Lighting the torch

From teenagers in Belize to undergrads at Harvard, alumni teachers are improving lives.
The Memorare Society was established for members of our community who wish to include Cistercian in their financial plans through bequests, trusts, wills, or other means. It’s a wonderful way for people to include the school as part of their long-term financial planning.

As a member of the Memorare Society, you’ll enable us to continue educating Cistercian students and the Abbey’s young monks for many years. All while ensuring your legacy with Cistercian for generations to come. After all, Memorare means “remember.”

To find out if the Memorare Society is right for you and your family, simply contact Jennifer Rotter in the Development Office today. All enquiries are welcome. Call 469-499-5406, or send an email to jrotter@cistercian.org.
Inspired and inspiring individuals

Alumni, teachers, and students working to improve the lives of others

Inspiration — whether you think of biblical inspiration or the inspiration for which Homer prays at the beginning of his epics — is a divine gift to an individual who in turn uses his gift to compose a text that inspires others. Speaking of St. Benedict, Pope St. Gregory the Great says that the Holy Spirit also inspires individuals, saints, so that their very lives become a "text" that speaks of God’s marvelous deeds in our world today.

You can “read” the life of a saintly person, such as St. Benedict, and learn of God’s justice, his providential care, his care, his forgiveness, and his desire to share His life with us all.

In this issue of The Continuum, you will “read” the lives of alumni, teachers, and current students. Each of the stories about an “inspired” teacher or student should in turn inspire us.

volume 33, number 2

An awakening

In Form III’s Mock Trial, students grapple with the law, moral theology, and preconceptions about themselves and each other.

Lighting the torch

Educated and formed for eight years by a devoted Cistercian faculty, many alumni choose to follow in their teachers’ footsteps.

Following his heart

Peter Rose ’74 left corporate sales to teach autistic high school students.

In our lead feature, David Stewart ’74 introduces us to a number of alumni teachers who are going to extraordinary lengths to improve the lives of others. Peter Rose ’74 left a cushy corporate sales job in 2001 to begin helping autistic high school students in the Dallas ISD make significant strides. Evan Cleveland ’97 teaches writing to children in Houston ISD elementary schools. But he also teaches young cancer patients at the MD Anderson pediatric oncology unit, helping them learn how to read their own lives and respond to those lives with joy.

Form III English teacher and Department Head Jackie Greenfield uses the Mock Trial to inspire Third Formers to conduct research, build an argument, weigh a moral dilemma, and evaluate their ability (as well as the ability of their classmates) to perform under pressure.

Our sports section offers glimpses into inspired and inspiring efforts by our basketball players, swimmers, and soccer players.

So many Cistercian students, alumni, and teachers have been inspired to improve the lives of others. I hope that the good they are doing will inspire us all to similar acts of love in our lives.

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Cover photography: Jim Reisch

Cistercian Preparatory School was founded with the aim of preparing talented boys for the colleges of their choice by challenging their minds with excellent academic programs, molding their character through the values of Catholic education, and offering them guidance with both understanding and discipline. Cistercian Preparatory School does not discriminate on the basis of race, color, national or ethnic origin in the administration of its educational practices, admissions, scholarship programs, and athletic and other school administered programs.
The Cistercian Abbey and School announced in February the acquisition of a 20-acre tract of land adjacent to the campus. The purchase, which had been contemplated for a number of years, insulates the abbey and school from any development that might occur between the school and Tom Braniff Road.

“The purchase also offers a chance to expand programs at the abbey (e.g., a retreat house) and at the school (e.g., athletic facilities),” said Abbot Denis Farkasfalvy.

The expected widening of State Highway 114 served as a spur to complete the purchase. “This purchase secures additional or alternative routes of access for the Abbey and the School,” the abbot said in reference to some of the new highway plans that would eliminate the Cistercian Road exit. Additional development between Cistercian and Tom Braniff Road also could aggravate flooding in the creek that runs along the driveway to the school. While such eventualities are not considered imminent, the purchase provides Cistercian officials with flexibility to adjust to external factors.

The purchase comes 10 years after the 1995 acquisition of 25 acres (nine on the east and 16 between the creek and the railroad tracks) that were required to expand athletic, art, and music facilities. “The purchase gives Cistercian 80 acres now, a plot of land appropriate for a school of 350 boys and an abbey of 30 monks,” Fr. Peter Verhalen ’73 told those assembled at the Moroney Award Dinner on February 24.

Finding himself among the 100,000 or so people who appeared in Baton Rouge after hurricane Katrina, Rod Walter ’83 can appreciate more than most the meaning of this magazine’s name (‘continuum’ is a Latin word denoting connectedness, a never-failing succession from part to part in a chain, the immediate closeness of each member to the rest).

Stuck in Baton Rouge in an empty house owned by a friend, the Walters faced a difficult task: their street in New Orleans was under eight feet of water; fortunately, theirs is a sturdy two-story home, with the living area on the second floor, nine feet above ground. Even so, all of the garage and utilities space had been underwater for ten days, the roof and ceiling were heavily damaged, and the ‘refrigerator saga’ had ruined the kitchen floor.

Walter’s father, long-time faculty member Rodney Walter, had already sent supplies, including air mattresses and linens—Rod, his wife Paulette, and their daughters, Maria (age six) and Molly (age three), were sleeping on the floor.

More help, however, was just a phone call away. To help his son’s family, the senior Walter phoned one of his son’s classmates. Brent Bulger ’83 said that he would see what he could do. After all, he said, “if a good friend calls you and asks you to help his son, you get busy.”

Bulger called James Hartnett, (a board member and father of classmate Jay Hartnett ’83); Mr. Hartnett suggested Bulger contact other board members and let
Outpouring of love
Fr. Henry’s life of selflessness remembered

Fr. Henry Marton passed away gracefully on the morning of January 30. His brother, Fr. Bernard Marton, who had administered last rites the night before, was at his side.

Having served as form master for four classes (1972, 1980, 1988, 1996) and having taught at the Prep School until 2003, his passing impacted many.

Attendance at his rosary and funeral reflected just how many lives he touched.

In his homily, Abbot Denis Farkasfalvy said that Fr. Henry’s “patience was irresistible, his charm was disarming, his preference for you versus himself made it impossible for us not to respond by kindness to his kindness, by gentleness to his gentleness.”

While Fr. Henry had suffered from both Addison’s Disease and Parkinson’s for many years, it was a fall in the abbey two years ago that prompted the decline and weakened his condition dramatically.

But as Fr. Henry’s body grew weaker, his ministry of love appeared to grow stronger.

“In his voice and often could not effectively communicate with his visitors, his brother, Fr. Henry Marton, at the funeral Mass.

None of these requests, however, were made on Cistercian’s behalf. Struck by the rapid success, Bulger arranged for an email to be sent to current parents. Although none knew Rod Walter directly, dozens of parents responded to Bulger’s message, and a donation was also made on the school’s behalf. As word spread, donations came in from other alumni as well.

The Class of ’83, the board, the administration, the parents, alumni—only one link was missing.

Fr. Peter Verhalen notified Bulger of a student effort to collect funds for Catholic Charities (a similar effort raised money for tsunami victims last year). Once the students, spearheaded by Kyle Moroney ’12, heard about Rod Walter’s plight, the boys decided they would rather help a fellow Cistercian family member, so they donated several hundred dollars (and one large bag of coins) to the Fund.

Thanks to the quick action of the Cistercian Community, the Walter clan moved back into their home just before Christmas.

“Though there are plenty of ups and downs from day to day,” Walter said recently, “things do appear to be on a gradual but consistent upward trend.” Only a couple of other families on their block have returned to their homes.

“I am deeply grateful to the Cistercian Community for its support,” Walter said. “It is wonderful that this extended family came to our aid in our time of need.”

— Andrew Gregg ’01

Fr. Bernard Marton takes a moment with the casket of his brother, Fr. Henry Marton, at the funeral Mass.

Texas Visual Arts Assoc.
Cistercian artists make a splash at prestigious show

The art of Cistercian students was greeted warmly by the judges in one of the state’s most prestigious high school art competitions.

This year’s competition conducted by the Texas Visual Art Association reviewed 1,056 works submitted by artists from 40 North Texas schools (both public and private).

Judges accepted 215 works for exhibition at the Visual Arts Building at the University of Texas at Dallas from February 18 - March 12.

Cistercian artists submitted 10 pieces, of which nine were accepted, well above the 20 percent average. The nine pieces
The 14th annual Jim and Lynn Moroney Award Dinner won’t soon be forgotten. James M. Moroney, Jr. attended the dinner to watch his son, James M. Moroney III ’74, accept the Moroney Award as Cistercian’s alumnus of the year.

The evening was hosted by Oscar Arras ’78, president of the Cistercian Alumni Association at the Tower Club in downtown Dallas.

In introducing Moroney, Peter Rose ’74 recalled years of mischief, some of which he suggested was off limits due to a “blood oath.”

Moroney joked that in helping to establish the Jim and Lynn Moroney Award, he had stipulated that he would never accept the award.

“I can’t believe Fr. Denis actually believed me,” he said. “I began to feel like the Susan Lucci of Cistercian.”

Moroney also clearly enjoyed regaling the assembled with tales from yesteryear, like the time he found his desk had been relocated to the center of the football field.

Moroney saluted his parents in accepting the award that recognized his many contributions to the school, which includes 25 years on the School Board (he was the first alumnus named to the board).

Moroney started raising money for the school while still in his twenties, when he and Jere Thompson ’74 led the capital campaign to build the Science Center.

Most recently, he spearheaded the formation of the School’s Planned Giving program, the Memorare Society.

Moroney established the Jim and Lynn Moroney Award in 1993 to honor his parents.

The Artsy schools

Cistercian was one of eight schools to pick up multiple awards in the 2006 Texas Visual Arts Association competition.

- Trinity Christian: 8
- Creekview HS: 4
- Allen HS: 3
- Cistercian: 3
- R.L Turner HS: 3
- Academy of Irving: 2
- Flower Mound HS: 2
- Greenhill School: 2

From the 215 works accepted for the exhibition, judges selected 35 award winners.

One of Patrick Romeo’s pieces won third place in the competition and a second won a juror’s award. A piece by Will Murchison won the Dean Krantz award, which includes scholarship money.

“I am very proud of my students’ artistic achievements,” commented Roberto Munguia, Cistercian’s resident artist and art teacher. “Competitions and exhibitions are steps along their way toward even greater successes, and the boys deserve the best for their hard work and dedication.”

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S

OFTEN [YOUR] HEART AND BREATHE IT IN,”
friend and fellow WITS (Writers in the Schools) col-
league Stacy Aab advised Evan Cleveland ’97. She
wanted him to inhale the sorrow he was feeling and then
“breathe back out something opposite – love, healing, something.”
Cleveland needed some sound advice at this moment. For a year
he had taught creative writing to young cancer patients at MD
Anderson Cancer Center in Houston without losing a student.
But now Jeronimo, a bright and freckled 14-year-old from
Colombia who had been receiving treatment for acute lymphocytic
leukemia for a year, had died.
Jeronimo’s death and Aab’s advice reinforced Cleveland’s belief
in modifications he had already made in his teaching methods,
changes he hoped might inspire these special students to write.
“The repertoire of skills I [had] hoped to utilize in a typical class-
room seemed trite for students hovering between recovery and com-
plication,” he wrote in an article for Writers in the Schools. So
Cleveland reduced the emphasis on writing techniques (which plays a
key role in his work with first-through-third graders in Houston’s pub-
lic schools), and aimed simply to help the patients express their feel-
ings and unburden their hearts.
“I brought poetry that reflected emotional turmoil and paradox,”
Cleveland explained. “We read about the meanings of places, the
passage and return of time and seasons, how memories could collide
with the present. I focused less on a structured pre-write and more
on a free discussion that I could shift into a natural exchange.
“I purposely began the lessons by rambling about single
moments in my life … and I openly dissected complex feelings I’d
felt in different situations and what had caused them.
“One by one, my handful of students surrendered their own experi-
cences with the same honesty. The poetry on those days followed differ-
ent paths and shapes from student to student. Regardless of the writing’s
quality, we had created a quiet place to expose and explore our lives and
emotions. That space might last for just a heartbeat; other days it
stretched on. The depth of their work didn’t matter so much as the con-
nections we made through conversation to those intimate places.”
Through WITS and Cleveland’s caring help, young cancer
patients at MD Anderson have found a voice to express their feel-
ings and a means to elevate their spirits.

“TEACHING IS SOMETHING THAT’S IN MY BLOOD,” said
Br. Augustine Hoelke ’00, who joined the Cistercian monastery last
summer. “The most important reason why I’ve chosen teaching is
my mother. She taught elementary school for most of my life.
“I saw the dedication she put into it, and it was inspiring. She
always took extra time, effort, energy, and imagination to embellish
the basic curriculum for her kids. She didn’t consider teaching to be
just a day job and a paycheck.
“She let herself care about the kids to the extent that she couldn’t
help talking about them at home with me and the family.
“For me, the hardest part of being a teacher is not being one yet.
I live just a two-minute walk from the Prep School and have many
friends just out of college who are enjoying their first experience of
teaching. Meanwhile, I have to wait patiently until my formation as
a monk and priest is complete and until my university education is
complete, before I can begin my new education as a teacher.”
“Teaching is a vocation,” suggested Greg Novinski ’82, “a hum-
bling gift. What I teach doesn’t always seem as important as the fact
that I am teaching.”
## Alumni in education

From elementary to graduate level, from the culinary arts to Chemistry

(The names of those currently serving in education have been bolded.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Full/part time</th>
<th>Years in teaching</th>
<th>Recent level</th>
<th>Subject</th>
<th>Recent Institution</th>
<th>Location</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gary Cunningham</td>
<td>72</td>
<td>Part</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>College, graduate</td>
<td>Architecture</td>
<td>Univ. of Texas</td>
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<tr>
<td>Peter Verhalen</td>
<td>73</td>
<td>Full</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>5-12</td>
<td>English, Latin</td>
<td>Cistercian</td>
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<td>Billy Hassell</td>
<td>74</td>
<td>Part</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>College</td>
<td>Art</td>
<td>University of Texas</td>
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<td>Trip Aldredge</td>
<td>75</td>
<td>Part</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>College</td>
<td>Entertainment law</td>
<td>Middle Tenn. St. U.</td>
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<td>Roger Rounsaville</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>8-10</td>
<td>Eng. Lit &amp; Chemistry</td>
<td>Expatriate school</td>
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<td>Mark Mrozek</td>
<td>79</td>
<td>Full</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>High school</td>
<td>Mathematics</td>
<td>ESD</td>
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<td>80</td>
<td>Part</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>Business Ethics</td>
<td>Cistercian</td>
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<td>Michael Manson</td>
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<td>Full</td>
<td>NA</td>
<td>College</td>
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<td>NA</td>
<td>Tango dancing</td>
<td>Salon Pavadita</td>
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<td>Vocational</td>
<td>Navy training</td>
<td>US Navy</td>
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<td>Full</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>5-12</td>
<td>Track, football</td>
<td>Oakridge</td>
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<td>86</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>Vocational</td>
<td>Computer app. dev.</td>
<td>Learning Tree Int’l</td>
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<td>Football</td>
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<td>Finance</td>
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<td>Cross Country</td>
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† Deceased

We apologize for any errors in this list. Please send corrections to scook@cistercian.org.
As with Br. Augustine, teaching is a family affair for Novinski. Members of the Novinski clan have been teaching alongside Cistercians continuously since 1957, when Lyle Novinski and wife Sybil first moved to Texas.

Lyle Novinski had become friends with a Cistercian priest named Fr. Philip Szeitz while the two were completing their graduate degrees in art together at Marquette University in Milwaukee. A year after coming to Texas to establish the art department at the brand new University of Dallas, Fr. Philip rang Lyle Novinski in Milwaukee and asked him to come down and teach at UD.

The Novinskis decided to give Texas a try for maybe a year. Nearly fifty years later, UD could hardly manage without them.

Through their four sons, the Novinskis also have created a dynasty at Cistercian. In addition to Greg, who serves as a form master and dean of students, David Novinski ’90 directs the Upper School dramas. Brother Mike Novinski ’81 teaches in Columbia, MS. Stefan Novinski ’88 has become a sought-after director in LA, but so far has resisted offers to teach.

Br. Augustine, along with his classmate Br. Philip Neri Lastimosa ’00 and Fr. Peter Verhalen ’73, belong to another family of teachers, most of whom speak with a Hungarian accent.

This family grew by leaps and bounds between the 1880s and the 1940s when the Cistercian schools of Hungary regularly graduated students who then returned as monks and teachers.

The phenomenon crossed the Atlantic when Fr. Louis Lekai and Fr. Anselm Nagy, both 1934 graduates of the Cistercian school in Budapest, established an American foundation of the Abbey of Zirc. Among the 38 Hungarians who followed them to Our Lady of Victory, the abbey has housed a number of teacher-student pairs, and even a significant succession of form masters.

This triumvirate started with Fr. Placid Csizmazia, a brilliant Cistercian student who never earned a grade lower than an A, even as a university student. At the Cistercian school in Budapest, he served as the form master for Andras Kereszty (Fr. Roch).

Once Fr. Placid arrived in Dallas, he helped formalize the curriculum of the Prep School and taught German to a precocious language student named Peter Verhalen, whose form master was Fr. Roch.

Fr. Roch has since served as form master for four more classes; Fr. Peter has served as form master for three.

“As a young person who has realized the calling of his life,” suggested Novinski, who is creating a teaching/form mastering branch of his own, “you become energized with confidence that you are headed down the right path and that God will help you down that path. The things you can’t fully see at that time are the crosses that you will bear in order to follow that path or the fullness of joy you will receive.”

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Echoes of black and white

Fr. Henry taught me the importance of patience and Fr. Matthew taught me to not take myself too seriously.

— Mark Woelfle ’80

The one important lesson I have learned from Cistercian is stability – the key to positively impacting someone’s life is to always be present and to let them know you will always be there for them.

— Chris Marcellus ’84

Expect a lot from your students. They don’t raise the bar much higher anywhere than I saw in my eight years at Cistercian.

— Mark Mrozek ’79

The best lives are centered on finding and accomplishing “good” work. I learned that simple but profound truth by witnessing the lives of the monks and the faculty of Cistercian.

— Tom Molanphy ’89

With so many great role models at Cistercian, it is not surprising so many alumni follow in their footsteps.

— Chris Kribs-Zaleta ’85

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T HE NEWS SHOCKED THE ENTIRE HARVARD campus.

On February 22, 2004, student Anthony Fonseca was found dead in his Winthrop House room. This, the second suicide in the house in little over a year, brought the number of suicides by Harvard students since 1990 to 12.

Suddenly, the importance and difficulty of Jim von der Heydt’s job increased exponentially. Not only is he a lecturer in history and literature at Harvard, but he also serves as Allston Burr Senior Tutor. In this capacity, von der Heydt ’92 and his family live in Winthrop House so that he may counsel the 400 or so sophomores, juniors, and seniors living there as their resident dean.

Immediately, he began working to steady the students’ shaky psyches; his first mission was to inform personally Winthrop residents who had close relationships with Fonseca.

“That was an important part of making sure that people were able to feel this event in the context of a relationship and a House setting,” he told the Harvard Crimson two days after event. “The way that the news comes matters – I really tried to talk to people in person.”

Von der Heydt brought in professionals from University Health Services the night of the tragedy to talk about the death, and arranged for counselors to be on hand during dinner for several days thereafter.

He offered to visit with students in his office about the tragedy night or day; he organized a house gathering on the one-week anniversary, and a campus-wide event four days later.

“The main thing to do as a House in the aggregate is to get people together,” von der Heydt explained to the Crimson. “That’s a big part of it, that everyone looks out for each other in times like this.”

To ensure he was reaching everyone with his message, he broadcast emails to each of Winthrop’s residents.

“I want to say a word of appreciation and admiration of your great courage and mutual care in this difficult moment,” he wrote in one email.

“It’s a moment that will continue to echo in ways that are hard to anticipate – please be very alert to yourselves and each other, and know that even apparently unrelated issues will now be intensified. I stand ready to help with every aspect of your lives together and your lives as students; please do not hesitate to be in touch with me no matter how minor or complex your concerns of the moment seem. They are important to me.”

“I wanted to help students keep connected,” von der Heydt reflected recently. “I wanted to tell folks that the college is not just the place where these tragedies took place, the college is also the community that will help them deal with it.”

It is no accident that Cistercian influences appear woven into Von der Heydt’s thoughtful work.

“I remember Fr. Peter’s clear, organized mind, his
**Editor’s note: The names of the students in this story have been changed.**

JULIO APPEARS AGITATED. Rocking back and forth, the fit 22-year-old’s muscles coil, his wide eyes wander. Primal noises scream his desire to communicate, to escape the trap autism has created for him. Intermittently Julio knocks at the red boxing helmet on his head as if the next knock will magically resolve the issues in his brain. It doesn’t.

“Let’s try the vest,” Peter Rose ’74 suggested to paraprofessional Randall Lyle. Lyle and Rose have worked together for four years now at the North Dallas High School Autism Unit. The five students in their care range in age from 15 to 21, their level of autistic symptoms run the spectrum. Julio suffers from the most severe autistic condition.

The vest applies proprioceptive pressure, sending signals to Julio’s brain that resemble those created by touch, but without the physical contact that disturbs autistics who resist social interaction.

“It’s rare when we go a whole day without at least one of the students becoming agitated, having a seizure, or exploding with an outburst,” Rose explained matter-of-factly. “The challenge is to understand what they are trying to communicate. We have to read the various signs of each student. It isn’t always easy.”

Devon, a smallish African-American with a degenerative spinal condition, turns and smiles broadly at Julio. Then he returns to manipulating the wooden blocks on his desk that he occasionally deposits into the hole on top of a plastic box.

Devon and Julio have been attending school at North Dallas for seven years. This year will be their last. The DISD offers care only to those under the age of 23.

“Oh, everybody, let’s go to the group table,” Rose announces. Devon hurries over to the yellow chair, the same color as the chair at his desk. But severe mental retardation hinders his ability to participate in the exercises. He turns and watches each of the more able students with his customary smile.

“Open your books to the first page,” Rose says. He introduces this lesson on the five senses, one they’ve done countless times before.

Anna, a 14-year-old Vietnamese who enjoys being the only female in the class, mimics nearly every word Rose says.

When Rose praises her, “Very good Anna,” she echoes, “Good Anna. Good Anna.”

“What’s this?” Rose asks, holding up a lemon.

“Lemon,” answers Tommy, a tall Mexican-American. Rose says he has the skills of an engineer. He will answer most of the questions posed during the exercise. He often spends more than just teach dance.

“I teach because I see such a lack of emotional intelligence in the physicians that are graduating.”

— Dr. Kenneth Adams ’90

“TEACHING IS, WITHOUT A DOUBT, the only truly challenging career field I’ve ever experienced,” said Todd Maternowski ’93, who has served as a ballroom instructor and performer for six years.

Friends and family reacted with “enthusiastic shock and awe” at this career choice.

In addition to supervising the legal department at a financial services company during the day, Maternowski operates the Sandunga Dance Studio in Carrollton where couples or singles can learn everything from the Mambo and Meringue to the Waltz and Country/Western. Sometimes though, he’s called on to do much more than just teach dance.

“The most difficult part is reconciling those couples who are on the brink of divorce [or worse], particularly since I have no educational background or training in marriage counseling.

“Given enough time and effort,” he insisted, “dance can be an unparalleled vessel of healing, emotionally, mentally, spiritually, and lastly, physically.”

“Never, never, never have I regretted teaching,” said Mark Mrozek ’79, chairman of the mathematics department at the Episcopal School of Dallas.

“Not even on my worst days, not even on payday.”

“I enjoy ‘watching the light come on’ when a student catches on to an idea,” he said. “The other great reward is observing the long-term growth. Here at ESD (as well as at both St. Mark’s and Cistercian), teachers have the opportunity to teach students in more than one grade. I have had some students in both seventh grade and in precalculus or calculus, and the differences are pretty amazing. It’s very rewarding to see the students grow and mature.”

“Expect a lot from your students,” he insisted. “Even if they don’t do everything you ask, they’ll still accomplish much.

“They don’t raise the bar much higher anywhere,” he reflected, “than I saw in my eight years at Cistercian.”

“I teach because I see such a lack of emotional intelligence in his down time building with Lincoln Logs.

“Each student has areas in which they excel,” Rose said. “Devon has a feel and love for music. Anna, she likes everything to be in its place. She might be an interior decorator. Michael, he loves music and sports. He’d be our football player.”

Rose is referring to the 6’4”, 320 lb.

In four years since leaving corporate life, Maternowski has worked to improve the lives of autistic students and

Follow his heart.

The CONTINUUM
the physicians that are graduating,” said Dr. Kenneth Adams ’90, who teaches at UT Southwestern. “Medicine may be the last bastion where it is okay to ridicule and yell at those that work for you. This has got to change.

“The toughest part is that all my teaching is volunteer and in the case of my residents, I have to pay to have them round with me. I have never doubted my decision to teach. I love the interactions and I love it when I can prevent other doctors from making the same mistakes that I’ve made in medical and business decisions.”

“I always try to remember the unconditional love and genuine concern Fr. Roch showed for my class as a form master.”

— Daniel Setiawan ’01

MY HEAD COACH ACCUSES ME OF USING BIG words,” said Sean Phillips ’91 of his current boss at the University of Illinois-Chicago.

But Cistercian’s influence runs deeper than $5 words for the only alumus to have served as a coach of an NCAA Division I champion (the 2004 Indiana Hoosiers in men’s soccer). Specifically, soccer coach Saeid Baghvardani and football coach Tom Hillary made quite an impression.

“Even though I played for Coach Hillary only during my senior year when I kicked for the football team,” Phillips said, “his influences over my time at Cistercian are just as important as any soccer

year-old sitting at the end of the table who seems sleepy during the exercise. He focuses only when Rose addresses him directly.


“Providing structure is a big part of what we do,” Rose explained. “They need it.”

“But we’re also trying to help them build skills. We work on math, reading, and the basic skills needed for life. We hope to equip them to perform jobs in the future.”

Rose came to this profession at age 46 after decades in corporate sales.

“I had come to a crossroads in my career,” Rose remembered, “thinking if I can help people by molding their behaviors and — if the right environment exists — causes autism or how to cure it.”

Those who remember Julio from over four years ago agree. Then he was secluded in a room by himself surrounded by beanbags for his own safety. Teachers, afraid for their safety, refused to enter the room.

“I picked the most challenged child,” Rose remembered, “thinking if I can help this kid, then I can help any of these guys.”

His steady work at building a bond with Julio has paid dividends, albeit slowly. Today, outfitted with his protective head-gear, Julio sits in relative calm most of the time and gladly responds to Rose and Lyle.

Rose’s impact has not gone unnoticed.

“Michael talks about Mr. Rose all the time at home,” said Michael’s mother. “Mr. Rose is doing some heroic stuff there.”

“Peter has made a tremendous difference in my child,” said Tommy’s dad.

“I don’t see him as just a teacher,” said Tommy’s dad, “but as a developer of each child’s potential, whatever that may be. He constantly seeks ways through his experience and research to benefit our children.”

“I’ve been waiting for an opportunity to tell him how much he means to our family. He’s an unsung hero.”

Although his students can’t express their emotions, they clearly feel the same way.

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I have to pay to have them round with me. I have never doubted my decision to teach. I love the interactions and I love it when I can prevent other doctors from making the same mistakes that I’ve made in medical and business decisions.”

“I have to admit, I love developing players, winning games and building a program here at the University of Illinois-Chicago,” but his fondest memory dates back to a goalkeeper he helped at Indiana University.

“One of my responsibilities at IU was to train the goalkeepers. Jay Nolly, our starting goalkeeper, came to IU in 2000 when I did. Over the course of this time, we developed a great professional relationship that has evolved into a valued friendship with my wife and me.”

But during Indiana’s seventh NCAA championship season in 2004, the Hoosiers had their work cut out for them.

“That entire season the players and staff were dealing with two 300-pound gorillas. The first was that we were defending champions. Second, our legendary head coach Jerry Yeagley (think John
The CONTINUUM

drug overdoses, shattered families, and abusive parents.

The storybook ending to the 2004 season came down to penalty kicks in the NCAA Championship Game against the University of California at Santa Barbara Gauchos in the Home Depot Center in Los Angeles. Over 13,000 partisan UCSB fans looked on.

“Jay’s save of the fifth UCSB kick (preceded by two others) won the game and the National Championship for us,” said Phillips. “The post-game feeling was, and still is, indescribable.”

“WHY DON’T you do something important with your life?” Fr. Roch asked Daniel Setiawan ’01 over the summer of 2005. It is the kind of comment form masters make, even long after their students have graduated from Cistercian.

Setiawan had come to visit Fr. Roch after earning a B.A. in Media Studies and Anthropology from the University of Texas’ Plan II Liberal Arts program.

“I had absolutely no idea what to do with my life,” Setiawan admitted. “Well, that’s not completely true. My big plan was to return to Austin, where I had a job set up as a pool cleaner, a place, and friends waiting for me.”

Fr. Roch described an alternative course for Setiawan, a missionary school recently established in the jungles of Belize.

“I got an email over the summer inviting me down,” remembered Setiawan, “so I went.”

“My friends thought I was going on some jungle adventure and were a bit jealous,” he said. “I don’t think they really understood, but then again, I didn’t even know what I was getting into.”

The Mt. Carmel High School in Benque Viejo Del Carmen is run by a fervent, recently founded community of priests and serves as a “last chance” school (i.e., these students are being given one last chance to complete their education). Unbeknownst to Setiawan (or to Fr. Roch), the priests operating the school were nearly as unprepared to run a school as their students were to graduate from it.

 “[The priests] gave Daniel no curriculum, no textbooks, no effective guidance,” said Fr. Roch, who was appalled at the situation into which he had led Setiawan. “He alone had to figure out how to survive, how to get control of the kids, what to teach and how to teach it.”

None of this has disheartened Setiawan. He continues his attempts to spark a love of learning among the 17- to 22-year-old senior high school students whose life outside school is colored by gang violence, drug overdoses, shattered families, and abusive parents.

Setiawan refuses to blame any of his difficulties on the kids, their parents, or the school’s administrators.

“The hardest parts are definitely more internal and personal,” Setiawan insisted.

“Teaching, for me, is an incredibly humiliating experience,” he explained. “I fail repeatedly. Sometimes I lose control of my class, sometimes the kids don’t learn, sometimes the kids don’t respect me, or I get the feeling that they resent me, and I realize I am not the tough guy I thought I was.

“And from this all, I learn humility and patience. But, no matter how badly those kids beat me down, I pick myself up and work harder than ever for them, and sometimes a class does go well. I hold their attention and in their eyes I can see the spark of something clicking, and that makes all the difference.

“These brief moments redeem everything and give meaning to what I am doing. Through the self-sacrifice that teaching demands I find real Christian love, and in this Christian love there is the purest form of joy. I believe that this sort of brutal self-realization has been the hardest and most painful part of this teaching thing, but the lessons and the joys have been a real blessing.”

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS EARN LOFTY REPUTATIONS about the time some of their students become revered educators. Cistercian appears to be poised on that threshold.

Inspiring a love of learning, however, represents only part of a Cistercian teacher’s job. They also serve as conduits of character, a character which emerges not just from stories like those captured here, and not just from a robust list of alumni in education (see page 8). The virtues formed by Cistercian teachers appear in each graduate who is a loving parent, thoughtful executive or professional, committed community servant, or even enthusiastic youth coach.

In the course of providing input for this story, alumni named dozens of teachers and form masters, past and present, who helped shape their lives, careers, and characters. (Our limited space does not allow a full listing of them here.)

The legacy of all these teachers — who have dedicated their lives to lighting a love for learning in their students — continues to multiply as those students create legacies of their own as teachers.

A Cistercian student may aim no higher than to — as Fr. Roch said to Setiawan — “do something important” and emulate those who stand at the front of his classroom.

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“YOU START TO FEEL warm,” Brett Naul '04 explained in an essay describing how he felt on the witness stand during the Mock Trial in 1999.

“Then the attorney asks a question that you are required to think about. It suddenly gets hot.

“You spit out an answer and realize that it is the wrong one. You start to panic.

“You break into a sweat.”

Morals, bright lights, legal technicalities, and, of course, nerves. They all come into play when Third Formers try “The Case of the Round Table Explorers” every February in Jackie Greenfield’s English class.

Adapted from “The Case of the Speluncean Explorers” published in the Harvard Law Review in 1949, the case was embellished with pre-trial statements written by Phil Umphres (father of Will Umphres ’01 and Chris Umphres ’04).

The legal and moral issues revolve around the decisions of five explorers who become trapped in a cave after an earthquake. On day ten, their food runs out. Nine days later, the last of their water is drunk. By two-way radio, rescuers explain to the cavers that it will take another ten days to reach them. A doctor on the outside confirms their fears—the spelunkers cannot survive another ten days without food or water.

Faced with these prospects, the trapped explorers consider cannibalism. After all, they reason, why should all five perish? The group’s leader proposes using his dice as a means of determining who should perish. But after the group agrees to his proposal, he backs out. The others insist, and even roll the dice for him. He comes up short, and the leader is killed and consumed.

An awakening

In Form III’s Mock Trial, student judges, jurors, lawyers, and witnesses grapple with the law, moral theology, and preconceptions about themselves and each other.

By David E. Stewart

STATE OF TEXAS v. JOHN DOE & LARRY ROE

Five cave explorers are trapped in a cave for over 20 days when they decide that someone must die to help the other four survive. Dice are rolled but one refuses to participate. Dice are rolled for him and he comes up short. He is killed and consumed.

One of the survivors testifies for the prosecution in exchange for immunity. The crime scene investigator, the pathologist who performed the autopsy on the deceased, the chief doctor of the rescue team, and the leader of the rescue squad all submit testimony in the case.
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ENGLISH EXERCISE Jackie Greenfield believes the Mock Trial helps students hone their analytical and communication skills as they ponder a moral issue.

The gory details attract the interest of 12 and 13-year-olds like a high-definition video game. But the theatrics of the event—where students prosecute and defend, sustain and overrule, analyze and pass judgment, as well as report and video tape it—excites the students for three weeks in the dead of winter (weeks that aren’t always the most productive of the year).

The boys become riveted on the details of the testimony and dive into the preparation required to fulfill their roles in the trial.

Prepare as they might, however, questions inevitably arise that test the boys.

“Please strike Dr. Smith’s testimony from the record,” exclaimed George Adesanya ’11, an attorney for the prosecution, after creating some confusion about the doctor’s graduate degrees.

“Sustained,” agreed Judge Will Halle ’11.

“Your Honor, I request a two-minute recess,” piped up Defense Attorney Jack Bobzien ’11. After a sidebar during which Bobzien and colleague Andrew Skaras ’11 persuaded Halle that the doctor’s credentials were indeed legitimate, the judge unimpeached the witness and allowed his testimony to stand.

These moments demand agile minds and dramatize the responsibility of the student judges (one is elected from each section of the class).

“There was a significant downside [to serving as judge],” insisted Ian White ’10, who was the judge elected from Section B of last year’s Form III, “the massive amount of preparation and my lack of knowledge concerning Texas law.”

White consulted with Judge Margaret Keliher (mother of Joseph Keliher ’09), former Mock Trial judge Will Schleier ’09, and District Court Judge Mike O’Neill who attends White’s church.

One of this year’s judges, Will Halle ’11 prepared by poring over books like Fundamentals of Trial, visiting with a judge at the Frank Crowley Courthouse, and speaking with a lawyer.

“The trial helped Will become more self-confident,” said Buffie Halle, his mother. “He became comfortable picking up the phone and talking to adults whom he didn’t know that well and working through questions he had.”

This year, Greenfield also enlisted the help of two volunteers, Gloria Tarpley (mother of Philip Tarpley ’08) for the prosecution and Chris Krotovil ’93 for the defense, to offer advice to the students.

Naturally, some students try to determine the easiest jobs. They find this difficult.

At the outset of the project, reporters generate stories on the case (one of this year’s newsletters was called Especially Stupid People’s News or ESPN). Witnesses must study their testimony, and prepare to defend their credentials. Jurors don’t have to prepare much, but the trial can be taxing.

“I could not always keep up with what the witness or lawyer was saying, though I did get the main points written down in my notebook,” acknowledged John Pruitt ’04 about the 1999 Mock Trial. “I [also] learned that I could be easily swayed to either side of an argument.”

Defense lawyer James Yoder ’11 said he learned the importance of “concise and articulate speech.”

“It does not matter how much research you have done or how hard you have worked,” he suggested, “if you cannot clearly and convincingly convey a point to the jury.”

“I have learned a great deal about myself,” wrote Nicholas Petersen ’11 after this year’s trial. “I first learned that preparation is key.”

“Secondly, I noticed that objections could make or break you. There were countless occasions when I passed instead of objecting. My only way to explain this is lack of confidence.”

“The moral questions the trial poses are not easy to answer,” suggested Cart Weiland ’04, now a student at Duke University. “But Mrs. Greenfield makes the cavers’ predicament the seventh graders’ own. Twelve and thirteen-year-olds—perhaps for the first time in their lives—have to crawl through a moral abyss and make moral judgments that are distinctly their own.”

“They had to consider the relevance and fairness of established law, make sound arguments to support their positions, and attempt publicly to convince others.”

After the verdicts are announced, Jackie Greenfield prompts the boys to discuss their feelings about the trial, especially who performed well.

“We learned a lot about each other from this trial,” asserted Bobby Prengle ’10 after the trial in 2005. “We realized who held great responsibility, who showed great leadership, and who could work with different members of the team.

“Most importantly, we learned how to stick together and become closer friends.”

After the completion of the trial, Greenfield discusses the differences between the laws of man and the laws of God and suggests that the end, even in this case, does not justify the means.

It is impossible, she insists, to overlook the act of killing their fellow caver.

Greenfield outlines the three components of a moral act: the object (i.e., to end a life), the circumstances (i.e., they were starving), and the intention (i.e., to survive).

“May you crash a rock on the head of another,” she asks, “even if your intent is to preserve life?”

“It’s really amazing how the trial experience becomes surprisingly relevant in all sorts of disciplines as you grow older,” wrote Weiland from North Carolina. “I thank you, Mrs. Greenfield.”

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“It does not matter how much research you have done or how hard you have worked, if you cannot clearly and convincingly convey a point to the jury.”

— James Yoder ’11

“May you crash a rock on the head of another, you have worked, if you..."
B-ballers go 22-9, win first SPC-I tournament game

Cistercian varsity basketball is emerging as a legitimate Division I program; at least as long as Bobby Crews ’06 is running the offense.

For the third consecutive year, the Hawks earned a place among the elite SPC basketball schools. Crews played point guard in each of those years.

Crews capped off his career by helping Cistercian to its first victory in the SPC-I tournament, a 69-64 win over All Saints for seventh place. The win epitomized the team’s resilient nature.

Down 19 points in the second quarter, the Hawks fought back to tie it in regulation when Crews rebounded a JC Buswold ’06 miss and put it back in with three seconds remaining. In overtime, the Hawks started quickly with shots by Greg Wallingford ’06 and Sam Theis ’06.

But qualifying for Division I wasn’t easy. Following a disappointing loss to ESD, the Hawks had to sweep Holland Hall and Casady on consecutive days or be relegated to the Division II tournament.

“We had never defeated Holland Hall,” Lee admitted. “Winning both of those games was going to be a very tough chore.”

And it didn’t look good early against Holland Hall when the Hawks fell behind 14-2 in the first quarter. But the Hawks fought back and won by eight, 65-57.

Freestyle suits Hawks at SPC

Led by sophomore Bryan Hsu ’08, the Cistercian swim team enjoyed success in the freestyle events at the SPC Meet.

Held at the University of Houston, Hsu placed fourth in both the 50-yard freestyle (24.81) and the 100-yard freestyle (52.88).

Cistercian’s 200-yard freestyle relay team (Chris Gurgis ’06, Stephen Wang ’07, Nick Shea ’08, Hsu) placed fourth with a time of 1:41.11.

Michael Lawson ’09 swam to an eighth-place finish in the 500-yard freestyle.

Heart helps Hawks earn ticket to SPC Division I soccer tournament

Forget about records. The story of the 2005-06 Hawks soccer team centers on the squad’s heart that willed them into the Promised Land, also known as the SPC Division I Tournament.

That heart pumped wildly in a regular season rivalry game against Greenhill.

The Hawks’ 22-9 record earned this team the highest winning percentage in school history (the 2003-04 team won 23 games but lost 11).

“These guys are a group of overachievers,” Lee said. “They squeezed out every win they could, led by an outstanding group of seniors who really stuck together all season long.”

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Then there was Crews.

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Are you called to marriage or to celibacy?

“An unmarried man is anxious about the things of the Lord; how he may please the Lord. But a married man is anxious about the things of the world, how he may please his wife, and he is divided” (1 Cor 7:32-33).

In today’s culture, Paul’s statement is not very popular even among Catholics. Yet, some fifty years ago, the popular belief of Catholics was quite different. They thought that those who aspire to holiness should embrace religious life that includes celibacy or virginity. Marriage was deemed to be a concession to the weak, providing a back door to heaven, so to speak, for those who could not endure a lifelong celibate commitment.

Such an exaggerated stance, of course, has never been the Church’s official teaching, and the Second Vatican Council corrected this one-sided perception. The Council spelled out the biblical doctrine clearly and convincingly: all are called to holiness, we all should be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect (Mt 5:48).

It became clearer that 1 Corinthians 7:32-35 must be read in conjunction with Ephesians 5: 25-26: “Husbands, love your wife even as Christ loved the Church and handed himself over for her to sanctify her.” We began to take more seriously the teaching that marriage is a sacrament in which husband and wife share in the sacrificial, self-giving love which unites Christ and the Church. Some Catholic couples (unfortunately not yet the majority) also realized that this share in the love of Christ is a life-giving love, thus their expression of conjugal love should remain open to cooperation with God the Creator.

The last Hungarian king and Austrian emperor, the recently beatified Karl von Habsburg and his wife Zita, provide us with a shining example. When the young Karl proposed to Zita and the beautiful young lady accepted it, he said, “From now on, our job will be to lead each other closer to God.” And this they did. Even after losing their thrones and their wealth, living in abject poverty on the island of Madeira, without any money to call a doctor when Karl was dying from pneumonia, the couple and their eight children had a loving, happy home life because it was centered on Christ.

Indeed, if a couple follows the example of Karl and Zita, they will reach peace, serenity and joy even under the least favorable conditions. Then nothing, not even the worst disaster, the most crippling disease or tragic accident can separate them from Christ and from each other. Such marriage does lead to holiness. The trick is to select well your future spouse or rather, select each other well; you want to make sure that both of you are sincere about your fundamental goal in your marriage: to help one another and your children to grow in the love of Christ and the love of each other.

Yet, St. Paul’s warning in 1 Corinthians 7:32-33 remains true for all couples to the extent that their love for each other has not yet been fully transformed by the love of Christ. I understood this fact of life better after witnessing the crises in the marriage of many couples. The division of the heart results not from much work and concern for one’s family but from a not yet purified love. If a couple is too attached to success and well-being in this world, their love for God might become quite anemic. Is it not true that exactly happy marriages can make us forget about the reality of eternal life? Wonderful spouses can turn people into idol-worshippers who want to cling to their spouse as if that person were their own possession, and to hang on to this life as if this earth were their final destination.

Such a state of our fallen human nature is one of the reasons we need the example of happy celibates who, for the sake of the Lord, give up their freedom to marry. For them the love and service of Jesus Christ is such a treasure, such a “pearl of great price,” that everything else fades in comparison.

You still may wonder: “This all sounds true but how do I find out if I am called to celibacy or marriage?” I think there is a simple but radical way of going about it: deepen your prayer life, start reading the Bible and the lives of the saints, go to Mass regularly even on weekdays, tell God daily that you surrender your life, your mind, your heart and body to him and that all you want is his will, not yours. After doing so for a while, ask yourself: “Were I to marry, would I feel divided? Would marriage be a compromise for me, a compromise that would lessen my love and dedication to Christ?” If your answer is yes and if you are capable of living a chaste life, then most likely you are called to celibacy “for the sake of the kingdom.” Then the words of Jesus apply also to you: “Whoever is able to accept it ought to accept it” (Mt 19:12).

However, there are many who, when thinking about marrying, perceive more or less clearly: “this woman or this man is teaching me to love better and is leading me closer to Christ.” Such an awareness might be a telltale sign that you are called to marry this person.

If you are not sure, pray more fervently and put yourself at Christ’s disposal more sincerely. As you pray, realize that Christ needs the witness of those who want to give themselves directly to him, those who want to share directly in the virginal marriage between Christ and the Church, not only through the mediation and purification of married love.

Our culture that lives in the delusion that this material world alone matters needs desperately the witness of happy celibates; happy celibates who can show the world that Jesus Christ and his kingdom is real, that he is of infinite value. And the best way to witness to the reality of an invisible treasure is to give up for it that which, in this life, is the greatest visible treasure, earthly marriage and earthly family.

email: fr-roch@cistercian.org

Tee it up on April 17

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www.cistercian.org/school/athletics/booster.html

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March 2006
So many years, so few memorable teachers

You do not have to explore much of this world to hear the old saw, “Those that can do, and those that can’t teach.”

And you do not have to attend many institutions dedicated to education to discover that there is an unfortunate grain of sand at the root of this saying.

Public institutions, and private as well, have their share of the failed and the fearful – timid souls without the gumption or ability to stride capably into careers and business ventures.

Some have knowledge but lack fortitude. Others are morons who half-grasp their chosen area of study and spend lifetimes building a fort of mud about them to hide their lack of understanding – a fort that the real world would pummel in the first moments of battle.

I think the morons know, deep down, that they are morons. So, they hide.

And, at nearly every academic institution I was ever associated with the morons found good hiding places.

Yes, they had numerous letters to append to their names along with tenure and great hulking egos, but they were still morons.

Like a shadowy fifth column they infiltrated the halls of academia at some point – who knows when? – until they became the majority at institutions run by boards and administrators who care for sports, prestige, enrollment and four-dozen other things more than actual learning.

Once firmly ensconced as the majority they are quick to try and weed out the others. I have seen it with mine own eyes far too often.

Teachers who actually know their stuff – and worse, who actually are committed to passing this knowledge own to their students – are taken apart by the morons in scenes reminiscent of a Jack London novel when the wild dogs of the frozen north fall on their wounded mates.

So, when someone tells me they are an educator it is all I can do not to wrinkle my nose.

That word, educator, by the way, I have found to be an excellent clue to whether the person I am talking to is a moron, or one of the others.

The morons like to refer to themselves as educators. The others often introduce themselves as teachers. Go figure. So, who are these elusive others? They are the teachers. They are the ones who are neither timid, nor stupid – well, not stupid in the normal sense.

You could make an argument that most are a bit challenged in the financial planning department – otherwise they would have taken their talent to the bank instead of the schoolhouse.

They are an interesting group of people. They are capable, knowledgeable and dedicated.

And yet, they choose to pursue a career vastly overpopulated with backwards thinking morons for the promise of a paycheck exponentially smaller than the checks drawn by most blue-collar laborers.

You have to wonder why?

Defective genetics is my best guess.

But, maybe, there is another reason. I know from personal experience that some folks choose to work at vocations that pay less than others in which they could aly succeed.

There are rewards other than money.

As a student, if you are lucky, you will chance across a few such individuals as you navigate the halls of academia.

I crammed four years of high school into five. Then four years of undergrad (at two schools, one to play football, the other to get a degree), three working on a master’s, and three more at law school. In those years I met a few teachers.

When I look back I can remember three professors’ names from law school, four from graduate school but only two for good reasons, and only one from four years of undergrad – these were the folks that made an impression on me and who in my mind where teaching for all the right reasons. They were teachers.

And then there is high school. While I remember absolutely zero names from my year at MacArthur in Irving, the list of teachers I remember from Cistercian is amazing – it totals more than all of my other educational experiences combined.

Sitton, Olson, Walter, Martin, Rando, Henry, Roch, Matthew, Sutcliffe, Haaser, Bernard, Peter, Pruitt, Gregory, Munguia… It is dangerous making such lists, because some worthy will be left out.

But it makes a point. Twenty years after the fact 15 names pop into my mind like I was 18 years old.

That is double the number I remember from 10 years of collegiate study. To have studied with so many true teachers makes me a lucky man.

And, it is quite a compliment to a relatively small school tucked into a crook of the Trinity River and the teachers that walk its halls.

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