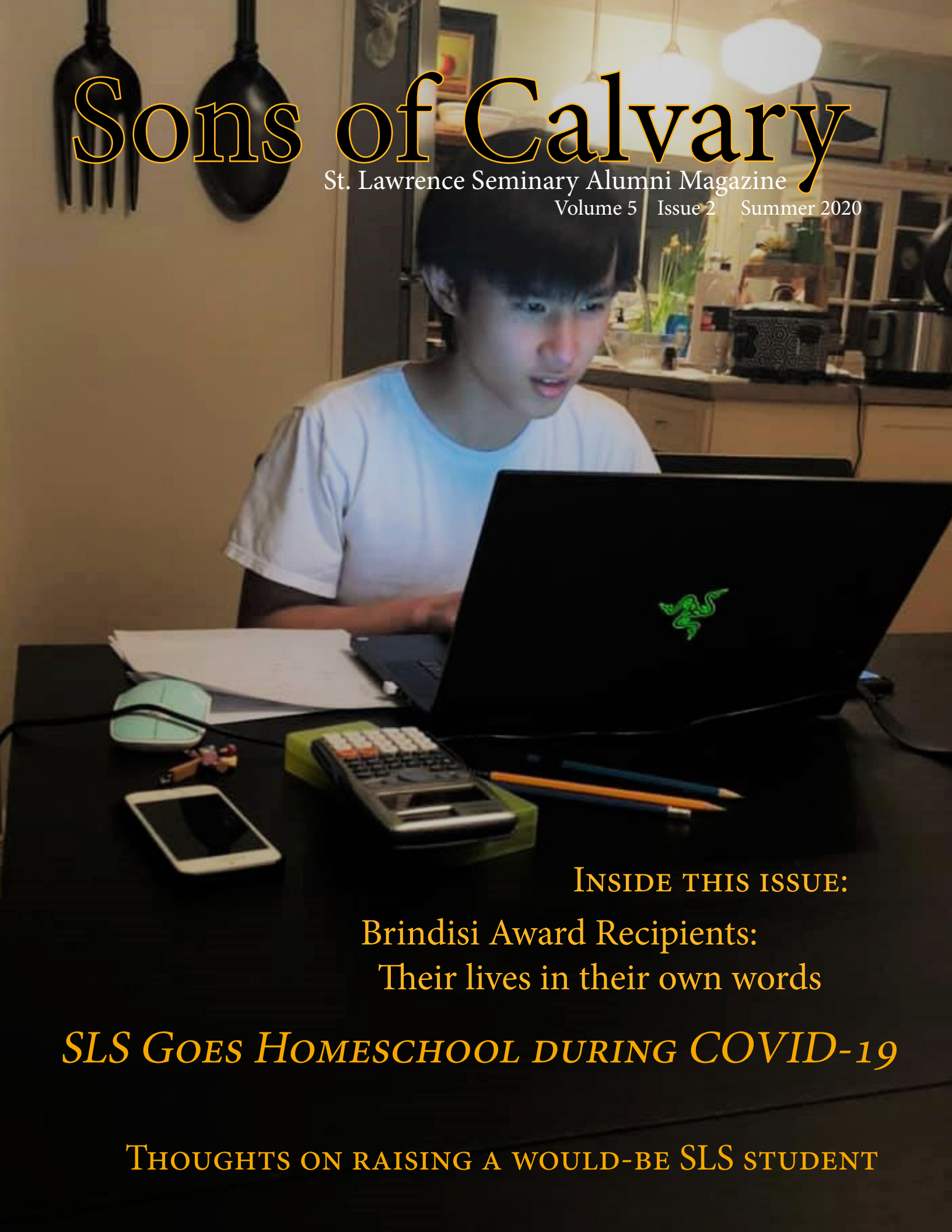


Sons of Calvary

St. Lawrence Seminary Alumni Magazine

Volume 5 Issue 2 Summer 2020



INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

Brindisi Award Recipients:
Their lives in their own words

SLS GOES HOMESCHOOL DURING COVID-19

THOUGHTS ON RAISING A WOULD-BE SLS STUDENT

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Front cover: Toan Nguyen '21 completes homework remotely during the COVID-19 epidemic. Students were sent home in March and finished the semester virtually.

Back cover: Fr. Zoy celebrates Mass in an empty chapel. Each student's photo occupies a chair.

Alumni mill around between games during the annual 3-on-3 tournament on February 1st. Dozens of alumni from many generations showed up to play, socialize and reconnect with their alma mater.



Editor's Note

Towards the end of this very bizarre fourth quarter, as we all adapted to distance learning, I gave my juniors a writing assignment: tell a non-fiction narrative of your life under quarantine—vignettes that would give me and their classmates a deeper understanding of what they were dealing with.

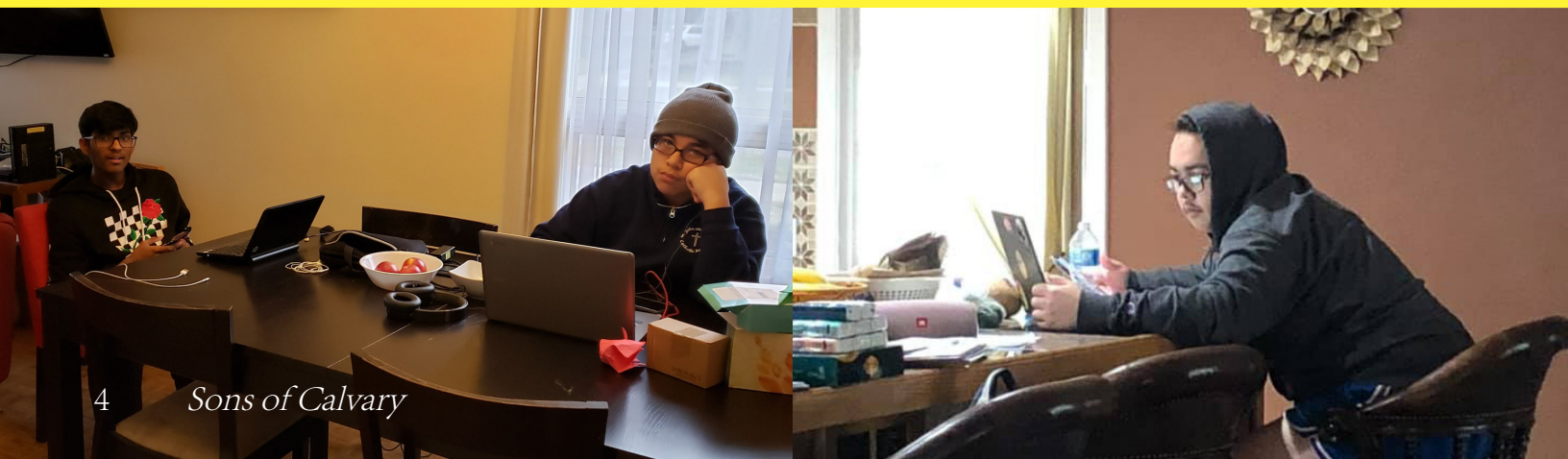
The intention was to help them (and me) see how the pandemic was impacting everyone differently: what life was like for the urban kids and the rural kids. How the international kids were trapped and how kids with frontline parents were under stress. I wanted them to appreciate their diversity of experience and grow in their empathy.

Though they told different stories, certain themes emerged, notably, a sudden appreciation for St. Lawrence Seminary that they had taken for granted before: its community (their brothers!), its structure (the bells!), its support systems (their teachers!). My students missed their school.

As Sons of Calvary, we all miss our school. Maybe we didn't know it when we were students, but there's something here that we nostalgically long for today. Something we had that's missing. Some sense of spiritual comfort we found here. Some form of peace we can't find in the world today.

You can find that theme echoed in many of the stories in this issue. You hear it in the story about the pandemic by Khang Chau '20, and in the description of praise and worship by Peter Kolar '91. You'll hear it in the memories of Glen Bogdon '55 and in the parental dreams of Andrew Welhouse '00. And hopefully you'll find in your memories a little piece of that peace.

-Anthony Van Asten '01





From the Rector's Desk

March 6, 2020 marked the end of the third quarter and the beginning of Winter Break. Classes concluded around noon that day. When I waved goodbye to them as they left, I never imagined that I wouldn't be seeing my students for the remainder of the school year. A week later, the Governor of Wisconsin mandated the closure of all schools throughout the state. We made the necessary adjustments and quickly shifted to remote learning. Both students and teachers had to adjust to this new platform of online instruction.

We reopened our doors to international students; due to closed borders and lockdowns, they were unable to return home initially. Most returned home as their travel restrictions lifted. However, there are a few students who are still on campus! It is uncertain at this point whether they will be able to go home this summer, but we promised their parents that they are welcome to stay, and that they will be well cared for here at SLS.

As the Governor extended his "Safer at Home" order through the end of May, we set our sights on doing virtual Field Day and graduation.

Now, we are preparing for the next school year. We are working on a plan that takes into consideration three different scenarios: remote learning, hybrid, and full on-site with accommodations. We do not know what the future holds. We shall see. Both students and staff express eagerness to return to campus. Let's pray that the situation will improve, so that we may return to the Hill of Happiness and raise Sons of Calvary, who will continue to make a difference in our world. May the Lord bless us and keep us safe.

-Fr. Zoy Garibay



HOME WORK

The global pandemic affected everyone, even those at a small boarding school in the middle of nowhere.

BY: KHANG CHAU '20

This spring the COVID-19 pandemic hit the United States, and our fear quickly became our reality.

For me, an international student, America was no longer the haven it had been. The virulent pandemic that had wrought havoc on the rest of the world had finally crept into the nation. Within a week's time, the nation nervously witnessed the number of confirmed cases of COVID-19 doubling, then tripling.

We Hilltoppers had just departed for winter break as the number of cases were ramping up. Students were scattered across the country enjoying their week-long vacation. Some were even abroad: the SLS German exchange program took place during the winter break this year.

This meant that many Hilltoppers had a high chance of exposure and could become a carrier of the Corona virus. To uphold the promise of safety to the students' health that SLS has made to their parents, Rector Fr. Zoy Garibay issued his first announcement regarding the pandemic on March 14th, in which he extended the break. Fr. Zoy and the rest of the administrative team worked hard to

create a plan to welcome students back and reopen safely, but only days later Wisconsin Governor Tony Evers mandated a state-wide closure of schools.

Fr. Zoy suspended the return date indefinitely, hinting towards the possibility that all academic activities of the fourth quarter would take place virtually.

Most students were at home when all this happened. But many of us international students were staying with classmates over break. Where would we go?

Many SLS families agreed to host their sons' classmates for the duration. Others attempted as best they could to return home. This was complicated by border closings and visa restrictions.

I immediately made a phone call to my mother to discuss the situation. She was as anxious as a mother could be. I had been staying with a classmate in Illinois. She could not bear that idea; at the time Illinois was where the eighth biggest outbreak was taking place in the United States.

We decided that perhaps it would be best for me to return to the campus, to be quarantined with

(Right) Students work from home during the pandemic. Many discovered how setting a daily routine, much like that at SLS, helped keep them on task.



thirteen other international students, where my safety was guaranteed.

So I moved into the Guest House for the last quarter of my senior year. Looking towards graduation, the situation provoked a tangle of feelings that I would have never anticipated. Disappointment, hope, frustration and monachopsis took over my world.

Online schooling started on March 23rd. I remember waking up to my Outlook inbox full of emails from teachers, with specific instructions on how certain classes would operate for the remainder of the school year. Although varying in format and assessments, the e-learning coursework that teachers at SLS designed strived to maintain the academic rigor SLS is known for. Teachers

e-learning into their daily lives without having school bells and peers around to motivate them, many Hilltoppers faced great obstacles. "Getting started was 80% of it," senior Axel Huicochea admitted. "The pandemic stripped me off everything that I have grown comfortable with. My 'Saint Lawrence bubble' popped," he continued.

Senior Philip Zampino shared a similar perspective: "Motivation was hard to muster; at times, I did not think I could finish."

While some students soon got the hang of it, others started to fall behind with their assignments. Freshman Nick Nguyen recalled the overwhelming anxiety as he viewed his missing homework list; "I wanted to give up."

Yet, the constant support



THE STUDENT COUNCIL SUCCESSFULLY ORGANIZED AND HOSTED THE 113TH FIELD DAY. HELD VIRTUALLY ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, THE ACTIVITIES WERE BOTH CREATIVE AND COMPETITIVE. THE E-WORD CHOSEN FOR FIELD DAY? "EPIDEMIC"

communicated with the students, through Zoom meetings and emails.

"I loved how my teachers virtualized the experience in their classrooms during the fourth quarter," sophomore Kiet Do said. "One of mine even had us leading prayers through emails."

Having to somehow weave

from our teachers and assistance from our friends propelled us Hilltoppers upward, fostering us to give our best efforts, providing us with much needed encouragement. Mr. David Bartel, the Principal, kept watch on the students' progress, and kept in touch with them through weekly student memos. Fraternity mentors organized virtual

Teachers, too, learned how to adapt their courses from home!



Many teachers held virtual classes and fraternity check-ins using Zoom. Others recorded their lectures and posted them to YouTube.

meetings to check up on their mentees, boosting their moods and energizing the students.

“It was my teachers who enabled me to finish strong,” added Philip Zampino. Axel Huicochea gleefully agreed, saying, “Once I was able to balance between e-learning and other responsibilities, I found the rare satisfaction of maturity.” To graduating seniors like Philip, Axel, and me, such a conclusion is priceless.

For many students, simply not being around their schoolmates was hard and helped them nurture an appreciation for this aspect of boarding

school that perhaps they had taken for granted before. “I really miss my friends,” junior Martin Pham told me, “but I am thankful for the technology that I am equipped with. Imagine learning in this scenario without phones, or laptops, or Office 365!”

Sequestered at home, confronted by the harsh reality, Martin, I, and perhaps every Hilltopper, surprisingly experienced an epiphany that was invaluable: to overcome this unseen challenge, our faith must grow stronger. It was a lesson that perhaps would be worth a decade. ■

Many people have compared the COVID-19 pandemic to the Spanish Flu outbreak of 1918. As young people were particularly susceptible to the Spanish Flu, it comes as no surprise that the disease was felt on the Hill.

Records indicate that some 126 students and 20 scholastics (students committed to joining the Order who wore the habit without the hood) were sick with Spanish Flu in the fall of 1918.



In his 1927 book *The Laurentianum*, Fr. Corbinian Vieracker, OFM Cap. recounts the death of one scholastic, Angelo Ussorio, who had been caring for fellow students in the infirmary when he himself contracted the virus. He was 17 when he died on October 30th. He is buried in the parish cemetery in Mt. Calvary.

EVERY FALL, ST. LAWRENCE SEMINARY RECOGNIZES SOME OF ITS ALUMNI WHO HAVE LIVED ACCORDING TO THE VALUES THEY LEARNED ON THE HILL. HERE ARE THE 2019 RECIPIENTS' STORIES, IN THEIR OWN WORDS.

Mark Crowley '76

Arriving at the Hill from Marquette, Michigan, this Yooper's eyes were opened up to a larger world as I saw how the staff, religious and lay alike, dedicated themselves to the Christian formation of young men discerning their vocations. Upon graduation that would take me to Detroit with some fellow SLS classmates to pursue my undergraduate degree in sociology and Spanish at the University of Detroit. It would mark the beginning of my long career in education.

Teaching pretty much fell into my lap. I taught Spanish lab classes on the U of D campus and then during my year abroad in Spain, I taught ESL at an all-girls Catholic school, Colegio Mater Amabilis, in an impoverished neighborhood of Madrid.

After graduating from U of D, I worked as a childcare worker at St. Francis Home for Boys in Detroit. Afterwards I went on to earn my MA in education at Eastern Michigan University where I was a graduate teaching assistant. From there I was hired by the Detroit Public Schools where I spent nearly 30 years in the classroom as a special education and science teacher. I retired in 2014.

Coming from the Upper Peninsula, St. Lawrence helped open my mind up to a broader horizon, espe-

cially to the reality in our urban areas and Latin America. For this I'm especially thankful to the late Frs. Brian Braun and Jim Keilman who were very instrumental in fostering my world view at this early age.

The year after graduation, I spent part of the summer of 1977 driving round-trip to Nicaragua with Fr. Brian and some fellow classmates. There we visited the dedicated Capuchins working in the bush promoting social justice and human rights through the Gospel-driven *comunidades de base*, base community organizations.

When I think back about that trip and those times, I wonder how we ever pulled it off in that 1975 Ford station wagon – no AC! This trip allowed me to understand the developing world first-hand and to admire the work of the nuns, brothers, priests and lay people who were putting their Christian faith and lives on the line every day in those tumultuous revolutionary times in Central America.

These examples of faith in action instilled in me a sense of commitment to, as the saying goes, "think globally and act locally." Apart from dedicating many years to the Detroit Public Schools, over the years I have been involved with Central American solidarity work, served two terms as an elected rep-

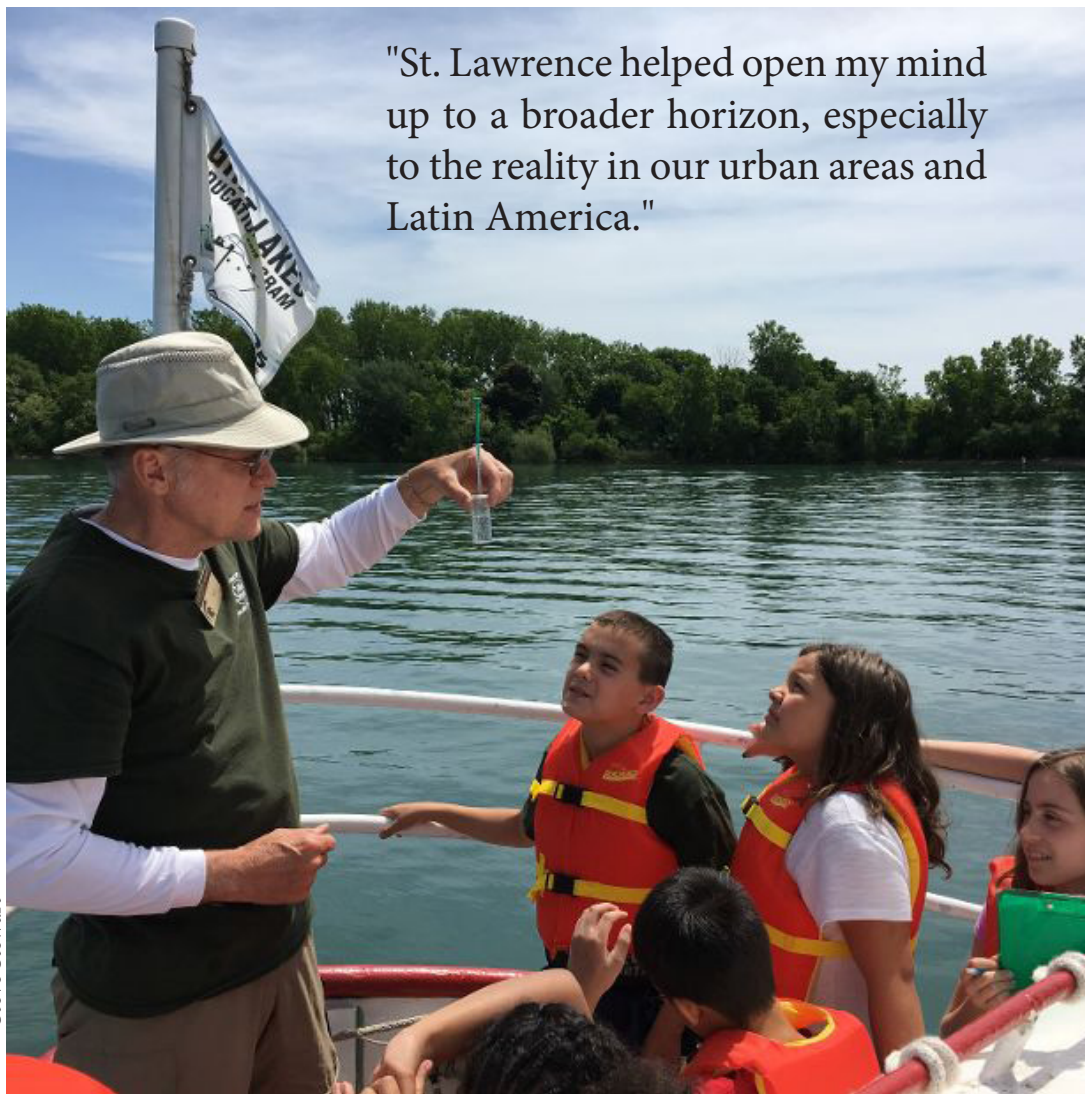
resentative in my Detroit Corktown neighborhood, been involved in immigration assistance through my parish, coached youth sports, maintained neighborhood Little Libraries, assisted in medical support groups, and have helped to produce cultural and musical events in southwest Detroit.

My faith has always been the source of more questions than answers. I believe that doubt and questioning are part of belief and faith. To keep my dilemma simple, I've tried to live by the proverbial Golden Rule – "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." This is the faith that was grounded in my formative years at St. Lawrence not only by academic and spiritual formation but also by the community service activities which were a part of the curriculum.

I'll point out that this tenet of my faith, "do unto others," does not have its origins in Christian teachings but has been incorporated in one form or another since ancient times by many religions in many cultures. As the late folk artist John Prine sang, "Actually all them Gods is just about the same." (grammar apologia to Fr. Vianney!)

Aside from my spiritual challenges and questions of faith, I have faced physical adversity in the form of an inherited connective tissue

"St. Lawrence helped open my mind up to a broader horizon, especially to the reality in our urban areas and Latin America."



Steve Stewart

Mark holds a vial of lake water for school children to see. He remains active with Michigan State University's Great Lakes Education Program.

disorder that has affected three generations of my family. I have had my ascending aorta and valve reconstructed three times since 1997, most recently in 2018. I participate with fellow patients in Marfan Syndrome and related disorders education and outreach activities in the Detroit area to promote awareness of these medical conditions.

When I was asked by a medical student at a clinic presentation if this has in any way changed my faith in God, I told her that it hasn't really changed that relationship, but I sure do have much more faith in medical science and in the dedicated professionals who have seen me through all of this, many of whom are guided

by their own religious faith to serve others.

As my health dictates in semi-retirement, besides shooting my skyhook at the SLS Alumni 3-on-3 Tournament, I plan to continue teaching part-time with Michigan State University's Great Lakes Education Program, which provides aquatic science learning opportunities on board a school ship in order to promote the stewardship of the Great Lakes.

For more than half of my life I have been married to my wife Carmen. We have two daughters, Elena and Gabriela, who finally made it to the Hill with us last September to celebrate my Brindisi Award. ■

Fr. Wally Kasuboski OFM Cap. '65

I got this call from the Provincial Office one day that they wanted to see me. I walked in and they asked, "You speak Spanish, don't you?" I said yes. "You're going to Panama."

And so it all started 32 years ago, my ministry in Wacuco, Panama. When I got there I got this little house. No running water. No electricity. No screens on the windows. You'd light a candle the minute it got dark and the house would just fill up with all these bugs, you just

could not light a light. Little by little I began improving the place. I put in water and a toilet.

Then the people started coming to me. They wanted water. They wanted the road fixed. The Pan-American Highway was terrible. And so I went to the government and I said, "Fix the road! It's the Pan-American Highway!"

That was when Manuel Noriega was in charge yet. "We don't have any money. We don't have equipment. We don't have any personnel,"

they told me.

One day I was listening to NPR and they were interviewing a contractor that builds roads in Central and South America. And they asked him, "We know it's really hard to build roads, right?" "Oh it's terrible in a climate that's so rainy. It's horrible." "What are the three major problems in building roads?" He said, "Well, the first problem is water. You get holes in the road and they fill up with water and people keep driving through them and you get really big

"So I decided that when I was back in the United States on vacation I was going to buy a bulldozer."



holes. The second major problem is water. Because if you don't have a crown on your road and your ditches are plugged up, there's no place for the water to go. So you've got to put a crown on the road and keep your ditches clean. The third major problem is...water! If your culverts are plugged up and if you don't have enough flow through your trenches and can't get the water away from the road, your road gets destroyed before the rainy season ends."

So I decided that when I was back in the United States on vacation I was going to buy a bulldozer.

I went home to Wisconsin and I visited Fabco in Milwaukee. They had a great little bulldozer for \$36,000. I said, "How am I going to raise \$36,000 in one month?" But I talked to the right people and they came up with the money. Somebody in Michigan got me a big Mack truck with a big, long trailer to put the bulldozer on. So I come back with this bulldozer.

It arrives in Colón and we get it up to Wacuco, which was a six hour drive. I went back to the government and I said, "Give me a contract. I've got equipment. I've got personnel."

They gave me a \$65,000 contract to fix three big holes in the Pan-American Highway. I signed the contract and we fixed the holes

and more in two weeks. When the inspectors and the general came out they said, "This is impossible. How can you do this, in such little time?"

I said, "You put a crown on the road, clean out the ditches and make trenches so that water can get away from the road." Immediately they offered me another contract. It was for \$249,000 to maintain 25 miles of the Pan-American Highway. I agreed to it. We got through with that and everyone was super happy. And for four years in a row they kept giving me this contract, so that's when I set up a foundation, the St. Francis Natural Park Foundation. You needed a legal entity in order to get paid.

I got all this heavy equipment and trained all these guys how to operate it. Everything was great.

We actually had four road graders. We'd start in Wacuco at six o'clock in the morning. They'd go to the Bayano Bridge, which is about 30 miles away, all one behind the other, to get the crown back on the road. When they'd get to the bridge they'd turn around and go back. By six o'clock in the afternoons the graders were back by at the Missions. And the people felt like this road was from heaven! Now they could go 50 miles per hour instead of 10!

We built maybe 60 miles of road for different communities. I was sick

of traveling by horseback. Do you know what it's like when you ride a horse in the rain for eight hours?

In addition to roads, we've dedicated a lot of time into putting in water systems. With engineering students from Villanova University, Texas and Ripon College we make sure that 15,000 people have water every day. Starting 30 years ago, we've now buried over 100 miles of pvc piping by pick and shovel. We even built a dam to hold water in the mountains from the rainy season.

I could never do it alone. I had all this help from people in the United States and the locals, as well as from God! ■

(Left) Fr. Wally, known as "Padre Pablo" to the locals, sits at the controls of a bulldozer. Through his non-profit organization he has paved roads, built schools and buried piping to provide over 15,000 Panamanians with fresh water. He has won the "Hero of Panama" award and is the subject of the documentary, *From Mass to the Mountain*.



"I've learned it's all about generosity with your time—you never know what you're going to be called to do."

Br. John Willger, OFM Cap. '66

From the time I was in eighth grade I knew I wanted to become a Capuchin brother. I first came to St. Lawrence because the Notre Dame sisters were my teachers in Rice Lake. Four of them had retired down here in Mt. Calvary. So that's how I got to come here.

The Brothers School had just started out in the '50s. And they suggested I come there. I didn't go to St. Lawrence. I went to the Brothers School. The same teachers taught at both. We didn't have the English and the math and all that. We had the trades: carpentry, electricity, printing and all that stuff.

The Brothers School had between 60 and 80 kids in there. It was a good-sized number! The building I slept in is no longer there. They tore that down. Then while I was there they built the Butler Building for classes and the dormitory. My senior year I carried my mattress to that new dormitory. Right in the middle of the study hall area there was a fold-down stage so you could put the stage down for entertainment and put it back up and it was a study hall. It was very mindful of space-economy.

At the Brothers School I was the president of the Third Order Franciscans at the time. There were maybe 30 or so of us. And I got my peers to start a mission at the Villa Loretto. The Villa started at about the same time I was a student at the Brothers School. And those nuns were cooks here. They bought that

property and they asked if we'd help out. So on Saturdays I'd take some of my classmates and we'd go to the Villa and help out the guys with cleaning themselves and their rooms. That was kind of our apostolate of the Third Order.

I also played on the varsity basketball team. I didn't get to play much because we had a guy from New York, Bob Banta. He was 6' 8". It was the first time in history that St. Lawrence Brothers School beat St. Lawrence Seminary in basketball. We had all the plays. We'd just throw the ball up in the air and Bob would dunk it every time!

I graduated in 1966 and I went to Novitiate, but I had to have nine more months of candidature because they didn't recognize the Brothers School as a place of candidature. Guys who went to St. Lawrence were nine months ahead of me!

After Novitiate I was going to go into maintenance. Those were the years when the Rector was going with North Central Accreditation. To get certified as a high school through North Central Accreditation, they needed a shop teacher. And that's how I came about at St. Lawrence. The Rector asked if I would go on to study Technology, Industrial Arts and Safety. So instead I went to University of Wisconsin at Stout to get my degree and teaching certification. I graduated August 16, 1971, and the following Monday I was teaching here already.

In those early years of my teaching I was out in Montana for a couple of summers helping out at St. Labre and they were looking for a shop teacher also. I told the Provin-

cial Council to make the decision—assign me there or assign me here; I'd accept either one. They kept me here. So that's how I got into teaching and came to be at SLS. It's all by invitation that I've been doing what I've been doing. And I've stayed here ever since.

I've learned it's all about generosity with your time—you never know what you're going to be called to do. The kids always kept you young and active.

When I first started the shop I had nothing. Where I teach now, it had been a refurbished recreation room. They had bowling down there, a boxing punching bag, ping-pong, billiards, all in that area. Over time I built it up. Think about the kind of shop I have today!

I teach in the shop still. We are doing small projects and I am teaching drafting. Drafting is a mixture of Computer Aided Design (CAD) and Computer Aided Manufacturing and hand drawing. I'm showing them the relationship between the two. I'm showing how important it is to do the pencil work. After they get that done, we give them a little taste of what the computers can do. You can't get rid of the handwork because the computer's only as smart as the person putting the information in.

I've been busy, but it's been going good. It's fun because you can teach a little engineering and the CAD. And I'm learning, because I've never used CAD before. And it's fun because you can see the relationship between the computer and the pencil. Everything in the industry is all done on computers, but I'm told that they still have some pencil work. ■

(Left) Br. John helps students with a project, much as he has done for hundreds of students at St. Lawrence for nearly 50 years!

Peter Kolar '91

My faith and musical formation “grew up” hand-in-hand. My father is a self-taught musician who played accordion, and by age seven I was performing alongside my brothers and sisters in our family polka band. We would play around the Detroit area at festivals and large events.

But we also played regularly in church and so I became familiar with sacred repertoire at an early age. As a second-grader, I played the piano for my own First Communion Mass. By middle school, I was the regular Sunday pianist at our parish in Warren, MI.

My musical skills have been very much shaped by the liturgy: to accompany and lead a congregation in song simultaneously requires a unique skill set, combining a command of the musical arts with a keen sense of timing, anticipation, and knowledge of the ritual requirements. Historically, the liturgy has fostered the art of improvisation, and in that tradition, I also learned to improvise “on the spot,” creating music in the moment that is both beautiful for God and prayerful for the gathered faithful.

My years at St. Lawrence were crucial both to my life trajectory, and specifically to my musical and liturgical formation. I arrived at St. Lawrence as a freshman with church music experience and soon became the regular accompanist for the choir under Fr. Joseph Diermeier, as well as for most prayers and Masses during my four years as a student. Although I didn’t take formal lessons while at Calvary, this musical engagement was enough to get me into Interlochen National Music

Camp during the summers; later I auditioned and got accepted as a piano performance major at Northwestern University School of Music. I made my audition tape on the chapel Steinway. One of my fondest memories of SLS is playing the piano in an empty chapel, alone in the dark, with only God as the sole listener.

As students can attest, celebrating mass in the SLS chapel on a Sunday and hearing the voices resound in song is like no other feeling. That is a taste of the vibrant worship—the full and active participation—envisioned by our church. We got to experience that at St. Lawrence, and probably didn’t even realize at the time how wondrous that setting was. Few parish communities can boast that level of fervor and joy in their assemblies. In my own experience, no other place has ever felt the way SLS does when it sings and prays in that most hallowed of spaces.

Looking back on the musical landscape of those formative years, it’s amazing to think I would go on to be part of the very publisher that produced the hymnals we held, and that I’d work with the very composers whose music we sang. One of our choir favorites was a song called “Sow the Word” by Steven Janco, whom I now call close friend and colleague; other staples included “Eye Has Not Seen” and “Gather Us In” by composer Marty Hugen, whose music I now shape and edit, along with that of many others whose songs you might recognize.

Semi-relatedly, my time as year-book editor under Br. John Willger provided me the foundation for a strong sense of graphic design that



would later be put to use as editor of the missalette and other publications used in parishes across the entire U.S.

As a husband and father of two young children, a lot of “life” is driven by the mere goal of getting through the day with work and family. It’s infrequent that I ever have time to “take a breather,” but every so often, I steal away for a few moments and sit down at the piano to relax my mind; I’ll either improvise a new song or read through a

"In my own experience, no other place has ever felt the way SLS does when it sings and prays in that most hallowed of spaces."



classical piece of music which both challenges and delights me. This occasional respite from the daily grind is a source of peace and healing for the soul, and a necessary reminder of God's presence in the grandness and mundane.

I have several new pieces for the church that will be published by GIA Publications in the coming year. I'm most excited about a new bilingual Mass setting, titled "Mass of the Sun of Justice." Look for this and other works of mine at giamusic.com. ■

(Above) Peter directs the El Paso Diocesan Choir. In 2017 he played for the beatification Mass of Fr. Solanus Casey in Detroit. His bilingual Mass setting, *Misa Luna*, was sung at the papal liturgy in Philadelphia in 2015 and he performed for the Pope's visit to the U.S. - Mexico border in 2016.

Teachers Teaching Teaching

Alumni-teachers David Gritt '56, '58 and Dr. Rick Voell '71 retired at the end of this academic year. Knowing we were losing a wealth of institutional knowledge between them, I sat down with them and asked for their stories and advice.

with: Anthony Van Asten '01

Anthony: What's different about St. Lawrence today?

Dave: Well, Fr. Maurice would walk up and down the center aisle, never used a book, and he would just talk history. Back and forth. That's how a lot of teachers did it. He didn't care what we did. I heard stories about the



back of the room. I didn't look, but they were playing cards and stuff like that. We were seated alphabetically. You didn't ever ask to go the bathroom. Never. Never asked to go to the bathroom. That wasn't done. And if you had something to do, you did it between classes.

We had that rule of silence, *Summum Silentium*, that you didn't talk after 7:00 in the evening. And you didn't get to talk again until after breakfast in the morning. You had to sit quiet during breakfast. That's the way it was.

Rick: So what was different in the 60s? The numbers were different, because there were 120 that started in the freshman class. Then there would be the attrition by the time we got to graduation of 40. The admissions people would just keep throwing mud against the wall and see what sticks. So I was one of the sticky mud pieces.

We could drive our cars up here. I remember driving up from Milwaukee. You couldn't leave once you were here, you had to wait until the free weekend.

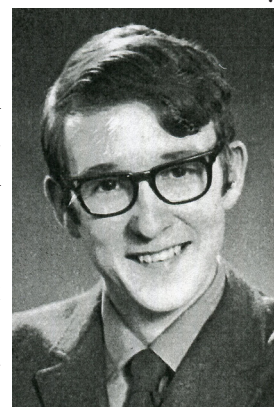
Dave: We couldn't have cars up here.

Rick: Yeah, you couldn't talk, couldn't have cars! You couldn't go the bathroom! Life was tough back in the day, Dave!

Dave: That's right. There were rules!

Anthony: Did you notice a lop-sided balance in the student population if you had 40 seniors and 120 freshmen?

Rick: That was not an issue because there were so many Capuchins on staff. Work crews were led by Capuchins. I remember very stringent rules for work crews with Caps walking around with their white gloves to check for dust up on window ledges. Discipline in dorms was different when they were around, but when they weren't around it was a free-for-all, sometimes. For example, I remember in the old St. Anthony Hall—it was a huge dormitory hall. Great football games in there. We used to push the beds together to make room. We'd have a good time!



Anthony: Who were your favorite teachers?

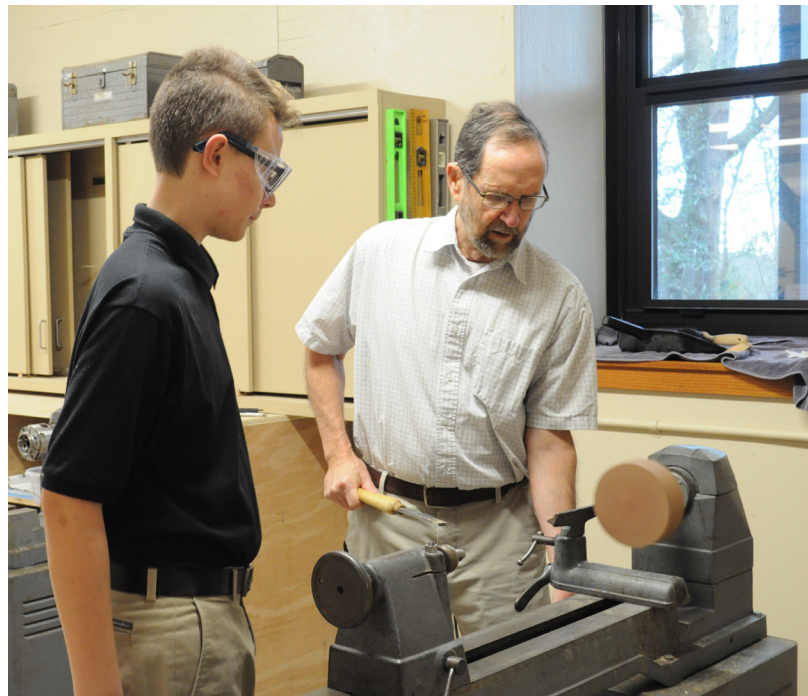
Dave: Well, I liked Fr. Alcuin. He was always there. Always had the right answer. He taught Latin, and you know I'm influenced by Latin. Fr. George was great. He was the one who never wore shoes in the winter time. Always barefoot. Even in the snow. He also taught Latin.

Rick: Did you take anything other than Latin while you were here?

Dave: Well, there were some faint memories of other classes.

Rick: I have a couple favorites that come to mind. Fr. Ron Smith was an English teacher for me. Fr. Werner, my German teacher. All of them, really. They all brought different gifts to the table, different teaching styles and I enjoyed them. Enjoyed all of them.

In addition to Theology, Rick helped teach in the woodshop!

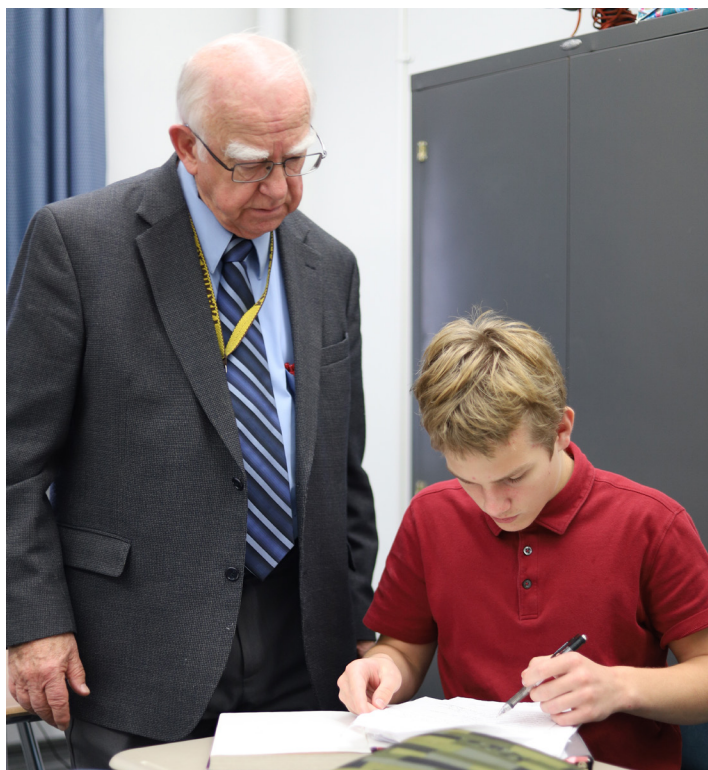


Anthony: Both of you had teaching careers before returning. Where?

Dave: I taught at Freedom High School in Wisconsin for two years. I met the Smith family there. Married Ron's sister, so that turned out well. Then I started teaching at Custer High School. I taught at Custer for 33 years. I retired in 1995. Then I did one year of subbing. Then Sr. Evangeline, the Latin teacher here, had a stroke. They needed a Latin teacher and they asked me to try it out for one year. Started in the fall of '96, and that one year turned into 24 years.

Rick: I taught religion at Thomas Moore High School for three years. I met my wife Carol at St. Ben's at the meal program. From there we were missionaries for a couple of years. And then I was in parish ministry at St. Mary's in Fond du Lac for 15 years. When they were going through parish consolidation in Fond du Lac, this was in 1999, moving into 2000, I thought, "I don't really want to be a part of that." Carol was teaching at Marian and Dennis Druggan had asked if she wanted to teach up here, because he needed a theology teacher. She said no. Then one Sunday up here for Mass with my son Matt, Dennis' homily just triggered something. So after Mass, I'm on my way over to ask him and he asks, "You want to work at St. Lawrence?" That was in 2000. I started the second semester.

Anthony: What are your fondest memories about your time teaching at St. Lawrence?



Dave: With me it would be success stories with young men who wound up becoming priests or doctors. I'm thinking of Jack Tierney. He had a perfect score on the National Latin Exam. Now he is an Augustinian priest in Kenosha.

Rick: I have a lot of them from ministry trips and mission trips and retreats. Just seeing guys' worlds open up, connecting what they saw on ministry trips or mission trips to social justice concerns. Those are all really powerful experiences for me.

Anthony: What advice would you give to me, a fellow alumnus-teacher?

Dave: It's a matter of hanging in there. There is a tendency, when the kids aren't doing quite what you want, to get burned out a little bit.

Rick: At faculty meetings, I think back to when I was a student and I think, "lighten up! Remember, they're just kids." I think at times we have these expectations that we have to have this ideal product. We don't have to have the ideal product. So, being patient with student development, with adolescent development. Be a voice of reason as an alum teacher. Have an understanding of what goes on here from a student perspective. I think that's very, very important. ■

Dave's one year commitment to SLS became 24!

Hero's Heroes



STUDENT SPOTLIGHT:

JUDE STIER '21

#34

Height: 6' 2"

Position: Forward

19-20 Season by the numbers:

TOTAL POINTS: 87

GAME HIGH: 17

TOTAL REBOUNDS: 93

TOTAL STEALS: 16

TOTAL ASSISTS: 15

"Jude is usually the first one at practice and last to leave. He works hard to improve his game and is very supportive to his teammates."

- Coach Chad Dowland



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Father to Son

Recently, Wayne Nolte '95, passed on his SLS letter jacket to his son, Zach Nolte '21. We asked Zach to sit down with his dad to talk about what this meant to him.



Zach: When you bought this letter jacket, did you ever imagine your son would wear it at SLS?

Wayne: No. No I did not!

Z: How was SLS different in your day?

W: The general structure is the same, such as discipline and campus life. The buildings have changed. You've moved up in conference for sports. The academic standards are as high if not higher from when I went there 27 years back.

Z: What was your letter for?

W: I lettered and pinned in basketball.

Z: What kind of student were you?

W: As a student, it was a struggle for a kid going from a public school with low academic standards to a private one. I had to work extra hard to maintain good grades. Although there were always days I could have worked harder.

Z: What do you hope I get out of my SLS experience?

W: I hope that you get a solid education and to be helped being formed into a man, socially and spiritually.

Z: What does it mean to you that your son is wearing your jacket today?

W: It's a proud "dad moment," not just that you're at SLS, but also that you were able to letter in a sport and add your letter on the jacket with mine. Not everyone is able to letter in a sport and I'm proud of you for doing that. ■

Still have your letter jacket? Send a picture of you with it to sonsofcalvary@stlawrence.edu. Include your name, city and graduation year!

Daughters of Sons of Calvary

ON RAISING A WOULD-BE
SLS CANDIDATE

by: Andrew Welhouse '00

I have a three-year old who would be perfect for St. Lawrence.

Attentive, thoughtful, willing to try new things, prayerful, raised in Catholic education, and part of a three-generation legacy at St. Lawrence.

Possible future Cross Country star, Forensics champion, Class President, maybe even Valedictorian Hilltopper? The possibilities are endless!

There's just one problem.

She's a girl.

I graduated 20 years ago, and every single day, I think about St. Lawrence's impact on me... and on my daughter. I know it's every day, because two of the nightly lullabies I sing her are "Halle Halle Halle" (the St. Lawrence Halleluiahs we sang at Sunday mass) and "Salve Regina" (the Sunday evening prayer a capella). Thanks to St. Lawrence, I still know every note by heart, even 20 years after graduation.

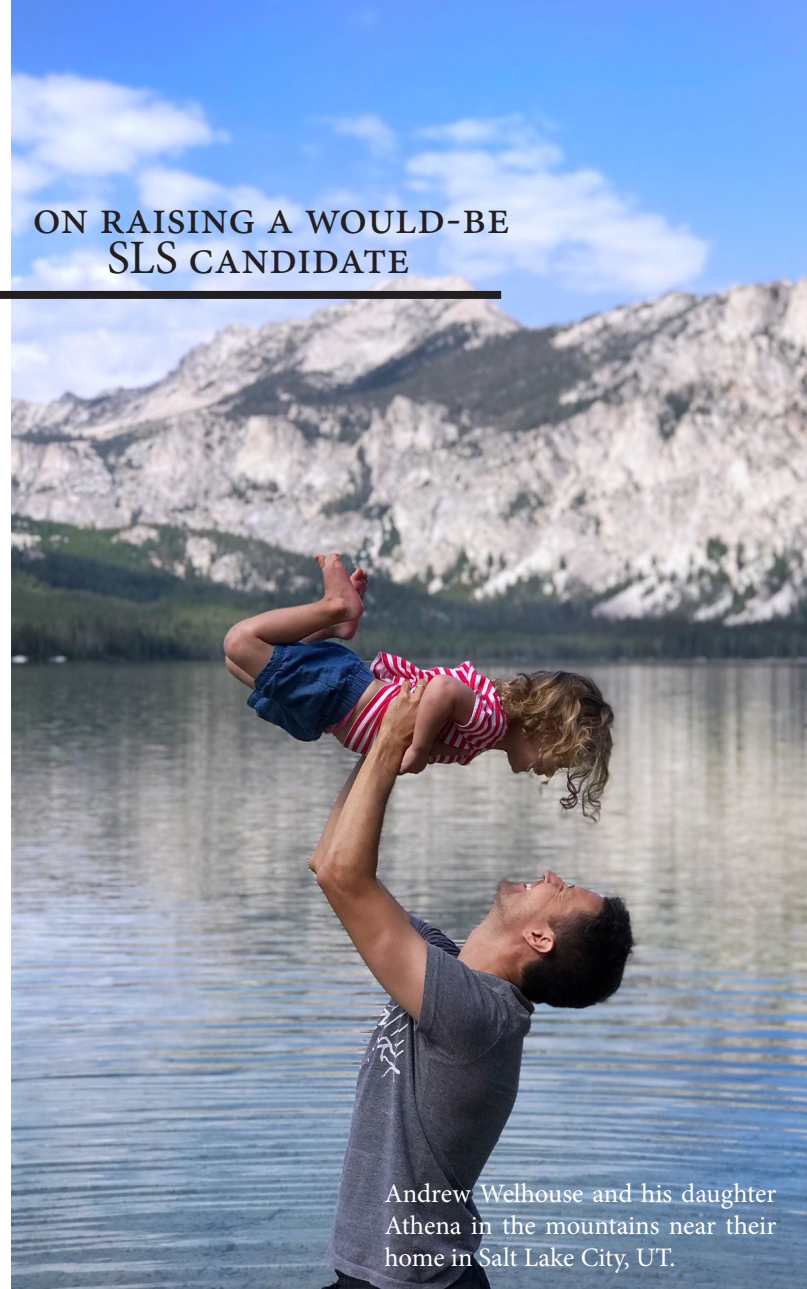
And it's deeper than that for her. Her mom and I met through St. Lawrence. Her godfather is one of my SLS brothers. Her uncle Mark is a SLS grad, and countless other "uncles" (related or not) as well. To her, Dr. Welhouse isn't the chemistry and physics teacher... he's Grandpa Welhouse. She has two treasured stuffed animals, gifts from that same grandpa, who proudly represent around our house in SLS hoodies.

St. Lawrence is a part of her present, even if a weekend visit isn't in her future.

And it's deeper than that for me, too. Many of my formative thoughts about how to treat women (aka, to high-school me, the most terrifying thing in the world) came from St. Lawrence: the definition of love we all memorized (Love is not a feeling; love is an act of the will. Love takes over when the feeling fails, when the beloved is no longer even lovable); "Think of Me"; social skills; and the Cross Country and Forensics meets that made up 100% of my interaction with the opposite sex.

I think about the lessons, the hobbies, and the lifelong friends that came from St. Lawrence fondly.

But I know that my daughter (girl) won't be follow-



Andrew Welhouse and his daughter Athena in the mountains near their home in Salt Lake City, UT.

ing in my footsteps.

In the back of my mind, every other high school will be a second-best option, through no fault of its own. And I'm jealous of the special bond that my friends have with their own sons... future seminarians from the day they were born.

But in the front of my mind, gratitude.

Gratitude for the lessons from St. Lawrence, at a fragile and emotional time of a young man's life, that put me on the path to being a better father and husband.

Gratitude for St. Lawrence's impact on my daughter's relationship with her father, and her relationship with Our Father.

And gratitude that no matter where she goes for high school, the values of St. Lawrence (and a few of the songs) will be a part of her for the rest of her life: the daughter of a son of Calvary. ■

SWEET MEMORIES

The Spirit of St. Lawrence

by: Glen Bogdon '55



It wasn't Camelot

Physically, Camelot was about 4000 miles away, and in time, it was several centuries removed. However, in spirit, there were many similarities with Camelot. In the 1950s, the school was called St. Lawrence Seminary (SLS). There was a high school, the first two years of college and a 'specials year' in which the students learned Latin, Latin and more Latin. All students were planning to be priests.

The most distinguishing feature about SLS was the 'spirit' of the students and faculty. It was not a rah-rah type of spirit. It was a spirituality in the mode of St. Francis of Assisi. It was an easy friendliness of helping one another, of sharing with each other and complimenting your opponents and teammates after a hard fought athletic battle.

The administration always brought back the returning students a day ahead of the new students. By example, the returning students introduced the new students to the 'spirit' of St. Francis from the first day and thereby passed on the 'spirit'.

Starting in September, 1953, I was fortunate to spend two years in the college division at SLS and able to carry with me some of the 'spirit' which enrobed me during my time there.

As I approached retirement a few years ago, I was asked to volunteer at Clement Manor Health Care Center (CMHCC) where my mother was a resident. I happily discovered St. Francis again. CMHCC had the same 'spirit' as SLS. My volunteer time is spent in doing what I am able to do. I am happy and fulfilled as a volunteer. The non-classroom lessons I learned at SLS are still handy today.

Camelot survives in fiction. SLS survives in my heart. ■

GLEND BOGDON IS A RETIRED DENTIST FROM THE MILWAUKEE AREA. LAST YEAR HE WAS AWARDED THE COMMUNITY OUT-REACH AWARD BY THE WISCONSIN DENTAL ASSOCIATION. (LEFT) HE SENT US PHOTOS OF HIMSELF (TOP) AND SOME CLASSMATES PLAYING FOOTBALL "...ONE AFTERNOON IN AUTUMN, 1954."

HAVE A STORY TO TELL OR A MEMORY YOU WOULD LIKE TO SHARE? WRITE TO US OR SEND AN EMAIL AT: sonsofcalvary@stlawrence.edu

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