

MIDWEST – MIDWEEK

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

August 21, 2013

Brother Guy Joseph Eckels, C.S.C.

August 4, 1945 – August 10, 2013

Brother Guy Joseph Eckels, C.S.C., age 68, died on August 10, 2013 at Gilmour Academy, in Gates Mills, Ohio. He was born in Gary, Indiana, the son of Guy and Genevieve (Sovich) Eckels. He attended St. Mary of the Lake Elementary School in Gary and then proceeded on to Andean High School, where he was a member of the National Honor Society and graduated in June of 1963. He was accepted into the juniorate program of the Brothers of Holy Cross at Watertown, Wisconsin on November 2, 1963. In January, 1964 he began his novitiate training at St. Joseph's Novitiate in Rolling Prairie, Indiana and pronounced his first vows as a Holy Cross Brother on January 26, 1965. Brother Guy then began his college studies at the University of Notre Dame and graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree, in the summer of 1969.



In the fall of 1968 he was assigned to teach at Archbishop Hoban High School in Akron, Ohio, where he would spend the next twenty-nine years. He stayed current with the latest biology research findings and teaching methods. He spent a 'few' summers studying at Saint Mary's College in Winona, Minnesota where he earned a Master of Science degree in biology in December 1975. While studying at Saint Mary's, he learned new computer technological methods and was among the earliest teachers to utilize them in the classroom.

Outside the classroom Guy was interested in theater. He produced dozens of student performances, specializing in the construction of a variety of elaborate sets and was adept in the use of sound and lighting shows. In 1997, he took a sabbatical at the end of the academic year and enjoyed a spiritual renewal while at St. Meinrad's Seminary in southern Indiana

In the fall of 1998 he was assigned to join the faculty at St. Edward High School in Lakewood, Ohio for the next nine years. He resumed his science teaching and

also the work on drama productions at the high school. In the fall of 2007, he spent a sabbatical in a spiritual renewal program at Sangre de Cristo Center in Santa Fe, New Mexico. In 2008 he joined the residents at Columba Hall at Notre Dame and engaged in part-time teaching as a substitute teacher for a variety of subjects at St. Joseph High School in South Bend, Indiana. Brother Guy continued his love of theatrical shows and was able to attend artistic productions in the vicinity.

In the fall of 2011, Brother Guy joined the staff at Gilmour Academy at Gates Mills, Ohio where he assisted students in the library and the computer center. Brother Guy experienced heart problems and was being medically evaluated when unfortunately he passed away in his room at the Academy. His humor and enthusiasm will be missed.

There will be two memorial services to honor Brother Guy. On Wednesday, August 14th, there will be a viewing at 6:30pm in the Chapel of Our Lady at Gilmour Academy, Gates Mills, Ohio, followed by the Mass of Resurrection at 7:30pm, with Father John Blazek, C.S.C. officiating. Then on Saturday, August 17th, there will a viewing at St. Joseph Chapel (on the grounds of Holy Cross Village at Notre Dame) at 10:30am, with the Mass of Resurrection at 11:30am with Father John Blazek officiating, followed by interment in St. Joseph's Cemetery of the Village. Kaniewski Funeral Home is handling the arrangements.

Memorial contributions, in honor of Brother Guy Eckels, C.S.C., to support the mission and ministries of the Brothers may be sent to: Brothers of Holy Cross, Office of Development, P.O. Box 460, Notre Dame, IN 46556.

Guy Eckles, C.S.C. – A Remembrance

Excepting Ted and his relatives, I have known Guy longer than anyone here today. We met when I was going into the third grade and he into the fourth. My mother decided to remove me from the early formation of the Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ, and to entrust me to the more hands-on formation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross at St. Mary's of the Lake elementary school in Miller, Indiana. Guy and I immediately became best buds, as the kids say today; inseparable until Guy entered Holy Cross in 1963. I was always one year behind him in all things. Our attraction to each other arose out of similar interests for the finer things in life: marbles, music and drama. On many an occasion we were lured into what we

initially thought was a friendly game of marbles by the notorious Sister Geneveffa, CSC-- fifth grade teacher and tomboy of the convent. Effortlessly, she would wipe out our stash of steelies and, then, not give them back! Guy once told me that he imagined Sister G kneeling in a dark corner of the convent basement, a single candle burning in front of her, as she rolled our cat's eyes and aggies between her fingers gleefully cackling with saliva dripping out of the side of her maw-like mouth.

We both attended Andean High School and played in the band: Guy, the clarinet, and I the oboe. Guy was quite the clarinetist and the student in all subjects, and I was quite the oboist. Because of the relentless recruitment spiel of Brother Eymard Saltzman, Guy entered Holy Cross after graduation, and I followed the next year. From that year on, we never lived together nor taught in the same school at the same time. It was not until the last five years, while I was teaching at Archbishop Hoban, and Guy was working at Gilmour Academy, that we were geographically proximate so we might, on occasion, go out for dinner or to some high school musical being produced within 50 miles of either site. Out of sight for almost 45 years, however, did not mean that I was unaware of Guy's impact on Holy Cross and its many, many students.

Although schooled in science, specifically biology, Guy was, as the soon to be St. John Paul II, a theater man – not so much the actor as JP II, but much more the impresario: truly, Guy was the Jack of all trades and the master of almost all of them when it came to producing a high school musical. With no formal training that I know of in theater arts, he not only rushed onto, he galloped with abandon onto the high school stage where more rational minds would turn and gallop in the other direction. For Guy, you see, saw life in all of its facets as a theatrical experience – all the world's a stage—so his day was apportioned into acts and scenes with the entrances and exits of many a colorful player. The biology lab was as much a theatrical event as after-school rehearsals or dinner with the brethren – there was the lighting and the staging to ponder over; the planned pause abundant with meaning, and the lines; ah, the right words in the right order that fell “trippingly off the tongue”. In the absolute best of times for Guy, life was resplendent with “lights and action and craft”.

I am certain that he inherited this gift for the adventure of the dramatic from his mother, Gen. On one occasion, Gen loaded Guy and me into the car and we took off for Chicago. Driving along a road that ran parallel to the South Shore train, Gen noticed in the rear view mirror that the train was approaching from behind us. She announced with glee, “I think I can beat it to the crossing” and then stepped on the pedal. I am the living example that we made it, yet this was the one event

of that day that I did not report to my mother. Guy was always stepping on the pedal—sucking the marrow from every theatrical moment: whether introducing fledgling scientists to the wonders of the paramecia, or demonstrating how to create palm fronds for a production of *South Pacific* from crenellated cloth, a glue gun and bailing wire, life--if lived at all fully--was a banquet.

During his many years at Hoban, and then at St. Ed's, Guy annually either produced and directed the entire spring musical production, or was the man behind the scenes who assisted a myriad of teenagers to create the grand illusion of the theater. Never was he happier than when he was fully engaged in lights and gels, scrims and flats--stage craft of all sorts. When he complained about anything related to the musical, and there was a lot of complaining, he harangued most about the principal or president who expected Broadway productions on stages in gyms, but would not pony up the cash for the endless list of paraphernalia needed to capture the imagination – to allow the audience to willingly suspend disbelief and to enable them to enter into the music, the lyrics, the sets, the costumes: into the awesome wonder of live theater. Undaunted, nonetheless, Guy saw in another person's refuse, trash, the flotsam of everyday living, little gems that could be transmuted into stage allusions if they were caressed by the creative hands of an alchemist – and those alchemical hands certainly belonged to Guy.

Admittedly, the last several years of Guy's life were a winter of discontent for him. Because of health issues, he was often "out of sorts," had lost his pacing, sometimes entire pages from his script as he struggled to redefine himself into the "role" of teacher. This irritated him to no end. And on those occasions when he wandered off into the dark forest of the maudlin, he frequently confided to me that he felt not so much misunderstood, but under-appreciated, and even more so toward the end, very underutilized. Hidden in a library waiting to be approached by a teenager with a question! Reprehensible for one who had been the designer of great spectacles, the orchestrator of dreams of the midsummer, of toe-tappers and finger-snappers where, I got rhythm. How he longed to return to the bliss of lights and grease paint--to regain his rhyme and rhythm--oh, to play the role of...

“A country squire,
no longer young... bony, hollow-faced... eyes
that burn with the fire of inner vision. Being
retired, he has much time for books. He studies
them from morn to night and often through the
night as well. And all he reads oppresses him...
fills him with indignation at man's murderous

ways toward man. And he conceives the strangest project ever imagined... to become a knight-errant and sally forth into the world to right all wrongs. No longer shall he be plain Alonso Quijana... [Guy Eckles] but a dauntless knight known as - Don Quixote de La Mancha!”

Guy was a wonderful friend and a wonderful community member, a man with a deep sense of the Holy Cross way of forming hearts and minds. To me, he saw the deep-down reality of things: the beauty of the paramecia and all manner of pond scum; the hum of the bee and the rage of the storm; the tonal glory and the splendid cadence of words like tintinnabulation and phantasmagorical; all the hues of color and pigmentation that make up the wonder of God’s gifts to us, and with just the right sense of the dramatic moment could become the living memory for the scores of high school Quixotes, Nellie Forbishes, Harold Hills, Cosettes, Elisa Doolittles, Cinderella and so, so many more.

Guy’s life, his *joie de vivre*, is most poignantly described, I think, in a sonnet by Jesuit Father Gerard Manley Hopkins where he explodes into ecstatic awe :

GLORY be to God for dappled things—
For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches’ wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough; 5
And áll trádes, their gear and tackle and trim.
All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change: 10
Praise Him!

Br. Philip Smith

Show Car Show Event a Success

Holy Cross Village under the guidance of Linda De Hays of the Life Enrichment Staff on Saturday, August 10 held their Sixth Annual Show Car event. Each year there are between 30 and 35 entries in the show. Residents and visitors to the show vote for their favorite vehicle. This year first place went to a 1946 Studebaker fire truck. The second place winner was a 1957 green and cream Ford Fairlane. The Annual HCV Bake Sale to benefit the October Breast Cancer Awareness Walk in South Bend raised \$185.00. Picture below are the show winners.



<http://www.brothersofholycross.com/CarShow%2010Aug2013/CarShow2013.htm>

Progress Made in Columba Hall's 'Raising the Road' Project

This past two weeks, with favorable weather, the 'Raising the Road' front driveway project is beginning to take shape. Three major projects completed included the building of a new concrete retaining wall near the front door built by Ziolowski Construction Company. Watson Tree Service removed two of the larger trees in the path of the new front drive, including one which may have been over 117 years old.. Ritschard Bros Excavation and Demolition removed the old asphalt road, large tree trunks and limbs. Ritschard this past week also began the process of grading and compressing the soil for the new entrance, roadway and grassy areas.





View homepage
slideshow for
pictures.

<http://www.brothersofholycross.com/>

More Pictures at:

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Please have material to **Br. Charles McBride** by Thursday before each week *Midwest-Midweek* is published.

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