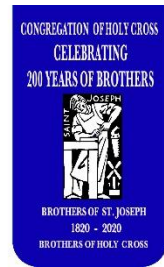


MIDWEST – MIDWEEK

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



April 22, 2020

In This Week

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

April 12 – 18 In 1835 on April 18, Brother Andre Mottais wrote to Bishop Bouvier in Le Mans requesting an interview to discuss the inability of old Father Dujarie, founder of the Brothers, to direct the Brothers any longer.

April 19 – 25 In 1831 on April 21, the Sisters of Providence separated their finances from Father Dujarie and the Brothers. The Sisters henceforth directed themselves.



Homily April 14, 2020
Joe McTaggart, csc
Eucharistic Service / Columba Hall



Years ago when I came back from California and began working at the Infirmary I was also in the process of looking for another job. But, my helping there turned into full time work. Later, when Lew arrived, and eventually became Director of Province Health Care, we worked together forming a larger look at health care for the province. I mention that as background for an event I would like to share in this reflection.

Tom Shaughnessy was Director of the Infirmary and eventually became Director of the Village as well. Tom Shaughnessy was an “in charge person” as anyone who knew him was well aware. He was also deeply devoted to the elderly of the community.

During those early years helping out at the Infirmary Tom had arranged a one-hundredth birthday party for Brother Ed Sniatecki. He even had a huge tent for a meal after. It was on what is now the quad for Holy Cross College—none of the current buildings existed then.

Before it all, there was the Mass and celebration in St. Joseph Chapel. I brought Ed down from the Infirmary in his wheel chair. He was up front toward the speaker’s microphone. After lots of adulation from the speakers and celebrant, I gave Ed the microphone for his own words.

He took the mike, fumbled with it a bit, paused even a longer time, and then said loudly and with gusto...

“I MADE IT!”

I looked over at Shaughnessy and he was crying—his hidden gentleness coming out.

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Well, WE’VE made it too. And we need to give ourselves some credit. As the old Protestant hymn goes—“thus far by faith”—and we can also say the same —by also staying away from our cars!

Recently we had a very smooth and impressive Easter Vigil after a particularly trying and, shall I even say—”novel”, Lent. The vigil was done very well. Many made the same comment.

So, on one hand we have much to be grateful for—these Eucharistic Services among them. As I read somewhere, a virus can keep us from gathering. But no virus can separate us from Christ.

I appreciated the Vigil that night. Yet at the same time, it had not sunk in nor settled into the deepest part of me. It takes time.

We too live between the “already and the not yet”—a line I used to use in trying to teach high school students who Jesus was. The “already and the not yet.” Jesus became who he already was.

At the next day’s liturgy, though, I sang out loud and clear—“Alleluia, alleluia, let the holy anthem rise.” It lifted my heart, differently than the night before. Maybe I was back in Lent too much at the previous liturgy. It takes time.

At Easter Sunday’s liturgy Doug Roach spoke of moving from point A to point B... Living INTO the Resurrection in our own lives and time. And it is our own personal responsibility while still experiencing the already but the not yet, “the tension of opposites.” That is like magnets maybe, the ones we had as kids. They’re only superficially opposed, yet both made of the same substance. Similarly, in our own lives as well, the opposites rarely get resolved while they inform one another. We gain life from their energy.

As an example, we “took” our vows long ago, but we have grown into them these fifty, sixty, seventy years since. We definitely grasped the message at the beginning, grew in all those years following, and through these years as well we will continue to grow like Jesus did “in wisdom and knowledge” before the Lord. And we will eventually experience the fullness of the “not yet” when we reach the other side. It takes time.

The Scriptures say the same thing. “They did not yet understand.” With Mary as kin we hear that she left the tomb—“fearful, yet overjoyed.” To help us on our way too, from today’s epistle we’re promised: “You will receive the gift of the holy spirit.” Be not afraid.

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Still, there is not much joyous sentiment in so-called “hot spots,” in the families who have lost their loved ones, and in parts of us as well. All of us.

Not much joy in my older brother who cannot see his wife who has dementia and is in a nursing home on hospice with its restrictions. I can only imagine what he might be thinking—the possibility of his not being with his spouse when she is

dying. Or, should death come, with social restrictions as they are now, thinking of possibly having no wake, (a killer for the Irish) or maybe not even a funeral (a must for a close knit family) so they can gather round in support of one another.

This is just one small example, of only one family, but we are all vulnerable.

I read some place where the notion of hubris or an inflated sense of self is not only being challenged in these times, it is being crushed. We, and the entire world, are being confronted in our misinformed or unexamined ideas of omnipotence! We are not invincible. We don't live forever or without pain, without sadness, or even depression. The other night at the Vigil, Carl reminded us and asked the baptismal question: Do you believe? I do. I do. Certainly, I do.

And still the dying continues—the elders and the children as well.

In today's reading we are pushed to the opposite of despair and gloom. We are encouraged and driven to its opposite too (at least intellectually) as we ponder deeply: "Of the kindness of the Lord, the earth is full—to deliver them from death and preserve them in spite of famine." And we, in our time? We must add: in spite of contagion, plague, and pandemic.

We pray from the psalms even more devotedly these days... "May your kindness be upon us, Lord, who have put our hope in you." Then that is countered by: "I send forth my word, and it shall not come back to me empty." God's deep-down purposes will not be frustrated. God's arm is not foreshortened. This is faith. This takes time.

In today's gospel Jesus said to her—"Woman why are you crying?" And even more jarring, "Stop holding onto me." This is adult faith! This IS living in the tension—with hope, and even more—with faith.

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We are blessed. And in its opposite, we are also all very vulnerable now. I am just as fearful in the night as anyone. My early morning dreams scare me as well. And yet: "You shall not fear the terror of the night, nor the arrow that flies by day." It's a pretty sharp arrow, that's for sure. Yet again... "Weeping may tarry for the night, but joy cometh with the morning."

Yes, we are blessed. What we have is one another. We have as well the promise and the struggle, the witness of brave souls on the medical lines and the proverbial "kindness of strangers." And most importantly, and touching at this time, we have the eternal blessing and promise of the gospel. Yes, Jesus is the "all in all."

With Augustine's sentiment, then, in our own trying time—"let our hearts rest in you, O Lord."

Give us peace. Even, serenity.

Be with us, Lord. We will not cling.

We will deepen our faith once again "in you alone."

Help us, Lord, to take you at your word.

Easter Reflection

Brother Douglas Roach, C.S.C.



In my first thirty years on this planet whenever I heard a passage from scripture, I could not make any connection or sense of what the writer was trying to say to me. I looked upon scripture as happening two thousand years ago, and I pretty much left it right there.

About 35 years ago, I began to question myself that there must be something to these words of scripture, otherwise why do I keep hearing them week after week, year after year. I was seeking ways in which scripture could speak to me and how could I begin to live scripture.

For quite some time now, I have a practice of picking out one word or phrase from the scripture, especially the gospels, and ponder its meaning so that I could begin to learn to live the scripture.

This Easter Sunday I have pondered the word “resurrection.” What I believe about the resurrection is that Jesus was, as scripture says, raised from the dead. I believe in the physical resurrection of Jesus but not the physicality he had before the resurrection. Jesus’ new physicality allowed him to transform death and be present, in a new way, to his apostles and disciples, it allowed him to appear just about anywhere. We read in Genesis that we were created in the image and likeness of God, but I have never seen God so how could I understand that I was made in his image and likeness, not only for myself but every person on this planet, and right now we are told there are 7.5 billion of us, all made in the image and likeness.

To me, Jesus is the manifestation of that image and likeness of God: Jesus is non-judgmental; holds no grudges, is non violent, expresses empathy, sees more to an individual than just externals, He also challenges. Jesus manifested God in concrete ways: especially, his unconditional love for each and every person.

The cross above our altar is quite symbolic for me; we see the body of the physical Jesus ; the spirals behind the cross, for me,

symbolize the resurrection: whereby Jesus is dispersed to the whole world. This is resurrection on an ongoing basis. Jesus is now connected and inter connected to all people without any restrictions; even if people have never heard of Him.

Resurrection occurs, for me, on a daily basis. If we have been out walking around campus or just looking out the window, we see new life coming to the trees, bushes, that just a few weeks ago, appeared to be dead and lifeless and of no use; we see the spring flowers pushing up out of the ground.

Nature has its own resurrection and we have our own: both having the same creator, both being pushed to maximum potential.

I see resurrection in the many first responders, attending the thousands who have tested positive to the COVID-19. They are non-judgmental, do not ask the patients their political, religious, social or culture stances, do not ask about the patients economic or educational background or their sexual orientation: their focus is on the wellbeing of the patient. Jesus' love was the same but way beyond that. Jesus saw the soul and dignity of the individual. This is the resurrection in the flesh; this is the manifestation of love. Resurrection is God's love for me asking me to allow God to direct my life; God asking me to rid myself of my own hang ups, my own worries, my own pettiness, my own egoism; resurrection is inviting me to let go of all and let God be God in my life. By God, I do not mean a supernatural, invasive God who violates the laws of nature in order to enter time and space. I mean a transcendent dimension of life into which all can enter, an experience in which life is expanded, love is unlimited and being is enhanced. I mean the God of our universal consciousness, our interconnectedness. We are part of who and what god is. God is not a noun we are compelled to define; God is a verb that we are invited to live. There is a difference, and it is in that difference that resurrection is both experienced and entered. This is what my pondering of resurrection is for me.

Today and throughout the Easter Reason let us each ask ourselves what does resurrection mean to me today, at my age and in my vocation.

May we all allow Jesus to teach us, as He did Mary Magdalene, the true meaning of His resurrection.

Midwest Holy Cross Associates

Holy CrossRoads **Writings for the Journey**

To See in Unexpected Ways

Dear Associates and Friends,

There are many ways to see. We can see by looking to the past. We can remember events that seemed so ordinary at the time and lacking in any real significance but now seem momentous in the role they played in shaping the future. When the Holy Cross Associates began to meet in Palm Desert, CA, there were times when very few people showed up for the meetings causing us to question whether or not to continue. It was only when we decided to continue to meet one more month that the Associate Movement began to grow.

There is also a way of seeing that relates to what will be happening in the future like the planning of conferences, retreats, etc. We are concerned about the stepping stones to making our goals become a reality. This planning may come down to wishful thinking in a time of crisis.

What has happened in the past and what we hope will happen in the future do not give us the assurances that we long for. What we have and can be assured of is what is happening now. People with a terminal illness can be extremely aware of the beauty and gifts and opportunities of each day. Life becomes simple. What God is calling us to be and do in THIS moment is what really matters.

We are creatures like all other living things subject to the Creator in the shaping of a life that is meaningful. Now is the hour for seeing the unexpected when God breaks through and shows us the way.

Lord, help me be open to your will in this present moment of my life.

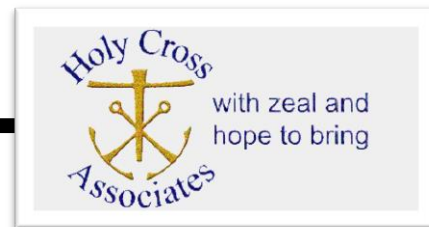
Matt. 7:26-34

Look at the birds in the sky; they do not sow or reap, they gather nothing into barns, yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are not you more important than they? Can any of you by worrying add a single moment to your life-span? Learn from the way the wild flowers grow. They do not work or spin. But I tell you that not even Solomon in all his splendor was clothed like one of them....Your heavenly Father knows that you need them all. But seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all of these things will be given to you besides. Do not worry about tomorrow; tomorrow will take care of itself. Sufficient for a day is its own (possibilities).



Brother Carl Sternberg, CSC
March 24, 2020

<http://holycrossassociates.org/>





Reflections

Reflection(s) sent in by
Brother Thomas Maddix:



Anyone and anything that brings good or God-ness into our lives is a blessing.

Joyce Rupp



A Catholic Health Organization

This reflection is courtesy of Mission, Ethics and Spirituality Office, www.emmanuelcare.ca

tulip (cc) pixhere



Cartoon
by
Brother
James
Kane,
CSC



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