

MIDWEST – MIDWEEK

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

January 26, 2022



Reflection for the Liturgy for Basile Moreau by Brother Robert Mosher, C.S.C.

Today the family of Holy Cross throughout the world, Priests, Brothers, and Sisters, celebrates their beloved founder, Basile Anthony Moreau. All these members do so with joy and thanksgiving because for them it was he who, as God's providential instrument, enabled them to eventually actualize their vocations to religious life.

As a person, Moreau was exceptionally gifted: a man of caring and friendly disposition, a scholar in theology, philosophy, scripture, and education, as well as a much sought-after spiritual director and more than competent administrator.

A priest whose personal spiritual life had been imbued and nurtured primarily by contacts with the Sulpicians during his seminary training and a year spent at the Solitude of Issy, Moreau projected a profound devotion to the Holy Trinity, Divine Providence, each of the members of the Holy Family, the Sacred Heart, Angels, and certain religious exercises practiced by the Jesuits. But at his center core was the almost overwhelming conviction and desire to achieve a transformation of his life by becoming a living copy of the crucified Jesus Christ and accepting that Savior's cross as the sole hope of one's salvation. Coupled with almost passionate zeal for

ministry, which motivated almost all of his apostolic endeavors, primarily his founding of the Congregation of Holy Cross, Moreau's spirituality represents the challenging and enduring legacy which he has bequeathed to all us members of his religious Community. His loyalty to the Church of France and the Holy See was unmatched.

Of conformity to the life of Jesus Christ, Moreau wrote, "Christianity was nothing else than reproducing Christ in our individual conduct and that this conformity must be complete." And for any other hope but in the cross, he stated, "in vain shall we seek any way leading to heaven than the road to Calvary."

According to Moreau, his concept of the union of the societies was required: "to succeed in the important undertaking entrusted to us, we must be first of all closely united . . . as to form one mind and one soul."

Basile Moreau's life, with both its accomplishments and failures, indeed nearly emulates that of our Savior. Like Jesus on the cross, Moreau died virtually abandoned by the very religious institute he had founded.



Brother Robert Mosher

Notwithstanding our commemoration here today, let members of Holy Cross resolve to remember and honor our founder by an increased and closer living out of the spiritual inheritance he bequeathed to us.

Blessed Anthony Moreau, pray for us.



Brother George Klawitter



Father Bill Blum



**Brother James Kane distributing Communion
(Seated) Brothers: Paul Kelly, Julian Przybyla and
Tom Cunningham**

**(Standing)
Brothers:
Carl Sternberg
Jerome Kroetsch
Nicholas Thielman
Walter Gluhm**





Happy
94th
Birthd^{ay}!
January 21st

Brother
Robert
Mosher,
C.S.C.



Photo by Brother
Nicholas Thielman,
C.S.C.

Saint Edward High School
Lakewood, Ohio

Following excerpts are from an article in the school's *Best of the Week*, Jan. 10-14, 2022, publication:

ST. ED'S AWARDS THIS YEAR'S
MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. AWARD
TO BR. ROBERT LAVELLE, C.S.C. '58



On Thursday morning, the St. Ed's Community celebrated the life and legacy of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. This annual service provides our community with time to pray, reflect, and honor an individual deserving of the Martin Luther King, Jr. Award.

The St. Edward High School Martin Luther King, Jr. Award is awarded annually in recognition of an individual whose work or activities help spread the message of non-violence, love and human dignity throughout our community. This year's Martin Luther King, Jr. Award was granted to Br. Robert Lavelle, C.S.C. '58. For years, Br. Robert has been a leader who lives his life each day, guided by his own dedication to the Holy Cross charisms, to make the world more humane and just and to inspire others around him to do the same. Each day, Br. Robert strives to use his gift for the purpose of the common good and making that real for everyone. One of his goals is for our young people to understand that their gifts are not meant for them alone, but they are meant to be shared and used to make a difference in the world. Whether it is serving the homeless in Cleveland, gaining the support of others in gathering needed resources, fulfilling needs, or volunteering for two months with the opening of Saint Brother Andre Senior High School in Ghana, West Africa, Br. Robert's helpful hands never tire. Br. Robert has exemplified this commitment to the legacy of Dr. King, and St. Edward High School is honored to award him with this year's Martin Luther King, Jr. Award.

NE Ohio Gathering

Story submitted by Br. Dennis Bednarz, C.S.C.

The NE Ohio CSC community gathered for the Feast of St. Andre at Lakewood St. Ed's on Jan. 9 for Mass and dinner. Dinner was held on the mezzanine of the Palisin Commons.



Brothers Dennis, Robert Lavelle, James Spooner, Charles Smith, Fr. John Blazek, Br. Joseph LeBon, Fr. Maurice D'Souza, and Ken Kane by the two-sided fireplace in the Commons.



Br. Ken Kane and Gilmour music director Andy Andino provided the music for liturgy in the Holy Family Chapel.



Brothers Joe LeBon, Charles Smith, and James Spooner in front of the mural in the Palisin Commons.

The Legacy of Blessed Basil Moreau
A Celebration Presented by
The Sisters of the Holy Cross



On Friday, January 21, the Holy Cross Sisters hosted a prayer service celebrating the legacy of Blessed Moreau. Thank you, Sisters, for also making this presentation on streaming video so anyone wishing could participate. Brother Kenneth Haders gave the main reflection on Moreau and his charism of Zeal.

To view past prayer service, click the link below.

Link to Past Moreau Prayer Service:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pq7LTYrodNc&t=4s>

Pandemic Trials
by
Joe McTaggart, csc

I suspect I am not all that different from others these days, even in my highly extroverted self. I'm not chomping at the bit, but this pandemic of limited socializing and, like it or not, compelled reflection has had a considerable effect upon me. I have been pretty much limited to my monk's cell, which has me thinking about life and what it's all about far more than usual, and I'm pretty reflective anyway. My mind is always rushing ahead, the curse perhaps of an intuitive whose penchant is to look ahead anyway. The whys and wherefores of life always grab my interest.

Of late that labyrinth-like thinking has taken me this way and that, but the pondering keeps circling back to the really big stuff and the world-wide effects of this pandemic even as I have pretty much been on its periphery except for some lock-down and isolation time at Columba. We have been compliant. We have also been lucky.

So, just what is God up to in our world, our country, and with this planet, his planet? That sounds pretty arrogant as there is no blaming God for this mess, that's for sure. Still when hunting for reasons, some theologians might allude to something like God's "permissive will." That old chestnut tending to assuage the real question of "why all this bad stuff" just doesn't cut it anymore. Climate change, the apparently agreed upon word for the mess the world is in, keeps clipping right along in our demise and much of global warming is impossible to stop by now.

Here are images I can't get out of my racing mind--momma polar bear with baby cub on a four by four block of ice floating somewhere near the former polar ice cap, fires blackening California, floods gushing everywhere, opposition combat in the death game of some political "leaders."

Can you match my dark take on all this? Or for those much more sensate and objective than I, the present is all that matters. Lucky them.

But for folks like me and the worrying kind, the good book tells me and everyone, "And when there is insurrection and wars and rumors of wars, do not think that is the end is in sight." Phew! It ain't over until it's over.

Through this all, there are a few devotionals I use early in the morning as I ponder another day to get up, suit up, and show up waiting for what God provides, all the while ensconced in a pretty secure environment. But even there some of this thinking and advice, if you will, has God at the helm of it all, God pulling imaginary strings. No way I can take that literally though.

"God waits with eternal longing." That wise and judicious quote provides me with some solace even when much out there is dark and seemingly insurmountable. Religious writers and scripture urge us on no matter what.

From Merton, *"God reveals himself in the middle of conflict and contradiction...The contradiction essential to my existence is my contradiction in and through my liberty...I permit God to act in and through me...making his world in which we are all judged and redeemed. I am thrown into contradiction to realize it is mercy, to accept it is love, and to help others do the same is compassion. "*

I think I can get my head around that. But what if there is yet another war, even civil war for us, and our pollution kills momma and baby bears forever, and honey bees are no more, and California burns from Sacramento to San Diego? And what if this so-called "pause" in the current variant is just a joke of what is to come next time with the poor, as always, at the end of the stick?

No need to continue with this line of thinking! There are enough "downers" for those of us not in California, nor Ukraine, nor on the ice with the polar bears. Just staying attuned to the news of the world is sufficient and enough to depress even the most faithful and optimistic. I hope that's not flippant as I worry like everyone else at the mess upon us on all sides, and I hurt for all those with greater impact than anything I experience in my pretty much protected world.

Another of my morning books tells me in my deepest prayer and concern to again, somehow, give it over to God. One of them tells me, *"We cannot force anything to happen but must simply say the mantra without haste or exception...in this state we have passed by thought, beyond imagination, and beyond all images."* Yes, Centering Prayer or Contemplative Meditation makes sense and does lead to peace and seeing differently. That kind of prayer is simple, but it's not easy. And it does and can bring peace and awaken one to even deeper reality.

But that's a real challenge for types like me as the tendency to see the glass half full can be pretty depressing in these times. Can't help it. Came out of the womb that way. But, there you have it. That's my only out—giving it over. And that sure

looks like a matter of faith while doing everything I can to keep the earth safe and untrammled in my own limited way. Nonetheless, separating plastic from paper sure seems pretty trivial.

One more book awaited me in my morning ritual. Each of these daily selections this time seemed to serendipitously hit on the same point. Maybe God does speak in your depths, or little things do urge you down a particular path. Each of these books indicated some way out of my not seeing doomsday around the corner, or will things ever be the same again.

The next selection urged this. *"My peace is a treasure of treasures. It is an exquisitely costly gift, for both the Giver and the receiver."*

Wait, I think I know where this is headed, heard it before. Back to the cross and that salvation talk again and again. But maybe this time it's like one of those lines in the psalms said a gazillion times throughout the years which all of a sudden rings a bell and an insight never realized before comes zinging through.

This came through next, *"I purchased this peace for you with my blood. You receive this gift by trusting me in the midst of storms...spiritual blessings come wrapped in trials."* I am encouraged by all this.

But my trial is not my house and neighborhood being burned to the ground, floods having washed away my part of city, my car submerged, my basement filled with water up to the first floor. Why that destruction?

I feel so ashamed in a sense when I take these "hints," "inspirations," and scriptures so literally as it seems impossible. But the truth therein is supposed to be eternal, and I haven't been pushed previously this hard before in trying to see such. Sure there has been darkness in this religious walk for all of us, dryness, stumbling, spiritual acedia, and portents of further illness to come, but how can I compare that with what I feel is about us now in the larger world and especially the poor? These are really "trying times."

"Consider it pure joy, my brothers and sisters, whenever you face trials of many kinds...the testing of your faith develops perseverance...in the world you will have tribulation--I have overcome the world."

Back to the cross of Jesus and his crucifixion I guess. Take it in again. But, who has really taken in all that in its tortuous depth and realization? Sometimes, it

seems, it is just a slogan, "the cross our only hope." But I am the only one responsible for my own connection to God and the Divine, Jesus and his sacrifice. "Deep calls unto deep," they say. And those inklings which give me hope and even direction must be honed even more deeply if I am to continue growing in faith and its demands, especially now.

These times, then, are certainly more than an invitation. In anyone's imagination, or much more poignantly for so many of us who really hear all that is going on, the reality of those with no homes left or those awaiting Putin and his henchmen to invade is far beyond and greater still an incredible cross for them to carry compared with my current faith journey.

Go deeper, a friend of mine encourages. That choice is mine, I know, and sometimes reality for me is less challenging or comes more sparingly, and for some that same reality for them pushes them over the cliff. Comparisons can be odious, I understand. Putting the atrocities of life out of sight, escaping one's own obligation, especially if one is blessed beyond measure, is sad.

These times of world-wide pandemic and its creeping lava-like and insidious dimensions affect everything and are a challenge for everyone or anyone with a soul and the ability to not blind oneself to the brokenness of our world especially now. Sometimes the pandemic kills. Sometimes some end up with only a cold-like variant, and they don't face death or breathing on their stomachs or upright on a ventilator. Even the thought of that that chills me. It makes it harder to take the encouragement seriously. There sure is a task ahead for me, homework to do. "I reject the proud and give my grace to the humble." Hope I respond appropriately.

Still, "*Where sin abounds, grace abounds more fully.*"
Of that I can be sure—somehow, someday.

Holy Cross Roads Writings for the Journey

Turn on the Light

Dear Associates and Friends,

When we are in the light we are able to see things that were not noticed before. If Jesus is calling us to be the light of the world, we need to see that light first in ourselves and then to shine that light into the areas of darkness in our world. Like the sun, our light can usher in a brand-new day. But how do we turn on that light? As sons and daughters of God, Jesus wants us to know that we share in his love and in all that he received from his father.

We turn on that light when we let Jesus' light shine in us and through us. We know that we are not perfect human beings. There can be parts of ourselves that we are not proud of. By first recognizing those parts, our weaknesses, our addictions, our preoccupation of wanting to be in control, our sinfulness, our selfishness. Then we can allow Jesus to heal our woundedness. Then we need to surrender to the Christ light within us that can not only heal us but be a sign to those we meet that they too can receive the light of Christ.

Matthew reports two blind men sitting on the road side. When Jesus passed by, they cried out, "Lord, let our eyes be opened." Moved to compassion, Jesus touched their eyes. Immediately they received their sight, and followed him.

- What are you experiencing right now, darkness or light?
- How has the light of Christ penetrated your world?
- Where do you feel called to share your Christ light?

O God, help me to share the Christ light within me.



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.



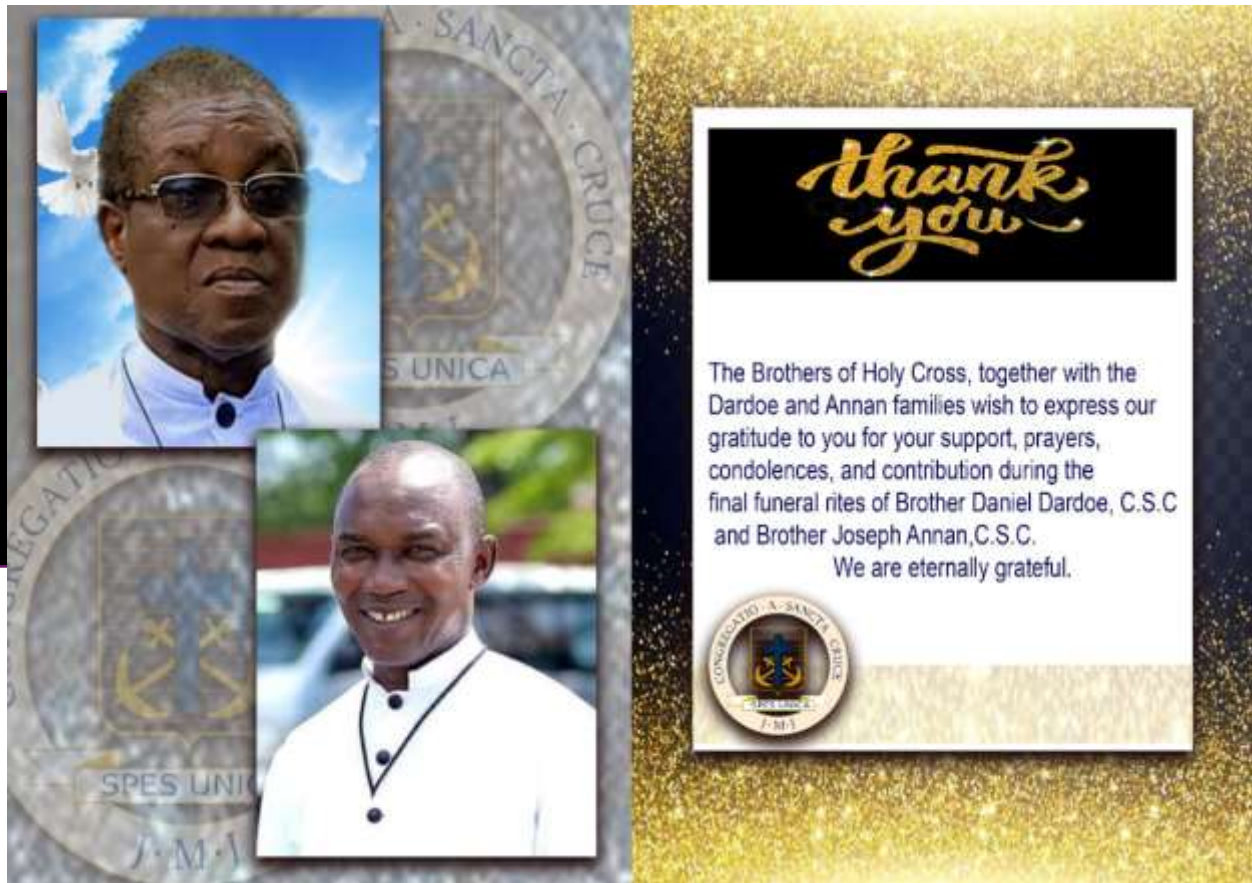
Website: <http://www.voiceofmoreau.org/>



**Brother
Philip Smith**




**Brother
Ben Rossi**



Thank you

The Brothers of Holy Cross, together with the Dardoe and Annan families wish to express our gratitude to you for your support, prayers, condolences, and contribution during the final funeral rites of Brother Daniel Dardoe, C.S.C and Brother Joseph Annan, C.S.C.

We are eternally grateful.





Reflection
Sent in by Brother Thomas Maddix, C.S.C.

A vertical rectangular graphic with a space-themed background. The top half shows a vibrant, multi-colored galaxy (spiral and nebulae) against a dark starry sky. The bottom half shows the Earth's horizon from space, with a bright sun or star on the horizon casting a glow over the clouds and land below.

Providence
HEALTH CARE
How you want to be treated.

The desire to reach the stars is ambitious.

The desire to reach hearts is wise and most possible.

~Maya Angelou

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