

# Midwest Bits and Pieces

August 1, 1994

## MORE THAN 20 MINUTES FOR THE SOUL



By Brother Lawrence Stewart CSC

Imagine that you are a 70-year-old woman artist. You have just lost your husband of many years. You both led very active lives, enjoying travelling, swimming and snow skiing.

What do you do now after losing your loving spouse and needing to get your life together?

Well, if you are Aleene Gibson, in the spring of 1993, you decide to join other adventurers to peddle a bicycle 2600 miles across the United States from California to Georgia.

And since you had such a wonderful time on that adventure, at the age of 71, you decide to go on another long bike trip.

So in May of 1994 you join the same Wandering Wheels group who are doing a 1600-mile bike ride from the Gulf of Mexico north to Sault Ste. Marie in Canada.

I was fortunate to pedal along with Aleene and 47 others on the "Border to Border" ride under the direction of "Coach" Bob Davenport and his Wandering Wheels crew. Our ride of 1596 miles started on May 22nd at the "Gulf Border" near Waveland, Mississippi. After 20 consecutive days of pedalling we reached the "Canadian Border" in Sault Ste. Marie.

My brother, Steve, once again reminded me that he thought I was nuts in this latest escapade. "You're going the wrong way, Lar," he said. "You should start in Canada and then you could go downhill all the way to the Gulf!"

I wish it could have been all downhill. We biked up the center of the state of Mississippi to take the Natchez Trace Parkway into Alabama and Tennessee. We crossed part of the Smoky Mountain chain into Nashville. Then we cut through the middle of the hills (they were mountains to me) of Kentucky to cross the Ohio River near Louisville. We found plenty of hills in Southern Indiana. The terrain levelled off in Central Indiana and we entered South Bend at the end of our second week. Then it was along the Lake Michigan shore of the state of Michigan until we crossed to Mackinac Island (by ferry). We pedalled the last 60 miles of Upper Michigan to reach Sault Ste. Marie, Canada, on June 10th.

I wasn't the only crazy one to make this long journey. There were 33 other men and 14 women. The group's average age was nearly 55. We had two in their 70's, at least seven in their 60's, and a host in their 50's.

I witnessed the triumph of the human spirit among many fellow cyclists who made the journey. We had an Oneida Native American from Minnesota who had suffered a stroke some years ago. We had a man who had endured quintuple heart by-passes a few years ago. We had a woman in her 60's who has toured the Antarctic, pedalled across the country with Aleene last year and who next plans to hike the Appalachian Trail. Our youngest rider was a 14-year old girl with asthma whose previous longest ride was only 30 miles.

On the ride was Bill Moor, a sports editor of the South Bend Tribune who was commemorating the 25th anniversary of a coast-to-coast ride he did after his sophomore year at Indiana University. Bill wrote a series of columns for the newspaper about our biking safari for his Michiana audience.

Bob Davenport is the dynamic founder and leader of the Wandering Wheels organization out of Upland, Indiana. They sponsor at least 6 long bicycle trips each year. He was an All-American fullback at UCLA back in the 1950's and was runner-up to Alan Ameche in the Heisman balloting. He rides each route with the other cyclists and has completed a total of 34 coast-to-coast trips himself!

His Wandering Wheels crew provided transportation from Indianapolis to the start in Mississippi and from the finish in Canada back to Indianapolis. They

carried all the gear in trucks to the next campsite each day. The cooking crew provided two delicious, wholesome meals each day. (For lunch, we usually made it a habit to find the all-you-can-eat buffets at Pizza Huts in towns on the daily route.) The crew also took care of any bike repairs that we needed.

Most of us never passed up a Dairy Queen for a Blizzard at any time of the day. I'm surprised with all the eating we did that I managed to lose 6 pounds on the ride. Considering that we pedalled an average of 80 miles a day for 20 days, we certainly used up a few calories that allowed us to eat whatever we wanted.

I must confess the same thing that Bill Moor wrote in one of his columns, "I never had a flat tire, never had an accident, and never met a piece of food I didn't like!"

We camped in state parks in our tents or sometimes were hosted by churches in some of the towns. We slept soundly in sleeping bags on foam rubber mats. One treat was to always have a hot water shower waiting at the end of the day. The Wheels crew brought along a special heating unit and shower that could be fixed to any outdoor water faucet. We'd put on bathing suits and lather up and rinse in the great outdoors.

A typical day would begin at 5:00 or 5:30 with breakfast a half-hour later. Our instructions and route for the day would be given by Coach and then we'd head off on our bikes before 7:00. Our biking routes were usually along less-travelled state highways.

I'd usually average between 14-16 miles



per hour which meant that we'd usually reach our destination by 2:00 or 3:00 in the afternoon. We usually travelled in small groups with similar biking abilities and interests.

We only had one day of heavy rain, on our fourth day in northern Mississippi. We'd just pedal along through the rain or pull off if it became too heavy. There was a "sag wagon" or van that would bring in any stragglers who needed assistance.

The real problem that cyclists experience is having to pedal into a headwind. You work as if you're doing 20 mph but you are only going 10 or 12 mph. Down hills and tailwinds are a cyclist's rewards, but there weren't enough of those on our trip.

I remember the last day of the journey best of all. That final morning, after the discussion of the route, Coach led us in a prayer of reflection from the Bible and asked for input from the group. I told them about a comment from one of my heroes, Dr. George Sheehan, M.D. He once wrote that he looked forward to his daily hour-long run. He said the first 20 minutes of the run were for his body, getting in touch with the aches and soreness in his joints and muscles as they limbered up. The second 20 minutes were for his brain as it reflected on the appointments and problems of the day. The final 20 minutes were for his soul, as it soared about him and gave him an out-of-the-body experience in touch with nature around him.

I told the group that all of us had loads of time on our 1600-mile journey to experience that same soul-soaring adventure that George Sheehan spoke about. We triumphed in making the

whole ride together. We heard birds chirping as they woke most of us at 5:00 in the morning. We saw fantastic sunrises and sunsets. We were thrilled to see the beauties of nature from the Gulf Coast to the piney forests of Upper Michigan. We smelled honey suckle, lilacs, and pine trees. We saw wild turkeys, armadillos, deer and pheasants. We all achieved a triumph within our bodies when we found the strength to make it up each mountain or hill when the going got rough. We were able to peddle for 20 consecutive days, longer than most Wheels' bike tours.

Bill Moor also reflected on the fact that he turned 45 a few days before and felt he was experiencing a mid-life crisis in getting so "old". He admitted that the learning experience he gained from this trip buoyed him up. He has confidence now, after meeting so many people who were older than he (he was called "Billy" on the ride) who had such a zest and enthusiasm for life, that he wasn't afraid anymore of getting older!

I found out when I returned to New Orleans that some of my colleagues at Our Lady of Holy Cross College had a pool going to guess when my legs would give out. I had had orthoscopic surgery on my left knee last July. I fooled them, though. The legs and muscles were strong. It was the brain that probably got weaker on the trip!

Maybe they should have tried to guess where my brain would have broken down. I'm crazy enough to want to do the coast-to-coast ride next. And I want to do it before turning 70, just to beat Aleene's record.

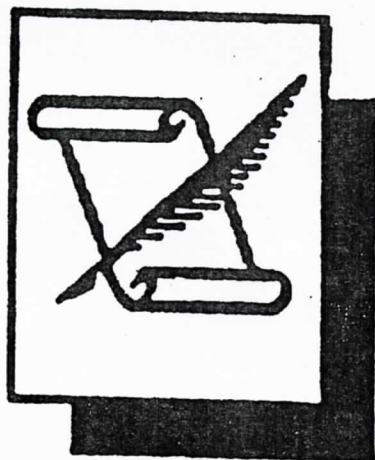
## NEW NOVICE MASTER



MARIGREEN PINES

Father Carl Ebey, Provincial of the Indiana Province, announced on June 22, 1994, that Reverend William D. Dorwart, C.S.C. had been appointed Director of Novices at Holy Cross Novitiate, Cascade, Colorado. He succeeds Father Hugh Cleary who has been elected Provincial of the Eastern Priests' Province.

## TED LATOUR WRITES



June 22, 1994

Dear Bro. Thomas:

I wanted to give you an update on our son Ted and I apologize for being so long in getting back to you.

An MRI was completed on April 29 but

we did not get the results until our return from Lourdes in mid May. The tumor has shrunk from originally being the size of a hand to that of a marble. The doctors were surprised at the progress but I guess we were not considering all the prayers that have been said on his behalf by the Holy Cross Community and so many others.

Our trip to Lourdes was awesome. Just no way to describe it. It was the most inspiring and spiritually uplifting renewal that I have experienced since my days in the novitiate. It is not just the Grotto, the Basilica, etc. but the thousands of people - praying.

Ted is continuing with chemo, will do so for the rest of the year. In the meantime please let the Brothers know of our gratitude for their prayers and a request that they continue.

Sincerely,

Ted LaTour

## GRETEMAN HAS NEW BOOK PUBLISHED

The Paulist press has announced the publication of Brother James Greteman's latest book: Creating a Marriage. It says of the book, "This basic, practical, but beautifully--almost poetically--written book about marriage as a process, from falling in love to developing true love, from ceremony to intimacy, reads easily and contains much wisdom...A wonderful, wise book...Highly recommended..."



## THE TRAVELLING ST. JOSEPH SHRINE



The photo you see above was taken behind Dujarie Hall on the campus of the University of Notre Dame. As a matter of fact, the exact place can be seen today since the pedestal still exists. What about the statue of St. Joseph? Does it exist?

Yes, that statue can be found on the provincial house grounds. Careful observation will reveal that the statue has been vandalized. Vandalization and travel have been part of its history.

With the sale of Dujarie to the University of Notre Dame, the statue was removed from the pedestal by Brother Richard Weber and Brother James Blaszak. For a short period of time it was stored in the

Center Maintenance Shop until a priest friend of Brother James Blaszak took it to St. Joseph Parish in Michigan where it was vandalized.

When Brother Jeffery Michels was assistant provincial, he recalled the statue and Brother James Blaszak brought it back from Michigan, placing it in the Chapter Room at the Provincial House.

A wooden pedestal was built during the early years of Brother Thomas Moser's administration and the St. Joseph statue was placed in front of the Provincial House where it remained until a permanent rock garden was created on the north lawn by Bro. Lawrence Skitzki.

The statue was again vandalized and rested in the garden a few more years without a head. Travellers to Europe or students of art are aware that many famous statues have been vandalized and are often seen with missing parts.

Brother Arthur Gohl took St. Joseph to his maintenance shop when he moved to Columba Hall and began the major reconstruction of the head. The statue spent several years in the shop and was almost completed when Brother Arthur died this January.

After careful research by Brother Wilbert Leveling and Brother Simon Murren, who were interested in how the head was to be remounted, and with the assistance of some photos, it was determined that the original position could be achieved with the use of materials that are ordinarily used in car repair. Brother Simon Murren accomplished the task and he and Brother Bernard Platte delivered the statue back to the provincial house lawn.



The statue was recently placed on an invisible base which goes three feet into the ground and contains one yard of cement. Brother Eduardo Michalik has guaranteed that future vandals will be surprised if they try to push St. Joseph around. The statue was lifted into place and anchored by Brothers Bernard Platte, Carroll Posey and Eduardo Michalik. Tracing the origin of this picture from the archives, has led to the discovery of the article reproduced here from the July, 1936, issue of *The Associate of St. Joseph*:

BEAUTIFUL ST. JOSEPH SHRINE  
ERECTED AT BROTHERS' HOUSE  
OF STUDIES

When recently a beautiful shrine to St. Joseph was erected at Dujarie Hall, the Brothers' House of Studies at Notre Dame, a need of many years was supplied and the Brothers were given a reason for deep gratitude. The event crowned four years of special prayer that the House might in some such way express its devotion to the Foster Father of Christ.

Friends of the Brothers, who desire that their names be withheld, defrayed the expense of the work. \$100 was donated by an unknown benefactor residing at Notre Dame. Dedication services were held on May 13, the 79th anniversary of the approbation of the Congregation's Rules and Constitutions. Father Laurin, C.S.C., Assistant Superior-General and Dujarie Chaplain, officiated. The occasion was signaled by the presence of Father James A. Burns, C.S.C., Provincial, his first visit to the house since his return from India.

St. Joseph had been the Patron of the Brothers of Holy Cross since the community was founded, and the Congregation cannot help but feel that the great saint, through the eminent success of his Shrine in Montreal where, apparently, hundreds of miracles have been wrought through the intercession of Bro. Andre, C.S.C., has deigned to express his pleasure in the work of men consecrated to God in his name. The Oratory at Montreal is the largest and most famous dedication to St. Joseph in the world. The new shrine at Notre Dame should mark a deepening of devotion to their patron, not only in the student Brothers but in all the members of the Community.

Erected by Brothers

Directed by Brother Agatho, C.S.C., Superior at Dujarie, and Brother Ephrem, C.S.C., the installation was done entirely by Brothers. This fact should become beloved tradition as the years go on and the Brothers, returning in summer from missions throughout the country, visit the shrine from the Notre Dame campus.

The six-foot bronze statue of the saint was placed opposite the side entrance to Dujarie, at the end of the walk which leads around the lake from Notre Dame. For a background, the Brothers dug out a grotto in a great mound of earth; evergreens, fifteen feet in height, were planted center-rear, and tall white pines on either side in front. Immediately behind the statue, a semicircular row of small evergreens was placed; immediately in front, a stone flower box on either side, in which flood-lights will be concealed.

## JOHN BENESH WRITES FROM PERU

Dear Brothers, 9 July, 1994,

I am sending this FAX to describe what happened to me and my CSC companions on the night of July 4.

The four of us in my residence are: Art Colgan, CSC (EP), Phil Devlin, CSC (IP), Robert Baker, CSC (EP) and I. The Fourth of July was a regular work day for us and after we all had attended the weekly Monday evening Mass for Religious who live and work in the parish in the chapel several blocks away, we returned home, and, one by one, we were taken captives as we entered the house by 5 or 6 armed men who had somehow entered ahead of us.

We were not harmed in any way, but the thought that they might eventually kill us all was always present. They stayed in the house from 8 p.m. on Monday until around 5:30 a.m. on Tuesday. They had found money and bank statements in my room and having seen our bank balances were going to send me to the bank to draw out more money, and if I didn't deliver the money by a certain time at a certain place, they threatened to kill the others. At the end, they did not follow through with this plan, but left Robert Baker and me tied up in one room and at that time we did not know where the others were. After we had untied each other we found that they had drugged Art Colgan and Phil Devlin (and Erick Mena, a Peruvian friend, who had been "taken" when he came to the house to talk to one of us) and they were tied up and sleeping. We slept for at least two hours and the rest of the day was spent in

making police reports and in cleaning up the house (they had ransacked every room in the house).

I am happy to be alive and well. I'm looking forward to some weeks of vacation, not solely because of this but because I've been working long and difficult hours and it's time to take a break.

In Holy Cross, John Benesh, CSC

### THE LION KING

By now you may have seen or heard about the new Disney movie, *The Lion King*, but, if you have missed it, you may want to consider it as a possible source of entertainment and inspiration. The movie has a wide range of appeal and as you sit in the theater with families, three fourths of whom are children, you might expect that there would be a lot of noise. It turns out to be quiet as a church and, as a matter of fact, the religious experience for me was better than any sermon that I have heard in a long time.

Unlike most Disney movies, *The Lion King* was not made from a book or fairy tale but was scripted by a dozen or so folks. The universal appeal of the movie has its basis in the profoundly human characteristics that are personified in the animals. It is possible to find oneself in these animals. One might be able to identify with all of the animals under given situations.

The theme of *The Lion King* is: "We are all connected in the great Circle Of Life." This circle of life is completed as we each pass through our life cycle accepting whatever responsibilities we



are given. Rather than tell you about the movie, let me suggest how I see each of the characters:

Simba the Lion King, who is anointed and presented to the animals by Rafiki, is you and I as we make our way through "the great circle of life." He is the first born son of King Mufasa and Queen Sarabi and is called to follow in his father's footsteps.

Mufasa is Simba's father and the ideal to be striven for. He is King --- he tells Simba there is more to being King than getting your own way.

Sarabi is the Queen Mother and that part of ourselves which cares for and nourishes others.

Scar is Simba's jealous uncle and the black sheep of the family. He is the dark side of ourselves that seems to get ahead by taking life's 'short cuts'.

Nala is Simba's playmate and mate. She is support, strength and courage to forge ahead in times of difficulty.

Rafiki is a mystic baboon and wisdom figure who is the guide for the family of the Lion Kings. He guides Simba along his vocational path and reminds him of his responsibility.

Timon is a meercat and friend of Simba. He represents the good life of no worries. We, too, can enjoy that life should we wish to shirk our responsibilities.

Pumba is a warthog and friend of Simba who enjoys the comforts of life, but is overly sensitive to what others might think and feel.

Shenzi, Banzai and Ed are hyenas who are in league with Scar. They represent the side of ourselves that is inclined toward evil, but does not have the stick-to-it-iveness to follow through.

Zazu is a blue feathered hornbill who is the King's secretary and informant. He is the busybody in us that is oriented to detail.

As I wrote when describing Mufasa, he tells Simba that there is more to life than getting his own way. And at the close of the movie, King Simba stands alone on Pride Rock as he watches the sun go down, realizing that he has completed the "Circle of Life".

