

For family, friends, & alumni of Cistercian Preparatory School

CISTERCIAN CONTINUUM

Spring 2017

by **Leading example**

Fr. Joseph overcame challenges as he led the Class of '17. So did many of his seniors.

Fr. Joseph Van House, form
master of the Class of 2017

INSIDE
Teaching takes
you back

*Renovations
are underway*

A place to practice science

The renovated building will accommodate small-group work, Socratic sessions, lectures and spaces where students can get their hands dirty.

The flex area will offer two spaces, a clean half strictly for lecture-style teaching and a messy half for experiments (e.g., stream tables that demonstrate the power of water and earthquake benches) and tools (e.g., house power tools, 3D printers, a 3D scanner, and a laser cutter).



BUILDING ON A SOLID FOUNDATION CAPITAL CAMPAIGN



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Teaching: a wonderful invitation to humility

This caution from the Epistle of James regarding the vocation of teaching has always given me pause.

Yet, as I have come to understand, the author's intent is to fore-



Letter from
the headmaster
Fr. Paul McCormick

warn that the invitation to teach also calls us to humility. Content mastery and an ability to communicate it does not eliminate the reality of standing daily before a classroom of extremely talented adolescent males where one's limitations, weaknesses, and shortcomings inevitably are placed into stark relief. Even the most hyper-critical young men, however, not only forgive but also are profoundly appreciative, especially as each student himself discovers and struggles to accept his own failings. Teaching is this wonderful invitation to humility and the pursuit of authentic truth not only in the various subjects of the curriculum, but also in oneself, and, ultimately, in God.

"Not many of you should become teachers, my brothers, for you realize that we will be judged more strictly, for we all fall short in many respects."
James 3:1

I hope you enjoy our cover story relating this journey for Fr. Joseph, our first 'young monk' to shepherd a class as its form master, and the students of his form, the Class of 2017. In embracing and persevering through the various obstacles that have arisen these past eight years,

both teacher and student have grown, have learned to draw strength and encouragement from one another, and now stand together with an amazing sense of authentic self-knowledge and profound gratitude. It is a process and a manner of educating boys that forges lifetime bonds of brotherhood.

Similarly, in our lead feature, we reveal the wonderful journeys of several other faculty members (some alums!) who each discerned the vocation to teach and who have lived this call so beautifully at Cistercian.

Of course, the fruit of their efforts and that of their fellow Cistercian teachers, coaches, and staff is realized in the lives of our alumni.

Please enjoy Class Notes, and Fr. Roch's explanation of St. Bernard's call that we each "find rest in those whom we love."

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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, creed, national, or ethnic origin in the administration of its admission and education policies, financial aid programs, athletic programs, and other activities.

SENIOR PROJECT

Henigsman '17 builds a Renaissance instrument

Matt Henigsman '17 was fascinated with the music from the era in his “Perspectives in the Renaissance” senior seminar, taught by Fr. Gregory Schweers.

When Martina Kroll, head of the science department, shared with the class her mastery and musicianship of several period instruments, the senior was hooked.



Matt Henigsman '17 and his Viola da Gamba

“Long before his classmates found a topic,” said Fr. Gregory, “Matt decided he would make by hand a Viola da Gamba – from a pile of planks!”

The finished instrument has been tuned, and Matt is learning to play it using authentic Renaissance music techniques under the tutelage of Kroll.

Fr. Gregory considers the instrument “a little piece of heaven come to Irving!”

REMEMBERING



Betty McAuliff

Betty McAuliff (mother of **Steve McAuliff '71**) passed away February 10. She was one of the moms who collaborated with school officials on key early issues, from uniforms to lunches. She also became Cistercian's first alumni grandmother (**Matt McAuliff '00**).

D-I collegiate athletes



Cistercian seniors who have committed to play D-I sports (l-r): Tommy Nealon '17, soccer for Villanova University, Alvin Jiang '17, swimming for the University of North Carolina, Collin Petersen '17, crew for Saint Joseph's University (Philadelphia), and Daniel Hu '17, water polo for Brown University (where he will join his brother Galen Hu '16). Jiang will be named a high school All-American swimmer later this year (see p. 19).



Senior thespians on the set of the Upper School's *Geoffrey Chaucer's Flying Circus* (l-r) sitting: Kyle Melliza '17, Anna Grace Votteler (Ursuline); standing: Nicholas Williamson '17, Fielding Brown '17, Craig David Beuerlein '17, Brendan Flood '17, Luke Maymir '17, and Demetrius Hinojosa-Rowland '17.

Seniors carry the day in sketch comedy

Cistercian's new drama teacher, Seth Magill, had high praise for his cast in the Upper School production of *Geoffrey Chaucer's Flying Circus*. “The seniors were especially professional,” he said. “Several were involved in productions at other schools, yet they gave great energy. Many acted all four years. Their experience showed.”

CAMPBELL '97 SPOKE AT COMMENCEMENT

As a part of this year's “Citizenship” theme, Fr. Paul invited **Donovan Campbell '97** to deliver this year's commencement speech. Campbell's experiences as marine officer in Iraq were featured in *Continuum* (March '05) and his 2009 book, “Joker One” (a *New York Times* best-seller). His new book and his commencement remarks described the virtues-based, servant-leader model that is as effective in the business world as on the battlefield.



FOUR WIN WORK OF HEART AWARDS

Four Cistercian faculty members received The Catholic Foundation's “Work of Heart Award” this year. Fr. Mark Ripperger, Malcolm Dotson, Lisa Richard, and Nancy Obels-Robinson were selected from written nominations submitted and judged on such criteria as “tenure and leadership, acts of kindness or charity, Christian example, mentoring, and simply going the extra mile for an individual student, family or the community.”

2000

The year **Matt McAuliff '00**, Cistercian's first legacy, graduated, much to the delight of his father, **Steve McAuliff '71**,

2

The number of Brown University water polo players will hail from Cistercian next year: **Daniel Hu '17** and his brother **Galen Hu '16**.



2017 Alumnus of the Year Charles Lipscomb '84 at the Jim & Lynn Moroney Award Dinner in January with his family (l-r) Charlie '18, wife Kelly, Connor '23, and Shel.

JIM & LYNN MORONEY AWARD Lipscomb '84 sees "permanence" in crypt

The 2017 winner of the Jim and Lynn Moroney Award, **Charles Lipscomb '84**, invited a fellow alumnus **David Broderick '85** to introduce him at the Park Cities Club on January 30.

The two alumni grew close over the last seven years as Cistercian parents in the Class of '18. So did the two families.

Broderick said he could now appreciate the trials of his parents and form master.

the night's biggest laugh.

In accepting the award, Lipscomb shared tales of life at Cistercian under form master Fr. Bernard Marton.

He told of the European trip with classmates after junior year, one on which form master Fr. Bernard saved him when he lost his Eurail pass.

And he recalled how **Carlos Lopez '84** and he drove to Oklahoma City in the middle of the night, just in time to be with their classmate **Greg O'Hagan '84** before he passed.

"What changes are most important for the future of Cistercian?" **Abbot Peter Verhalen '73** asked Lipscomb several years ago.

"The first thing that came to my mind," he said, "was a crypt for the fathers."

The many abbeys he visited on that European trip in 1983 had a feeling of "permanence" because of their crypts.

When asked to serve as a co-chair of the "Building a Strong Foundation" capital campaign (which includes a crypt for the abbey), Lipscomb accepted.

"I felt a strong sense of duty to take on the challenge," he said.

Lipscomb also serves on Cistercian's board of trustees.

YALE HONORS CISTERCIAN POET Duy Doan '00 wins prestigious prize

Since 1919, Yale University has recognized a prominent, up-and-coming poet each year.

In so doing, The Yale Series of Younger Poets has become one of the nation's oldest and most prestigious literary awards.

At the end of February, **Duy Doan '00** learned by phone that he'd won the Yale Series of Younger Poets prize.

"I began to weep," Doan told *The Boston Globe*.

"Don't cry," said Carl Phillips, lead judge and professor of English and of African and Afro-American Studies at Washington University in St. Louis. "Or cry a little, but don't be sad."

The prize means that Doan's book of poetry, "We Play a Game," will be published by Yale University Press in April 2018.

A graduate of Boston University's poetry MFA, Doan's poems explore a broad landscape — his Vietnamese heritage, his childhood in Texas, and the challenges of translation.

"Doan's poems," Phillips said,

"include boxing, tongue twisters, hedgehogs, Billy Holiday, soccer and, hardly least of all, a Vietnamese heritage that butts up against an American upbringing in ways at once comic, estranging, off-kiltering.

"Doan," Phillips added, "negotiates the distance between surviving and thriving, and offers here his own form of meditation on, ultimately, childhood, history, culture — who we are, and how — refusing all along to romanticize any of it."

Doan is a Kundiman fellow (dedicated to the creation, cultivation, and promotion of Asian American literature) whose poems have appeared in *Slate*, *The Cortland Review*, *Best Emerging Poets: Stay Thirsty Magazine*, and *Amethyst Arsenic*.

Having taught at Boston University, Lesley University, and the Boston Conservatory, Doan serves as director of the Favorite Poem Project, which celebrates the role of poetry in the lives of Americans.



Charles Lipscomb '84 (left) and presenter David Broderick '85

"I keep hearing my little Hungarian monk, whispering in my ear," he said.

"So David, you will do so much better if you applied yourself." Broderick's impersonation of Fr. Roch Kereszty won



Duy Doan '00

9 The number of winners of the Jim and Lynn Moroney Award from the eighties. That compares with 12 from the seventies and two from the nineties.

98 The number of years that Yale University has honored a young poet through its Yale Series of Younger Poets competition.



Jon Erickson '12 (left), a first-year teacher (Form II and IV math), stands with Richard Newcomb, long-revered head of the Cistercian math department.

Teaching takes you back

One of Cistercian's first-year teachers explores this noble vocation through the eyes of a few colleagues.

By Patrick Spence '08

VISITING DALLAS DURING THE FALL of his senior year at Rice, Jon Erickson '12 decided to stop by Cistercian to visit with Dr. Richard Newcomb, head of the school's math department. The math and computer science double major hoped for some advice with graduate schools. Their conversation meandered from academia to an article Erickson had recently published in the *Journal of Approximation Theory*.

Then Erickson mentioned a long-term goal: coming back to teach at Cistercian. Newcomb seemed excited but didn't mention any openings. And unexpectedly, he gave Erickson an essay assignment.

"Why are you interested in teaching?" Newcomb's essay question read, "and in teaching here?" As he left Cistercian, Erickson thought, "Really? An essay?" He wasn't even sure if he was applying for a position that was open yet. Outside of mathematics papers, he hadn't written anything longer than a page in years. Still, as he thought back to his first encounter with Newcomb's Math Club in Third Form, the essay began to write itself. At a concise two pages, it reads with the spare elegance of a proof. He sent it to Newcomb.

A few days later, he received a call from Fr. Paul.

Before enrolling at Cistercian, Erickson was a solid math student who preferred other subjects. He noticed that his own math teachers often seemed to prefer other subjects, too. "It's difficult," he says, "because the people who are most passionate about math often pursue more lucrative career opportunities. I don't know how many people have told me, 'Oh, I'm not good in math,' and it's not that they're unable. Maybe they never had the blessing of a really passionate and talented math teacher."

Newcomb and Michael Humphries were two such teachers who awakened Erickson's fascination with math at Cistercian. He recalls Humphries's gift for conveying "the abstract machinery of math: real and imaginary numbers, axioms and proofs, and even Wittgenstein's philosophy of mathematics."

At Rice, Erickson's love for math grew as he began to realize "how small [his] knowledge was in comparison to the world of mathematics, and how many deep and beautiful results are waiting to be discovered."

As he neared graduation, the idea of sharing this love with younger students took hold, and he thought of going back to Cistercian.

When he got the call from Fr. Paul, he thought, "Why wait?"

Jon Erickson '12
Math | Year 1

THE WORDS SCRAWLED ON A WALL next to his father's name struck the seven-year-old as odd. Passing this way on his paper route, Peter Saliga paused, noting wryly now the "educational" nature of the graffiti. George Saliga was vice-principal and dean of discipline at the school down the block from their house. The episode, Saliga said, "made a deep impression on me."

"The idea that you just do your job, and not everybody's going to like you. Dad was committed to running a tight ship for the good of the students, but as a little kid walking by that every day, I was always kind of scared for my life.

Peter Saliga History | Year 21

"I remember sitting outside his office waiting for him, watching the silhouette of a football player be lifted off the ground during a paddling, and this big kid came out crying." Years later, Saliga ran into the same student while getting an oil change.

"He was working at the garage, and he saw my name on the order and came over and asked, 'Was your dad vice-principal at Clark?'" Wondering if he had survived his paper route only to be beaten up at a gas station, Saliga acknowledged the family tie and braced for what might come next.

"The words of respect and admiration he had for [my father] at that point completely turned me inside out," Saliga said, "especially as a young man wondering who I wanted to be."

Though Saliga doesn't wield a paddle, there is a physicality to his teaching. While discussing Irish monasticism, Saliga mentions to the Second Form that St. Patrick prayed for hours kneeling in icy water with his arms extended in a cross-shape. Then he asks, "Who wants to feel it?" They all kneel down in cruciform posture with books in their outstretched hands, and Saliga's greatest worry becomes the thought of being outlasted by an eleven-year-old boy.

Sitting in on Saliga's American History class with the juniors, I learn that the *Mayflower* was a "sweet ship" before the Pilgrims bought it — a wine-runner whose cargo made the hold smell better than usual. I wonder whether we could store casks of wine in the middle school classrooms, but Saliga is moving on: in the next forty minutes he presents laws, essays, sermons, letters to spouses, portraits, nautical charts. Afterward he apologizes to me for the information-heavy class, as if it had been an unusually dull day. I ask him what an exciting day would look like.

"Well, we used to have the great anthem sing-off. We broke into four groups and sang the Prussian, the Austrian, the French, and the Russian national anthems, all in the same key: it was a zero-sum game." One year Team *Marseille* came in with a soccer ball and removed their shirts, revealing FRANCE painted in blue across their chests. Noise complaints were registered by the class next door.

Music runs deep in Saliga's family. His great-great-grandfather,

"I remember sitting outside his office waiting for him, watching the silhouette of a football player be lifted off the ground during a paddling, and this big kid came out crying."

"It's not just that, as humans, we're natural learners: we're also natural teachers. Otherwise how could anyone learn to tie their shoes, zip up their zippers, or speak a language?"

— Peter Saliga



the original conductor of the Quebec Symphony Orchestra, helped found the music school at the Université Laval. From the age of six, Saliga himself sang, acted, danced, and played a number of instruments. Twice a year, his sophomore history classes receive a burned CD of pieces ranging from the early Renaissance "El Grillo" to the early modern "Mondestrunken." I can hum many of them without trouble after more than ten years, and when I mention this, Saliga nods, unsurprised.

"That may be one of the crowning achievements of that sophomore course across fifteen years," he said. "Guys write back every year to say, 'I'm still listening to my disc, but do you have any more suggestions for me?'"

Other students, like Tommy Heyne '02, Paul Pesek '09, and Paul Kim '13, have kept in touch to discuss philosophical texts. It's no surprise, given Saliga's all-inclusive approach to his field. "I tease students and say, 'In History, anything that has occurred before this moment is fair game.' It could

be in the realm of religion or philosophy or science or literature ... I remember taking a group to the Kimball when Caravaggio was in town, and that visiting exhibition turned into practically an afternoon retreat. They not only viewed, but they wrote and broke into small groups and discussed, and they wanted to come back and do more. I think they walked away quite changed by that."

Jason Joseph, who lives in Saliga's neighborhood, has a long,



Patrick Spence '08 (left), in his first year at Cistercian (Form III and V English), laughs with Peter Saliga, whose teaching of history influenced Spence and countless other alumni.

sloping driveway. Katherine and George Saliga, eleven and ten years old, run alongside their eight-year-old brother, James, helping him guide a low-slung Big Wheel down the grade. James has Down syndrome, autism, and severe apraxia. He cannot speak, is not yet potty-trained, and cannot master simple motor tasks without repeating them hundreds of times.

“Katherine and George are teaching him how to communicate in sign language,” Saliga tells me. “He can string together three or four signs at a time now.”

“So much teaching goes on outside the classroom,” he reflects. “It’s not just that, as humans, we’re natural learners: we’re also natural teachers. Otherwise how could anyone learn to tie their shoes, zip up their zippers, or speak a language?”

Once, on a hill near the Josephs’ house, James got off the trike and wanted Katherine and George to take turns riding, so that he could run alongside as they did for him. Laughing in spite of himself, Saliga says, “It was so dangerous, because he runs like a drunken sailor — an activity Mom might not be happy with.”

“People tell me, ‘Surely [James] makes you more understanding.’ And I don’t know what they mean by that, honestly, but it has changed me. I’m pushed to my absolute limits as a teacher and learner and human being at home. Because he doesn’t have the ability to communicate in words, yet he communicates through his bearing and his being. We’ve got to study him every day before we can turn around and teach him every day. So who really is the teacher?”

“It’s like I’ve got to bow before my eight-year-old kid, who holds the mysteries of existence for this one person; and unless I submit myself to that, I’m going to have no success and probably pull out the rest of my hair.

“I can’t educate — whether it’s James or any kid in the class-

room — unless I submit to first learning who he is. And so in order to teach a kid, he has to teach me how to teach him, which is incredibly ironic — and that the kids would pay us money in that situation!” He chuckles.

This profound interest in each person he is forming is at the heart of Saliga’s teaching success, and it also explains his great ability to bring the past to life: he’s a student not of history but of humans.



FEW DOZEN PRESSED FLOWERS are mounted on the office wall of Fr. Stephen Gregg '01.

“Most of them grew around here,” he tells me, pointing out a monk’s pepper from the abbey courtyard. He presses them under a Britannica-weight dictionary of classical Greek, and under an unabridged Webster’s, and under his unfinished grading. “I took it up as a relatively easy hobby.” I notice that the flowers are precisely and symmetrically arranged. I mull over the inevitable student-flower metaphor.

“I remember Fr. Denis [Farkasfalvy] told me, when I first signed on to teach, ‘Well, you will learn a lot about yourself from spending every day with the Third Formers.’ Which I took to mean, ‘You’re a lot more like a thirteen-year-old than you think you are.’ I’ve had that feeling a lot, too.”

Fr. Stephen teaches Second and Fourth Form English now, and for some reason, feels more like a fourteen-year-old than a twelve-year-old — a sign of having progressed, perhaps, from the lessons of teaching thirteen-year-olds.

“People have asked me, do I think of my own year here in Fourth Form? I think we leave a fragment of our souls in certain rooms. It’s like your guardian angel leaves one of those nuclear blast shadows on the wall.”

Popping into Fr. Stephen’s Fourth Form English class one day, I see an impressive trick. It’s the period before lunch. Ordinarily, if half the middle schoolers aren’t trying to eat their lunches under

Fr. Stephen Gregg '01 English | Year 8

their desks by 11:30 or so, you start sniffing for a gas leak.

Fr. Stephen is teaching *Empire of the Sun*, and now, in the last fifteen minutes of the period, he turns the discussion to the novel’s treatment of Spam. As he points out, the young narrator compares Spam — moist and glistening, packed in a film of fat — to the corpses of prisoners of war, which in life were dirty and emaciated, but in death are gleaming, bloated, Spam-like. I notice I’ve lost my appetite. The boys stay in their seats until the lunch bell rings, and after. This kind of trick I assume you can pull off only once or twice a year.

Another day, I get a taste of the way Fr. Stephen communicates the habit of precision to Second Formers. “Do you know,” he asks with great solemnity, “the name of Bilbo Baggins’s mother? Don’t give me a guess, just tell me, Belladonna Took. Both names are important, and you’ve got to know why. *Belladonna*? What a name for a hobbit — and she’s a *Took*!”

As seniors, these boys won’t remember Belladonna Took, but they might retain a habit of thorough analysis.

“It’s beautiful to see them arrive at the taste for precision,” he says. “There’s a delight in that really careful, practical thing.”



Fr. Stephen's own teachers at Cistercian offered strong models of the vocation.

"It seemed like there was no way for Fr. Roch to exist besides teaching," he says of his form master. "That's how he spoke. His eagerness, his zeal for our own good as he saw it, was a constant. That was true of many of the teachers I had here: Saliga, Mehen, Greenfield, Pruitt, Newcomb — they seemed so naturally to be teachers. I never really thought of it as a career but as a better way of living.

"Now, as I read, I think to myself, 'What would I tell a kid about this? What's worth saying?' It's such a different way of reading — so that reading becomes like a way of talking.

"Being a teacher seems — from the point of view of a monk and priest and just for me as a Christian — such a grace. There's a kind of wonderful, mysterious quality to it: where does the good part come from? I know as a teacher I am not often really the one bringing what's good to the table. I bring the material, and I've got an outline of ideas that I would talk about if nothing came up. And we all know that the boys in some sense bring a lot of good to the classroom, but they also bring a lot of confusion. But we engage in this experience that somehow brings us to a connected order — there's a deeper excitement. And after ten years it's still pretty unpredictable.

"It reminds me of my own religious vocation — what a crazy thing. If these men hadn't been expelled from Hungary, even men whom I didn't know — Fr. Gilbert, Fr. Anselm — if they hadn't been expelled, I probably wouldn't even be a Christian, not to speak of my entire life's order. That's a curious mystery, and it's

Fr. Stephen Gregg '00 teaches English (II and IV), music appreciation (IV), and serves as faculty sponsor of Reflections.

"Now as I read, I think to myself, what would I tell a kid about this? What's worth saying? It's such a different way of reading."

— Fr. Stephen Gregg '01

fun to see it at the microscopic level, that grace in the classroom too.

"Teaching is a faith-filled activity or it's just a waste," Fr. Stephen says, almost an hour into our conversation.

"I see certain benefits from teaching — like I see the boy knows this word now that he didn't use to know — I see certain outcomes. But if you were to weigh the amount of effort and energy that goes into teaching against the immediate, apparent outcome of teaching, it really would be desperate. So it's an activity that constantly calls me to think about the real hope that we have for the boys — that they too experience the full beauty of what God is cooking up.

"Fr. Denis would say that we always remembered the jokes he told, and we never remembered how to solve a matrix.

That's also something I often have to remind myself of — you are rarely teaching them what you think you're teaching them. You know what the lesson was for the day, but the lesson they take away is often transmuted by the following twenty years of experience.

"And yet for the kids, everything's immediate: the failures are sudden and absolute, the successes are complete and glorious. And teaching is somehow right there, carefully balanced between real hope and real despair."

FR. ANTHONY'S PHONE RANG. It was a student he had taught in sixth and seventh grade at St. Thomas Aquinas. "He looked me up after seven years. We met and talked. He was struggling with substance abuse. He mentioned that he'd always

remember my class, that he thought I had understood him, even when I was disciplining him. Somehow, I was the person he thought of." They spoke about repentance and forgiveness, about resources.

"A couple of weeks later, he overdosed. The family called to tell me. We plant seeds a lot as teachers, not all of which sprout as we would hope. But the fact that he came to talk to me was a really big comfort to his parents. They were so incredibly grateful that he had had this moment, to come to church and talk to a monk. And he wasn't able, obviously, to implement all the changes he wanted to, but they felt that our conversation was a sign that he wanted to make changes. I go to his grave a couple of times a year with his family, because I was his Social Studies and Religion teacher in sixth and seventh grade, and he felt like I liked him, even when I was punishing him."

"It's not all tragedies, of course. I get students I worked with in yearbook looking for college-major advice or recommendations for internships, knowing I saw them at their best and know what they can do. I was out with friends and got a phone call, which usually means someone is dying or pregnant, but it was Mark Dorsey '15 with an InDesign question. Mark's in an industrial design program at Auburn. He said he thought, 'Who do I know that will answer the phone?' It's touching to know that I am the dependable guy in his life, even when he's surrounded by brilliant college professors."

It's also worth noting that Will Squiers '12 and Jon Erickson '12 were both in Fr. Anthony's Bible studies from eighth grade on and are both teaching at Cistercian this year. I try to get Fr. Anthony to take sole credit for this, but he brushes it off.

"Teachers so rarely get to see the final fruit of our labor," he said, "but there's something special about the form master program, in particular — that a lot of people tend to come back

Fr. Anthony Bigney History | Year 9

(whether as employees or not), and those relationships keep developing over time.

"I don't get paid, I don't have a big house and a fast car. The knowledge that I've positively impacted people's lives

is the payment I get, and the dividends are them still reaching out and depending on me."

A

AS A PART OF MY RESEARCH for this story, I read the parts of Jon Erickson's article "Quantum Intermittency for CMV Matrices" that I could understand. I am struck by two things: the author's keen grasp of matrices, and his correct use of the plural *matrices* as opposed to *matrixes*, indicating an equally keen grasp of Latin grammar. Could it be that Fr. Denis was wrong when he told Fr. Stephen that no one paid attention to matrices in Algebra II? Who am I kidding? Or, as Fr. Stephen would say, whom?

"When it comes time to retire," says Newcomb, "you worry about leaving behind a strong tradition — the same one you've tried to continue and build up. It means the world to me that someone like Jon came back to teach. He has a flair for math backed up by a deep understanding."

That didn't stop Newcomb from requiring him to write an essay. After all, Cistercian faculty are a well-rounded bunch. But with that behind him, Erickson rejoined Newcomb's Math Club, as assistant coach.

Patrick Spence '08 began teaching English (Forms III and V) in the fall. He also serves as the student council sponsor. After graduating from Harvard in 2013, Spence taught for three years at secondary schools in the Washington, D.C., area.

Fr. Anthony Bigney shares some tips with members of the Form III baseball team.





Members of the Class of '17 give their form master a Cistercian jersey of his own prior to May's athletic banquet.

Leading by example

By David Exall Stewart

Fr. Joseph overcame challenges as he led the Class of '17. So did many of his seniors.

THE HEADS OF 43 SOAKING WET freshmen bobbed excitedly in a swimming pool on this warm Friday evening in early September 2013. Quickly, their attention turned to Fr. Joseph Van House and their voices grew louder, imploring their slim, thirty-something form master to join them in the drink.

"All of us were chanting his name," said Ray Kitziger '17. "Then Fr. Joseph stepped up on the diving board."

Party-goers encircling the pool chimed in, enthusiastically adding volume to the calls for the priest — dressed in his Cistercian habit — to take the leap.

Since the nineties, seniors have been throwing incoming freshmen into the pool at the football season's first "after party." This debut into high school society submerges the freshmen in one of life's timeless and coldest lessons: a big enchilada one day, a bottom-feeder the next.

It is a night for the freshmen; faculty members mostly remain behind the scenes.

However, as student council advisor in 2003, Peter Saliga was backed off the diving board and into the pool by four seniors — glasses, wallet, and all. Five years later, as form master of the freshmen in the fall of 2008, Saliga submitted to being tossed by

members of his form.

Then in 2012, Patrick Mehen, form master of the Class of '16, set a precedent by diving in of his own volition.

But this was a priest. In his robes. He wouldn't, would he?

With his name being shouted out from all angles, Fr. Joseph paused briefly atop the diving board and cracked a smile. Many in the crowd reached for their phones.

"He took a step and a hop and dove straight in," Kitziger remembered. "We exploded, just living in the moment. He is on the journey with us!"

"The next four years," he and his classmates thought, "are going to be awesome."

FOUR YEARS BEFORE, ON AUGUST 15, 2009, applause had rung out for over a minute in the packed abbey church. Bishop Kevin J. Farrell had just concluded Fr. Joseph's ordination with the words, "We choose Joseph Van House, our brother, for the Order of the Priesthood."

The unusual outburst — nearly drowning out the response, "Thanks be to God" — expressed the joy and relief of a community that hadn't seen a monk ordained since 1996.

In the 29-year-old Fr. Joseph (and the many monks coming up

behind him), the community saw not just a young man, but the future of the abbey and the school.

At the reception afterwards, he was greeted by several boys from the incoming First Form. There would be little time for him to revel in his brand new status as a priest. Days later, he began serving as the form master of the Class of '17.

Quite a whirlwind for the mild-mannered, deep-thinking monk from Georgia. But he hadn't seen anything yet.

"ARE YOU KIDDING ME?" thought Second Former Craig David Beuerlein '17 from the pulpit of the abbey church. A false alarm was sounding and it threatened to derail his reading from the Book of Genesis at this class Mass.

He had spent hours preparing to read the text perfectly, long Israelite names and all.

He refused to pause — even as the alarm persisted — and just kept going.

"Beuerlein's reading at our class mass this week," Fr. Joseph remarked at a form master's meeting a few days later, "demonstrated how a good reader handles a difficult situation. He continued reading in spite of the alarm and read very well. Congratulations to Craig David."

"That remains one of my proudest moments in Middle School," said Beuerlein, who managed to push through Cistercian's rigorous curriculum while battling dyslexia and speech/language issues.

"I always felt different in grade school because I was pulled from classes so often to go to speech therapy," Beuerlein added. "I felt like an outsider, like I didn't fit in. I came home crying a few times because I had no friends."

Meanwhile, said Sheila Beuerlein, "teachers kept noticing other issues."

Prior to third grade, doctors at Scottish Rite Hospital shied away from labeling Beuerlein as dyslexic, but nevertheless prescribed their aggressive "Take Flight" program, consisting of hour-long sessions, 3-4 days a week in third grade and twice a week in fourth, along with summer sessions. (At the end of Third Form, the head of the Evaluation Center at Shelton School would classify his dyslexia as "severe.")

"One of the things that attracted me to Cistercian," Beuerlein explained, "(besides the cool T-shirts) was the small classes and that there was little free time.

"In my mind, I felt like I wouldn't be separated from my classmates. That was important to me."

"I have to say," commented Kathryn Gilman, who worked with Beuerlein on the "Take Flight" program, "that even though Craig David was clearly intelligent enough to be at Cistercian, I was concerned that he would find that the quantity and quality of reading and writing required at Cistercian — and potentially lower grades — discouraging and demoralizing."

"I spent a lot of time confiding in Fr. Joseph," said Beuerlein. "He sat with me like a father. He was there for me every hour of the day, genuinely concerned. He checked up on me all the time."

IN EXCRUCIATING PAIN, Trinity Valley halfback Zach Milan lay helpless on Cistercian's sideline during the fourth quarter of this rivalry game in September at Hawk Field. He had already run

for nearly 200 yards, and the Trojans were on the move with the Hawks holding a 14-13 lead with just minutes left to play.

Ray Kitziger jumped into action.

"I could see that he'd cramped up," said Cistercian's student athletic trainer, "so I ran over, knelt down, and held his leg to help him stretch it out." In his fourth year as a student athletic trainer, Kitziger knew exactly what he was doing.

By the time the Trinity Valley trainer made his way across the field, Kitziger had helped the halfback's cramps subside.

"He scored the winning touchdown a few plays later," Kitziger reflected. "It made that moment bittersweet. But it was the right thing to do. We are all out there to grow as people."

The position of student athletic trainer hadn't existed before Kitziger's freshman year.

It was created at the conclusion of a Form IV health class, when André Bruce motioned the smallish Kitziger to join him at the teacher's desk.

"I've been impressed with your knowledge of anatomy this year," said Bruce, whose deep, serious voice rarely fails to secure the attention of his listener.

"I know how passionate you are about football, too," continued the coach and athletic director. "I want you to consider being a part of our football program next fall as an athletic trainer. Think about it."

The athletic director had seen Kitziger's love for the game in PE flag football, and from his attendance at every eighth-grade game, although he had chosen not to play after having suited up in seventh grade.

He had recognized that he was just too small.

"The short kid," acknowledged Kitziger, "that was my persona. It was never supposed to be a negative thing — but it gets old after a while."

"Doctors diagnosed me with Celiac disease in sixth grade," he said. The auto-immune disorder reacts to gluten in a way that makes it very difficult for the body to absorb food.

A change in diet (the entire Kitziger family became gluten-free) suddenly infused him with the nutrients he had been missing. His energy made an immediate comeback, but his height — that would have to wait a few years.

"AHISPANIC JOCK not to be taken too seriously," smiled Nancy Buschel, of the image her son Donovan Coronado '17 initially portrayed to his classmates. "His biggest challenge was to prove himself academically."

The 5'4" single mom believed in her son. And in Cistercian.

"My parents divorced when I was growing up," Coronado explained. "So my mom had to work hard to support us. Sometimes she unloaded trucks at the Container Store from midnight to 3 am after she had put in a full day as a hairdresser.

"It inspired me," he said. "That's where my work ethic comes from."

When a torn ACL in the final JV football game of his sophomore season splintered his immediate ambitions for soccer and football, Coronado set out to accomplish new goals. He turned his attention to a job, good grades, and community service.

"With Cutco, I was able to make my own schedule selling knives," he said. "I called on leads to set up appointments, went to

their homes to demonstrate the product, and then went to the office to process the orders.

“My first clients came from recommendations from my mom’s friends.

“It gave me a sense of independence, being able to pay for gas and food. It also felt good not to be a burden on my mom. She worked so hard for me.”

Meanwhile, his grades improved.

“During his junior and senior years especially,” said Fr. Joseph, “teachers across the disciplines recognized Donovan as an academic leader in the class who brought consistent on-topic strength and energy to class discussions.” Fr. Philip Lastimosa ’00 awarded him the Physics book award as a junior.

His mom’s weekly visits to cut the hair of an 80-year-old client for free helped Coronado take another step.

“Seeing how my mom could be so selfless, providing for us, working long hours and still go out of her way to do for others,” he said, “that inspired me to become a leader and a community service representative (junior and senior year).”

Senior year, he was involved in starting a service project on Martin Luther King Day that teamed students from Cistercian with students from Cristo Rey School.

“We split up into groups to do service work all over the Dallas area. It helped us connect with people from different backgrounds while we worked to make the community better.”

The shy third former who arrived from The Highlands School had become an integral part of the class.

“Fr. Joseph really went out of his way to guide me personally to be a better person,” Coronado insisted. “I was touched by how much he cared about me as an individual.

“He called me out a few times to set me straight. I may not have seen eye to eye with him all the time, but I can see that — coming from a divorced family and not seeing my dad as much as most of my classmates — Fr. Joseph stepped into that void.

“I don’t open up easily to too many people,” he added, “but I felt like I could walk into his office at any time and get things off my chest.

“When he called me out a few times, I learned he just wanted what was best for me.”

“I took a gamble sending Donovan to Cistercian,” said Nancy Buschel, “and the gamble paid off. The Cistercian system works. And Donovan (who will attend USC next year) has been incredible.”

And Coronado did find his way back to the sports he loved, playing cornerback and wide receiver for the football team and leading the soccer team as its center-mid to an undefeated regular season (see p. 19).

“GEORGE WASHINGTON, DA VINCI, Einstein, Picasso, Spielberg,” Craig David Beuerlein explained, “were all dyslexic.” As he learned more about dyslexia — and as his classmates grew in maturity — he began to embrace his learning differences.

“You’re asking the dyslexic?” Craig David Beuerlein would laugh when asked how to spell a word.

“Reading is a straight line,” he would say if questioned about the time it took him to read a passage. “I take the scenic route.”

His creative mind made Beuerlein one of his class’ most prominent thespians throughout his four years in high school, performing with the polish he had first displayed with his Old Testament reading in Second Form.



Fr. Joseph and members of the Class of 2017 after the victory over Greenhill.



Fr. Joseph and the Class of 2017 after his First Mass in August 2009.

This year, he played key (and hilarious) roles in both Ursuline’s *Legally Blonde* and Cistercian’s *Geoffrey Chaucer’s Flying Circus*.

“It was Craig David’s idea to incorporate his impersonation of President Donald Trump into the role of the Miller,” said Seth Magill, director of the play.

“His energy and parody gave the whole show a lift, all without changing a line in the script.”

In middle school, he began checking out *Python for Kids*, by Jason R. Briggs.

“Computer programming is a language I can learn,” he told his mom. “It makes sense to me.”

During the summer after freshman year, he became an intern in the IT department of the Perot Museum of Nature and Science.

He learned about networking and robotics. He became fluent in the Linux programming language, and worked at the Perot the



accepted anywhere.”

Deferrals, he was assured, did not mean rejections.

By February, all 10 deferrals turned into acceptances. In the fall, Beuerlein will attend his first choice, the Miami University (Ohio) where he plans to major in computer science and minor in political science.

LESLIE AND DR. KURT KITZIGER were living on the lake front with their four children when Katrina slammed New Orleans in August 2005. Nothing short of one of the most destructive hurricanes in U.S. history could have driven the Kitziger family — one with a long history in the Big Easy — from the Crescent City.

“Our neighborhood was destroyed,” explained Leslie Kitziger. “There was nothing to go back to.”

It would take years for the three older sisters and their only brother, the youngest, Ray, to get over leaving their home and New Orleans.

Ray Kitziger '17, or “Little French Fry” as he was known in those days, was going into first grade at Stuart Hall School for Boys with 18 classmates.

“Why are you sad?” Leslie and Kurt Kitziger frequently had to ask when their youngest child cried at their new home in Dallas.

The answer was always the same. The boy would hold up the photo of his classmates at Stuart Hall (which always seemed to be at his side or under his pillow) and say, “I have 18 good reasons to cry.” After four years at Christ the King, making another move — this time to Cistercian — did not appeal to the youngest of the Kitziger clan.

“I tried to flunk the admissions test,” Kitziger said, although he could not bear to fail it completely. The so-so test result earned him a place on the waiting list (which he later cleared).

As evidenced in the photo at Fr. Joseph’s First Mass (left, he’s the short boy next to his form master) it would take a while for Cistercian to grow on him.

In First Form, he connected with teachers like JP Walsh, who enkindled in Kitziger a love for soccer (although he never played). By Form III, he would visit the soccer coach’s office just to chat.

Meanwhile, Kitziger proved to be an outstanding student (with a fascination for history and all things medical), making his one-time status on the waiting list a running joke between his parents and then-director of admissions Bob Haaser.

In addition to his duties as the student athletic trainer for the varsity football team freshman year, he signed up for the yearbook and grew very close to Fr. Anthony Bigney, the yearbook sponsor.

“He had tennis matches over the weekend at Casady and Holland Hall,” Fr. Anthony recalled, “and the team returned Saturday evening around 7 pm. Rather than going home, Ray went to the computer lab and began editing yearbook spreads.

“That’s the sort of kid Ray is. It’s always, ‘what do you need from me?’ He has an unparalleled sense of duty and service.”

“I started from the bottom and climbed the ladder,” said the co-editor of the 2017 *Exodus*.

Sophomore year, JP Walsh accepted Kitziger as the athletic trainer of the soccer team, the first time the coach allowed a non-senior to hold the job.

“He dressed up very nicely,” Walsh laughed, “to imitate the look of European trainers.”

By senior year, he was attracting others to the soccer sidelines,

following summers and for many hours during the school year.

They found him indispensable (even calling on him for emergency help on a Friday night), as did his classmates.

“Craig David is one of the computer guys who is always willing to help if you have a problem,” said Ray Kitziger '17.

Skilled in Photoshop, Beuerlein designed many of the posters for school events. He also played varsity football.

“Craig David is really a beloved person in our class,” Fr. Joseph said, “and even more so among the faculty.”

Still, Christmas Break 2016 did not provide much rest and relaxation for Craig David Beuerlein. Having applied to 10 colleges on an early-action basis, he received one deferral after another over the holidays.

“I freaked out,” Beuerlein remembered. “I emailed the colleges and Mr. Saliga constantly. I wondered if I would be



Fr. Joseph and the Class of 2017 soaking wet in the first weeks of freshman year.

like Will Hartnett '17, who filmed the games, and Jose Alonzo '19, who served as an assistant and dressed for the part like his mentor.

"This year," said Walsh, "Ray tracked the statistics of every player, including the time they entered and left the game.

"He turned it into a fantasy sports thing, awarding them points. It helped make this a really fun year.

"With Ray on the sideline, we rarely had to call Philip Agtarap (the school's full-time athletic trainer) because he was able to take care of the less serious injuries."

As a junior, the busy Kitziger joined with classmate Danny Garda '17 to lead a shoe drive, collecting a total of 901 pairs of shoes for Soles 4 Souls.

When called for an interview this spring, Kitziger was struggling with the third traumatic move of his life — this one from the school, classmates, and mentors he has come to cherish.

On May 1, he texted that he's going to be a Longhorn and will study to be an orthopedic surgeon like his dad.

"Ray missed just one game (for a college visit)," said James Burk, head football coach. "It was then that we realized just how much we relied on him. Ray was a four-year starter for our program, and he may be the hardest senior of all to replace."

"HOW MANY ELEPHANTS can you get in a Volkswagen?" Fr. Joseph asked a befuddled Cole Gimenez '17, whom he had selected randomly from the audience attending this spring's Coffee House.

For five minutes, Fr. Joseph stepped out of his form master

persona and became one of the guys for this last coffee house for his seniors (with Gimenez playing the straight man).

It may have been a nerve-racking endeavor for Fr. Joseph — who freely acknowledges his "rigidities" — but it accomplished its purpose. The audience, especially the seniors, hung on every word and laughed lavishly.

"As a form master," Fr. Joseph explained, "Fr. Peter said it is always better to start off strict and get looser as you go. Being a form master is a marathon. You have to play the long game."



Fr. Joseph telling jokes with Cole Gimenez '17 at Coffee House.

"Fr. Joseph had the courage (or recklessness)," Fr. Paul emphasized, "to join the monastery at a time when we simply did not have any vocations."

Under substantial, if unspoken, community pressure, "this 'veteran' young monk has been a tremendous shepherd of this graduating class," Fr. Paul added, "a wonderful role model who has challenged his guys intellectually, spiritually, and morally in such a way and with such natural intelligence and humility that they are truly an

exceptional class — astoundingly at peace with him, with 'the administration,' with themselves.

"And, they clearly know they are loved and that God (and we) expect great things from them."

That dive in the pool freshman year, Fr. Joseph admitted, helped turn the tide.

"I hadn't got a lot of good press from the boys in Middle School. In the weeks leading up to the party freshman year, they kept asking me to take that dive.

"The idea of Fr. Joseph being cool was pretty foreign to them, but they gave me the opportunity."

And he took it.



A place of burial for 96 monks

“Awaiting their resurrection”

Our Lady of Dallas has gained another beautiful sacred space in keeping with the architectural success of the abbey church built in 1992.

The new crypt now nearing completion makes a clear statement about the resurrection of the dead by allowing a major slab of light to shine in and reach out toward the monks' coffins.

— Fr. Alcuin Schachenmayer,
Austrian Cistercian of the Abbey of Heiligenkreuz



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Community calendar

JUNE

**2 Alumni
Golf Tournament**

**3-4 Alumni Reunions
Weekend**

**12 Summer Programs
run through July 7**

CISTERCIAN
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We find rest in those whom we love

During WWII a German SS soldier, infamous even among his comrades as a wild brute, started kicking an American nurse for no reason whatsoever.



On Prayer
Fr. Roch Kereszty

Before the nurse lost consciousness, she whispered to him: “God bless you.”

The next day as the woman woke up, she found the SS soldier at her bed.

“I would like to know,” he asked her, “what God were you praying to yesterday before you passed out?”

The nurse began to tell him about Jesus and in a few days the man asked for baptism.

I mention this story because it sheds light on the strange saying of St. Bernard I quoted in the title: “We find rest in those whom we love.”

The word *requiescere* cannot be translated with a single word. It means to find rest, peace, calm, tranquility, refreshment. For a long time I have been wondering why Bernard says the opposite of what we normally think: “we find rest, peace, etc. in those who love *us*.”

If someone is indifferent or even hostile to me, like the SS man was to the nurse, how can I find rest and peace in him?

With God’s grace I might decide to help him if he is in trouble, but find rest and peace in him? — that sounds absurd. But, obviously, the nurse had enough peace in her heart to bless the man.

Recently, I found a way to interpret Bernard’s experience which begins to make full sense to me. The nurse spoke out of the deepest recesses of her heart where she was in touch with a love, infinitely greater than her own heart.

This love comes from the heart of God which the soldier’s lance opened up on the cross at Calvary Hill. If we are bold enough to ask — really ask — to share in this love, we will certainly receive it. Perhaps not immediately, perhaps we need to beg God for a

long time, patiently and trustingly.

Jesus himself gave us the commandment: “Love one another as I have loved you.” If he commands us to love with his own love, then evidently, he will not deny our request to share in it. And in his love we will find rest, peace, assurance and energy.

Even if someone returns our love with indifference and hostility, it can make us sad, but cannot take away our peace. We still possess an infinite treasure, a participation in the joyful communion of the Holy Trinity. We sense that the Father’s love that reaches us through his Son’s heart is patient, long-suffering, and at times waits until the last conscious moments of those who keep resisting him.

In the same letter I quoted in the title, St. Bernard has prepared another surprise. (Forgive me for quoting it first in Latin for the sake of showing how useful your Latin can be!): *Amare in Deo caritatem habere est; studere vero propter Deum amari, caritati servire est*. “To love in God is to possess charity; to strive to be loved for the sake of God is to be at the service of charity.”

At first reading it might seem odd that such a great ascetic as St. Bernard deems it virtuous to strive to be loved.

Isn’t this rather the attitude of a spoiled child?

Of course, it depends on why we want to be loved — to be flattered, to have another do our bidding, to enjoy physical and emotional pleasures.

However, to be loved for the sake of God, whose very life is manifest in us is to become what he wants us to become, a lovable masterpiece of his creation, a unique,

shining image of his Son.

We have been created to love and to be loved, as the only Son is loved and as he loves, and we are to become united with him in the Holy Spirit.

Does it seem too good to be true? The crucified and risen Christ guarantees its reality.

*We have been
created to love
and to be loved,
as the only Son
is loved and
as he loves.*