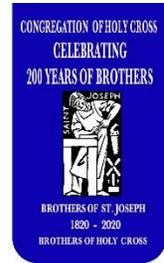


# MIDWEST – MIDWEEK

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

May 27, 2020



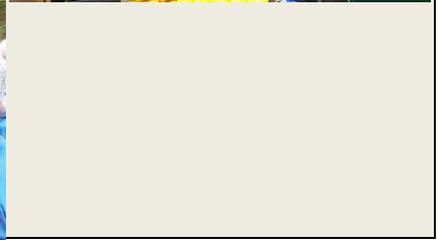
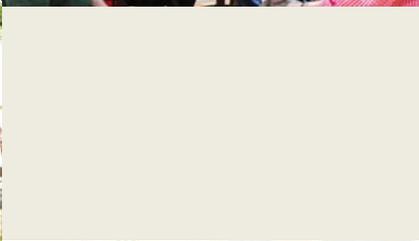
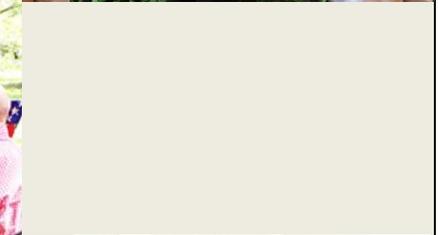
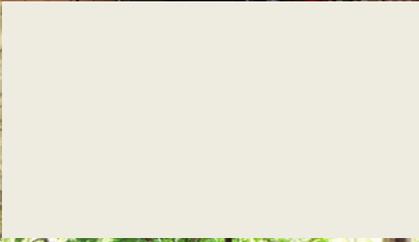
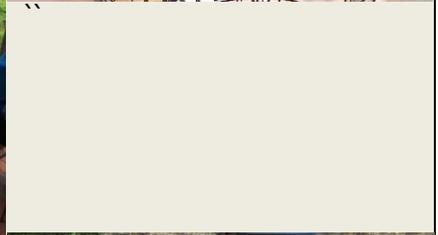
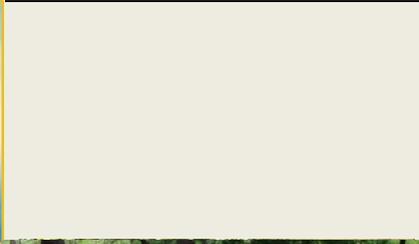
## This Week

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

**May 24 – 30** In this week Brother Henry Taupin was born in 1792. He became the 3<sup>rd</sup> member of the four Brother Directors of the Brothers of St. Joseph before 1835.

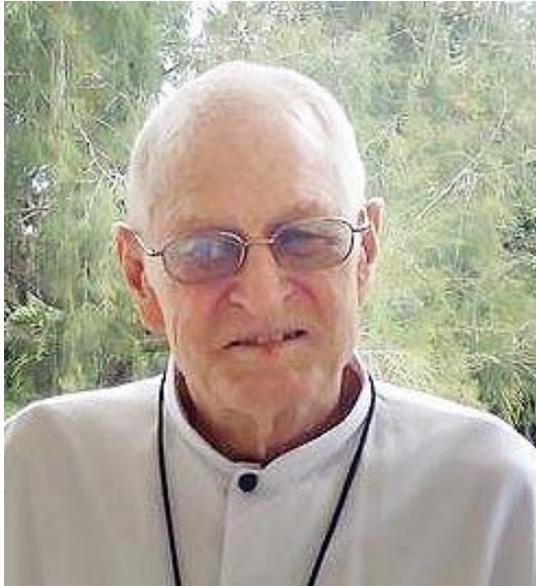
**May 31 – June 6** In this week in 1890 Brother Joachim Andre was born. He came to Indiana in 1841 with the first Holy Cross missionaries and was the first to die in Indiana. He is buried in the cemetery on St. Mary's Road at Notre Dame.

# Memorial Day – Columba Hall



## A Personal Goodbye

by Brother Richard Johnson, C.S.C.



I first met Vince in the novitiate at Rolling Prairie, Indiana. I was a senior novice and instructed Vince in his learning to pray the Office.

We were good friends. We often played bridge together. He was always challenging and many times a winner. Backgammon was also great fun. Many evenings when we were living at the District Center there was a large pot of popped corn along with tall bottles of beer set out for both of us. We would play Backgammon.

Caring for others was his greatest charism. He would be there with a tray at your room if you were not feeling well. Besides being house superior and head of maintenance, he gave example in his daily life style of being a very prayerful man. He was not the best of singers or synchronized in his common prayer. This however did not stop him from encouraging by example. He was always at church gatherings, especially when there was a morning holy hour for vocations. On occasion, on late Sunday afternoons, we would take off for a beach eatery to have supper and enjoy the ocean and a cool breeze.

In the early 1970s, he helped me even when he was at Saint John's and I was at Saint Augustine's. We put together window screens for a newly created dining room/chapel for the Brothers' house in Cape Coast.

It was difficult keeping up with him at times; he was so focused on what he was doing. Once we were walking in Accra shopping when he got way ahead of me. I had a bad knee at the time and did not know the city well. I lost sight of him but kept walking and by luck saw him eating lunch in the back of a restaurant.

He accompanied me to Kotoka International Airport on my last trip back to the US. It was sad leaving. He saw that everything was in order, getting my ticket, resting at a guest house for an hour, stopping at a restaurant, and eventually getting me to the airport to board the plane.

Ghana and I miss you.



Reflection  
Ascension of the Lord - May 24, 2020  
Br. Joe McTaggart, CSC

Getting older brings many challenges, not the least of which is physical, getting tired more readily, aching hips and joints, knees and backs. In my case, maybe yours as well—forgetfulness, hoping and hoping it will not get worse.

Aging, though, also has its benefits. In its deepest sense it can (if we do our homework) be an invitation to deeper insights, deeper knowing. That too, though, is challenged by ancient wisdom and the mystics who encourage us to “let go,” be silent.

They say “unknowing” itself is actually a way of knowing. The 13<sup>th</sup> century classic, *Cloud of Unknowing* makes unknowing, laying ourselves bare before God, a virtue. We are also told that no one image of God can hold all of God. Our images of God must necessarily change if there is to be growth in the religious search. What we know from rote, may wear out in time. Eventually we get bumped around in life, make foolish mistakes, hit bottom in a sense and experience all kinds of grief and loss. The Dominican, Richard Rohr, in a reflection on the hardness of life says, “It seems nothing less than some kind of pain will force us to release our grip on small explanations and our self-serving illusions. “Not my will, Lord, but yours be done.” “You have not chosen me; I have chosen you.”

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One of the parishes of my youth was Ascension Parish. Never knew what the Ascension was really all about realizing that the physical Jesus could not last forever, and his death around the mid or late thirties was a real challenge to our security. “Remain with us, Lord.” What? You’re leaving us? “Do not cling to me.”

“Where I am going, you cannot come, but I shall come back and take you with me, so that where I am you may also be.” Fine, but what now? You’re leaving.

As an analogy of this “letting go,” one writer I read in the Catholic periodical, *Commonweal*, compared growth and the inherent letting go of fearful times and limited images to learning how to ride a bike.

She remembered, through falls and scraped knees, her father running along with her and hanging onto the back of the seat of her two wheeled bike. Given time she eventually made it. (Trainer wheels weren't around then). She described that experience so well and used it as an analogy for getting our heads around the Ascension.

“Ready? Set? Go,” she said. He’s gone. It’s our turn. The ball is in our court now. And today that is the challenge of this feast. Jesus is gone. We’re on our own. *But, we are not alone.* “When I was a child, I thought as a child.” And we know the rest of that quote.

As we mature and grow in our faith, we learn from the elders, and especially the mystics. We are told the stark reality that thoughts about God are not God. They are thoughts *about* God. God cannot be contained by our thoughts. God is ineffable, indescribable, unspeakable—beyond words... but also present with us all the time. Of course, it’s a real challenge for us as it was for the disciples.

We’re talking about adult faith here. We can take a theological jaunt now and then—faith seeking understanding. But that too, may very well and probably will, leave us wanting more than what those theological distinctions and words can describe or illuminate.

“When he had said all this as they were looking on, he was lifted up and a cloud took him from their sight.” So says the scriptures today.

At this time of my life, I don’t think it was like the picture behind the altar at Ascension parish of my youth—beautiful Jesus among the clouds. Consoling as that was, I began to suspect it was something even deeper. There is more than the physical plane. It’s our turn now.

Ready? Set? Go. Trainer wheels gone. Dad behind the bike, no longer there. Even communal prayer, blessed as we are to have it, is not sufficient in itself. Jesus challenges: “Who do YOU say that I am?”

What is *your* experience? How close do I want to come? How willing are we, myself included, to let go, see anew with the help of the Spirit to come?

\*\*\*\*\*

In Chaplaincy training, in a major trauma center, our group of learners one year saw every kind of loss, accident, disease and death. One of my colleagues, always goading me on, reminded me as we were discussing our experiences, during a particularly rough day in L.A, that God was minimal protection, maximum support. Kind of like what the disciples must have experienced immediately after Jesus' disappearance.

\*\*\*\*\*                      \*\*\*\*\*                      \*\*\*\*\*                      \*\*\*\*\*

So, as the sun shone bright and clear yesterday, it is also promised today, and if not, it will surely come again. In fact, it is always there—just behind the clouds. Always there.

It is *our* responsibility then, *our* openness, *our* desire, and our call to humility, and even letting go of some of our cherished insights, to uncover God's fuller presence and make it manifest in our time.

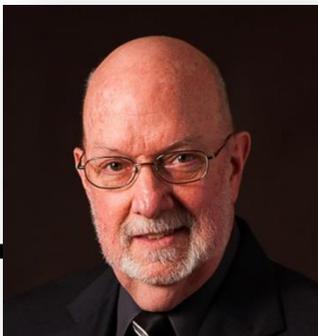
The presence is always there. The Holy Spirit to come. Community support and love in the midst of it all.

\*\*\*\*\*                      \*\*\*\*\*                      \*\*\*\*\*                      \*\*\*\*\*

“Be still and know that I am God.”    “I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.”

Ready? Set? Go.    *We* take the stage. Jesus is deep within us—as true as he was when he walked the earth, even closer. Just as he said. The Holy Spirit is here already, and comes always. There is no duality.

What remains is embracing the promise given---*and resting in it.*  
Ready. Set. Go.



# Oneness

## **Communion Service Reflection for May 5, 2020**

For a long time, I have been intrigued when Jesus says that he is in the Father and the Father is in him; that they are one. Likewise, Jesus often says to his followers that He is in them and they are in Him. The reference to oneness runs throughout the scriptures. I wrestled with this idea of oneness. How do I, or can I, become one with God, or with someone else?

God is the creator of all beings and all matter. Therefore everything God has created God exists in that creation. What has helped me to understand this oneness is that I have been aligning myself with all of creation. So, when I am restless, I unite myself with all those who are undergoing some kind of restlessness. When I am frustrated or impatient, I think of others who are in the same boat and make a conscious effort to be one with them. The application of oneness is endless.

Oneness calls us to get outside of ourselves and connect with people who are going through the same situation that we are.

We see oneness when a car accident occurs; people stop their cars and rush to help the injured. The covid-19 has taught people to be one with others in very creative ways through the various media technologies.

Last week, after putting sunflower seeds in the bird feeder, I just happened to look at the window sill where the picture window is in the dining room. Right there was a dead bird, a finch whose feathers had turned canary yellow, all but the wingspan. Unconsciously I went over and placed the dead bird in my hand. Apparently, the finch had flown into the window and had broken its neck. With that dead bird in my hand, for a short time, I felt a oneness with one of God's creatures.

In today's first reading, we hear Luke, in his Acts of the Apostles, tell us about Paul and Silas being in prison, and how both of them went outside of their own worries to offer prayers and praises to God. I cannot help but believe that Paul and Silas were also one with the other prisoners. Oneness takes us to a deeper appreciation of who we really are.

Spiritual authors tell us the goal of all creation is to be one with creation and that in turn is being one with the creator.

Jesus lives in the Father, and the Father in Him. To love others is to love our creator; and to be one with all of creation, is to be one with the creator. Let us pray that we may be blessed with eyes to see the invisible goodness, beauty and oneness that is within us and infuses everything around us, despite appearances.

Let us imitate what Paul and Silas did; get out of ourselves, putting our own concerns aside and seek oneness with all of creation and then, see where the Spirit will take us.

### **Brother Douglas Roach**



## What Keeps Me Sane!!

I've been building models since I was a child. I started out building model airplanes. At that time, during the forties, one could purchase a model airplane kit for 25 cents. In fact there use to be a hobby store that sold those models walking distance from my home in Flint.

I continue to build wooden models while I've been in the community. I started when I was stationed at River Grove and continue even to this day. However, I now build model wooden ships. The most recent ship is the Titanic. These models are much more complicated than the model airplanes that I built as a kid. In fact they contain over 1000 parts and take years to complete. I have been working on the Titanic for the past three years and just recently finished the project. Pictures of two of the prior ships are the Robert E Lee and the Mayflower. The other two pictures show my next project and the area in my room that is used to build these ships.

I hope all have some relaxing projects or endeavors that relax you during these times of stress.

### **Br Charles Drevon**



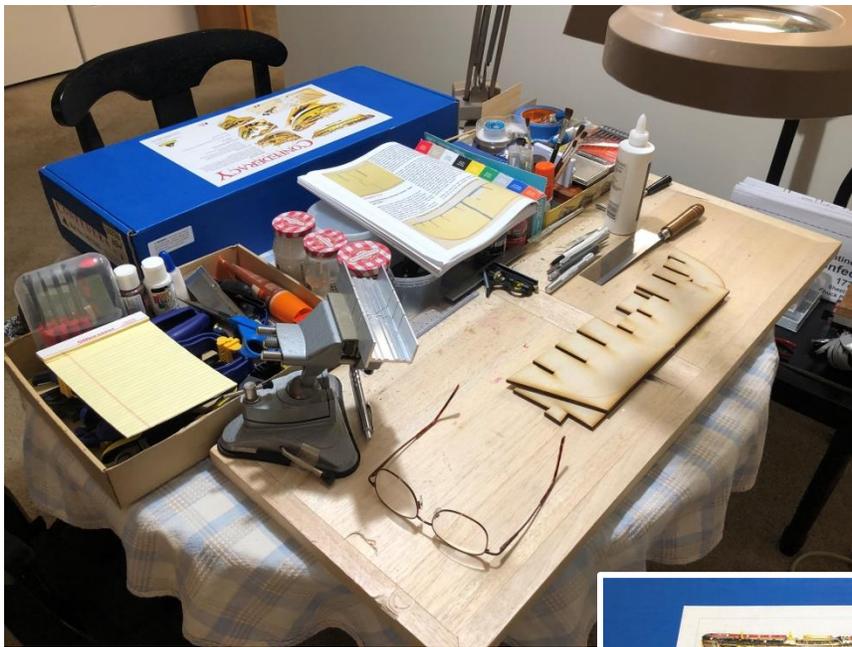
**The Titanic**



**The Mayflower**

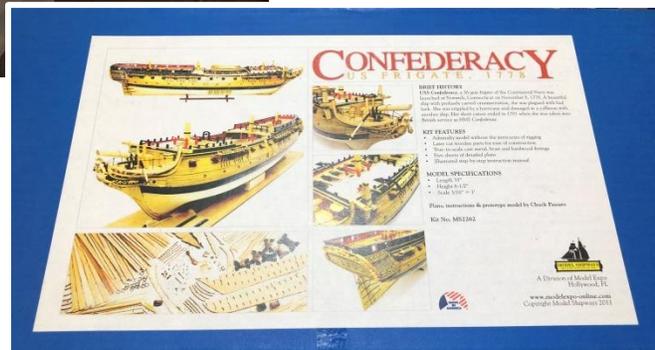


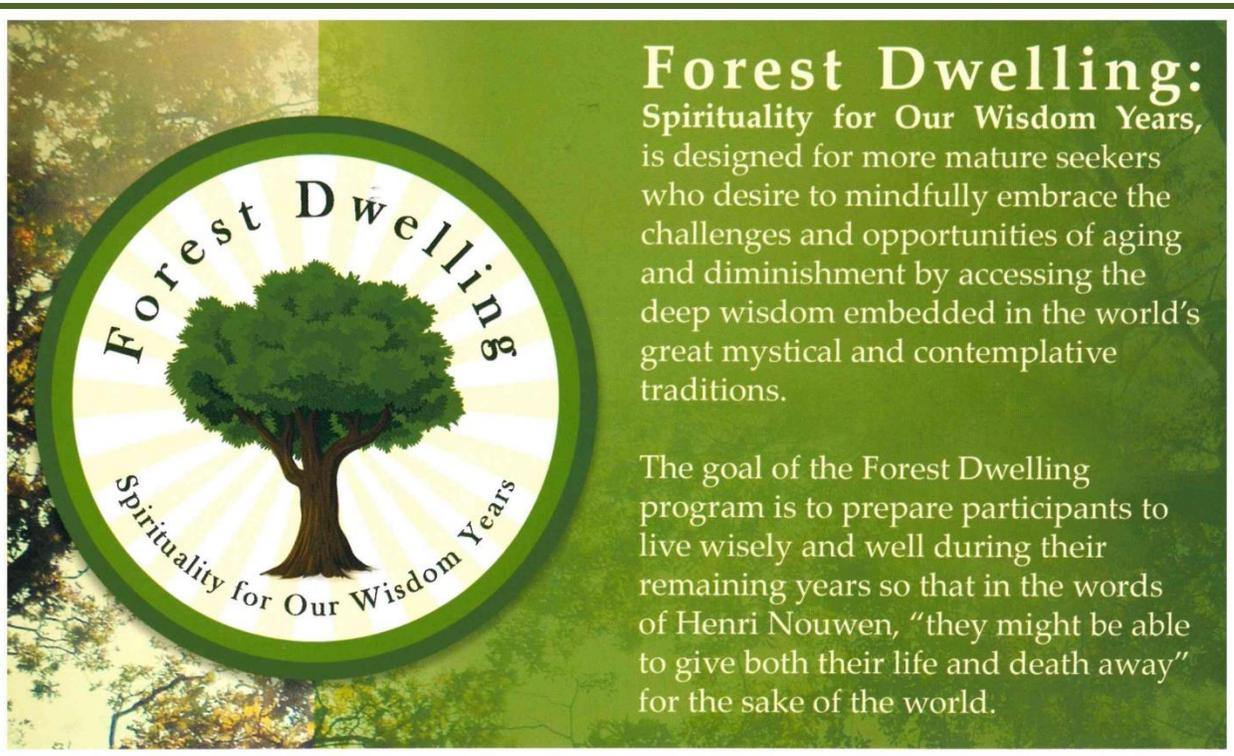
**The Robert E. Lee**



**[Left]  
Construction  
Area**

**[Bottom]  
The Next Build**





**Forest Dwelling:** Spirituality for Our Wisdom Years, is designed for more mature seekers who desire to mindfully embrace the challenges and opportunities of aging and diminishment by accessing the deep wisdom embedded in the world's great mystical and contemplative traditions.

The goal of the Forest Dwelling program is to prepare participants to live wisely and well during their remaining years so that in the words of Henri Nouwen, "they might be able to give both their life and death away" for the sake of the world.

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Email: [forestdwelling@ost.edu](mailto:forestdwelling@ost.edu)

## Communion Service Refection for 05/21/20

This afternoon we gather again to partake of Holy Communion.

St. John the evangelist writes that God *is* love. Now one who loves desires the best for the one loved. An omniscient God, of course, knows what is really the best.

What does God see in us fallible humans that we are the objects of His unbiased, universal, and individual love?

God certainly recognizes us as the rational creatures He created in his own image and likeness, the reflection of which He beholds and loves in the faithful in grace, humans whom scripture says He takes his greatest delight in, humans for whom He sent His only begotten Son to redeem, and to whom He promises eternal happiness with Him.

Why are we in Holy Cross seemingly especially blessed with His love? When He looks at us He sees His faithful servants who have responded so generously to His special call to become Brothers and who persevere in a lifetime of service in bringing others to Him,

No matter what particular task we had performed in our ministry, He still views it with His divine eyes, and responds in the only way as God He can respond, with all of Himself who is Love.

Even now, when, perhaps, most of us here, more or less incapacitated by age, infirmities, and/or disabilities, can, regretfully, no longer serve Him as we once did, He, being God, has not forgotten.

What His love offers us now as the best is more time to enjoy a bit of a rest to take stock of ourselves, still doing whatever we can for others, evaluating and further developing our spiritual life in general and, most of all, the personal relationship we have established with Him so far.

In the final analysis, God loves us because He is God, who is Love.

**Brother Robert Mosher**



## Midwest Holy Cross Associates

### ***Holy CrossRoads*** **Writings for the Journey** **#9**

#### ***I know that my redeemer lives! (Job)***

#### **Dear Associates and Friends,**

What constitutes a miracle? Does it have to be a “supernatural” event leading people to believe? I like to think of a miracle in a more subjective way.

Remember how the tailor in “Fiddler on the Roof” sings, “Wonder of Wonders, Miracle of Miracles” when his girlfriend says “yes” to his offer of marriage? In this context a miracle is a wonderful event in which a person can see God’s hand. It is a blessing that can happen in ordinary time in which something beyond our control comes about. It could be a good report from a doctor, a call from a distant friend, a sense of a path that we are called to take out of a maze of uncertainty, the grace to bear a sorrow or disappointment.

Life itself becomes a joy when a person acknowledges the goodness of God manifested in what is happening in daily living. One can truly say with Job, I know that my redeemer lives!

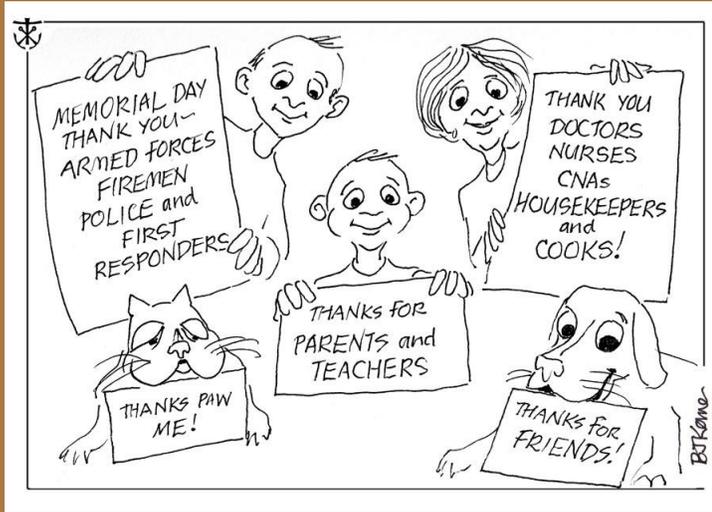
**Lord, help me see and appreciate the miracles in my life.**

Brother Carl Sternberg, CSC  
March 24, 2020

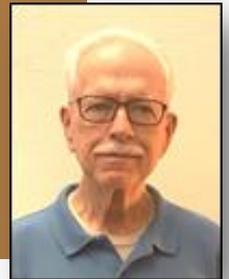


<http://holycrossassociates.org/>





Cartoon  
by  
Brother  
James  
Kane,  
CSC



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Editor

Webmaster

Proofreader

**Br. Kenneth Kane**

**Br. Richard Johnson**

**Br. George Klawitter**

Please send material to the link below by Thursday the week before *Midwest-Midweek* is published.

**Send material to this address:**

[Midwest-Midweek@brothersofholycross.com](mailto:Midwest-Midweek@brothersofholycross.com)