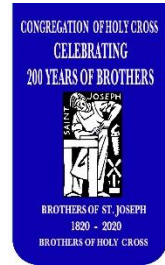


MIDWEST – MIDWEEK

Brothers of Holy Cross – Midwest Province - P.O. Box 460 – Notre Dame, Indiana 46556-0460



July 15, 2020

This Week

Information on individual early Brothers of St. Joseph for posting week by week in 2020.

July 5 – 11 In this month in 1822 Brother Andre Mottais and Brother Etienne Gauffre became the first Brothers to be invested in the religious habit by Father Dujarie. The ceremony took place on a road outside of Ruille as Brother Andre was returning from studies in Paris.

July 12 – 18 In 1820 Pierre Hureau arrived in Ruille, the first recruit to the Brothers. In this week in 1845 Brother Anselm drowned in the Ohio River near Madison, Indiana, where he had been teaching school in St. Michael's Parish. His body was recovered and buried in Springdale Cemetery in Madison. His stone was rediscovered in 2001 by Mr. Robert Newland of Indianapolis.

A Cenotaph for Brother Anselm



Sunday, July 12, 2020, Notre Dame area Brothers gathered in honor of Brother Anselm. It was the 175th anniversary of his drowning in the Ohio River. A cenotaph, memorial marker, was placed in the Holy Cross Brothers' Saint Joseph Cemetery since he is buried in Madison's Springdale Cemetery, Indiana.

Members of Columba Hall created a beautiful service of prayers, songs, and readings.

An earlier internet posted story:

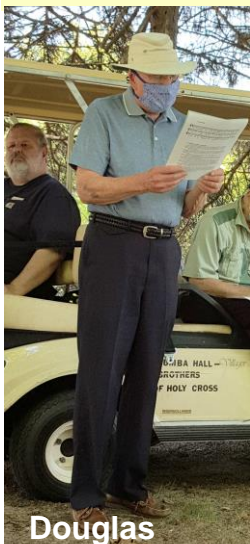
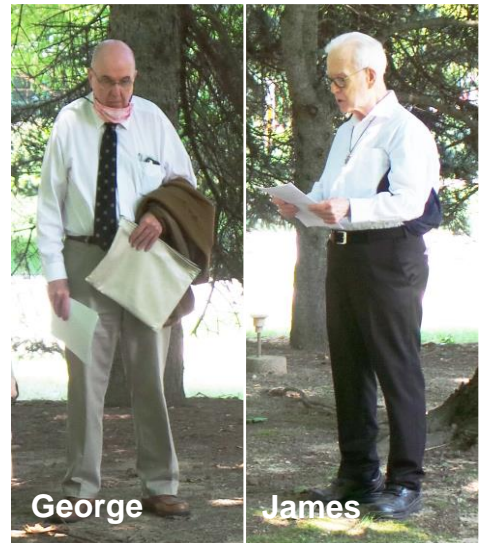
<https://trail.nd.edu/story/the-magnificent-six/brother-anselm/>

Ceremony to honor Brother Anselm Caillot



Sunday, July 12, 2020, 2 PM
Holy Cross Village Cemetery
Holy Cross Village

1. Introductory remarks — Br. Douglas Roach, CSC
2. Biographical remarks — Br. George Klawitter, CSC
3. Reading of Julian Delaune's letter — Br. James Kane, CSC
4. Holy Cross Associates' Hymn — Br. Carl Sternberg, CSC
5. Reading from *Romans* (6:3-8) — Br. Philip Smith, CSC
6. Blessing of the cenotaph — Br. Douglas Roach, CSC
7. Farewell hymn, Anselm — Br. Carl Sternberg, CSC
8. Magnificat of a Holy Cross Brother — All
9. *Salve Regina* — Br. Carl Sternberg, 1 CSC



Brother Anselm (Pierre) Caillot was born in Gennes, France, on March 19, 1825. He joined the Brothers of St. Joseph at Holy Cross (Le Mans) in August 1840. In 1841 he was sent to Indiana with six other religious and lived in Vincennes. In the winter of 1842, when most of the Brothers went north to live at Notre Dame near South Bend, he remained in Vincennes to teach at the cathedral's grade school. After a year, he was sent to teach at St. Michael's grade school in Madison, Indiana. Unfortunately, he drowned in the Ohio River while swimming on July 12, 1845. He was buried in Madison's Springdale Cemetery.





Philip



**Brother Julian
Przybyla,
C.S.C.**

**Back Right:
Brother Robert
Mosher, C.S.C.**

07.12.2020

Background on Brother Anselm (Pierre) Caillot

July 12, 2020

Cemetery, Holy Cross Village

Biographical remarks by Brother George Klawitter, C.S.C.

Try to think what you were doing when you were 14 years old. That was the age at which Anselm came to Holy Cross from Gennes, the little French town where he had been born on the feast of St. Joseph in 1825. He arrived in Le Mans on August 23, and one year later when he was just 15 years old, he shipped out for missionary work in Indiana. He never saw his family again.

In Indiana he did not live with most of the Brothers nor the novices out at St. Peter's twenty miles east of Vincennes. He lived in Vincennes with Brother Vincent to teach in the cathedral's grade school, and when Brother Vincent left for Notre Dame in February of 1843, Anselm was left alone in Vincennes. He was not happy. His accommodations were poor, and the rector of the seminary where he lived was not kind.

In the spring of 1844 Anselm became very sick and almost died. Finally after begging to be taken out of Vincennes, he was sent to teach in Madison, Indiana, a town on the Ohio River. There he thrived. He loved the people, and the people loved him. He had a wonderful pastor named Julian Delaune with whom he got along nicely. He taught school in the basement of the church in a large room that you can still visit. Off to the right side is a small room where Anselm lived. That was the happiest year of his teaching career. In March he turned 20 on the feast of St. Joseph.

That summer he was excited about traveling north to Notre Dame for the annual retreat with the Brothers, a retreat that would happen in the last two weeks of August. But sadly he died before he could be reunited with his Brothers, the Brothers he loved so well.

On this day, July 12, in 1845, when he was 20 years old, Anselm went swimming with Father Delaune in the Ohio River. I will let you now hear in Julian Delaune's own words what happened that day.

Letter of Father Julain Delaune to Father Moreau

Read by Brother James Kane, C.S.C.

I have sad news for you. Sudden death has taken Brother Anselm away from us. He came to see me Saturday afternoon, July 12, to tell me he was going swimming. After hesitating a bit, I agreed to accompany him. He went into the water about seven or eight hundred feet away from me, in a place which did not seem the least bit dangerous. He went out more than five hundred feet without finding water deep enough for swimming. I was in water about three or four feet deep, a little distance off the bank. All of a sudden, while he was swimming, I noticed an expression of suffering on his face. He went down, but I thought he was doing it on purpose. He came up, then went down again, while uttering a cry for help. What a moment for me! I was more than three hundred feet away from him and did not know how to swim. We were two miles from the city, with no houses nearby. He came up again and then sank. A moment later he lifted his arms and I saw him no more.

All aghast, I hastened to give him absolution. He had probably received it that morning for, as usual, he had gone to confession, and he went to Communion at least every Sunday. I ran to a cabin. A child told me that there was an old man not far away. I ran to him and brought him with me and pointed out from afar the place where the Brother disappeared. "He is lost for good," he told me. "Right there is a drop-off at least twenty feet deep, and the current all around is very swift. Anything I could do would be useless." I went home, got some good swimmers together, and procured boats and nets.

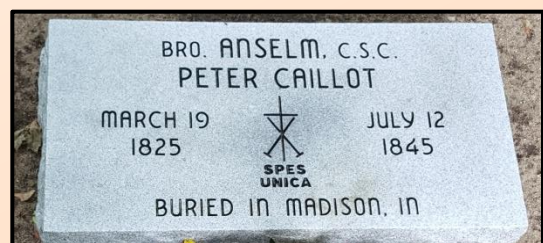
All our efforts proved useless. It was ten o'clock in the evening before he was found, five hours after he had drowned. An inquest was held by the civil authorities, and then we brought him back to the church at one-thirty yesterday morning. He was laid out in the basement chapel. Some of the Irish settlers watched beside the coffin until daybreak. I clothed him in his religious habit and he remained exposed in the Chapel until yesterday afternoon at four. Everyone was dismayed by the event. Thank God for having borne me up throughout this trial and its accompanying fatigue. Sleepless, and almost without having tasted

food, broken-hearted and yet forced to stifle my grief in order to look after all the details, I suffered more yesterday than I ever thought I could.

At four in the afternoon we brought him to the church. The coffin was uncovered, and the calmness of his features made him look as though he were only asleep. Protestants and Catholics alike gathered to the number of more than a thousand. The choir sang the Vespers of the Dead. With painful effort I preached on Chapter Four of the Book of Wisdom, beginning with verse seven. [“But the just man, if he be overtaken by death, shall be in rest. For venerable old age is not that of long time, nor counted by the number of years...He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul.”]

I had the thirteenth verse written in English on a black banner: “Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time.” After the Libera, the children from his school kissed his forehead; then the coffin was closed and covered with the funeral drape. The two schools led the funeral procession with the banner and the cross. The hearse followed, and then the people, two by two. I marched between the school children and the carriages. We crossed the city to the cemetery, which is a mile from here.

Blessing Prayer
Sunday's Anselm ceremony
Prayed by Brother Douglas Roach, C.S.C.



Good and Gracious God, on this the 175th Anniversary of the death of Brother Anselm, bless this cenotaph which we dedicate to him. Though it has been long over due, we welcome Anselm to be among all of our brothers here in this cemetery. We, on behalf of the Congregation, offer our apologies for any wrongdoing to Anselm. May he smile on us, as we gather in his name and spirit. Amen



4th of July for our
Brothers in the Village



**Below, Back Table, L-R
Brothers: Charles, James
Chris, and Ken**



**Front, Left, L-R Brothers:
Carlos, Fred, and Lew**

Columba Hall – July 4th Celebration





We ended the celebration by watching the Movie *Hamilton*

Midwest Holy Cross Associates

Holy Crossroads

Writings for the Journey

#15

Letting God

Dear Associates and Friends,

If the Covid virus has taught us anything, it is that we need to let go of certain habits, in order to keep safe and keep healthy. On the surface this can seem to be a very restrictive and stifling way of doing things. But are there any new insights we can learn from what we are experiencing?

We look to Jesus and his path to fulfillment. It is a path of life, death and resurrection. It seems so impossible. How can death be a way of attaining what we long for? When he invites us to take up our cross and follow him, does not this mean going through a kind of death? The cross requires a letting go – a letting go of those things that our society puts before us as a means to achieving “the good life.” Just watch the commercials that bombard us each day.

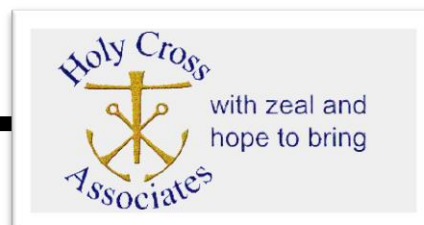
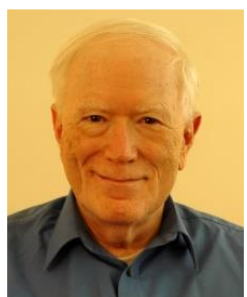
By letting go of certain patterns of behavior, we make room for something new. Maybe there is an opportunity to discover the God within that can speak to us about a new way of enriching our lives. Are we letting our life pass by with little or no reflection on the gift we have to bring to this troubled world? We are called to let go of anything that keeps us from experiencing the resurrected life that Jesus wants to give us, not only for ourselves but for others as well.

Come Holy Spirit, fill us with the wisdom and love that can lead to new life.

Brother Carl Sternberg, CSC

July 3, 2020

<http://holycrossassociates.org/>





Reflection

Reflection(s) sent in by
Brother Thomas Maddix, C.S.C.:

A photograph of a young girl with blonde hair, seen in profile from the nose down. She is blowing on a dandelion seed head. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green. The text of the reflection is overlaid on the right side of the image.

*To get JOY,
We must GIVE it
And to keep JOY
We must SCATTER it.*

John Templeton


**Emmanuel
Care**
A Catholic Health Organization

This reflection is courtesy of Mission, Ethics and Spirituality Office, Emmanuel Care

www.emmanuelcare.ca

dandelion(ccc)pxhere

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