14 active summer service projects throughout the hemisphere, including among migrant communities in the Northeast, Midwest and Southwest of the U.S. Fr. Don McNeill, C.S.C., who assumed my responsibilities with CILA, later used CILA as a major building block of the present multifaceted Center for Social Concerns at Notre Dame, where service activities are now integrated into the formal educational life of the university and where CILA is celebrating its own 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary in 2011.

During my years as a Notre Dame student and seminarian, it was common for Holy Cross priests to serve on the faculties of disciplines outside of Theology and the liberal arts at Notre Dame—years before engagement with the modern world became a major theme of Vatican II. So a year after Ordination, I was again a graduate student in Economics specializing in International Development Economics, as well as the Economics of Education, both of which became my major academic interests when I returned to Notre Dame as a faculty member.

Later, I detoured into academic administration with an appointment as president of Stonehill College in Easton Mass., (like Notre Dame, Stonehill was founded by the Holy Cross Fathers). I also served as a Board Mentor, i.e., consultant to Boards of Trustees of colleges and universities—mostly Catholic—for the Association of College and University Boards. The Stonehill experience also led to my appointment during

the administration of President Jimmy Carter as director of a small, but highly regarded federal agency that offered competitive start-up grants for a broad spectrum of innovative improvements in both access and quality of post-secondary education—anything from a new core curriculum for an elite university to an experimental store-front post-secondary school for middle-aged minority women in an urban ghetto. Life as a Catholic priest in the federal bureaucracy offered unique opportunities for personal and social ministry, but also included contradictory challenges and conflicts that proved to be enervating.

After resigning, I appreciated the opportunity to reactivate my international interests when I was asked by my religious Superior to visit and report on Holy Cross international mission projects in some of the poorest locations of South Asia, East and West Africa, Latin America, and the Caribbean. To this day, I am impressed with examples I witnessed of the generosity shown by the poor in those missions towards other poor in their mutual daily struggle for survival. One outcome of my visits was the establishment of an international Holy Cross Mission Center at Notre Dame, which I was privileged to direct for a while as I reactivated my faculty position in Economics at the University. Later, Fr. Hesburgh asked me to establish the Kellogg Institute for International Studies at Notre Dame, which I served as Executive Director until my retirement from the University and in which I still hold an emeritus faculty appointment.

Sacramental ministry, including celebrating Mass, administering the Sacraments of

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Reconciliation, Anointing of the Sick, presiding and officiating at Marriages, Baptisms and funerals is an essential privilege and duty of the priesthood. Certainly, the Mass has always been central to my priestly life. In addition, I was also pleased to have an opportunity to experience more typical priestly ministry as Parochial Vicar in a parish of a large southern Archdiocese for several months each year over a decade before retiring. Serving as a Parish Assistant in a diocesan parish apart from my religious community was also a learning experience. It was easy to admire the dedication of diocesan priests to their parishioners, but I was also conscious of the lack of mutual support from a religious community, upon which I have gratefully depended for most of my life in ministry.

In retrospect, I appreciate the privilege of having experienced a life of varied ministry for and with my religious community, in serving the larger Church and world. Through it all I remain in grateful awe of the working of the Holy Spirit in all stages of our life's journey.



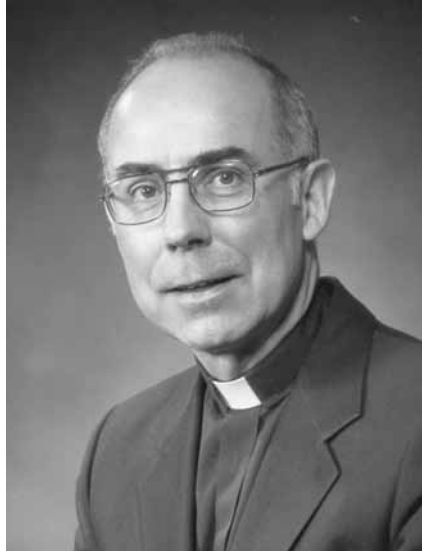


# Rev. Thomas E. Blantz, C.S.C.

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I was born on June 18, 1934, in Massillon, Ohio, a town of about 25,000, 40 miles south of Cleveland. My father was assistant storekeeper at the local Republic Steel plant and my mother was chiefly a homemaker, although she later served as manager of our parish soup kitchen. I have an older brother, Jim, now a Holy Cross priest ministering in Phoenix, who early on taught me the finer points of baseball, stamp collecting, and serving the Latin Mass. He is today an outstanding close-up magician. My younger sister, Mary Kay, was less than two years old when I entered the seminary. She is a computer consultant now, and although my own computer skills are primitive to non-existent, through the years we have become the closest of friends.

I spent four years of high school at Holy Cross Seminary, entering in 1948. I received an excellent education and was deeply influenced by such dedicated Holy Cross priests as Joseph Fiedler, Herv LeBlanc, and Bill Brinker. After a year of Novitiate in Jordan, Minn. (the first class to spend the full year there), I returned to Moreau Seminary for four years under Fathers Bernie McAvoy and Paul Rankin, both excellent Superiors. As seminarians, we majored in Philosophy, but I also took various elective courses in History—my growing academic interest—and spent enjoyable summers fishing, playing baseball,



and practicing public speaking with Father Art Harvey on Notre Dame's property near Land O'Lakes, Wis.

Having taken Final Vows in 1956, I was sent to Rome the following year for four years of Theology at the Gregorian University. The classes were challenging but enjoyable, and I found time to continue my interest in History—researching ruins in the old Roman Forum and borrowing books from the

British Consulate library. I was ordained a priest at the beginning of our fourth year of study, October 30, 1960. I occasionally assisted with parish ministry in Rome through the following year.

Returning to Notre Dame in 1961, I had one year of required Pastoral Theology (Tirocinium Pastorale) and then took a second year to receive a master's degree in History before going to Columbia University in New York for my doctorate. I lived in a wonderful parish community in New Rochelle, wrote my dissertation on the government work of Monsignor Francis Haas (later Bishop of Grand Rapids) in labor mediation and Civil Rights, and then returned to Notre Dame in 1966.

With the exception of the 1984-1985 academic year, I have been at Notre Dame ever since, but in a variety of positions. For most of these years I have lived in a student residence

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hall, about half the time in a men's hall and half the time in a women's. When asked the difference between the halls, I have often answered that in all my years in a men's hall I was not once called on to step on a cockroach in a shower—not true of the women's halls! I have enjoyed the friendship and sacramental ministry with the students immensely. For nine years, I served as Director of the University Archives, the repository of the official papers of the University and numerous manuscript collections. I find historical research exciting and it was a pleasure to be working each day with the papers of Father Sorin, General William Sherman, Cardinal John O'Hara, and so many others. From 1970 to 1972, I served as Vice President for Student Affairs. It was a difficult position during those years of student unrest across the nation, but it was also a valuable experience working that closely with Father Hesburgh and Father Joyce. In the 1980's, I took my turn as Chairman of the Department of History and as Director of Undergraduate Studies for the Department a few years later. I found administration quite satisfying – trying to accomplish one's goals by working with and through others.

In all of these positions I continued to teach, my first love. I began by teaching Pre-Civil War History and U. S. Labor History, but more recently Twentieth Century U. S. Political History and the History of Notre Dame. I have enjoyed it all. It has been most satisfying to assist others in understanding a little more clearly the history of the United States and its development over the centuries to arrive at where the country is today.

Students' questions have forced me to rethink my own opinions and their research papers and dissertations often taught me more than I taught them.

In case anyone is still reading this rather boring recital, let me close on a note of sincere gratitude. Looking back over 50 years of priesthood, I am grateful to so many: to my family for their love and encouragement; to the Congregation of Holy Cross and the University of Notre Dame for the opportunities and support they have given me; to my professors and colleagues for inspiring me to continue learning; to my students whom it has been a privilege to teach; to the young men and women I have lived within the residence halls, for their example and friendship; and especially to God for the very satisfying life I have been privileged to live.

# Rev. Thomas E. Chambers, C.S.C.

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I was born on August 1, 1934 in Cleveland, the son of Mary C. Malone and J. Clyde Chambers. My life as a young boy was an idyllic one, filled with much love, laughter and many friends. I attended Gesu Elementary School and opted to go to Cleveland Heights High School instead of Cathedral Latin. My older brothers attended John Carroll University, but I decided on the University of Notre Dame. That choice has made all the difference in my life. The friends I made at Notre Dame have remained close friends even to this day. The class of 1956 celebrates every year at Notre Dame when we renew our friendship and pray for our classmates who are ill or have passed away. The priests who taught me and who nurtured my vocation remain in my prayers as well.

It truly is a great joy to celebrate 50 years of priesthood as a Holy Cross religious priest. When asked to write memories of so many years, it provides me with joy, since there are so many special ministries in which I have been active. All of my assignments were special: being part of a vocation team; serving as Spiritual Director to those considering the priesthood in Moreau Seminary; being a Rector of a residence hall; and being the Director of Student Residents at Notre Dame. This latter post presented the challenge of ministering not only to a University of men-only, but later also to a co-educational institution—



which was a time of growth for the University of Notre Dame.

Our community provided me with the opportunity of an excellent education while also permitting a growth in academic life. It enabled me to serve as Assistant Vice President of Student Affairs, a Vice President for Academic Affairs for 11 years at Ursuline College in Cleveland, and 17 years as President of Our Lady of Holy Cross College, New Orleans—an important

ministry of the Marianites of Holy Cross.

How the time has flown! In 2003, another ministry came into my life—the Willwoods Community. Since 2003, New Orleans has had many, many challenges. For 18 years, my home was in a Holy Cross Community rectory in the Parish of Sacred Heart. Our Community has had the parish since 1873, but Hurricane Katrina left Sacred Heart Parish with 15 feet of water heavily damaging the church, rectory, and Malta Square—a residence for senior citizens that was on the property. My present ministry at the Willwoods Community is one of rebuilding Affordable Housing; Malta Park on Magazine, a senior living residence; promoting senior retreat programs for married couples; and the reorganization of WLAE-TV and LAE Productions. The challenge of rebuilding for the present and future is truly God's work in assisting those in need.

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I offer thanks to the Father, Son and Holy Spirit and to Our Lady for the opportunity that has been provided me to bring their “Good News” to so many for so many years. I thank my Community for the privilege of being a Holy Cross religious and for the gift of priesthood. My happiness is in living a life of fulfillment in doing God’s will. How grateful I am!

# Rev. William G. Condon, CSC

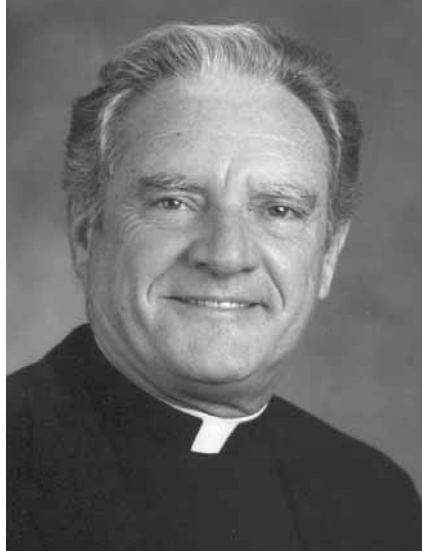
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My parents, Bill and Helen (Murphy) Condon lived directly across the street from the Redemptorist's Mission Church, now the Basilica of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, in Boston's Roxbury district. A week after my birth, I was brought for Baptism as William T. Condon Jr. Fortunately, my father had misgivings about being a "Senior" so I ended up with St. Gerard Majella's name as my middle name. This led to a long emotional relationship with the preaching Redemptorists, but after my father's discovery of Stonehill College he suggested I inquire and visit this new school, recently founded by the Holy Cross Fathers.

I went, I saw and they conquered! I matriculated at Stonehill. With the influence of my grandparents and parents, good Boston Irish Catholic Democrats all, I heard "the call" and during the summer after my freshmen year I drove down to Stonehill from Newton, Mass., my home of 19 years, and joined the Congregation.

My tale continues, much the same as my mid-1950's contemporaries with Novitiate in Bennington, Vt., continuing Philosophy studies at Stonehill and Theology at Holy Cross College in D.C. I received Ordination at St. Augustine Cathedral Bridgeport, Conn., on June 1, 1961.

The community motto in those days, "Across the World with Holy Cross," slowly crept into my inner consciousness and I began during my



high school teaching years to travel—for educational and mission purposes of course. After stints at high school and college in teaching and administration, I became Principal of Notre Dame Boys High School, Bridgport, Conn., in 1970. I joined the Navy Chaplain Corps. I saw duty in Okinawa, Japan, Adak (twice) and Keflavik, Iceland, each for one-year tours. I spent the rest of my 15 years of active duty in Southern and Central

California: Long Beach, San Diego, Twentynine Palms, and San Francisco.

My outstanding, life-changing ministerial experience developed following my assignment to the CREDO retreat program, modeled after Cursillo, which the acronymic Navy established as the Chaplain Response to the Emerging Drug Order to alleviate the difficulties of reintegration of service members after returning from the Vietnam War. This 72-hour retreat program in an old gold-mining town in California ended with the celebration of the Eucharist and five follow-up sessions. It became my home for the next four years. The privilege and graces of the 40 retreats I led shaped the last three-and-a-half decades of my spiritual journey. This grace filled experience also caused me to address personal issues, which led me to 35 years working, at different levels, in the addiction and recovery ministry.

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Now, though limited somewhat by age, preaching and teaching continue as my focus in ministry, even including an occasional (truth check, required here) Chaplain Passage on a Princess Cruise or Cunard's Queen Mary II.

I owe my humblest thanks to my parents, grandparents, to my family, to the Congregation of Holy Cross, and to all those who allowed me to minister to them, with them, and for them, through these all-too-swift 50 years.

My gratitude to God for the graces given me during these years to preach and teach the Gospel of Jesus Christ with the intercession of his Blessed Mother Mary, St. Joseph, St. André of Montreal, and Blessed Basile Moreau. In all their name, I say "Amen". *Ad Multo Annos - Deo Gratias.*

# Rev. Donald F. Guertin, C.S.C.

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Fr. Donald Guertin, Counselor and Family Therapist at the Family and Children's Center, Mishawaka, Ind., was born in Detroit on Oct. 27, 1928. He graduated from St. Francis Xavier High School in suburban Ecorse, Mich., in 1946 and studied for two years at Chaffey College in Alta Loma, Calif., before a four-year stint in flight training and as a U.S. Navy pilot. He came to Notre Dame as a regular student in 1952, entered Old College a year later, went to Sacred Heart Novitiate, Jordan, Minn., in 1954, and made his First Vows there on Aug. 16, 1955. He graduated from Notre Dame in 1957, studied Theology for four years at Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C., and was ordained to the priesthood at Sacred Heart at Notre Dame, on June 7, 1961.

Fr. Guertin was an Assistant Pastor at Little Flower Parish in South Bend, Ind., from 1962 to 1966. For the first year of this assignment he also prefected in a student residence hall at Notre Dame. In 1966-67, he served as assistant at Christ the King Parish, South Bend. The following year he was appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Parish, also in South Bend, where he served until 1974. He then studied for two years at Loyola University, Chicago, where he received a master's degree in Counseling Psychology. He was appointed to his present post at the Family and Children's Center in 1976.



Fr. Guertin's "extra parish" activities have included being Spiritual Director of Cursillos, involvement in the Diocesan Board of Education, and the Engaged Encounter Program in South Bend. He also helped found the United Religious Community of St. Joseph County (Indiana) and the county's Clergy Association. He is a coordinator of "Lectures for Living," a prestigious lecture series of the Family and Children's Center

in Mishawaka, currently celebrating its 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary.

Looking back now from 2011 it was after 15-and-a-half years at Family and Children's Center, in the spring of 1992, that I began a sabbatical year at the Marianella Renewal Program, in Dublin, and then two semesters of studies in Berkeley, Calif.

Next came four years in the Coachella Valley, Calif., serving both Our Lady of Soledad Parish and the Valley Missionary Program with Fr. Joe Pawlicki, C.S.C. There I used my counseling background to good advantage, and also acquired many Mexican American friends.

In 1997, it was back to Little Flower Parish for a second tour there (four years). This time it was not easy to remember names, so I was doubly glad to be again with many people I'd known there in the mid-60's!

Next came a year at St. John Vianney Parish



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in Goodyear, Ariz., followed by one year at Holy Cross Center, Berkeley, Calif., where I was able to work into semi-retirement, primarily doing a lot of building maintenance! Upon returning to South Bend and semi-retirement, I have responded to various ministry requests, including Masses at the prison in Michigan City, St. Paul Retirement, and Holy Cross Care and Rehab. For the past five years, I have worked part-time with the Spiritual Care Department at St. Joseph Regional Medical Center as a Priest Visitor.

With the coming of more free time, I have been able to exercise by running around St. Mary's Lake (weather permitting) and returning to tennis (and wishing I'd never left it!).

All of my assignments have provided blessings, challenges, and the privilege of working with so many fine people who provided inspiration and support! I am likewise grateful for the friendship and support of so many within the family of Holy Cross, priests, sisters, and brothers, and other priests and ministers from other communities, as well—all channels of God's blessings!

# Rev. Thomas F. McNally, C.S.C.

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My vocation story begins in Florence, Italy. I had left my job as a reporter in Chicago to travel to Europe with two friends. I was 23 and had graduated from Notre Dame the previous year. My friends and I were eating breakfast in a tourist home when two casually dressed men, obviously American, entered. The taller man asked where we were from. We told him Chicago.

“I’m not far from Chicago myself”, he answered. “I’m a priest at Notre Dame.”

The priest was Fr. Ned Joyce who was studying in Europe and preparing, whether he knew it or not, for his long career at Notre Dame as Fr. Ted Hesburgh’s right hand man. With him was his brother Lyle, a student at the Sorbonne.

Fr. Ned had not been at Notre Dame when I was a student so I had never seen him before. He and Lyle traveled around Florence with me and my companions, and a few weeks later he showed us around Oxford where he was studying. I was impressed by his friendliness, warmth and Christian charity.

When I got back to the States I resumed my career in journalism, working for United Press in Chicago and Nebraska: Omaha, Lincoln and Sioux Falls. It was while I was manager of the tiny UP Bureau in Sioux Falls that I decided to become a priest. I had kept in touch with Fr. Joyce, who was now Executive Vice President of



Notre Dame, and wrote to tell him that I had decided to enter the Jesuits.

“Before you sign up,” he replied, “Why don’t you visit us at Notre Dame?”

I made the trip to campus, met Frs. John Wilson and Jack Doherty and eventually decided to enter Holy Cross instead of the Jesuits.

Many times I have reflected on that life-changing moment in Florence when I met Fr. Ned. It was obviously God’s way of leading me to a life in Holy

Cross. I have never regretted my decision, and my friendship with Ned Joyce lasted until his death although our priestly careers were very different.

I was born in Winnetka, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. My parents raised five of us—three boys and two girls—and made certain all of us were brought up in the faith and studied at Catholic schools. My father was President of Mountain Valley Water Company in Chicago and my mother was a Chicago south sider, one of two girls in a family of 11. Both were good people and our family was a happy one.

In high school I studied at Campion High School in Prairie du Chien, Wis., where I encountered the Jesuits. I deeply admired the priests and brothers and the young Scholastics who lived with us, taught us and took us on hikes into the surrounding bluffs. Those were good

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years, marred only by the realization that the country was now at war. In shocking fashion, the war came home to me when my brother Don, a Notre Dame grad of 1942, was killed over France in his P-47 Thunderbolt fighter plane. His death left a giant hole in the family.

Life goes on. I graduated from Campion in 1944 at the age of 17 and enrolled at Notre Dame for two quick semesters. I enlisted in the Navy on the eve of my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday. I was in training when the war ended and returned to Notre Dame in the fall of 1946 with hundreds of other World War II vets. I lived the following years in Zahn and Dillon Halls and they were enjoyable years indeed.

After graduating as an English major in 1949 I began my journalistic career at a community newspaper in Chicago. I had considered a vocation to the priesthood when several of my high school classmates joined the Jesuits, and did so again during my years after graduating from Notre Dame. But it was not until 1955 that I finally decided to make the plunge and wrote Fr. Joyce about my intentions.

After my novitiate year in Jordan, Minn., an additional year at Notre Dame, and four years of Theology in Washington, D.C., I was ordained in 1961 with several of my classmates.

My first real assignment in Holy Cross took place the following year when I was named editor and publisher of two magazines for Catholic junior high age students, Catholic BOY and Catholic MISS. I took over from Fr. Frank Gartland who had preached at my first Mass and had done a wonderful job with the magazines

since the day Holy Cross bought Catholic BOY in the late 1940s. I was with BOY and MISS for seven years, during which time we revamped the appearance of the magazines and won two awards from the Catholic Press Association. Among the men with me for all my years at BOY/MISS were Bros. James Lakofka and Louis Hurcik. Alas, magazines experienced hard times in that period and we were forced by a sudden drop in circulation to sell them at the end of the 1960s. (AVE MARIA magazine stopped publishing about the same time.)

I traveled to Minneapolis, and worked for the new owners as a consultant for a year while helping out in an upscale parish in Edina, Minn. Among my duties was handling the advertising.

I remember the day when the manager called me in and explained that it didn't seem fitting for a priest to sell advertising. "We'll have to get you a different name," he said. At that moment he received a telephone call from a possible advertiser. "Just a minute," he said. "I'll turn you over to our advertising manager, Mr. Scott Dillingham." He handed the phone to me. "Good morning," I answered, "Scott Dillingham here." I retained that moniker for the following months until my career as a consultant ended and I returned to Notre Dame as Assistant Vocation Director under the famous Irishman, Fr. Bill Melody.

After two years on vocation duty, I moved over to campus as member of Fr. Bill Toohey's campus ministry team. Bill and I were Ordination classmates and good friends and the following years were exciting and wonderful. A number

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of priests worked with us, along with Bro. Joe McTaggart and Sr. Jane Pitt. We challenged each other and sometimes battled over the best way we could serve Notre Dame and its students. At times we also collided with the Notre Dame administration, which included my friend Fr. Joyce.

I'll never forget those days. I think we performed a valuable service for Notre Dame and planted the seed for the marvelous campus ministry which exists today. A great privilege of my priesthood was being able to give the homily at Bill Toohey's funeral after his sudden tragic death.

I also worked in the halls during those years, including three years as rector of Grace Hall. I loved my pastoral work with the students and had a great staff to work with. Names from that period include two college Presidents, John Jenkins and Bill Beauchamp, as well as a host of others, including Don McNeill, Claude Pomerleau, and Dave Burrell.

I moved on from Notre Dame to California in 1979 and began a new career as a parish priest. At St. Clement's in Hayward, I was Pastor for six years and, some years later, an Associate Pastor to Fr. Jim Buckley, and administrator of the parish when Jim became ill and died. Those were great years too, and we did a lot to build up the parish. I still have many good friends there and was heartbroken when we were asked to hand back the parish to the diocese in 2001.

I had two separate stints at St. Clement's, the first from 1980 to 1986 and the second from 1995 until 2001. In between, I spent five years as

pastor of a parish in South Bend and a wonderful year-and-a-half in Chile where I worked in two parishes in poor neighborhoods. Respiratory problems cut short my time in Chile. One of the priests there, Charley Delaney, strongly suggested that I leave and get medical help back in the States. "Otherwise," he said, "we'll be sending you home in a box!"

I "retired" in 2001 after Holy Cross left St. Clement's, but God had a surprise for me. My ministry has continued in a new and exciting way. For most of the past 10 years I have been a Volunteer Chaplain at a maximum security prison in Michigan City, Ind.. I have many friends now among men whom some consider the dregs of society. I have witnessed the execution of three of them and those moments were among the saddest and most difficult in my entire 50 years as a priest. When can we ever learn that all human life is sacred?

But my work with prisoners is another story to be told at another time if God permits. I better end my vocation story right now. I am grateful to the Lord for his countless blessings over the past 50 years and grateful to Holy Cross for welcoming me as a comrade.



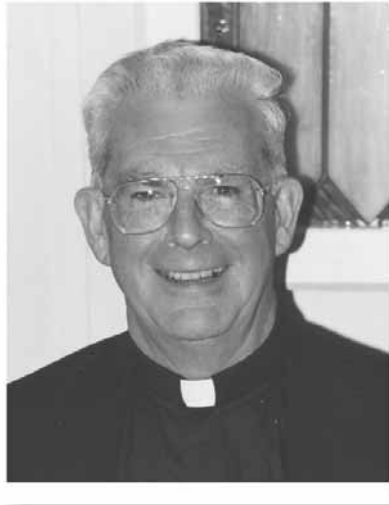
# Rev. Richard J. Segreve, C.S.C.

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It all began on Cinco De Mayo. The second son of Mildred (Minnehan) and Harold Segreve was born in 1934. He has two other brothers and five sisters. You can say he was born into “community,” he didn’t have to learn it.

When it became time for further training and fulfilling a vocation to the priesthood he inquired into the Franciscans, Maryknoll, and finally the Holy Cross Fathers. By chance, he attended a parish retreat and saw four men dressed in a black cassock, cape, cord, and crucifix. The inquiry was made. He went to Holy Cross Seminary at Stonehill College in 1952. The regular procedure was followed for nine years.

Most of his class was assigned to Notre Dame Boy’s High School in Bridgeport, Conn. During the nine years there he taught Biology, Religion and French. To add to it, he became a Guidance Counselor, then Director of Guidance, and for a while, Principal of the school.



Bill Hogan picked him to be the Assistant Provincial in 1970. By 1973, he thought it time to move on. He resigned and became the Director of Counseling at Stonehill College. In 1975, he began his series of back operations. After a year’s recuperation, Campus Ministry became appealing. It was 1979 when the chance to become Director of Campus Ministry became available. This position lasted for him until 1982.

From 1982 to the present, parishes became the places where he worked. This was the one apostolate he always wanted. At long last he had attained it! There are many things he is proud of in life-parish work was one of his biggest objects of pride.

But the dedication, one year, in the Stonehill College yearbook ranks very high. It was written by students and it speaks clearly to his greatest love in life as a priest.

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### **The People Grower**

He has a sort of green thumb  
When it comes to handling folks  
He'll listen to their troubles  
He'll chuckle at their jokes  
Somehow they know his interest  
Is genuine and true,  
And right before your eyes you'll see  
They grow an inch or two  
You'll see their faces blossom out  
In smiles of budding cheer,  
You know they've found a ray of hope  
To drive away their fear.  
You know he's saved the seeds of faith  
And showered them with love,  
And made them sense the presence  
Of the good Lord up above.  
He clears out all the weeds of doubt  
And fear and hate and greed,  
And gives them room to breathe,  
He seems to sense their every need.  
He nurtures them with praises for  
The good things that they've done  
And trains them to look upward  
And stand tall in the sun.  
He has a sort of green thumb  
Like a farmer with the sod-  
But his work is growing people  
In the image of his God.

Yearbook dedication to Fr. Dick Segreve, C.S.C.,  
by Stonehill College Seniors in 1982

# Rev. Robert G. Simon, C.S.C.

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When my Catholic father married my Baptist mother, I don't think they had any idea what the future might bring as far as the family was concerned. The first child, Donna Jean came along, and unfortunately died in an automobile accident before she was a year old. Then on the first of June in 1934, came the second child Robert Gilbert. I am the third "Robert" in line—my grandfather, Robert Edward; my father, Robert Henry; and then me. The third child, my sister Nancy, was born a year later on June 13.



My great-grandfather, who arrived in the States from Alsacia, was Edward, who somehow or other managed to make his way to St. Charles, Mo., where he settled down and started a family. He also joined the Municipal Band, a practice that continued down through the Roberts.

When the time came to start school, my parents decided to put me in the parish grade school, St. Charles Borromeo (the "Irish" parish which was Jesuit) only about four blocks from the house. Problem: my father did not belong to the parish, he belonged to St. Peter's Parish (the "German" diocesan parish), on the other end of town, where he had attended grade school. Solution: change parishes; and that he did. After all, it would be much better to be close to the school, where it would be possible in the years to come for my sister and me to walk to and from classes. The School Sisters of Notre Dame

taught at both schools, and the education was the same.

When I was in about fourth or fifth grade, my mother joined the Catholic Church; and from what I can remember now, it must have been somewhere around sixth grade, I got the idea that I would like to become a priest. A good bit of that may have been due to contacts as a server, but also working on the parish books with Fr. O'Connor (a very delightful "old" assistant in

the parish) and some of my companions. And the idea stuck in my mind through the remaining years of grade school.

When I mentioned the possibility of entering the seminary to my parents, there were only two objections: only after high school, if I still wanted to enter; and (on the part of my mother) not the Jesuits their (novitiate was just across the Missouri River from St. Charles, in Florissant). Since I had wanted to combine the priesthood with teaching, it was necessary to find a congregation which combined both aspects. It was on the last day of class that the Sister Superior, who was our eighth grade teacher, handed me a little booklet and said, "Here, you might be interested in this." It was a pamphlet entitled "Around the World with Holy Cross."

After eight years at St. Charles Borromeo, participating in the Boy Scouts, taking piano lessons, and then also playing the organ in the



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parish, I graduated and entered the local public high school. There, because the band and orchestra director knew I could read music, he asked me to join the school band. He would teach me to play the tuba and also the string bass for the orchestra. With this, and accompanying the choral music director in his classes, I spent a good deal of time in music.

At the same time, all through the four years of high school, I had the idea of entering the seminary. I wrote the Congregation and when I was in my senior year, Fr. Dan O'Neill came to visit me. In the spring of 1952, my parents and I went to Notre Dame for a visit. That fall, I entered Old College.

After that year in Old College, and a thrilling and chilling year in Jordan, Minn., I returned to Moreau Seminary to complete Philosophy. When given the opportunity to state where I would like to study Theology, I put Santiago, Chile, in first place, but wound up in Washington, D.C. In a way this was very good, because it gave me the opportunity to study music education at Catholic University in the summers. After four years in Washington and the then the required "tirocinium" year back at Notre Dame, with some studies and as hall chaplain in Pangborn Hall, the provincial called and asked if I might still be interested in going to Chile. I said "yes," and was sent to St. George's College to teach music.

I arrived at St. George's in the afternoon on the third of July, 1962. At 8:00 o'clock in the morning on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, I entered the classroom for a rather full day of class. That day, I taught three, two-hour eighth grade English Classes

without speaking a word of Spanish (fortunately forbidden in the school at that time), but with a textbook and method with which I was not acquainted. And the day was topped off with taking care of a study hall the last period of the day. At least I survived!

When Fr. Gerry Whelan got the idea of setting up St. George's as an experimental school, and formed the Committee of Heads of Departments to work on the programs, he named me Secretary of the Committee. It was a very exciting time, but meant a lot of work. Then, once the government approved the program and it was possible to start functioning with the experimental program, Fr. Whelan was sent back to the States to study. Since I had been in on all the meetings and the planning of the program, he told the Superior at the time that I could be in charge of putting the program in practice, since I had been in on the whole planning process. There I was, with no real "training" in administration, in charge of the program which ran from 7<sup>th</sup> grade through high school. The program began with the 1968 school year.

Then, to help complicate matters a bit, it had been decided to move the school from its location in a residential section of Santiago to a property at the edge of the city. For all practical purposes, we were in the country. It was necessary due to the decision of the city to put a street through the property and eliminate some of the sports fields and recreation area that were necessary for the number of students we had. So, apart from the application of this experimental program, the move to the new location had to be worked out

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as well. It was decided we could make the move during the winter vacation (two weeks in July) of 1970. That we did. The new location was a large piece of property, classrooms, offices occupying one of the classroom buildings, no grass, no trees, and no covered sidewalks. It rains in the wintertime in Chile, pure mud! The move was a mess! But we did it.

At the end of the 1970 school year, I was sent back to the States to work on a doctorate. Since I had had all I wanted of administration, even though I think it was expected that I would work on a doctorate in Educational Administration, I opted for Philosophy of Education, so as never again to be an administrator. “The best laid plans of mice and men...”

I went to the University of Illinois in Champaign-Urbana, and since they required a master’s degree in Education (not in Theology, which I had from Washington), I spent the first year and summer working on my master’s, then into the doctorate. Fortunately, the first year I had an Assistantship. The first year it was in investigation, working with one of the professors in the music department of the University and a student in the field of art, working on a combined arts’ program for elementary schools. Once I had finished my master’s, my Assistantship was changed to a Teaching Assistantship, but one in which I was completely in charge of the class. This was in Sociology of Education, a one-semester course. The first semester was fabulous, a night course for teachers of the area who were returning to work on a master’s. The second semester was the closest thing to purgatory that could exist on

this earth. The course was supposed to be for students in their last year of education, who were at that time or had already done their practice teaching. Practically all the students were in their first or second year of university studies. They accepted nothing, neither from the textbook nor from the teacher (and I used a lot of examples that I had gathered from the teachers I had had in the class during the first semester). Fortunately, the school year always comes to an end.

Then, I spent three years, while supposedly working on my dissertation, as Superintendent of Catholic Education for the Diocese of Peoria, Ill. It was very interesting work, and we managed to make the office of Catholic Education, with the schools’ department and the Religious Education Department, a very important reference point for the schools in the diocese. I resigned that position because it was evident that if I were to finish the doctorate I could not do so with all the time that the office required.

During the Christmas vacation of 1976, the Provincial asked me to come to South Bend, because he wanted to talk to me. At that time, he asked when I was going to finish the doctorate. “This coming semester,” I said. It was then he asked if I would be willing to go back to Chile as the Director of a school that the Cardinal had asked the Congregation to take, Colegio Andacollo. I said “yes,” even though I had no idea in what part of Santiago this school was located, and had already made arrangements to go to work in the University of Portland. On this point, the Provincial said very simply that all I had to do was write and tell them I was leaving the country.

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So, very rapidly I made arrangements with my faculty advisor to finish the dissertation, and have the final exam (defend the thesis) in February or the beginning of March, in order to be in Chile when the school year was starting. Actually I arrived at the school when they were in their second or third week of class. But, from there on, despite my reason for studying Philosophy of Education, I have been most of the time in administration: five years at Andacollo as Rector; six years at St. George's College, five as director of studies, and one as head of the Philosophy Department; and six more years as rector in Andacollo. Then, for something different, four years as Master of Novices in Chile. After a year's sabbatical, I returned to St. George's to teach Philosophy and be the Chaplain for the high school section. After eight years of this work, I was again asked to take over as Rector of Colegio Nuestra Señora de Andacollo, where I am right now.

When I think of all these years, the thousands of students that I have seen grow, become professionals, marry and return to put their children in school (both in Saint George and in Andacollo), I can only thank God and the provincials for letting me serve in the District of Chile. Also I have to thank the many fellow priests and religious with whom I have lived and worked in Chile, the parents and especially the students in the schools, who have helped teach me and make me the person I am now.

Yet, it's hard to believe that 50 years have passed. My mother's complaint about joining the Jesuits was that they could send me anywhere in the world they wanted; and of course, she wanted

me to stay in the States. Of these 50 years, 42 have been spent in Chile, and my mother knew after my first visit home from Chile that I would probably never be back to the States to stay. Amen.

## Rev. Joseph L. Walter, C.S.C.

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I was born in January, 1930 in Braddock, Pa., to my very caring parents, Joseph and Marie Walter. Braddock was the first place that Andrew Carnegie established a steel mill and the first town that received one of his many libraries. My father worked for U.S. Steel in the steel industry for over 50 years before his retirement and was always a good provider for our family. I had two older brothers, Bernard 14 years older than me, and Regis who was seven years older. They were role models for my development in maturity and education. They both were electrical engineers. Bernard's great achievements was managing the building of the motors for the exhaust system of the Holland Tunnels in New York, as well as the designing the motors for the elevators in the Hancock Building in Chicago. Regis developed the signal system that runs the Metro trains in Washington, D.C.

I attended the German grade school, St. Joseph's, in Braddock and graduated from St. Thomas High School run by the Dominican Sisters of the Columbus Ohio Province. The sisters gave me a good education and formed me toward the sciences of Mathematics and Chemistry. I then enrolled in Duquesne University in 1946 and was a freshman along with a whole university of veterans from World War II. They were a great example of maturity as well as being serious about education. The professors at Duquesne gave me



a lot of support of my interest in chemistry and allowed me to do some undergraduate research in the field of Micro Analytical Chemistry. I graduated from Duquesne in 1950 with a Bachelors of Science in Chemistry. I applied to several universities for graduate studies in Chemistry and having been offered a full fellowship in the Chemistry Department of the University of Pittsburgh by the Atomic Energy Commission, I decid-

ed to attend there. My research in inorganic and analytical chemistry was directed by Dr. Henry Frieser who was most helpful in allowing me to complete the Ph.D. degree in just a bit over three years. During the last two years at Pitt, I was fortunate to be able to work in the laboratory of Dr. Jonas Salk, of the university medical school and Polio Salk vaccine fame, doing some studies of trace-metal binding of carcinogenic compounds. He was a wonderful inspiration to me of what it means to be inspired and dedicated tor research work as well as teaching. I taught a class in general chemistry at Pitt during the academic year of 1954-55 and graduated with the Ph.D. in June 1955.

During the last year of my studies at Pitt, I looked in the possibility of becoming a priest. The vocation to the priesthood followed me for many years before that time, probably through to prayers of many of my family where there

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were, in the past, two great-uncles who were Capuchins, three great aunts who were Divine Providence nuns, my father's sister who was a nun in the same order, a cousin who was the Superior General of the S.V.D.'s, three nuns in Germany, and three cousins who were diocesan priests in the Diocese of Pittsburgh and Johnstown. I visited the Jesuits, the Spiritans and Holy Cross. With the strong friendship and encouragement of Father Jim Lane, C.S.C. and Brother Columba Curran, C.S.C. of the Department of Chemistry, I decided to enter the Congregation of Holy Cross where I hoped to be able to teach and do research at Notre Dame in the apostolate of Christian education.

Only ten days after receiving my Ph.D., I came to Notre Dame to join the Old College Program, spending one year in the program catching up with Latin and several philosophy courses, as well as having a postdoctoral appointment in the Chemistry Department with Father Lane. After that year, I spent my Novitiate year in Jordan, Minn., 1956-57, then went directly to Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C. to study Theology and had a great time with the seminarians and the priests at the College. Fr. Bernard McAvoy and Fr. Bob Moore became my good friends. I was ordained in the upper church of the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception on the worst snow day that D.C. had seen in many years. During the time in Washington, our class developed a strong bond which has existed to this day. Each year, for the past ten years, the remaining members of the class of 1961 have come together for a retreat and reunion of some three days. Six of our class

are dead, leaving some eleven in the Indiana Province and four in the Eastern Province.

While a seminarian in Washington, I taught Chemistry at Notre Dame each summer during the years 1958 to 1961 before going to camp at Deer Park in August and returning to Theology in September. After Ordination in 1961, I was appointed as an Assistant Professor at Notre Dame in the Chemistry Department and Associate Professor in September 1966. I taught various courses in Chemistry, including General Chemistry, Analytical Chemistry, Inorganic Chemistry, Inorganic Preparations, graduate Inorganic Chemistry, and Coordination Chemistry. Also, I was fortunate in obtaining funding from two grants of the National Institutes of Health (NIH) which enabled me to run a graduate program that produced 30 research papers in inorganic chemistry and medical education as well as being able to deliver many papers at national meetings. During these years of active research I produced some thirteen students with Ph.D. degrees, four undergraduates toward their senior thesis, and hosted several postdoctoral investigators.

I was appointed to the position as Chairman of the Department of Paraprofessional Studies in 1971 while still allowing me to continue some research and the teaching of a course in Analytical Chemistry. During that time, I was appointed to the Executive Board of the Central Association of Advisors to the Health Professions from 1977 until 1980. In 1969, I was initiated as a member of Alpha Epsilon Delta, the honorary premedical society and became the national Vice President

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of the 168 Chapters with 130,000 members in 1980, and national president from 1984 until July 1992, while also serving as the editor of the AED National Newsletter from 1988 until the year 2000. I was elected in March 1994 to be the life time honorary national President of Alpha Epsilon Delta, as well as being a life time member of Sigma XI and Phi Lambda Epsilon, honor societies of the sciences. I was proud to receive the President's Award from Father Hesburgh and the University in May 1983.

I spent some 35 years as Chairman of the Department of Preprofessional Studies, producing about 5,800 graduates that became physicians, dentists and other health professionals, several of them attaining prominent status in their fields. I became Professor Emeritus in May 2005 having been with the College of Science since 1955 and am now enjoying my retirement.

Since I was the youngest member of my family, my parents, aunts, uncles, brothers, sister-in-laws and several cousins have passed away, but I have 14 nieces, nephews, grand-nephews and grand niece who are very close and are a source of great joy to me.



# Rev. Joseph S. Peixotto, C.S.C.

## *Sacred Heart of Jesus Province*

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I was born in San Francisco in 1933, lived in Seattle, then in Portland, and did not leave the West Coast of the USA until I had finished university studies. Ours was a fine Catholic family, out of which eventually grew my vocation to Holy Cross. My father provided very well for the needs of the family. He spent half his days driving a car from town to town in the mountains and valleys of Northwest USA, selling tires, interacting with people. He had deep concern for all whom he dealt with, and provided healing guidance and hope to many people and families. My mother's main demand from him was that we have a home near the Church. They moved into a house across the street from All Saints Parish in Portland. My mother managed the home and the children very well, welcomed and fed my father's business associates when he brought them home, and every evening in the kitchen was on her knees saying all her prayers.

All Saints Parish in Portland was remarkable, mainly due to the leadership of the pastor, Msgr. Thomas Tobin. He should be considered a pioneer in the liturgical movement in the USA. Each year he visited Rome and learned from the source what is recommended for meaningful Liturgy. Back at his Portland parish he shared his ideas and enthusiasm, and involved all in implementing the prayer of the Church. All Saints became a model parish; many Catholic families from other



parts of the city moved into that parish in order to share in the experience. Vocations to the religious life and priesthood emerged, 50 of them while I was there, and among them two for Holy Cross, Jim Burtchaell and me.

I had great respect for the priests I knew, but could not envision myself as one of them, as a pastor providing a large parish with sermons, guidance and administration. My ability and interests were mainly in

Math and Engineering. But at the University of Portland I appreciated the contribution of our Holy Cross priests and brothers, felt that there was a need for more of them there, and possibly that I could join them as a teacher and religious. I graduated, passed up an engineering job at Boeing, a commission in the Air Force (I had completed the ROTC course), and in September 1954 joined Old College postulancy way back East at Notre Dame. There I intended to learn if Holy Cross and the priesthood would be suitable for me.

The following year I completed the Jordan Novitiate, made First Vows August 16, 1956, spent a year at old Moreau Seminary, then to the Mission Seminary in Washington, D.C. for Theology studies. I attended Theology classes at Holy Cross College and science classes at Catholic University during the four summers and an extra year after Ordination, leading to an Master's of Science degree in Physics.



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June 9, 1961, I was ordained in San Francisco. In October 1962, Fathers Ron Tripi, Dick Novak and I arrived in Dhaka, spent a year of study at the Oriental Institute in Barisal, and then Dick and I joined classes at Notre Dame College, Dhaka. Ron went to a parish; Dick was killed the following year in a communal riot. I was assigned as a teacher, but from the very first day was given many duties in administration. Administration was not what I was hoping for when I joined the seminary.

East Pakistan during the 1960's was overwhelmed with political disturbances in which students were very much involved. It was very difficult to maintain discipline, even at Notre Dame College. Our Holy Cross personnel serving at the college diminished in numbers from 13 at our height. And in 1968, although I was the youngest priest there, I was appointed to act as Principal (more administration!). After about a year-and-a-half years of that the much more experienced Fr. Dick Timm replaced me as Principal. In 1970, the country suffered the destruction of a huge tidal wave; and in 1971, a nine-month independence struggle and a war. All our Holy Cross members were deeply affected and involved in serving those afflicted.

In 1971, during the nine months of the independence struggle, the college was nominally kept running, but with only a few students. Then began the period of reconstruction of the country. It was also the time for building up the Holy Cross community in the new country, Bangladesh. There was great scope for the college to contribute to the new country, but we

had only three or four Holy Cross personnel at the college. Most effort of the Community went into formation of new Holy Cross members; those few of us at the college tried to carry on as best as we could. Our only two Bangladeshi members both went for higher studies, and it was many years before they would return full time.

In 1970, my parents visited East Pakistan for five weeks. Together we toured extensively the works of the Church. Archbishop Ganguly treated them royally, and they developed many friendships. They were so impressed by the life of the Church here that when they returned they gave themselves fully to the support of our missionary effort. My father contacted all his friends, relatives, and business associates. At two-month intervals he mailed a newsletter to 350 people, collected and sent enough donation money monthly to provide full support for 69 seminarians, 44 orphans and two Poor Clare sisters. My mother's spirit of prayer was passed on to my father, and they both became daily communicants.

After independence and the change to the new country of Bangladesh, I continued to serve at the College as teacher, Department Head, Director of Relief Activities, Sports Director, Director of Studies, Vice Principal, Acting Principal and finally in 1976 again as Principal. This time I served as Principal 23 more years, up to 1998.

Around 1973, Fr. Benjamin Costa and I took initiative to begin a Christian Publications Unit. This developed into the Episcopal Commission for Social Communications, for which I served as Secretary for about 15 years. At the same time,

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the Bangladesh Christian Education Commission was formed, and I served as its Secretary for about 25 years. This involved much effort to improve our Christian schools and our entire educational apostolate in the country.

My mother died in February 1979, my father five months later. My sister and her husband, Carole and Martin Kilgariff, built an addition to their house in San Francisco to serve as an office for the San Francisco Mission Club, and for many years continued the mission support program. They still continue my parents' tradition of providing hospitality to visiting missionaries.

My main concern as Principal of the College was the lack of Holy Cross personnel to develop and improve this college, which had been built up to be such an excellent institution by its founding fathers and those following. There were no replacements from the USA, our two Bengali priests for the college were given other urgent assignments and could return full time only in the 1990's, and no new Bangladeshi priests came until much later. As Principal, I considered it my main duty to keep the college running and under control, to avoid temptation to expand unless and until we could get members to take over the leadership. I was always aware of the advice given me in the Mission Seminary, that the missionary plays a subsidiary role. Build leadership, and do not start programs until there are persons prepared and willing to take them over.

In 1998, Fr. Benjamin Costa took over as Principal. Since then he has built up a team of Holy Cross personnel and Christian teachers. He and his new team have done a remarkable job;

the College has grown in size, prominence and in contribution to the Christian community.

After finishing as Principal, I then spent two years of substituting as Acting Headmaster of St. Gregory's High School in order to free the Headmaster for studies in the USA. I arranged construction of buildings at Notre Dame College, St. Gregory's and for our Community, and have been serving as house superior at the Provincial House for the past several years. Also I have done trouble shooting in some village schools, helped the Bishops rescue the administration of three high schools that had gotten out of control and were almost lost.

So one might conclude, I have been living a life with minimum crisis. My vocation developed in a very fine Christian atmosphere, with loving and responsible parents, an excellent Catholic parish, school, high school and university. The friends I made during school and college remain close friends and committed Christians. The group of Holy Cross members whom I joined here has given excellent guidance and set an excellent example for living my religious life in ministry. My parents, sister, and brother-in-law have taken on a major share in the missionary vocation that is attributed to me. I have seen almost 50 years of remarkable progress of the Church here, and am happy to be able to claim that my family, benefactors and I have been deeply involved in that effort. I am still healthy, single, faithful, happy and very thankful to all with whom I have had the privilege to interact.

Sincerely,

Fr. Joe Peixotto, C.S.C.





Fiftieth Anniversary of  
Religious Profession

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# Bro. James H. Miller, C.S.C.

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On February 12, 1959, I boarded a train from Baltimore heading for Route 128 Station outside of North Easton, Mass. That is a story in itself! In August of 1959 it was off to Bennington, Vt., to join 32 others for our novitiate year, a year of prayer and solitude. On August 15, 1960, we made our First Profession and the Pronouncement of Vows and Commitment to the Religious Life in Holy Cross. Little did I know what the Holy Spirit and the Superiors of the Congregation of Holy Cross had in store for me.

The next 10 years truly left me wondering what in God's name am I going to do? When will I settle down? It was a decade of farm work at Bennington; a nine month stint at the Provincial House in Bridgeport, Conn., four years at Holy Cross Fathers Retreat House in North Easton, during which time, I spent two years as Director of Vocations for the Brothers. There were also seven summers spent in Sebago, Maine, at Camp Sebaik where I was handling the business office. There was a side trip to Rome, Italy for a year-and-a-half working at the Collegio di Sancta Croce and the Generalate in various capacities; then back to North Easton to work at Holy Cross Center; followed by a return trip to Bennington, Vt., for another year on the Novitiate staff.

What happens next may be termed as a minor miracle! My next assignment took me to King's



College in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., to work on a Bachelor of Arts degree in Theatre. Theatre? But that wasn't all, I was a counselor in a couple residence halls; I also spent a bit of time as Director of a residence hall. Believe it or not, I was also Orientation Director for a few years. Upon receiving my degree, I was asked to stay and work in the Theatre Department. Of course I did, and remained in the residence hall at the same

time, and was drafted, in one of those years, to be Assistant to the Dean of Student Affairs!

That really brings us up to 1976. It was at that time the Provincial told me, that if I wished to remain in education it would be essential to obtain an advanced degree. So it was in August of 1976 that I entered Temple University in Philadelphia as a graduate student working toward a Master of Fine Arts in theatre. That degree was completed in 1979, and fortunate for me, King's College offered me a position in the Department of Theatre and Speech.

I guess it was at this time that I finally came to the realization of what plans the Congregation and the Holy Spirit had in mind for me. It is here in Wilkes-Barre that I was planted, and the experience working with the students has been rewarding beyond measure. It was in this capacity of work with students, at various levels, that I continued to grow as well! Some people

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ask why one does this for a living, and I say it is most rewarding to see the growth and personal development of our students. From that first frightful day at orientation, and then to see how they have grown, developed, and expanded their commitment and dedication to their major, be it Biology, Theology, Psychology, Education, Theatre, or any field! What a blessing it is when the four (or five) years pass and those students walk down the aisle to receive their diplomas. What a thrill! It is as exciting as the applause received on opening night after weeks of rehearsal.

**But it doesn't stop there. . .**

I've recently come across a few words from Helen Bush, which I'd like to share with you.

"I'd like to make a difference. God has given me a place on earth to be here for awhile. I hope that as I'm passing through I will make somebody smile.

I want to make life easier for all the ones I meet. I ask God for His blessings to the strangers on the street. I hope I'll never fail a child if I can help somehow. I want to be generous as my resources will allow.

And when my life on earth is done it will be my final plea: Let someone, somewhere think or say, 'You made a difference to me.'

I can honestly say that YOU have made a difference to me!

As Tiny Tim has so often been quoted as saying:

"GOD BLESS US, EVERYONE"

I was going to use some Shakespeare from "The Tempest," but I know some of you would say that you didn't understand it, that it should have been in English!



# Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of Ordination

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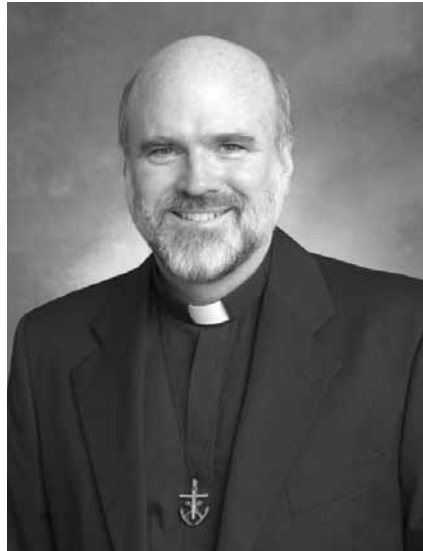
# Rev. Francis J. Murphy, C.S.C.

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My father said his sons could do anything in life except two things: be a marine or a Jesuit. So my brothers all became sailors, and I a Holy Cross priest. Actually, it was no accident that I became a Holy Cross priest. My father had a deep love and lasting respect for the many Holy Cross priests whom he met and was mentored by at Notre Dame. I grew up on stories about them. Four of my siblings were baptized by Holy Cross priests. I was the only one baptized by a diocesan priest—a secular priest my father used to call them. It seems to have taken just the same. When later I began to feel a call to the priesthood, it was to Holy Cross I turned.

I entered Holy Cross in 1980 after graduating from Notre Dame. I attribute my vocation to my mother who contemplated a call to the religious life. When she married my dad, her vocation moved to me. She would make a much better priest than I. As a faith-filled mother, she has, in truth, been priest to my brothers, my sister and I, teaching us about God and interceding for us. One of my favorite refrains of hers is when she is contemplating the problems of the world and of her family, she says, “God knew all of this before he made us, and he made us anyway.” I still learn about God’s love from her.

After finishing six years of formation, I was ordained in 1986. My first assignment as a priest



was to Christ the King Parish, South Bend, Ind., where I served for three years. The parishioners of Christ the King have trained many young Holy Cross priests. I am privileged to be among them. They are a deeply faithful people, who trust their priests and open their doors to them. I remember being surprised at how easy it was to make friends there. It was their friendship and nurturing of me as a young priest that gave me the courage

to answer a call by Provincial Carl Ebey, when he asked for volunteers to serve in Africa.

In truth, I did not hear the call to go to Africa clearly at first. It took a ruse by my spiritual director, Bob Antonelli, to help me see the truth. He had me list all the things in which I was even remotely interested. And then, one by one, asked me, “Why not do this now?” I had an excuse, substantive or not, to postpone doing each thing on the list; that is until we reached Africa. I could not come up with a single reason not to go to Africa upon finishing at Christ the King.

I remember arriving in Nairobi for my first three year tour. As we reached the house in Dandora, a poor neighborhood on the outskirts of town, where garbage was piled on the streets, sewage filled the rain gutter, and runny-nosed children grabbed my hands and yelled, “Mzungu, how are you? Mzungu, how are you?” I said to myself, “Oh my God, what have I done? Three

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years!” Today, four-and-a-half years after returning from 15 years in Africa, I say, “Oh my God, why did I ever leave?”

To appreciate Africa, one needs to live with the ordinary people, poor in material things, but rich in human spirit, generous of heart, and hungry for God. We lived in the neighborhood rather than on the parish compound. This was a great resource for preaching, as we shared many of the difficulties and injustices of the people. As I hear parishioners in America struggle with the accents of the many foreign priests serving them, I am made aware of how kind and patient the people of Dandora were as they struggled to understand my very bad and heavily accented Swahili.

Nairobi was like a second novitiate for me. I believe I grew as a person and as a priest. As a person, I became more compassionate; not so much because of pity for the poor with whom I lived and worked, but because of my own poverty. Immersed in a foreign culture and language, one is stripped of one’s crutches and false pretenses. I needed to have compassion for myself, or I would quit in failure. I learned to be more accepting of the failings of others. The effect was a broader world view, where I was less judgmental and more accepting of the people and their “foreign” ways.

The people taught me what it is to be a priest. The hunger for God is palpable in Dandora. We could never satisfy their desire to be taught about the faith, to pray, to receive the sacraments, to be healed, to rejoice, to dance, to seek hope in the midst of suffering, to be hospitable, to sanctify

life. The most significant moment for me was when I was invited to join the sister and lay people from the parish who were training to give directed retreats. They first taught me how to direct a retreat. I sensed that this ministry fed people’s spiritual hunger in a fuller way than anything I had experienced in ministry to that point.

After seven years in Nairobi, I went to Guelph, Ontario, for two-and-a-half years of training in spiritual direction and the giving of directed retreats. Even though I was forbidden to be a Jesuit, I went to be trained in their spirituality. I have found no spiritual tools as helpful in bringing one to awareness of God’s presence in one’s life, and of helping to discern the meaning of that presence, as Ignatian Spirituality. I emerged from Guelph at 40 with a spiritual foundation I had only dreamed of earlier, and a direction for the next decade of my life. I was happy to be a priest. I couldn’t imagine another life for myself.

Upon finishing at Loyola House in Ontario, I returned to Africa. This time I lived in Uganda, as director of novices. My training in retreats gave me a vision for novitiate formation. In this, I was encouraged to learn that our founder, Blessed Basil Moreau, used the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius in the novitiate and recommended their use.

I enjoyed novitiate formation work. Nurturing young men’s faith lives, and helping them discern the direction of God’s call, was a privileged ministry. Lake Saaka is also one of the most beautiful spots anywhere in Holy Cross. However, It is an isolated and lonely spot. It was

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a challenge to find the inner resources to remain there for eight years. I became more introverted and more aware of the kind and abundant love of God.

Upon my return from Africa, I was assigned to the University of Portland. Currently, I serve as the local Superior of the community there and as a Spiritual Counselor in the Health Center. God was good to me in providing a welcoming and supportive community in which to readjust to life in America. After 18 years of working outside the country, I did not know most of the younger priests, and they did not know me. When I was asked to be the local Superior, I was flabbergasted. But the local community has helped me learn the role. One elder of the local house reminds me; “You are not ‘Father Superior,’ you are ‘father servant.’” Another member of the house grabbed my arm on my way out of the dining room, after it had been announced that I would be the next Superior, and asked, “Frank, the cable is out at the coast house. Do you think you can get that fixed?” I am learning to be “father servant.”

At this point in my life, I am surprised at how quickly the years have passed. Like my parents before me, I find myself saying, “Where have all the years gone? It seems like only yesterday...” I am grateful to God for the richness of my ministry experiences, and for all of those who have mentored, supported and befriended me. I am also grateful to God for His mercy and kindness in forgiving my sinfulness and accepting my weaknesses. When I failed to believe in myself, God did, and that has been a source of

consolation. In looking to the future, I do not know where God will lead me next. However, in looking to the graces of the past 25 years, I feel encouraged to trust more in God’s lead for the future. Please pray that I remain open to God and follow that lead over the next 25 years.



# Rev. Thomas G. Streit, C.S.C.

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Born in Santa Clara, Calif, and raised mostly in Joliet, Ill., Fr. Streit first felt a call to the priesthood while in the fourth grade of St. Raymond Nonnatus Cathedral school. He entered Moreau Seminary as a Notre Dame undergraduate, still unsure if he was called to religious life or the diocese. A rewarding and engaging postgraduate year teaching and living with the community at Notre Dame College Prep helped resolve any question, and Fr. was ordained in 1986. Having worked in Morrissey Hall under rector Bro. Edward Luther, C.S.C. prior to Ordination, in 1986 Notre Dame Vice President Fr. David Tyson, C.S.C. appointed him to succeed Bro. Ed as Rector of "The Manor." Having begun work on advanced degrees in Vector Biology and Parasitology under Profs. George B. Craig and Paul R. Grimstad while a seminarian, he completed his dissertation in 1993 while assisting at St. Gregory the Great Parish in Manhattan, N.Y. With some language skills acquired in New York, Fr. Streit moved on to an National Institutes of Health (NIH) postdoctoral fellowship with the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) and University of Georgia. The fellowship's research work was in Haiti, and consequently Father took up residence at St. Rose of Lima Parish in Leogane, where he still serves today. Joining the University of Notre Dame biology faculty in 1997, an unusual appointment



to the research faculty was conceived through the guidance of University of Notre Dame Vice President Fr. Tim Scully, C.S.C. As a member of the Research Faculty, Father is allowed to teach at Notre Dame for one semester each year, while continuing public health research and hosting students and alumni for learning, research and service work in Haiti during the remainder of each year. While on campus during the years since 1997,

Father has assisted in residence at Zahm, Alumni and Dillon Halls while moving to Haiti for the spring and summer. His research focuses on a number of infections and nutritional deficits, but there is a particular focus on the transmission of the exotic parasite *Wuchereria bancrofti* and the disease it causes—lymphatic filariasis, or "LF," the cause of elephantiasis and a leading cause of disability worldwide. Following a World Health assembly assignment of LF to a short list of diseases slated for elimination, in 1999 the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation awarded the first of four grants to Notre Dame in order to help lead a collaborative group including the Haitian government, Holy Cross Hospital, World Health Organization (WHO) and CDC to build capacity for, and study the efficacy of, various elimination strategies for LF in Haiti. The steps involved in eliminating LF as a public health problem are varied and multidisciplinary; efforts have

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focused on the development of an infrastructure and the technical capacity to finish the work before 2020. The opportunity to accomplish this historic achievement has led Streit to service as a “Research!America/Paul Rodgers Ambassador for Global Health” in the United States, and varied work with partners on the ground in Haiti. He was also honored to subsequently have this work recognized with the University of Portland’s *Christus Magister* medal. After narrowly surviving through a hotel collapse during an earthquake, Streit is eager to help see that recent concern for Haiti arising out of the tragic earthquake devastation of January 12, 2010 helps provide opportunities for the people of the impoverished country build radically better capacity, health and infrastructure, and consequently hopefully bringing a better quality of life and more rapid socioeconomic development.

# Rev. Mark B. Thesing, C.S.C.

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The greatest gift God has given me is my family. My parents, Jack and Mary Thesing, are people of great faith. They took seriously their responsibilities as “the first teachers of their children in the ways of their faith.” As my siblings, John, Anna, Patrick, and Margaret will attest our parents provide great faith witness to us, their children, and to all those who know them. Those who hear me preach regularly have come to know my family through my homilies and the many stories I lovingly tell as I preach the faith I received from them.

My mother taught me to love and to know that I am loved by her and by God. My early and foundational understanding of Jesus came from my mother. My father taught me that to be loved means that one needs to love others. Through his dedication to his family and his patients he quietly, but powerfully, exhibited how to live by faith and make a difference.

I entered the seminary as a college freshmen studying Mathematics. My parents and family had put me on the right path in my faith journey. Formation in Holy Cross built on that faith, providing with the guidance and the encouragement I needed to be able to answer God’s call. Formation is about challenges. Challenges create growth. I had lots of opportunity for growth during those many years but what I strive to remember is that growth is a



life-long process.

After eight years of formation I was ready for full time ministry. The transition to my first assignment at Notre Dame High School for Boys, Niles, Ill., was exciting, energizing, uplifting and challenging. I had so much to learn but it took me a few years to realize it. I was the teacher and the student. I taught them Algebra, Geometry and Computer Programming. They taught me how to be an effective priest. I

taught them how to be a leader and an organizer, but I learned from them how to listen and be present with people on their faith journey.

St. John Brebeuf Parish provided me with an opportunity to preach and preside in a parish setting while I was at Notre Dame High School. At one point, the challenges of teaching five days a week plus the many extracurricular activities of the high school caused me to consider dropping parish weekend involvement. Fr. Ken Molinaro advised me against taking this easy way out. I listened to him and have continued to be involved in weekend parish work for most of these 25 years I celebrate now. While the parishes have changed over the years—St. John Brebeuf in Niles, Ill.; St. Monica in Mishawaka, Indiana; Holy Family in Hillsborough, N.C., St. Matthew and St. Anthony in South Bend, Ind; and St. Joseph in Mishawaka, Ind.—the energy and grace I receive by being with these people



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helps sustain me in my commitment to God and to my priesthood. I am grateful to Ken for his wisdom and encouragement to stay involved in a parish.

After five years of high school teaching I was ready to make a move. I loved the high school and thought I needed to pursue an administrative degree so that I could take the next step as a full time administrator. Given the financial challenges of the high school, I thought a degree in business administration would be the most useful. I always had a mind for business concepts but I had no formal training or education aside from my three years in Junior Achievement as a high school student I moved “temporarily” back to Notre Dame where I had been accepted into the Master of Business Administration program. During my final semester, as I was working towards returning to the high school, I received a call from Fr. Carl Ebey who was Provincial. He asked to meet with me. My first mistake was to tell confreres that the Provincial had called me because the last thing Carl said to me at the end of the appointment was “Don’t tell anyone” and of course everyone wanted to know what he talked to me about. Since I could not say anything they began to guess. It was a challenging two weeks during my discernment.

Carl had asked me to be the Provincial steward. It was not so much that I did not want to be the Provincial Steward, but I knew that it meant I would not be going back to the high school. My dreams and ambitions were not going to be realized. Carl can be quite convincing in his requests. Instead of moving back to the high

school I moved in the Provincial House to live with Carl and Fr. Frank Quinlivan. Immediately I put my learning from the M.B.A. to work for the benefit of the Province. The switch to internal ministry was something that takes getting used to. There are many challenges and I had my share of missteps. It was a time of growth and at the end of the two years I was proud of the work I had done. I am grateful to Carl who trusted me with this responsibility.

Given my new found love in business I pursued doctoral studies in strategic management at the University of North Carolina. The rigors of the program were grueling. I estimated that I read approximately ten thousand pages that first year. Things slowed down the second year as the shift went from studying the history of the field to searching for a way to expand the field with my own insight and research. After finishing comps, things slowed down even more, to a painful pace. I strained to develop a research question that would satisfy my curiosity. In the midst of this struggle I received another call from Fr. Bill Dorwart, the newly elected Provincial. He asked if I would be the provincial steward again. I graciously said yes with every intention of finishing my degree and assuming those full time responsibilities. With a great accounting office staff, I was certain I could do both. The reality was that I needed to spend more time as Provincial Steward and my heart was not in research. My efforts to complete that degree waned and I moved on to other things.

Fr. Mark Poorman called me one evening and asked to meet with me. He wanted me to

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consider being a Rector and work for Student Affairs at Notre Dame. I was ready to find a new focus in my life and jumped at the opportunity. I moved from my in-residence room on the second floor of Keenan to the rector's apartment on the first floor. The energy and enthusiasm was life-giving. It reminded me of the high school work with so many things happening and such direct contact with students. I inherited a strong community with great traditions and worked with the residents to continue, build and move forward. I celebrated with them as they were recognized as outstanding hall, inter-hall football champs.

Also during these years I returned to the classroom, teaching Introduction to Business Ethics. I started with one-credit hour class each semester and quickly increased to six sections each semester. It was great to be back in the classroom. It gave me another way in which I was able to connect with the students and be engaged in the academic life of the University. After six years, the two days per week I devoted to teaching, along with the weekend parish help and my primary responsibilities as rector were becoming too much. Again the phone rang. It was Mark Poorman again to tell me that he was creating a Business Manager position in Student Affairs and thought I would be a strong candidate. Was I interested? I knew that I had to make a change so I went for the job and was hired. It was sad to leave Keenan but I knew I wanted to leave while I still enjoyed the job. This new job meant that I also had to step away from teaching but I continue with the weekend parish work.

As the Business Manager for Student Affairs, I moved back to an administrative role, similar to my five years as Provincial Steward. I have met and now work with many Notre Dame colleagues who dedicate themselves to make Notre Dame the great place it is, a place of work, study and faith. This past February, after nearly three years on senior staff with Student Affairs, I opted to pursue additional responsibilities and challenges in the Mendoza College of Business. It is good to be back in the Business School where I have been student and teacher.

One of the great joys I have had during the past twenty years is to minister with my father who was ordained a deacon January 1991. I always look forward to him assisting me at Mass. We have shared responsibilities at family Baptisms and Weddings. One Christmas we preached together. When I am back in my home parish of St. John the Baptist, Mass becomes a family affair as my father assists and my mother helps as a Eucharistic Minister. My father always wanted me to follow in his footsteps as a doctor, but he followed me. It was not difficult because I was living according to the example he and my mother set for me as a child.

I continue to live by the lessons I learned during my first five years of ministry while at the high school. The people around me can teach and challenge me. People of faith seek to know God and as a Holy Cross religious it is my responsibility to make God known, loved and served. But I also remember that God makes himself known to me through those around me. Just as I learned about my faith from my family, I

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continue to grow in faith because of those around me. To the many family and friends who have supported, encouraged and challenged me I say thank you. To our God who has blessed me with family, faith and friends I say thank you and “yes” to what is to come.

# Rev. Robi Hubert Gomes, C.S.C.

## *Sacred Heart of Jesus Province*

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I was born in Tumilia, Dhaka, Bangladesh in June 20, 1955. My father's name is Late-Augustine Gomes and Late-mother's is Dominica Costa. I have four brothers and four sisters. Although our family is big, God has given three of us the religious vocation; my elder sister is a nun and my own twin sister is also a nun. My four nephews are in the seminary now. Three of them are in the Holy Cross Seminary and one is in the Jesuit Congregation preparing for priesthood Ordination.

I did my primary and high school studies at my home Parish in Tumilia, Dhaka. I entered the seminary after the Secondary School Certificate examination (SSC Examination). I joined the Holy Cross Seminary in 1976. I did my Novitiate in Barisal and made First Vows in 1978 and Final Vows in 1984. I studied at Notre Dame College in Dhaka and completed my Philosophy and Theology degrees at the Holy Spirit Seminary in Dhaka, Bangladesh.

I was ordained a Priest in the Congregation of Holy Cross by His Holiness Pope John Paul II, in November 19, 1986 at Ershad Army Stadium, Dhaka, while our Holy Father was visiting our country, Bangladesh. My first assignment was as an associate pastor at Corpus Christi Tribal Parish, Jalchatra, in the Diocese of Mymensingh (Rev. Eugene Homrick, C.S.C., was the pastor of that parish). In 1989, I was appointed as an Associate



Pastor at St. George's Tribal Parish, Mariamnagar. I had wonderful experiences as a Diocesan Youth Coordinator in the Diocese of Mymensingh from 1989 to 1996. I would like to say that it was my golden era over there in the youth ministry. During my time, my parish was given the diocesan championship award for three consecutive years for the youth activities and the diocese of Mymensingh received the national championship award

for two consecutive years. My youth ministry was really a successful ministry in my priestly life.

I was named Pastor of St. George's Parish Mariamnagar, and served there from 1992 to 1999. Since then, I have served as Pastor of Our Lady of Guidance, Padrishibpur, from 2001 to 2004; Fatima Rani Church, Bandarban, Chittagong Hill Tracts in 2004 to 2009; diocesan convener of the Family Commission, Diocese of Chittagong 2000 to 2009; and co-convener of the Health Commission, Chittagong Diocese 2000 to 2004. I currently serve as a Pastor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary Church, Kellabari, Distric-Nilphamari, the Diocese of Dinajpur, Bangladesh.

My favorite games were football and basketball. I was on the football team in the school, college and also to my home parish team, Tumilia. I like hunting wild pig, deer and flower gardening.

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I was inspired by the Holy Cross missionaries to Bangladesh, by their spirituality and their community living. I had seen in my childhood how strong the community life of the Holy Cross Missionaries was, concern for others and loving care for one another. I noticed the spirit of sacrifice of the Holy Cross missionaries and their dedication which inspired me very much to be a Holy Cross priest. From my childhood I had a desire to be a priest in the Congregation of Holy Cross.

With a great respect I remember my parents, now deceased, who inspired me to be a priest. I always tried to remember and follow the Gospel passage Jesus said, “No one who sets a hand to the plow and looks to what was left behind is fit for the kingdom of God” (Luke 9:62). I learned this from my father. He wrote me the letters and always quoted verses from the Holy Bible. This verse of the Gospel inspired me to go forward and I felt encouragement and strength to take the initiatives in my ministry, and most of the time I was successful. I would like to continue it in the future.

I was mostly involved in the parochial ministry. I worked 22 years among the very poor tribal people who are landless, neglected; they are especially deprived of social and political facilities. Almost all are illiterate; they are economically very poor. They seek daily work as laborers and must support the family on what little they and other members of the family can earn. Their income depends largely on whether the harvest is good. There were many challenges but I enjoyed working with them. Til now, I am

among the working.

I am grateful to the Almighty God and also to the Congregation of Holy Cross for giving me this opportunity to work among the poor, needy people, and build the Kingdom of God. Thank you very much for all your support and prayers and I ask you for your continued support and prayers.

# Rev. Elias Palma, C.S.C.

## *Sacred Heart of Jesus Province*

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I was born on October 15, 1956 in a village called Kharbaria, in the northern district of Bangladesh. I come from a big family of 13 children: eight brothers and five sisters, and I am proud of my family as well as for my good parents. My father, Daniel Palma, had been basically a farmer and later he joined our parish elementary school as a teacher. My mother, Margaret Panpoti Gomes, had been a house-wife and a very hard-working woman. I am proud of my parents and very grateful to them. I highly appreciate their prayerfulness, good conjugal life, and a foresighted vision for all of us. They educated us and gave us good formation; they always encouraged unity, communion, sharing, mutual concern for each other in the family. The evening prayer was our daily spiritual food and my parents made a strict rule for us, "No rosary, no dinner." Their spirituality has influenced us very much; we hardly missed the Rosary in the evening and Sunday Mass. Today we two brothers are priests (my younger brother, Fr. Henry Palma is a diocesan priest), and my two sisters are religious nuns (my eldest sister, Sr. Elaine, MC, is a nun in Mother Teresa's Order and younger sister, Sr. Angela Golapi Palma, C.S.C., a nun in my own Order).

I joined the Little Flower Seminary at Bandura, Dhaka, on January 7, 1974, at in ninth grade and studied at Holy Cross High School run



by the Brothers of Holy Cross. I entered Holy Cross after my college graduation in 1978, and started my novitiate on October 23, 1980. I made my First Profession on October 27, 1981, and Final Profession on October 27, 1985. I was graced to be ordained by His Holiness, the late Pope John Paul II in 1986 when he paid a pastoral visit for one day.

After my Ordination, on December 1, 1986, my first assignment as an Assistant

Pastor was at St. Peter's Catholic Church, Barisal, in the southern district of Bangladesh, with Fr. Patrick D'Rozario, C.S.C. (now the coadjutor archbishop of Dhaka). In 1989, I had been assigned as the Pastor of the same parish after two-and-a-half years. On March 1, 1992, I was assigned the Pastor of Jamal Khan Parish in Chittagong city and of St. Joseph Church in Rangamati Hill Tracts. On June 25, 1999, I had been assigned as the Pastor of Holy Cross Church, Luxmibazar, Dhaka, and St. Paul's Church, Narayanganj. On March 12, 2005, I had been assigned as the Pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Mathbari, close to Dhaka city. Now I have been studying for a Master of Arts degree in spirituality and consecrated life at the Institute of Consecrated Life in Aisa (ICLA), Quezon City, Philippines, which I started in June 2009.

In my parochial ministries, I have always given priority to the participation of the laity in

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the Church and communion in cooperation with the priests, brothers, sisters within the parish. Laity contribute to various ministries for youth, children, couples, basic christian community, Legion of Mary, St. Vincent D'Paul, and Inter-Church ecumenical activities. I have been the Spiritual Advisor of the National Legion of Mary in Bangladesh from 2000 to 2009. The poor, the needy, the sick, the handicapped, the underprivileged and the outcast always have a special place in heart and in my ministries through who I was saw Christ more clearly and loved them more tenderly.

On the great occasion of our Silver Jubilee of priesthood, I gladly express my heartfelt thanks and gratitude, first of all, to God for all the blessings and love I have received in my life. I extend my grateful thanks to my parents, brothers-sisters, classmates and teachers, relatives, villagers, formators, Spiritual Directors, Vice- Provincials, Provincials in the USA and Bangladesh, Superior Generals, Holy Cross Confreres, Pastors, and countless generous good people and benefactors who helped with their prayers, good advices, moral support, and financial contribution on my journey, both in the country and abroad. They have always been remembered in my daily Mass and the Rosary, and I assure them that they remain so as a token of my best love to them and for them. God bless them all with His abundant love, peace and joy.

# Rev. Bakul Stanislaus Rozario, C.S.C.

## *Sacred Heart of Jesus Province*

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I was born in Golla, Dhaka, on July 18, 1959. My parents are Simon Rozario and Veronica Rozario. My father went to his heavenly abode in 1996 and my mother joined him in 1999. I am the third child of my parents. I am blessed with two brothers and five sisters. I went to St. Lawrence Primary School in Golla run by the Sisters of Our Lady of the Missions and went to Holy Cross High School at Bandura run by the Holy Cross Brothers.



Sunday Mass with my parents to the Sacred Heart Parish. We came in contact with Fr. Jimmy D'Soza working in the parish. I received my First Communion there. I recall that during the First Communion, I prayed that I can offer Eucharist and hold Jesus in my hand present in the Blessed Sacrament. I realize now that God granted my wish. Perhaps that was the beginning point of my vocation.

### **Childhood**

We used to have regular evening prayer in our family. All had to attend without any excuse. Besides, I remember that I used to go for Mass almost every morning accompanying my grandmother. Two of my aunts are nuns in the society of the Missionaries of Charity. My grandmother used to tell stories about them. That inspired me a lot to join religious life. The local priests, brothers and sisters were close to our family, as my two aunts being nuns. The priestly ministry and liturgical celebration attracted me a lot and I started serving Mass as altar boy when I was in class two.

### **Year in Karchi**

In the year 1966, I went to Karchi with my family members. My father was working in PIA. I got admitted in Class 2 there. We used to go for

### **My Vocation**

After returning home from Karachi, I completed my studies in primary school and got admitted in Holy Cross High School, Bandura. In 1971, the Liberation war of Bangladesh started. The war spread all over the country. On November 13, 1971 our parish priest, Father William. P. Evans, C.S.C., was killed at Nawabganj, on his way to Boxonagar. He made great impact on me. I still remember his smiling face and love for the little ones.

My aunts Sr. Gertrude and Sr. Gerard came for the first time after spending many years in India. My father returned from Karachi, Pakistan and I joined the Seminary in 1973.

### **Joining Holy Cross**

In 1976, after finishing the Secondary School Certificate (S.S.C) examination, I came to join the St. Joseph's Intermediate Seminary, Dhaka.



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In 1978, with three classmates I came to Mathis House, the formation house of the Congregation of Holy Cross after finishing their Higher Secondary Certificate examination. Fr. Benjamin Costa, C.S.C., welcomed us warmly.

After joining Holy Cross in June 1978, I lived two years in Pobitra Krush Shadana Griha and did my studies for a Bachelor of Arts degree at Notre Dame College, Dhaka. The formation house was a mixed house. We had both professed and non-professed priest and brother candidates. There were several priests living and working in different ministry, including teaching in the college. This gave us opportunity to learn more about the religious life from the elderly religious. Besides studies, I used to go to the Bangladesh Mart Sweepers Colony for weekly apostolic work where the poor sweepers live. We used to visit the families, teach children catechism and elementary learning and conduct discussions about the social issues with the people. This experience helped me to deepen my faith that these people are also children of God.

### **Novitiate**

“All I want is to know Christ and to experience the power of his resurrection, to share his sufferings and become like him in his death, in the hope that I myself will be raised from death to life.” (Phil 3:10-11).

In October 1980, I began my journey along with my six friends to do my novitiate at Sagardi, Barisal. Fr. Richard Warner, C.S.C., the Provincial of the Indiana Province received us in a Eucharistic celebration as novices. During

the novitiate year, we attended class and spiritual exercises in order to prepare myself to commit myself to religious life. It was the life to live in intimacy with the Lord, learning the constitution of Holy Cross, life and spirituality of the founder, Fr. Anthony Basil Moreau, C.S.C., and other related topics of Scripture and spirituality in relation to the Novitiate program. Father George Laprade, C.S.C. was our Novice Master. I consider this year as a year of special grace. It was the highlight of my religious life-an intimate time with the Lord in prayer and meditation and deep experience of community. I made my First Profession on October 27, 1981. Fr. Thomas Barrose, C.S.C., the Superior General of our Congregation received our vows.

### **Ordination to the Priesthood**

“You did not choose me; I chose you and appointed you to go and bear much fruit, the kind that endures.” (John 15:16a).

After the First Profession in 1981, I came to Dhaka and began my studies at National Major Seminary, Dhaka. During this period I gained pastoral experience in different parishes and with the Urban poor, namely with the Rickshaw pullers. I made my Final Profession on May 17, 1986 and was ordained to priesthood on November 19, 1986, by His Holiness Pope John Paul II, along with 17 friends from different diocese and Congregation. I consider this a great privilege and joy for me, my family and for the Catholic Church in Bangladesh.

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### **Parochial Ministry and Studies**

After my Ordination, I worked in different parochial ministries. From 1986 to 1991, I worked in Holy Cross Parish with a saintly man, Fr. Charles P. Gillespie, C.S.C., and lived in the community with Holy Cross brothers. At the same time, I continued my studies at the University of Dhaka in order to work in the college. I also got involved with various works; Catholic Youth Service Team and the Episcopal Commission for Social Communication.

After finishing my studies at the University, I joined Notre Dame College in 1991. Besides teaching classes I was assigned to work as director of guidance and counseling. After 1993, I also became Coordinator of Clubs. At present, we have 19 clubs that takes on various activities in and out of campus. I was also assigned as the national youth coordinator for the National Youth Service Team, as which later became Episcopal Commission for Youth. We had to organize seminars, retreats, formation programs for the Catholic Youth and coordinate all the youth related activities in the country. I also became a member of the Episcopal commission for Social Communication. I enjoyed the work and still very much connected with it. I am grateful to the late Fr. Benedictand and Fr. Hemanto for developing the Holy Cross Center at Bhadun during this time, a place to conduct Christian Formation Programs.

### **A Year in the Philippines**

On the July 15, 1999, I joined the eight-month formation program at Asian Religious

Formation Institute (ARFI) for renewal. It was a time of break and renewal after 12 years of parochial ministry. It helped me to free myself from several responsibilities and look at my life more closely. At this stage, I became more aware of my identity, my qualities and giftedness as well as my weaknesses and failures.

The life in ARFI was a very unique experience of community with diverse personalities of different nationals and culture among men and women. They helped me to grow as a mature human person and as a religious.

### **Present work at Notre Dame College**

At present, I am working at Notre Dame College. I teach Bengali classes intermediate and degree students. I work in the administration as Vice Principal and coordinate extracurricular activities. Our college is very much known for its best academic results in the government board exams. It is also known for its extracurricular activities, or as we called them Clubs. There are 19 different Clubs that conducts lot of activities. Here students and teachers meet each other and work as a team. We try to encourage them and motivate them so that it helps them foster growth. I worked as the Superior of the Mathis House Community for the last seven years and that gave me opportunity to serve my brothers.

For the past two years, I have worked along with committee members of the Province to begin a College in Mymensingh. We need help and assistance from friends and benefactors so that it becomes a reality.

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**Jubilee thoughts**

I thank God for my life and vocation to Holy Cross. I feel fortunate that I came across many great people in Holy Cross whose life encourages me. I feel privileged that I was ordained by Pope John Paul II. His life inspires me. I am grateful for my family members, my C.S.C. family, and my friends for helping me to fulfill my commitment to follow Jesus closely.

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