

Winter 1990

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Holy Cross Brothers



Celebrating Our Founder

MOREAU DAY, 1991

BROTHER VIATOR GRZESKOWIAK, C.S.C.

Born: June 22, 1922

Professed: August 16, 1943

Died: December 8, 1990



As I was coming from my room, just before Brother John Patrick Lahiff's funeral Mass this past Friday, Brothers met me to say that Brother Walter Davenport wanted to see me immediately. Brother Walter took me aside and graciously told me that he wanted me to know first, before the announcement was posted, that Brother Viator Grzeskowiak had died at River Grove.

Brother Walter and many of you Brothers and Fathers here present knew that Brother Viator was my dear and cherished friend. I appreciate your concern and understanding, but, above all, this expression of love to one who has lost a friend.

It is interesting to note that there were three of us, the Musketeers, if you will, that hung out together while employed at the University of Notre Dame — there was Brother Kieran Ryan, Brother Viator and yours truly — now "hanging out" meant going to dinner on Friday nights, usually to the Louver Door on Western Avenue, or spending a weekend at the Coloma Cottage on Lake Michigan.

Dear Brother Kieran Ryan died at the age of 69 on December 5, 1983, and I gave his eulogy the day before the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Now, Brother Viator dies on the Feast itself at the age of 68 — since I am the last of the trio and being 64 — I think I just may want to skip the December 8th Feastday for a few years.

Let us reminisce for a few minutes on the life of Brother Vi, as we all called him.

Vi was proud of his Polish heritage — oh, he did not flaunt it, but he never shortened his name — Grzeskowiak — I will bet half — no, three quarters of you would have to pull out the Community Directory to look up the spelling of his family name, if you were to write him a card or note. Vi would smile at that. He loved his family and faithfully visited his mother and relatives — always buying something special for Mom, fresh grapes for one that I recall.

Vi traveled to Poland for his 40th Anniversary and brought back precious art work created by the Polish people to cover the walls of his room. He subscribed to the Polish American Journal, as well as the Yearly Studies of the Polish National Catholic Church that reported on the progress of reunion with the Roman Church. Vi could give you interesting insights into the troubles of the ethnic churches.

He read many books and would faithfully send the finished Book of the Month copies to Dujarie House Infirmary.

Brother Vi had been a teacher, Delinquent Home Director, Principal and finally Rector of Stanford Hall at the University.

The Rector's position came about in this manner: Back in 1975, the Provincial called me at Notre Dame, asking me whether I had any jobs available for Brother Viator? I replied that yes, in fact, I need a CSC Rector for Stanford Hall. So the Provincial suggested that I phone Vi and make him the offer — that I did, and Vi accepted the Rectorship of Stanford Hall and remained there for 15 years.

Viator became one of the outstanding Rectors — he was a natural. I know that I speak for my term of office and for Father Van and Father Tyson that we never had any problems with the Stanford Hall students during Viator's 15 years.

What made him a good Rector? For one thing, Vi knew what was happening around him — of course, we have to remember that both he and Archbishop Marcincus were born in Cicero, Illinois — that should tell you something — Vi had an uncanny ability to pick outstanding Resident Assistants. Also, he instilled a Hall pride that had students inform him when things were not right, or when a student was off the deep end and needed help.

Vi also knew how to say NO and YES — he did not need to form a committee. I think Vi used "NO" effectively long before that sign we now see saying "What part of NO don't you understand."

I would enjoy sitting in his parlor and listen as he had a student in his office — the kid would come in and ask, "Brother could the guys have a par . ." before the last word was completed Vi would say NO — you see Vi already knew that the students were planning a room party with a beer ball. Then, the student had plan "B" — "Well, then, could we have a group over for a movie party without booze? YES answered Vi and girls, too? Yes says Vi — and maybe, if the movie is longer — past the end of visitation hours could the girls stay? NO and that was the end of the discussion. Students knew where they stood with Viator.

Vi had a rough exterior, but a generous heart. His wit could cut to the point and he could find humor in what people said or did — particularly if the words had a double meaning. Vi would always catch it, raise his eyebrows and say "OH".

Vi loved to entertain and cook — after 14 years in the same rooms, the University enlarged his living space and gave him a kitchenette. He had a table that could seat six and some of us here were privileged to share his cooking talents. I have a secret to share — Viator could not prepare good Sweet-sour cabbage — never got it right — until, one day, I drove him to the Polish Sausage Store and he found canned Polish Sweet-sour cabbage — it was just right — now those of you who have tasted it know that it is not a secret family recipe handed down from Viator's great grandmother.

Vi never forgot the people behind the scenes in Hall life. He regularly had special parties for the maids and janitors. And his Hall Staff meetings always ended with special treats for the students who assisted him.

When he retired from the hall this past May, the students in Stanford had a farewell party for him and gave him a gift. He was so proud and pleased of the Gold Watch that was engraved "To Brother Viator, Rector of Stanford Hall in appreciation from the Men of Stanford". In June we were having dinner — yes, at the Louver Door — and Vi pulled out this box, and still wrapped in velvet, took out the watch to show me his gift he had the warmest smile and tears in his eyes.

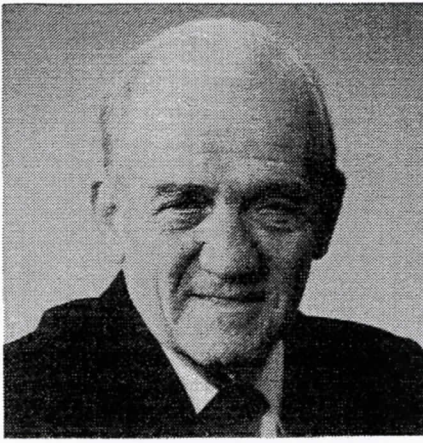
Vi was a sensitive person — he knew that he was large — he had a mirror just as you and I do — perhaps, Vi did not come to many community gatherings, because some of us were insensitive by our remarks — Vi, you're big — Vi, you better lose some weight. Vi, you should diet — How much better if we would have just been glad to see him. I do believe he used wisecracks and putdowns as a defense — he was lonely and needed more friends to love him as he was. He was a faithful Brother — devoted to the Mass and Blessed Sacrament — his care of the Hall Chapel attests to that — he was faithful to the Office — hard to do if you live alone. He took his work seriously and gave his all. Always punctual, always attentive to others' needs.

Well Vi, we will not hear the familiar click of your old style cigarette lighter — he did not use a Bic — we will miss the click and we will miss you.

As your dear Mother would say as you left the house "Iczcie zBogiem kochany Bracisku" Go with God dear Brother.

BROTHER JUST PACZESNY, C.S.C.

The above "remembrance" was presented at the Wake Service.



BROTHER JOHN PATRICK LAHIFF, C.S.C.

Born: October 25, 1922

Professed: August 16, 1948

Died: December 4, 1990

There's this kid in our neighborhood, and, you know, he's a holy hellion.

You see, he's got this pug nose, bent out of shape, probably the result of a scrap with some of the neighborhood toughs.

And he's Irish — and you know what that means: If you touch a tender nerve, man, you've got a battle on your hands.

Well, like any neighborhood kid, as you well know, he covers the neighborhood pretty well.

Wherever there's a gathering of kids, you'll find him, center of the crowd, talking a mile a minute, so darn rapid-fire, he trips on every third word, like any kid, talking all the time, telling stories, recounting experiences, cracking jokes — a veritable torrent, one after another. This kid never stops.

And if one is lucky enough — and that means a lot of luck — you might just once in a while manage to finish your sentence.

You can plead your case — "John, will you let me finish —" Forget it.

...

And — I swear — this kid never learned the English language.

Good thing I wasn't his English teacher —

He uses this strange dialect — I think it's called New England Bostonian Gaelic.

Now being a teacher of English, I'm pretty sensitive about these things.

Why this kid never can pronounce even the simplest words . . .

"SHOO-uh" — no, no, John it's "SURE" . . . "SHOO-URR" . . . you lost an "R." "SHOO-uh!" — even more emphatic than before. See what I mean?

Even when he greets you . . . "HOW AHHHH YUH!" No, John, it's "How ARRRRe you." "HOW AHHHH YUH!" Well . . . futile . . .

...

But, you want to get on his good side? I'll let you in on a little secret: Don't call him "John." Call him "John PATRICK." He loves that Irish heritage. With John, along with Patrick, you've got it made.

...

Oh, this Irish kid may be a neighborhood toughie . . . but he has the faith of an innocent child. He loves the rosary.

He speaks about the Virgin Mary with the ingenuous candor of a little child — probably instilled by some good Sister back in grade school, or the cherished legacy of a true Irish mother.

Is it not appropriate that Our Lady should call John Patrick to herself so closely to one of her feast days?

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in her sonnet entitled, "How Do I Love Thee?" says "Let me count the ways," and then proceeds to enumerate . . .

One of those ways, toward the end of her sonnet, is . . .

"I LOVE THEE WITH A LOVE I SEEMED TO LOSE WITH MY LOST SAINTS . . ." How many of us, perhaps, have allowed to slip away somewhat that love of childhood for those heavenly heroes and heroines . . . or do not say that rosary quite so frequently as once upon a time . . .

I can certainly testify . . . John Patrick never lost that love . . .

And no dainty little rosary for him — he used the big one — with the large beads — the large black wooden beads — we call it "nun's rosary."

I once asked him: "You know, I'd like to get hold of one of those nun's rosaries . . . the ones with the big beads." "Oh, SHOO-uh. Come on with me." He took me to his room and removed from a drawer the very thing I had been searching for. "It's an extra one. Got it from my sister MAHgaret." He added: "Say the first one for me."

...

Kenneth Woodward, in his recent book, *Making Saints*, for all its matter-of-fact reality about saints and canonizing saints, yet with its ever-so-gentle undercurrent of sophisticated cynicism, would have found a real fight on his hands with John Patrick if the two of them had ever encountered each other.

...

And like a traditional son of Holy Cross, faithful to his first fervor and heritage of the Cross, he still made the Way of the Cross on Fridays during Lent.

That heritage of Holy Cross John Patrick dearly cherished — and never lost.

...

Brother John Patrick, a child himself, was always among children . . . at home among children . . .

As teacher, counselor, and dean of students, the latter most of his teaching career, from Wisconsin . . . to New York . . . to Texas — I won't enumerate all of them — this little guy knew boys.

He was tough, manly, fair — all sparkling with a myriad facets of smiles, joking, and laughter.

Countless boys and parents, like the Jacobs family of Akron, the Burkes at St. Edward, to name but a couple of so many, became — and remained — faithful friends to this very day.

...

His final years spent at St. Edward, he fought to remain in the mainstream, a child among children,

trudging down the corridor with his cane,
a word to this one, a slap on the shoulder for that one,
smiling, laughing, joking,
seeking out that loner in the cafeteria,
selling tickets,
at the games,
cocky,

wearing so many kinds of caps — not the least of which was that of Notre Dame.

This morning, as St. Ed's bade goodby to our Brother and friend, Brother Ken, in his reflection, referred to Brother John Patrick . . . so appropriately . . . as a gem.

Indeed . . . a veritable diamond . . . in the rough . . . this little tough . . . but truly a diamond.

...

I mentioned earlier this kid . . . the center of any group . . . Every evening after dinner, back at Ed's, some of us would remain behind for a half hour or so and enjoy that rare ingredient of community life today: after-dinner conversation.

(Continued inside bottom left)

APOSTOLATES – APOSTLES

CSC Celebrate Moreau

“WELCOME!” **BROTHER PAUL KELLY**, assistant provincial of the Midwest Brothers Province, announced his greeting to the assembly. On Friday, January 18, CSC members from the Notre Dame area were present to celebrate Moreau Day. The location was the Chapel of Saint Joseph, Holy Cross Brothers Center. Over 300 members of the Holy Cross Communities were present.

Father Wilson Miscamble, C.S.C., was the Presiding Minister; homilist was **BROTHER RAYMOND PAPENFUSS**, Vocation Director of the Midwest Province. Raymond suggested for reflection the virtue of gratitude, for our own lives, those who are a part of our lives, and the life in our community.

Other ministers included members of the CSC family: Brothers, Sisters, Priests, formation personnel from all societies and members of the South Bend Associates of Saint Joseph. The internationality of the celebration was evidenced through the use of songs in the Bengali and Spanish languages.

“Lift high the cross, the love of Christ proclaim . . .” were the lyrics of the concluding hymn at the Eucharistic Liturgy. Over 300 participants’ voices joined the musical finale. Following, all shared a **BROTHER THOMAS ROCK** festive buffet; nobody was disappointed. Again the religious took time through this annual celebration to reflect on their historical beginnings. This event continues annually and is hosted alternately by the three local CSC Communities.

And Andre

On the feast of Blessed **BROTHER ANDRE BESSETTE**, C.S.C., January 6, Holy Cross Brothers from Ohio joined for a Eucharistic Liturgy. Father John Blazek, C.S.C., chaplain at Gilmour Academy, Gates Mills, was the Presider. The location was Saint Edward High School, Lakewood. The 28 religious joined in a social and dinner that followed.

Pictured-right: Candid of some of the Brother-celebrants at the Moreau Day reunion. (l to r) **BROTHERS EDWARD HAGUS, SWB; JOHN HARRINGTON** and **THOMAS CORCORAN, MWB; JAMES MARTIN** and **JOHN CHRYSOSTOM RYAN, EB.**

Pictured cover: **BROTHER JAMES BLUMA, MWB**, Crossbearer, leads the procession of Ministers for the Eucharistic Liturgy, Moreau Day Celebration, Brothers Center.



CSC In Chili/Peru

Recently I (Brother Robert Siegel) had the privilege of visiting with Holy Cross in South America. My two stops were Santiago and Lima.

CSC established a foundation in Chili in 1943. The District is a part of the Indiana Priests’ Province. Schools, parishes, homes for children, as well as residences, are the areas in which the Holy Cross Community is involved. The most recent foundation, 1986, is Hogar Santa Cruz where I visited.

BROTHER DONALD KUCHENMEISTER is director of the Hogar, a residence for homeless children. Presently there are fifteen youngsters from ages 5 to 15. Some months ago they moved to their new residence which makes it possible now to accept girls as well as boys with additional room for up to ten children. Additional funding will make this expansion possible. The number of potential residents needing this type of facility is endless. Donald’s daily schedule includes multiple activities: as “parent” he does the shopping; being their “father/mother” demands his time in connection with their health and educational activity — PTA, report card and discipline conferences, are some examples; he is resident officer of the institution, therefore involved in the public relations, financing and fund raising for the Hogar. He does all of this with care and concern.

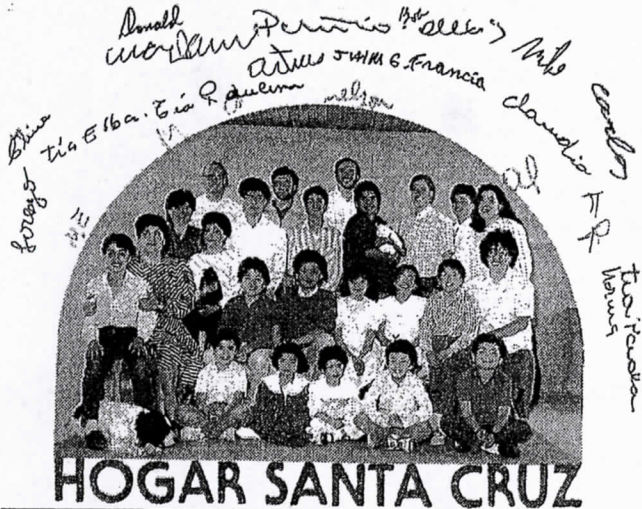
BROTHER ROBERT DAILEY is also a resident at the Hogar. Besides sharing some of the work there, he is a full time professor at the University of Chili. His specialty is computer education in which he was previously involved at Ohio State and Loyola Universities. Bob is also the local director of the Holy Cross Associates’ program, college-age volunteers, centered at the University of Notre Dame. I was amazed at his and Donald’s fluency with Spanish. My one-year, high school classroom exposure, strained my understanding in most conversations. The youngsters were frustrated by not being able to understand and communicate

ministry in Chimbote, about 100 miles north of Lima. I stayed at the CSC Formation House in Lima. Young men there are in preparation for priesthood.

The District of Peru was established in 1976 under the Eastern Priests' Province. Sisters of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, are also involved in the country. Religious, health, and educational needs of the people are among the apostolic commitments of CSC here.

Donald, Robert and John are members of the Midwest province. My interest was stimulated through correspondence with Donald. It was a first visit to South America, a first viewing of third-world involvement by members of our province. The extensive, visible poverty of the people is quite striking. Space and water are generally at a premium. Transportation was different from what I do daily: walking and bus were used. I have to label the experience as one of contrast to what I know and do each day. My learning has been expanded; my own life and actions need in the future to better reflect a global reality.

I was most proud and encouraged of our CSC Community. Although I am not in the setting personally, I am represented by men and women, contemporary heroes who generously serve. Their response through faith and community is the reality of Holy Cross, 1991. The spirit of our founder, Father Moreau, continues.



Pictures to supplement this article are in a "lost" suitcase somewhere between Lima, (unknown), and South Bend. The picture to the left shows the children and staff at Hogar Santa Cruz. It was signed as a part of the Christmas greeting from the mission.

(Continued from page 2)

Guess who was the center of it all . . . yes, you guessed it, John Patrick . . . sharing stories, experiences . . .

He loved to speak of his family, his Irish mother and father, Sister Margaret Frances, sisters Kathleen and Mary, nieces and other relatives . . .

And Carlos, Donald, Dennis, yours truly . . . all trying to get in a word now and then . . .

And lots of arguing . . . and you know who thought he won all the arguments . . . yes, right again, John Patrick . . .

All sprinkled with bountiful heaps of belly-bottom laughter . . . and you know who was the loudest of them all . . . yes, John Patrick . . .

...

This tough little Irishman never gave up fighting . . .

I am told that it takes a good two years or so for one to acclimate oneself to a prosthesis.

As you may recall, John Patrick underwent a leg amputation toward the end of his life. He must have suffered silently in this struggle.

But John Patrick mastered that thing in less than six months.

And you know the result . . . ? Yes, still patrolling the corridors, the neighborhood — and talking and joking with everyone along the way.

...

Dylan Thomas, the Welsh poet, surely celebrated the likes of John Patrick when he wrote . . . "DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT, BUT RAGE, RAGE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE DAY, AGAINST THE DYING OF THE NIGHT."

O John Patrick, how you did rage . . . RAGE . . . again and again . . .

...

And I would be remiss, seriously remiss, were I not to mention . . . that child and his little pet dog . . . Tiny . . .

Everywhere John Patrick went, that tiny Irish French poodle — that poodle just had to have some Irish in him — was at his heels.

The two of them shared such an intimate relationship with each other, I swear they must have talked a silent, special language between them . . . that which only a child and his pet dog can understand . . .

John Patrick once remarked: "I know that Tiny is in heaven. I just know he is." Well . . . that may be a special brand of Irish theology, but I wasn't about to take on John Patrick in another losing battle. — And I'd dare any one of you to contradict John Patrick on that score.

I'm glad we can smile and chuckle at Brother John Patrick's wake . . . something he would truly love.

Why, it wouldn't be an Irish wake without that necessary ingredient.

...

But what does it all mean when we arrive at the bottom line? For, ultimately, each one of us must confront the reality of life . . . and of death . . .

In Brother John Patrick's life we have the answer . . . It rings out so loudly and so clearly.

You and I know, by faith, that, in the Providence of God, you and I and John Patrick . . . each of us is placed on this earth . . . in our own time . . . for a particular purpose . . .

that not-too-sophisticated, that bottom-line, that down-to-earth theology . . . Brother John Patrick Lahiff's brand of theology . . .

And I am going to be just bold and brazen enough to attempt to fathom the mind of this mysterious, good God for the answer.

Actually, it really wasn't too difficult for me . . . isn't too difficult for all of us . . . and only because Brother John Patrick told us so well by his life as a religious Brother of Holy Cross . . .

It is this . . . so very simple . . . I see Jesus, taking John Patrick, and holding him close to Himself, and reminding us once again . . . UNLESS YOU BECOME AS A LITTLE CHILD, YOU CANNOT ENTER THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

There is a postscript to all I have said here . . . but you must believe with the faith of a child . . .

If you will look closely . . . oh, you must look ever so closely, so very, very closely . . .

You will see Brother John Patrick, walking at the side of Jesus, walking upright . . . and laughing . . . and joking . . . and at their heels . . . a tiny black dog . . .

and on the tip of that little dog's tail . . . a bright green shamrock.

BROTHER JOSEPH CHVALA, C.S.C.

The above "remembrance" was presented at the Wake Service.

APOSTOLATES — APOSTLES

CSC Celebrates Service

Thirteen years of dedicated service were observed at a recent celebration at Dujarie House, Notre Dame. Mrs. Shirley Rasmussen was honored for her commitment to the religious assigned to the CSC Infirmary of the Brothers of Holy Cross. Appreciation was expressed through the attendance of a large number of area CSC. Pictured, Shirley stands behind the TV presented to her by the CSC Provinces in appreciation for her work.

Shirley intends to continue on the staff part-time. The newly appointed Head Nurse is Becky Futa, who has been on the staff for several years.

The US Brothers Provinces are fortunate to have a health-care facility with dedicated people to care for them. Shirley's dedication is commendable along with many others who have served there.

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Pictured-right (l to r): Shirley Rasmussen; **BROTHERS CAROL POSEY, RALPH KUDER, SWB; RICHARD WEBER** (background); **JUST PACZESNY** and **JAMES MARTIN, EB**. James is the president Director, assisted by Carol. Ralph and Just were both previously a part of the administration at Dujarie.



CSC 2nd-Year Participant In Tree Festival

BROTHER THOMAS ROCK participated by invitation for a second year in the Festival of Trees. Proceeds from this annual event are for medical and dental care of designated groups. The activity began in 1984 and includes a display of 25 designer-decorated Christmas trees. Over \$300,000 has been raised, \$55,000 was this year's goal, through the sale of the trees and admission charged for viewing the display. Perhaps you have seen some of the many other trees of Tom's on display in the Brothers Center Dining Room.

CSC Finances Tuition Scholarship

Saint Joseph's High School, South Bend, announced a second \$1,000 scholarship winner. The funds are made available by residents of Flanner Hall,

CSC Councilor In Germany

From Bitburg, Germany, **BROTHER JOSEPH BALLARD** tells us of his selection to participate in a four-day seminar, the Konrad Adenauer Seminar in Bonn. The activity was sponsored by the German government for American and British teachers. Entitled, "The Changes in Germany and Europe," the speakers included people from the government, teachers and media representatives.

Joseph teaches on a US Military Base. He has had direct involvement in the Mideast troubles as personnel from the base have been transferred to that area. His counseling of their children, students between the ages of 5 to 9, Grades K, 1 and 2, have necessarily included helping them cope with the changes.

...in residence, **BROTHER STEPHEN GIBNEY, C.S.C.**, participated in a July Art Show recently. He received third prize; there were 137 participants. Stephen along with several other men from the Midwest Province chose residence for their retirement in Sherman Oaks, California. What's the temperature there today?

CSC With Rocks A'Plenty

Mineral Display to Highlight Educational Mini-Museum, titles an article in **THIS MONTH**, a newsletter for the St. Mary's University Community, San Antonio, Texas. **BROTHER DAVID FITZGERALD** of the Earth Science Department at St. Mary's, is responsible for the display. He has classified and cataloged 4,000 specimens which are in the department's collection. Looking ahead, David hopes to improve the display for regular viewing by the students and everyone in the area.

Another activity on his schedule is organization of an educational forum, "The Pros and Cons of the Applewhite Reservoir Project."



CSC School Displays Original Historical Art

"A Salute to Poland," entitles the new mural completed at Holy Cross High School, River Grove, Illinois. The Fine Arts Department Chairman and Instructor, Thomas Susin, and six students from the Art IV class, completed this thirty by ten foot painting honoring famous Poles from the past and present. Famous people included are drawn from their involvement in government and politics, music, literature, science and religion. This is the second mural themed to the ethnic background of the high school students. "Viva Italia," dedicated in 1989 was the first. **BROTHER WALTER DAVENPORT, C.S.C.**, is president of Holy Cross.

◀ **BROTHER JAMES ALEXANDER BUCKLEY**, resident at Dujarie House, enjoyed with many others the special social celebrating the retirement of Shirley Rasmussen. He died one week later, January 20. (pictured, left)

ASHES TO EASTER

Long centuries ago,
Even in Jesus' time,
A year after burial
One was delicately dug up
To go into a bone-box, an ossuary,
To insure God at the end of time
One's bone-white structure
Was already in one place:
Don't tarry, dear God,
Just refresh me warm
And pat smooth my face.
Such is Love.

Now although no one saw Him do it,
The empty tomb
Told Christ was risen;
No ossuary for Him
Who must finish
His Salvation task,
Giving love and answers
To all who ask
Until Ascension time
When He left for heaven
To send us His Spirit
Forever and ever
To be our leaven.
Such is Love.

— BRO. REMIGIUS BULLINGER, CSC

PRAYER INTENTIONS

Congratulations: Final Profession in the District of West Africa — December 29, 1990: Brothers PAUL MENSAH, MICHAEL AMAKYI, DANIEL DARDOE.

Deceased: Brother James Alexander Buckley, CSC, MWB; Brother John Patrick Lahiff, CSC, MWB; Brother Viator Grzeskowiak, CSC, MWB; Bill Harrington, brother of Brothers John and Raymond; Agnes Szymanski, sister of Brother Leo Geiger; Clara Mary Kuhn, mother of Brother John; Edith Drury, sister of Brother Walter Gluhm; Brother Leo Quirion, CSC, IP; Sister M. Elizabeth Clare, CSC; Sister M. Caecilius, CSC; Sister M. Agnes Regina, CSC; Father Thomas Waldron, CSC, IP. Richard O'Donnell, brother-in-law, Brother Jonas Moran; Patricia Perkins, sister of Brother Donald Johnroe, CSC; Agnes Weisenberger, sister of Brother Eugene; Sister M. Donald Webb, CSC; Father Francis X, Quinn, CSC, IP.

HOLY CROSS BROTHERS

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