

Holy Cross Brothers

Midwest Province — Notre Dame, IN 46556

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FEBRUARY, 1988



MOREAU DAY, 1988

From the Editor: Newsy-Bits-Of-News; Announcements; et. al.

CONGRATULATIONS: **BROTHER JOSEPH ANNAN** was elected District Superior of the West Africa District at their recent Chapter.

CONGRATULATIONS — **BROTHER REMIGIUS BULLINGER** was the winner of the picture-identification in the November issue. Seven Brothers correctly filed the name of Brother Theophilus and the winner was determined by a blind drawing under the careful eye of your editor. Watch for other ploys in future issues.

Our monthly feature, "Between the Lines" by **BROTHER LAWRENCE MILLER** has been omitted for lack of space. Watch for this item in the March issue.

"Trip to Virgin Islands Awaits LaSalle Basketball Team" by columnist, Alain Poupart of the MIAMI NEWS reported the completion of an arrangement between **BROTHERS CARL SHONK AND PAUL VERSTRAETE** and their respective schools for a unique trip and sports' competition.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS includes **BROTHER RONALD CHRISTENSON** who is residing and is a member of the staff at Gilmour Academy, Gates Mills. **BROTHER JOHN EMMINGER** now in residence with the Brothers in Anchorage, Alaska, is in Pastoral Care at Providence Hospital. **BROTHER JOHN HARRIS** returns to South-Central Asia with a new location east of Nepal. He will be teaching at Punakha High School, Western Bhutan, where Canadian Holy Cross Sisters and Jesuits conduct schools.

Other action in Alaska: **BROTHER JOHN MCMULDREN** led the Youth Winter Wipeout, an annual day-long multi-activity event sponsored by the Youth Ministry Office. And **BROTHER CHARLES MCBRIDE** was involved with the success of Project Advance '87, the Annual Appeal of the Archdiocese which topped the previous year's appeal.

The Great 88, a list of most interesting people, compiled by CLEVELAND MAGAZINE as written by Mary Mihaly includes **BROTHER ROBERT LAVELLE**. His "credits" included the successes of the eight years of his administration as Headmaster. Specifically, the article noted the construction of an athletic center, renovation of a Fine Arts Center and other capital

improvements. Another side was also mentioned: "a chocolate chip cookie-aholic who gets relief through attendance at the Hot Air Balloon Festival in Albuquerque where he does a bit of mountain climbing."

BROTHER LEONARD SIWERKA is presently the kitchen manager at Moreau Center, Monroe, Michigan, a satellite center of Boysville. He prepares food for the 52 boy-residents plus the faculty and staff. Three students work in the kitchen and "enjoy" making salads, homemade soup noodles, desserts along with the dishwashing that goes with it. Recently Leonard was recognized and rewarded for his efforts by being named Employee of the Month.

Pre-and-post Christmas activities at DUJARIE HOUSE included a variety of events and people. The highlight of the season was the annual Christmas party. Santa Claus, **BROTHER SIMON MURREN**, distributed gifts to each of the Brother-patients. The guest list included Fathers Bill Morrison and Pat Foley, **BROTHERS PAUL KELLY, MICHAEL BECKER, ROBERT SIEGEL, JOHN HARRINGTON, CARROLL POSEY, and DANIEL DURIG (SW)** who because of the weather had to delay his trip to accompany **BROTHER JACOB EPPLEY (SW)** to Austin. Other guests were Rose Lee and John Yeker, sister and brother-in-law of **BROTHER PEDRO**; Mr. Glenn Rousey and Sisters Carmel and Siobhan from St. Joe High School; and nearly all members of the staff. After gifts were opened there was a magnificent buffet dinner prepared and served by Richard Snyder, Addie Hope, Paul Weller, and Clay Champlin. A magnificent variety of colorful, tasty, seasonal salads were contributed by the nursing staff. Following the dinner, community singing of Christmas hymns and carols was accompanied by Mrs. Helen Pijut of the nursing staff on an organ which she had arranged to be delivered for use at this party. Other arrangements were made by Mrs. Shirley Rasmussen, head nurse, all contributing to a festive ho-ho celebration.

N.B. The Province Jubilee Celebration is scheduled for Saturday, June 18. Non-chapter members who need rooms in the Notre Dame area during that weekend are encouraged to make reservations with Local Superiors now.

Prayer Intentions

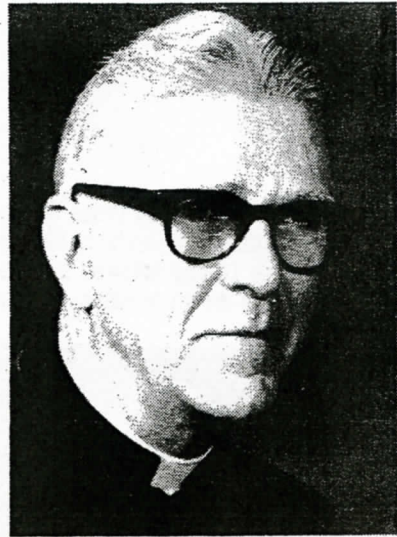
Deceased: Father Charles Harris, CSC (IP); Father Henri-Paul Bergeron, CSC, and Father Rene Gauvin, CSC, (Montreal); Edwin Reggio, Sr, father of Brother Edwin (SW); James Nichols, father of Brother James (EB); Vincent Pickett, brother of Brother Columkille (EB); Dr. Mitchell Kaminski, Sr, M.S., D.D.S. (Holy Trinity High School, '28); mother of Brother Richard Foley; Daniel Caley, father of Brother James; Raymond Ptaszek, brother of Brother John; Sister Mary George, CSC; Mrs. Bernard McGinty (Indianapolis). Thanksgiving for improved health of Brother Thomas Moser.

Brother John O'Flaherty, C.S.C.

Born: March 17, 1904

Professed: August 16, 1950

Died: December 22, 1987



He was what we call nowadays a "delayed vocation". He was 45 years old when he entered the community, after holding responsible positions with an insurance company, with the U.S. Treasury Department, and with the Department of Commerce. That in itself says an enormous amount about the man. It is certainly a truism that the older we get, the more difficult it is for us to adjust to sharp changes in lifestyle, work, friends, etc. It must have taken a great deal of faith and desire to give up his position in Washington at his age and take a chance that religious life was really his calling. And it undoubtedly took great humility, flexibility and that saving sense of humor to make the change the success that it undoubtedly was. He is remembered even as a novice, among 19 and 20-year olds, as one who fit in well and got along with everyone. I think his innate kindness and sensitivity charmed everyone who worked with or for him, whether they were 25 years younger than he or his own age.

Certainly he loved to be with people, and he loved a party. As I recall, we used to have a number of parties when I was at Columba Hall. I probably won't be remembered for much else. What I remember about Brother John was that he was always on hand to make sure everything was ready for the party; he was convivial and hospitable during the party, often with a group doing a sing-along around the piano; and when the party was over, he was there to help clean up. He was quiet about the work he did around the house, but he was always there to be helpful.

Brother John worked for the AVE MARIA Magazine for 21 years, virtually until it stopped operations. I know very little about his work there because he never said much about it, and those who knew his work best are long gone. But I do know there is a letter concerning him in his file addressed to Father Reidy, the then-publisher of the magazine, from the New York office. It's a letter of glowing praise for the brilliant job Brother John was doing as advertising manager despite his lack of previous experience in that job. I doubt very much that anyone else besides the provincial ever heard about that letter.

When his work was finished at the AVE — he was 69 at the time — he went on to other jobs: the

Holy Cross Junior College Bookstore and the Community Stores; and then, until 1982, he was secretary to the Vocation Director. Finally, at age 78, the onset of his illness forced his retirement to Dujarie House.

All of this is only to say that he always tried to give far more than he took. No doubt his last years were trying for him. As I remember him in healthier times, he was a man at peace with himself and a peacemaker and soother of others. He was also serious about and always faithful to the religious exercises. He had to be pretty sick to be absent from any of them.

Being superior was never one of my favorite occupations; I rather doubt that anyone likes the job very much. And I know that none of us is perfect, and each and every one of us has his weak side and his weak moments. But I do think that if, when I was superior, I had had a house full of John O'Flahertys, it would have been about as close to heaven as you can get in that job. It wasn't because there was anything spectacular about him, except, perhaps, his wardrobe, and even that was always in impeccably good taste. He wasn't what you could call a "community character," about whom anecdotes circulate for years after they've gone. I can't recall that I ever heard a single anecdote about Brother John.

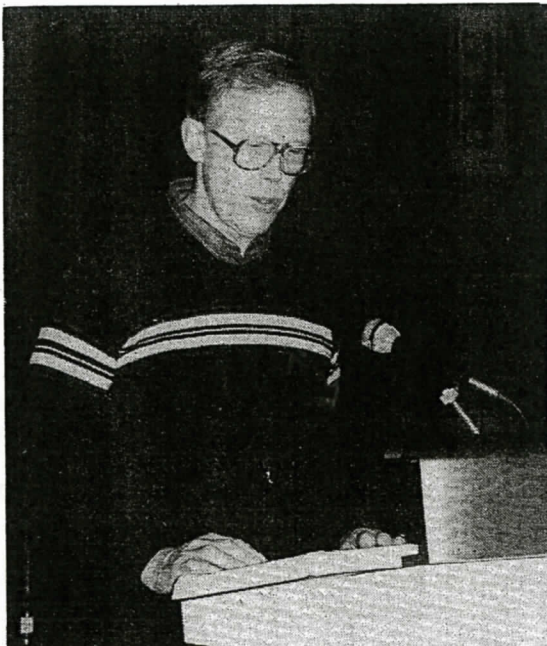
For all that, those who knew him before his final retirement will always remember his bright, cheerful, kindly demeanor. How we'd always be glad just to see him walk into the room, glad to sit at the dinner table and exchange pleasantries with him.

I think, when we look back over the years, we're able to abstract and eliminate what was accidental or trivial about a person and at least get a glimpse of and some appreciation for the substance that lay underneath. And I'm sure now that we're able to appreciate that Brother John was much more than just another "nice guy" with a bon vivant spirit. In his own quiet and self-effacing way, he reminds me of a line in the book of Genesis: "And in those days there were giants in the land."

Brother Bernard Donahoe, CSC

MOREAU DAY, '88 —

All branches of the Holy Cross Community joined to celebrate the 115th anniversary of the death of their founder, Father Basil Anthony Moreau. Locally, 350 responded to the call for celebration with a shared Eucharistic Liturgy followed by a social hosted at the Brothers Center. It fulfilled another step toward unity in the dream of Father Moreau.



"Father Moreau's passion for union and family spirit — factors that characterize Holy Cross — is a constant reminder for us to look beyond the petty differences of our confreres and nurture the bonds that bind one confrere to another . . . one society to the other."

Notre Dame Area Celebration

Quotes from "Father Moreau: A Challenge and a Source of Inspiration;" Bro. K. J. Appachan, C.S.C.; a collection of articles, essays, homilies concerning Father Moreau, Congregation of Holy Cross General Administration Office; Roma, Italia; Fr. Leo Polselli, C.S.C., editor.



"Both from within and without the frontiers of the family, Father Moreau's love, affection and nurturing flowed freely and in abundance to his spiritual children in Holy Cross," throughout his life, and continues today by our daily witness.

Reading-Reviewing

"Catholic Spiritual Classics" by Mitch Finley

c. 1987; Sheed & Ward; \$4.95

In the January issue Father Glenn F. Latterell reviewed the first five of the twelve Classics included in this book. The final portion of his review follows.

Although Dante's *Divine Comedy* is a Spiritual Classic, no one in Dante, S.D., seemed to be aware of it (the reviewer's present assignment). It surprises me that there is not a single Italian here in Dante. Maybe it was selected as a part of a "prank" since the name Dante is often associated with "Hell." But such an association is unfounded; life here is more like "Camelot!" Anyway, the author devotes only five pages to this Classic. Besides sharing with us some insights into Dante's work, he offers some practical applications which may be drawn from Dante's writing. Especially that "There is hope, even when the night is the darkest."

The seventh Classic comes from an unknown Russian author. It is called, *The Way of a Pilgrim*. Mitch offers some interesting history as to its background. The story is woven around a pilgrim in search of a teacher, who can explain what is meant by to "pray without ceasing." This is a secret about which I think each of us would like to know more. In his contemporary application, we are provided with some thoughtful suggestions as to how we might develop a practice of "praying always." The "Jesus Prayer" is a good beginning.

One of the Classics of all time is that of *The Story of a Soul*, written by St. Therese of Lisieux for her sister, Pauline. This is the story of a saint for today. She loved the Church and respected its teachings. She made no hesitation in claiming for herself the vocation of warrior, priest, apostle, doctor and martyr. "I feel in me the vocation of priest," she writes, and yet, "I admire and envy the humility of St. Francis of Assisi, and I feel the vocation of imitating him in refusing . . . the priesthood." Therese was a feminist in her day, as well as a

model and witness for prayer and love.

Caryll Houselander's famous book of the 40's, *The Reed of God* is the ninth Spiritual Classic. It might be said to be an attack against phyness in Religion. It is a reminder that all our daily, ordinary actions can become our daily prayer. One should not underestimate the beauty and power of this Classic, for it too prepared the way for the coming of Vatican II.

Butler's *Lives of the Saints* is not the easiest Classic to review; yet this chapter is filled with interesting and timely "tidbits" to move one to reread the lives of some of our favorite saints. Spiritual Reading must remain one of our priorities if we are to grow in this life.

I am pleased to see that Max Picard's *World of Silence* is included in this collection. It might help us to realize some of the beauty that we are missing due to the lack of silence in our world. We might even find a secret yearning for what was known as "grand silence." If this be the case, then, we are told that "silence is available for those who are willing to take the trouble to seek it out."

The last Classic to be considered in this brief volume is Thomas Merton's *New Seeds of Contemplation*. Although only six pages are devoted to this work, a variety of ideas and insights in Merton's writings are offered. He expresses gratitude to Merton for helping us to possess a clearer idea of God, and the need to become detached from ourselves so that we might see and use all things in and for God.

"Catholic Spiritual Classics" by Mitch Finley is a book that will surely stimulate the reader to renew an acquaintance, not only with these Classics, but also awaken a hunger for other good spiritual reading. I encourage you to let this book do that for you.

Father Glenn F. Latterell

Psalm XXIII

The Lord is my pace-setter; I shall not rush.
He makes me stop for quiet intervals.
He provides me with images of stillness which restore my serenity.
He leads me in ways of efficiency through calmness of mind, and His guidance is Peace.
Even though I have a great many things to accomplish each day,
I will not fret — for His Presence is here.
His timelessness — His All-importance will keep me in balance.
He prepares refreshment and renewal in the midst of activity.
By anointing my mind with His oil of tranquillity, my cup of joyous energy overflows.
Surely harmony and effectiveness shall be the fruit of my hours,
And I shall walk in the pace of the Lord and dwell in His house forever.



Brother Francis Assisi Davis, C.S.C.

Born: September 29, 1908

Professed: February 28, 1930

Died: December 25, 1987

It is an honor for me to be able to say a few words about my life-long friend, Brother Francis Assisi Davis, he who used to say it was easy to remember how to spell Assisi, for one just remembered this expression: ass is i. That was Francis, pure and mildly wily.

I first met Paul Davis about sixty years ago when he came to Watertown from Indianapolis, a short, curly russet-haired young man possessing a quiet, unassuming, warm personality that immediately captivated one, a graduate of Cathedral High School during what I call its Golden Age when Bishop Chartrand presided in great humility.

And this Paul Davis became Brother Francis Assisi Davis, one who was a serious, no-nonsense, kindly, humorous teacher who prepared classes faithfully each night after correcting papers after school when he returned to his room, lit a fresh pipe from his well-cleaned few pipes on the rack on his neat desk in his spotlessly clean and simple room, a room that always held one or two charming pieces of art work and not much else, save a plant or two. Francis, never the packrat, had just what he needed, no more, no less. He asked for only what he needed, no more, no less, always.

Francis was serious but not offensive about his vow of poverty. That he received the name Assisi was no "fluke," of that I feel sure. For many years now, I have spent considerable time trying to grasp why St. Francis of Assisi has always been the most popular of saints. And now what I am about to say of the original man of Assisi, I suggest can be applied in most instances to our Brother Francis Assisi Davis.

Everything about the original Francis from Assisi would seem to militate against his immense influence on mankind, then or now: here was a rich man's son who loved expensive trappings, a happy, laughing, social-gathering member, who finally gives up all those things that most would revel in if they won the lottery million. Why? I think I know. (We all have theories, no?)

I summarized my thoughts on the original Francis in this bit of verse:

Francis of Assisi
Made sanctity seem easy;
Just give everything away,
Care for your neighbor every day,
Offer Lady Poverty this bouquet,
And then you'll never go astray.

Francis, the rich young dandy
Dressed in the richest robes,
A Gentlemen's Quarterly sort of fellow
In velvets purple, gold, red, yellow,
Until he had a change of heart,
A change that really was no mystery:
He fell in love with Gospel depths
And dramatically altered history.
(And scholars attest to this.)

Francis, chivalry's most precious gem,
Valued courtesy and joy,
Romantic giving and true courtly love,
Selfishness to destroy.

Francis died, blind and ill,
Broken in body;
Thousands and thousands
Followed him,
Proclaiming empty wealth is shoddy.

Call fire Brother and wind Sister
And sing and dance as Francis did:
Free your spirit by loving all,
Like Francis, heed the Master's call.

And this bit of sincere verse applies in most lines to our Brother Francis Assisi Davis, who came to us from his Aunt Clara and Grandma Bulmer, red-haired and well-groomed, who wed Lady Poverty as few I know in the community have, who was courteous and joyful, unselfish, unassuming, and who retired gradually, broken in mind, but who called wood beautiful, working with it to bring out its glow and warmth and real-ness, steel-wooling away the dullness of years of overpainting and overvarnishing. Get to the real wood. No laminating pieces for him, no plastic, please. Just the pure and beautiful wood. Yes, Francis taught me to appreciate wood. Like his namesake, our Francis too embraced the beauty of life, and uncovered this beauty hidden in students and friends, just as he did in wood, his symbol of ecstasy, of exaltation. Yes, both Francis' disliked cant and hypocrisy.

Many years ago in the *Ave Marie* magazine appeared an exquisitely wrought poem on St. Joseph by one of our own Holy Cross priest-poets, Father Patrick Carroll. I recall with delight the closing lines of the poem, in which St. Joseph is asked this question: Joseph of the tool chest, Have you no pride at

(Continued on next page)

all? To which Joseph answers: "God kissed my lips at bedtime When God was very small."

Who is Francis Davis?

Joseph-like is he,
Making beauty understood,
Both workers in wood,
Both kissed by God.

Please don't remember Francis as that confused old man who wandered aimlessly about, called by God to turn off his pilot light early. Remember him as his mentor of old Assisi, as a Brother of Holy Cross filled with our St. Joseph's love for filling empty spaces with glowing graces.

Please don't forget that eternity for each one begins at birth, immortality comes with conception, God creating another friend and lover to cherish warmly forever. Death is just a stop along this eternal road, a resting so that those of us remaining alive can reflect on our main duty: love one another.

Never disregard

What Christ's messages tell us:

Give yourself to all each day,
Make pleasant and peaceful
Their passage through life
By easing the pains of their daily strife.

Remember, my Brothers,

God put you on earth

Not to see through people

But to see people through.

And this is demanded

Of me, and you, and you, and you!

Finally, may I suggest we consider further what that finest of prose writers composed a hundred years ago when such glorification of the individual person was next to heresy. John Henry Cardinal Newman stated: "God has created me to do some definite service; He has committed some work to me which He has not committed to another. I have my

mission — I may never know it in this life, but I shall be told it in the next. I am a link in a chain, a bond of connection between persons. He has not created me for naught. I shall do good; I shall do His work. I shall be an angel of peace, a preacher of truth in my own place while not intending it — if I do but keep His Commandments. Therefore I will trust Him. Whatever, wherever I am I can never be thrown away. If I am in sickness, my sickness may serve Him; in perplexity, my perplexity may serve Him. He does nothing in vain. He knows what He is about. He may take away my friends; He may throw me among strangers. He may make me feel desolate, make my spirits sink, hide my future from me — still He knows what He is about."

Nothing can cure the terrible ache

Of losing friends

Save perhaps tender thoughts

To make amends:

So to our Francis I say:

Like butterflies,

Each is God's

Fragile miracle,

Husky and muscular though you are,

Or svelt and sweet and tender,

Remember:

You are suspended forever

On colorful gossamer wings

Intended

To make you hear God say:

"My grace will keep you flying forever.

Would I abandon you? NEVER!"

Likewise, I say to Brother Francis Assisi Davis:

"Will I forget you-ever?

NEVER!"

May you say likewise.

— **Brother Remigius Bullinger, CSC**

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