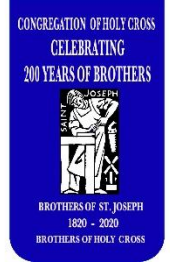


MIDWEST – MIDWEEK

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

February 3, 2021



Eulogy for Brother Robert A. Kelly, C.S.C. 01/28/2021

I am honored to share some insights and appreciation I gained through my friendship with Brother Robert.

Brother Robert's journey in Holy Cross began in the late 1940s. Having finished his undergraduate work at Dayton University in education and begun his teaching in elementary school, he decided to become a Brother and, for the next 67 years, touched the lives of many, both in Holy Cross and through his ministries.



**Brother Robert
Kelly, C.S.C.**

I recently finished a book entitled *Probably the Best Idea in the World* by Mark Green. The book's Foreword expresses the eulogy's importance in reflecting what is important to people. Eulogies look to remember the person for possibly three reasons: their creative qualities, their moral diligence, and their relational nature. His point in the Foreword is that these qualities resonate with Christian theological questioning regarding Imago Dei's meaning, made in the Image of God. The creation stories of Genesis 1 to 3 are interpreted in many rich ways. In the authors' view, being in God's image means we are created to be creative, productive, and generous.

I thought the author's framework would give me a way of expressing my relationship with Brother Robert and not necessarily duplicate what's well written in the Province obituary, which captures a beautiful overview.

I first encountered Brother Robert when I was a senior at St. Edward High School in 1957- '58. He was our class moderator and led the class in many and varied activities that engendered a spirit of enthusiasm and commitment to St. Edward High School. Robert's way of engaging people was very generous, friendly, heartwarming. It allowed many adolescents, including me, to work off their energies in fun ways while accomplishing something for the class and the school. He allowed the students to develop their ideas and work together to produce something that would be fun for all to be engaged, whether it was a dance, a prom, or some other activity carried on by the Senior Booster Club.

After joining the Brothers, Robert and I would meet up again at Gilmour Academy. In the late '70s, he had the opportunity to go to the Jesuit Program for Renewal in Berkley, California. When the program finished, Brother Robert returned to St. Edward, awaiting a possible position as campus minister somewhere. While we didn't have any openings in that area at Gilmour, I asked him about coming to Gilmour while he waited and be engaged in counseling and in other ways of assisting at the Academy. In his generous way, Brother Robert accepted and moved to Gates Mill. He was with us for a very long time and, in the words of our current Head of School, Kathleen Kenny, became an icon.

He actively engaged with faculty, students, school parent organizations, and alumni as the years went on. Brother Robert moderated the men's club, facilitated activities to which his commitment to people came through, his generosity and respect for others, and his

gracious hospitality in welcoming individuals to become a part of the community.

Brother Robert began a student service program in collaboration with some other adults who helped plan it and access places of need, enabling students to reach out to others whose lives were on the margins. That program continues to this day, having gone through many transitional changes over the years. Still, the very same principle of reaching out and becoming committed to helping others in the best ways you know-how continue to be operational. Many alums, current, and past parents join our current students in delivering food baskets to families at Thanksgiving.

Brother Robert was very thoughtful and would frequently come to my office, where I was serving as headmaster, and share with me concerns he found with students, faculty morale, or ways of improving life at the Academy reflective of our Holy Cross traditions.

In his involvement with the men's club, Brother Robert would help identify ways the organization could enhance the Academy's spiritual, academic, social, and athletic experiences. He truly loved being a part of that particular group. Together, they did a lot of planning, addressed spiritual formation, and ran some fundraisers that supported student financial assistance and other special projects. Brother Robert's motivation, leadership, and enthusiasm engendered others to perform the tasks with much success.

His presence and enthusiasm would fill a room once he walked in. He became the focus of attention, with many people looking to say hello and engage him in conversation. Socializing was his gift, especially at a party. He loved to be with people, and he would light-up celebrations that brought people together and creating an atmosphere of welcomeness.

Brother Robert's counseling skills helped students in the counseling office, campus ministry, and supervising students in the Commons and other places. You knew when he was supervising because there was always a lot of laughter and engagement, and kids just thoroughly enjoyed being with him.

At one point, Brother Robert felt that it was time for him to retire. He was in his 70s and decided that maybe he should move to Columba Hall. As his plans became known, planning began for a significant departure ceremony inclusive of a party that would recognize his years of service and the many warm friendships he had built with so many people, including graduates, as well as current and past parents. All of whom dearly loved being in his presence. A large celebration was held, and Brother Robert really felt terrific about it, and so began his journey to South Bend.

He was in South Bend for a couple of months, and then I received a phone call from him saying he would like to talk to me. I told him I would be in the South Bend area shortly. We can get together and chat. He told me that he'd like to return to Gilmour. Being retired wasn't quite what he thought it would be, and he would really enjoy returning. He asked if I thought that would be okay? I said we'd love to have you back, so he came back and stayed a couple more years with us. As the difficulties of navigating on campus became more challenging, he felt he should move to Columba Hall. Since this was Robert's second retirement, many friends said, oh, Brother Robert, you came back because you just had such a fantastic retirement party the first time; you want a second one. Well, of course, in his way, Robert would giggle and laugh and warmly appreciate all that transpired during his time at Gilmour. He touched the lives of many, and many touched his life. His spiritual depth came through his attention to young people, his willingness to listen to them, their parents, and others.

At this point of a second retirement, Brother Robert was older, and he truly loved being at Columba Hall. He resided there for quite a while until his needs became of such a nature that assisted living became a better alternative for him. Brother Robert always loved to return to Columba Hall, particularly for parties and celebrations. He loved being with the Columba Hall community.

While he initially enjoyed his time at Schubert Villa and Dujarie, Brother Robert always had a longing for Columba Hall. I would say to him when we talked about it, Robert, Columba Hall is not in a position to meet your needs, and he would answer, well, yes, that's right. When the Corona Virus came, and all of the various restrictions, this had a toll on him. He frequently would call me and say, well, when are you coming? I want to visit with you. I need to talk with you, and I would have to tell him, well, I will be in South Bend, but it might be hard for me to get in to see you, but we did manage to see and visit in October, and it was deeply appreciated by him and by myself.

As I look over the years in which I had the excellent opportunity to develop a great friendship, I found him to be open in sharing his gifts and talents with others, working with colleagues, students, parents, and alumni at Gilmour, which continued after his return to Notre Dame when his energies became less effusive. He loved respecting and being respected by people. He was undoubtedly someone who reflected in so many ways, the Imago Dei, the Image of God, in the sense that he was involved; he had a purpose. He took our Holy Cross mission seriously by reaching out to others and working to make the world a better place.

In the end, my life and the lives of many others are enriched by knowing him and having him as a great and loyal friend. I will miss him.

As we celebrate 200 years of the founding of the Brothers of St. Joseph, Brother Robert has actively participated in 67 of those years. He's

been one who has enhanced the journey for so many, including myself. For that, I say thank you, and while it's not over yet, we will meet again someday. Until then, I wish him to be at peace in the presence of God and appreciate the example he gave of being of deep faith, caring about others, and diligently wanting to make a difference in the world. As one who journeyed with us in Holy Cross, witnessing faith, hope, and love with and for others, we can continue the journey of making a difference among those with whom we live and together serve.

Brother Robert Level

Feb Week 1

Weekly Spiritual Reflections from the Early Brothers of St. Joseph

Week 1 The whole day in Algiers passed with good cheer and joy. In the evening at the end of a long walk ten seminarians played a beautiful English piece followed by a magnificent concert with beautiful songs sung in several languages. The first pieces were addressed to the subject of the feast, and neither our good Mother of Holy Cross nor my Lord was forgotten. And for our poor orphans these men sang a short song about the mercy of our little Savoyard. (Brother Louis Gonzaga Galmard 4/8/1841)

Brother Louis Gonzaga Galmard is included in the following article (**Apostle to Africa: Brothr Hilarion Ferton. CSC** by Brother George Klawitt.) Click the following link to read, <http://village.hcc-nd.edu/hodonnell/HCHA/2010-9.pdf>.



Brothers Publications Updated
Brothers missing publications have been posted for 2020

For accessing publications of *Brothers*, click on the following link:

<http://brothersofholycross.com/publications/brothers-newsletter/>

Funeral Video for Brother John Schuszler, C.S.C.

The video is now working on Youtube and it may be viewed by clicking the following link:

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC42RLmpu1rzj-KgFX6JrDfw>

Brother John Schuszler, C.S.C.

Homily



“Death” has brought us together again--for the third time this week.

Perhaps God is asking us to reflect more deeply on death and not only the deaths of our confrères but also our own death.

Oh, Yes, we believe in heaven and an afterlife. We believe that Christ will welcome us to his kingdom where a place has been prepared for us. Still there seems to be a need for something more.

When we think of our own death are we at peace or do we carry some anxiety?

Perhaps our confrères who have died can help us.

Brother Tom Shaughnessy died more than six years ago. I visited him in the hospital a couple days before he died. Without my asking him he shared with me almost immediately, after I arrived, these words, “I am not afraid to die.” I have never forgotten those words of his. Though I have worked with hospice patients for some time, no one ever before spoke so directly and unambiguously. He was not trying to say something pious but speaking from deep within. We prayed together then and since his death I have thought of him and prayed for him and asked his prayers for me.

Brother John Schuszler fell sick a couple of months ago. However, he did not learn of his terminal cancer until shortly before his death. He chose Hospice Care rather than treatment. After he made the choice, I visited him several times in the room where he had lived for 13 years, and I was moved to see how much he was at peace and without anxiety. John always had been one who had a ready smile. He continued to smile. A few days before his death--again in his old room--when I visited him, I saw that he had a large copy of a painting of Jesus’s crucifixion. He had it positioned in front of him where he could easily see it. I admired it and said I had never seen that painting. He was still in his own room upstairs but said that he would be moving downstairs as soon as they had prepared a new room for him. He said to me, “Here, you take it!” I was a little embarrassed and said that my complement was not in any way an indication that I was asking for it. But he persisted. He said, “This will be

just one less thing they have to dispose of.” He was not trying to be humorous but simply stating a fact. This was the Br. John we had all known for many years—focused not on himself but on others. He touched me and inspired me by his peace and acceptance of death. I will always remember that last visit when he was still able to actually talk. Later I visited him a couple times in his new room but he was sedated and was only partially awake. He was a man deeply in love with God and put his whole life into God’s hands. Since his death I have had the image of the painting in a prominent place in my room where I see it several times every day. It reminds me to say a prayer for him and to ask him to pray for me and us.

Since his death I have thought about him and his life a number of times.

Once John spoke about his becoming a brother. He was from Cleveland and had studied under and known the brothers there and been inspired by them. He wrote a letter of application to join the brothers to the vocation director who quickly responded and wrote that he had been accepted “to be a ‘working brother.’” He was puzzled by that expression. He said to himself that he thought all the brothers were quote “working brothers.” Once he joined the community he came to understand the meaning of the term.

If you read on the back of his obituary card you will see that Brother John worked in a number of places – some for a couple years and some for many years. He was ready to go wherever the community had a need. Over time he went to Bangladesh and then to Liberia and then finally back to the United States where he ministered in a number of different schools. He always carried with him his upbeat spirit and felt fulfilled in helping others.

He had never thought he would find himself in the classroom as an instructor, but in fact he did. I can imagine his joy when he found he could teach skills to a student who later would be able to use the skills in his life work. For John teaching was a” hands on” form of education.

I never knew John until I came to Columba Hall. I personally believe and likewise believe that the members of the community at Columba appreciated how every other week he would serve Mass. He was a big help to me and to our celebration of the liturgy; he was observant of all that was needed and could quickly get something that was missing. He also expressed how much he appreciated being able to attend Mass every day. He made the point that the Mass was for him the highlight of his

day. He expressed disappointment that for some weeks during the pandemic we were not able to have Mass in the chapel. And then when he fell sick and was confined to his room, he was grateful that someone would bring to him the Eucharist.

John was noted for being “an early riser” – really early. I am told he would get up sometime in the middle of the night and go to chapel once he had had a cup of coffee. When it is not too cold outside I like to go for an early morning walk to the Grotto and campus. Passing Columba Hall I could see that the lights in the chapel were on very early and I would say to myself, “I would not be surprised if John is in the chapel.”

For many years John was the house barber. Barbering fitted his personality to a quote “T.” He could cut hair and talk at the same time with no difficulty – seemingly a prerequisite to be a barber. Sometimes he would stop cutting so that he could tell be looking straight at you and then tell you of a story or an incident that he remembered and chuckled about. He was also quick in his haircuts – you were in and out. I take a blood thinner. Sometimes John would nick my ear while he was cutting and talking. My ears bled easily but no harm was done!

Hardly a day went by without John being available to drive someone to an appointment or other need. Br. Tom Moser loved to go for drives. He knew so many interesting places and their background and history. Frequently after Sunday Mass John and he and sometimes others would climb into the van for the morning drive.

A priest from Fatima used to come for Mass about one evening a week and then stay for supper. When he heard of John’s death, his reaction was both sorrowful but also grateful he said that Brother John was always so hospitable and made a point to see that the visitor would feel welcome for the meal. Yes, remembering Brother John brings back happy memories!

We are grateful that some of John’s family would join us for the Eucharist and the celebration of John’s life today. We gather not only to pray for John but also to thank God for calling John to Holy Cross. We deeply believe that in God’s good time Jesus will welcome John into his heavenly home. We can take comfort also knowing that once in heaven we can rely on John’s prayers for us!

Bill Blum, CSC January 30, 2021



Eulogy for Brother John Ignatius Schuszler, csc

by

Brother Joe McTaggart, csc

January 30, 2021



John Ignatius Schuszler, Brother Extraordinaire, private man, quiet man, determined man, and most of all, community man.

Our response today is in very large measure a community response, a community response for a particular man, a man called by God to the Brother's vocation. And we come to honor that Brother especially in the context of our Brotherhood.

The great thing about Brothers especially as "Brothers to Others," in our educational ministry and institutions, is that there is no hierarchy of talent or skill, no shining stars without the collective, no "one-act shows" or single starring roles. The Brotherhood is an equality thing. And John was ever so committed to that. He offered us a point of view for sure, a witness to and a way of living our common life, a community man through and through, "one in whom there is no guile."

John was the proverbial, quietly efficient, and professional conductor who "kept the trains running on time." Wherever he was, he kept the place together and always anticipated the next need. He knew the roof was leaking and how to fix it, could change a flat tire, and knew where to find the dip stick once you opened the hood.

He did far more than maintenance and teach industrial arts, though. He brought to all his endeavors the quiet zeal for order, discipline, and "maintaining" whatever it was that he set his mind to do and whatever work the community called him to exercise. Plain and simple, in this Brotherhood of ours without the maintenance man the school house doesn't stand. Without the administrator the school doesn't run. Without the teacher nothing is learned. It's a Brotherhood, a union, a religious community serving the Gospel, and John was a significantly talented link in that chain.

He was an unassuming, worker-bee in all that he did, whether fixing what needed fixing or teaching the art of fixing itself. He was a virtuously simple, talented, and straight-forward man, a frugal man, and a man of few words. In a humorous example, on a Sunday drive for instance, when he was the anointed driver taking some Brothers out for a spin, out of the city into the country, when queried about stopping for a treat on the way home, say Dairy Queen for instance, back came the terse and determined reply, “No, we’re not stopping for ice-cream. We have ice-cream at home.”

Those are just a few of John’s qualities, virtues, skills, and talent. You are encouraged to read or re-read the incredible work he did throughout his life in community and our Brotherhood in the comprehensive obituary by Brother Phil Smith.

I am privileged this morning, though, to address the other side of the coin, the essential condition, that which remains absolutely necessary in the life of a Brother and in the life of all of us. In religious terms it’s the development of the inner self, the sustenance and spirituality we all personally need, unique to each of us. In the outer reality with John what you saw is what you got. And equally true, one must also quickly add through all that zeal and talent: “Still waters run deep.”

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Here is some of my relationship with John and why I come to this lectern today. One memorable time in his straight-forward and calculated way John was formulating in his mind the steps and content of the last chapters of his life. When I made a visit to his room above me at Columba Hall, he was “telling his beads” and watching Mass on TV, his favorite channel, EWTN. He was also preparing for what lay ahead for him, constructing the details of his final days on this planet. When I apologized for interrupting, he turned to me with another task in mind and simply said, “So will you say a few words?” How touched I was for the confidence he apparently had in me. He was asking me to give his eulogy.

But, I apologize, John. Back then you were speaking to an Irishman when you made that request, “say a few words.” I am after all, descended from first generation

Irish immigrants, and so you must have known the so-called thing about the “gift of the gab” with those Irish types.

Forgive me then for being verbose, as I continue now with John’s permission and your indulgence.

Here’s background of my relationship with John. He graduated from St. Edward (Lakewood, Ohio) in ’57; I graduated in ’61. There were 1400 students in the school then so I didn’t know him. He was a senior. I was a freshman. But we were both from the west side of Cleveland. We were also both brown baggers at St. Ed’s—we brought our lunch to school. He from the far end of Rocky River Drive, Ponciana, the same street my aunt and uncle lived on. Me from 44th Street between Bridge and Franklin, and later 140th. He from St. Pat’s on Rocky River Drive the older of the two Irish parishes, me from “the real” St. Pat’s on Bridge.

In our trips back and forth to doctors and testing and all kinds of probing and researching, this time with the pandemic regulations and a onetime four hour wait for in the car to be tested for Covid, to pass the time we spoke and reminisced about Cleveland: the Indians, the Browns, the West Side Market and the dreaded St. Ignatius High School although he bore its name in honor of his father, I think.

When the physical decline that comes with death eventually made its presence felt, it was still the same with John as always. From the Scriptures, “Let your words be yes-yes, no-no.” And directly from John, “Make no fuss” was the quote. Like the detective show *Dragnet*, “Just the facts, mam.”

And from a more focused and a deeper recollection when I think of what might capture one of John’s most significant qualities, these lyrics come to mind from the Amish Hymnal. “Tis a **gift** to be simple, tis a **gift** to be free. Tis a **gift** to come down where we ought to be. And when we find ourselves in the place just right, it will be in the valley of love and delight.” Not sure about the love and delight—those are inner awakenings. More importantly there came a quality of peace. And that it was. Let me give some evidence.

John Ignatius Schuszler brought to this moment of his own death, the depths of the spiritual life he had honed all those years from his family of origin and the

community of Holy Cross. He drew on his inner strength in that greatest of tests and rites of passage. It came from what he had already built using the work metaphor appropriate to him. He “maintained” through it all as was his wont. John went deep and fed on what he, the “maintenance-man” plus, had cobbled together his whole life. That strength was drawn from ritual communal prayer of the larger community and most importantly his own private interaction with God—known only to his God and John alone.

But, we come here today for deeper things than accolades. We come for memory of his witness and fulfilling our honor of returning John’s body to the earth, “Dust to dust, ashes to ashes,” while he himself observes such from heaven no longer needing to be the fix-it-man of anything, just the secure resting in the arms of his God and in the company of his parents again.

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There’s a deep down knowing inside each of us, if we listen intently enough, which is indicated in the Scriptures. It is that quote about the “still, quiet voice within.” John knew on some level before the facts were even presented what lay before him, his time of passage was coming. And true to form, his way of this last chapter of his life was simple, respectful, and very sobering to witness.

When we sat with the oncologist, and the doctor soberly and clinically asked, “Do you know why you are here?” John said, (which caused me to muse internally) “Because I have an appointment.”

The doctor pressed on then and presented the options with medical necessity, descriptions of how John’s cancer was growing but also how it could be treated.

“I need to think about it,” he told the doctor, his eyes looking at me and mine dodging the tacit agreement I really wanted to give. It had to be his decision and his decision alone. It still had to be put to prayer though. He had to listen, as he

had learned and relied on his whole life for direction and the presence of his God in the choices before him. And that took time.

Sometimes the options medicine offers are life-giving. Sometimes they might delay the obvious. John would have none of it.

Cutting to the chase then, John in effect said of the medical options before him, “No thank you. It is time for me to give it all over to God.”

To me in the sensitivity of that moment I think John Schuszler, the man of facts and respect for the real and concrete, owned and affirmed for all of us that Christianity in its final gift to each of us is really about a big done, not a big do. Eventually it means surrender, surrender into “what eye has not seen, nor ear heard.”

John was showing me then, and I can relate to you, what was evident through his faith. This quote came to me of something I was reading at the time. “What does it matter how you feel? What matters is that I am—and ever shall be to you—your risen Lord.”

“We walk by faith and not by sight.” There was John Schuszler’s example as always but especially his final moments of life on this side of the great divide. Just the facts, no fuss...and the rest is history.

But there was one last and very powerful witness John also gave, and it is perhaps the most telling and endearing of his deep and abiding faith. On the way home after the last visit to the oncologist when John delivered his final decision not to seek treatment, he said an even more amazing thing to me. After expressing his “no” to treatment, we left and proceeded to the car in appropriate silence. “Take off your shoes, you are on holy ground.” Leave the tender moment alone, Joe. Pass no remarks.

John had prepared the way in what little control he had as the dying process continued. Powerfully so now as he had given his final “no” to medical possibilities, and that chapter, with that hospital, and that specialist was over.

We eventually got to the car, trying to be sure he didn’t trip, for his gait was unsteady by that time, and he couldn’t walk too far without being winded.

We got in, buckled up, I remained silent, and then he said, “I can’t wait.”

I was dumbfounded. What did he mean? Hadn’t he said no to any more treatment? I was hoping for some clarifying of what he meant. But there was no need, for then he said straightforwardly, without any hesitancy or further conversation, “I can’t wait. I can’t wait to see Jesus.”

That’s all we need to know of the final moments of this wonderfully talented, generous, and faithful man, a man whose respect of the facts was instructive to some us who push and push for other possibilities.

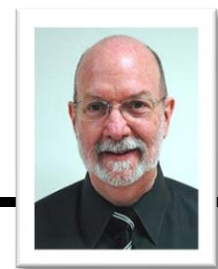
“I can’t wait to see Jesus,” proclaimed boldly and compellingly for my privileged ears at that time and with more privilege still in being able to share such with all of you now, a real gift from John’s example.

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What a witness you bore, John. What a lesson you taught. What courage you showed, and such a privilege for all of us, family, friends and those who knew you well... and particularly, for us your community, to have been with you in our mutual Brotherhood and especially in your witness and grace in these final days with us.

We can all embrace the scriptures again, telling you, John Ignatius Schuszler, directly from that Good Book to your ears, your heart, and your soul: “Welcome home, good and faithful servant.”

Hope we didn’t make too much of a fuss in this celebration of your extraordinary life with us.



News from Bangladesh

News sent to us by way of Brother Michael Brickman, CSC – Thanks Mike.



Brothers lay the foundation stone for a school and college that will help students from underprivileged communities

[New Holy Cross education ministry in Bangladesh - UCA News](#)

Holy Cross Roads

Writings for the Journey

Welcoming the Stranger

Dear Associates and Friends,

Pope Francis in his latest encyclical is calling us to welcome the stranger as our brother or sister. He is telling us to broaden our horizon as he did in his previous encyclical when he urged us to consider the earth as our common home. He updates Jesus' parable of the Good Samaritan and the question it poses, "Who is my neighbor?"

The question could be asked, "Who are the strangers in our lives?" Are they the people of different cultures, races, nationalities? Are they the people who have a different religion or political point of view? In any case, they are people who do not belong to "our group." To welcome them would mean expanding our understanding and maybe even learn to appreciate them in new ways. We need to recognize the God who created us and loves us, also created and loves them.

By welcoming the stranger, we admit we share a common humanity and become open to learning from them as they are willing to be open and willing to learn from us. They are our brothers and sisters.

- Who are those who you consider to be strangers?
- How would you be open to welcoming them?
- Have you been able to call people different from you, your brothers and sisters?

O God, creator of all, help me to look for you in every person that I meet.



Brother Carl Sternberg, C.S.C.

For more reflections to grow spiritually
please visit our new blog
<https://weeklspiritualinsights.org/>

From the *Voice of Moreau Website*

The website features a Holy Cross sister, a brother, or a priest, with a weekly story on the blog. Check the following link below.



Website: <http://www.voiceofmoreau.org/>



**Brother
Philip
Smith**



**Brother
Ben
Rossi**



Reflection

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

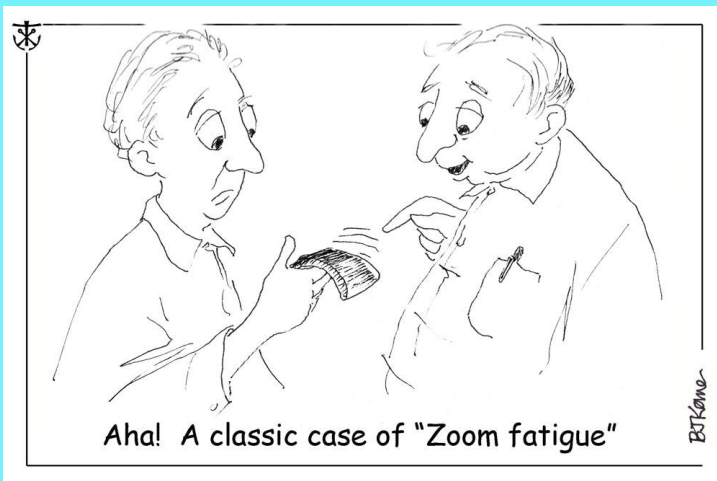


What soup is to the body, laughter is to the soul.

Yiddish proverb

Emmanuel
Care....With
you on your
journey
toward health,
healing and a
better quality
of life.

emmanuelcare
.ca



Brother
James
Kane,
CSC



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