

**New England Jesuit  
Oral History Program**



**Fr. David G. Boulton, S.J.  
Volume 52**

© Society of Jesus of New England  
2008 All Rights Reserved

Editor: Richard W. Rousseau, S.J.  
Associate Editors: Paul C. Kenney, S.J.

Assistant Editors: William J. Cullen, S.J.,  
Joseph V. Owens, S.J., Joseph A. Paquet, S.J.,

ISBN 1-60067-050-4

**Distribution:**

Oral History Program  
Campion Center  
319 Concord Road  
Weston, MA 02493-1398  
781-788-6800  
[info@jesuitoralhistory.org](mailto:info@jesuitoralhistory.org)  
[www.jesuitoralhistory.org](http://www.jesuitoralhistory.org)

## THE IMPORTANCE OF ORAL HISTORY

Oral histories are the taped recordings of interviews with interesting and often important persons. They are not folklore, gossip, hearsay, or rumor. They are the voice of the person interviewed. These oral records are, in many instances, transcribed into printed documentary form. Though only so much can be done, of course, in an hour or some times two, they are an important historical record whose value increases with the inevitable march of time.

For whatever reason, New England Jesuits, among others around the world, have not made any significant number of oral histories of their members. Given the range of their achievements and their impact on the Church and society, this seems to many to be an important opportunity missed. They have all worked as best they could for the greater glory of God. Some have done extraordinary things. Some have done important things. All have made valuable contributions to spirituality, education, art, science, discovery, and many other fields. But living memories quickly fade. Valuable and inspiring stories slip away. This need not be. Their stories can be retold, their achievements can be remembered, their adventures saved. Their inspiration can provide future generations with attractive models. That is what oral history is all about.

## LIST OF NEW ENGLAND JESUIT ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM BOOKLETS

1. Fr. George W. Nolan
2. Fr. John F. Broderick
3. Fr. Joseph S. Scannell
4. Fr. Joseph G. Fennell
5. Fr. James F. Morgan
6. Fr. John V. Borgo
7. Bro. William J. Spokesfield
8. Fr. Lawrence E. Corcoran
9. Fr. John J. Caskin
10. Fr. William F. Carr
11. Fr. Alwyn C. Harry
12. Fr. John F. Foley
13. Fr. Leo F. Quinlan
14. Fr. Patrick A. Sullivan
15. Fr. John J. McGrath
16. Fr. Victor F. Leeber
17. Fr. Charles G. Crowley
18. Fr. Wilfrid J. Vigeant
19. Fr. James T. Sheehan
20. Fr. Francis X. Sarjeant
21. Bro. Italo A. Parnoff
22. Fr. Dudley R.C. Adams
23. Fr. Martin P. MacDonnell
24. Fr. Robert E. Lindsay
25. Fr. Ernest F. Passero
26. Fr. Walter M. Abbott
27. Fr. James P. McCaffrey
28. Fr. Aram J. Berard
29. Fr. Joseph F. Brennan
30. Fr. James W. Skehan
31. Fr. Joseph P. O'Neill
32. Bro. Calvin A. Clarke
33. Fr. Edward J. Murawski
34. Fr. Paul T. McCarty
35. Fr. Anthony R. Picariello
36. Fr. Joseph H. Casey
37. Fr. Joseph E. Mullen
38. Fr. Joseph A. Paquet
39. Fr. William G. Devine
40. Fr. Philip K. Harrigan
41. Fr. John J. Mullen
42. Fr. James B. Malley
43. Fr. John F. Devane
44. Bro. H. Francis Cluff
45. Fr. William J. Raftery
46. Fr. John J. Mandile
47. Fr. John W. Keegan
48. Fr. William A. Barry
49. Fr. Robert G. Doherty
50. Bro. Edward L. Niziolek
51. Fr. Albert A. Cardoni
52. Fr. David G. Boulton
53. Fr. Alfred O. Winshman
54. Fr. Paul J. Nelligan
55. Fr. Edward F. Boyle
56. Fr. John F. Mullin
57. Fr. John J. Donohue
58. Fr. Richard W. Rousseau
59. Fr. Francis J. Nicholson
60. Fr. Arthus H. Paré
61. Fr. Richard T. Cleary
62. Fr. Gerard L. McLaughlin
63. Fr. Francis J. O'Neill
64. Fr. Neil P. Decker
65. Fr. Joseph R. Laughlin
66. Fr. John J. Karwin
67. Fr. Paul T. Lucey
68. Bro. Edward P. Babinski
69. Bro. Vincent M. Brennan
70. Fr. James J. Dressman

May 2008

Interview with Fr. David G. Boulton, SJ  
by Fr. Richard W. Rousseau, SJ  
July 6, 2006

**PERSONAL SALVATION HISTORY**

**RICHARD ROUSSEAU:** Welcome.

**DAVID BOULTON:** Thank you.

**RR:** Let's begin with your early years. Tell us a little bit about your parents and family.

**DB:** Might I preface this by saying that what I will share with you, personally, spiritually, is what I consider my personal salvation history, a redemptive history—how God has worked in my life from my earliest beginnings until the present day?

**RR:** Fine.

**DB:** Let me begin by saying I was born in Waltham, Massachusetts. I was born out of wedlock. I don't know the last name of my biological mother. Her first name was Sadie. I was adopted early on, probably within a few months, in a private adoption through a nurse, who probably took care of my biological mother, Sadie, and myself. When the time came to make some determination about what Sadie was going to do, it was decided, probably within her family or by herself, that I would be put up for adoption.

## ADOPTIVE PARENTS

DB: So the two people that raised me would be my adoptive parents, Catherine Haverty Boulton and George Boulton. They had learned about me from a nurse, who took care of me and Sadie, I am sure, where I was given birth, at a Waltham maternity home. So the nurse knew my mother, knew my father.

My mother and father had already gone through a tragic happening in their own lives. Their only daughter, Margaret Mary, had died at birth. That was always a great sorrow to my mother. I understand my father baptized the child immediately after birth.

## LOSS OF THEIR HOMES

DB: They lived in the house that my father's father had built back, probably in 1924. He was a carpenter, and he built the house. But there was no child present. This nurse knew of a child that was going to be given up for adoption. I was privately adopted through this nurse, May Agnes Shea, and a priest from St. Mary's in Waltham, Fr. Hasenfuss. But they both encouraged this, and I was privately adopted and went to live with my adoptive parents, Catherine and George.

I lived on 29 Cabot Street with them for thirteen years, but it was during the Depression. I was born, April 21, 1928, and of course the Depression would begin in 1929. My father and my mother were badly affected by this, especially my father. He lost his job; he was a machinist and tool maker, very skilled at his craft, and yet he would get one job after another. For the first couple of years it was touch and go. And we obviously had to leave that house on Cabot Street and move to another place in Waltham.

We lived in three different places: Prospect Street, Bedford Street, and Robbins Street. Finally in the late summer of 1934 we moved back to Cabot Street. I had

already completed kindergarten at the Banks School. I started first grade and I went all the way up to seventh in the Waltham public schools. I had good friends during my boyhood years.

I enjoyed my life. I think my parents sheltered me, especially my mother, from the full impact of the Depression. They would give up so I would be able to eat. It was hard for them to put good meals out on the table, but in the early years of the Depression they did that. When I was very young, I knew I was adopted.

#### LEARNING OF HIS ADOPTION

RR: They told you?

DB: Yes, my mother did. She told me it was something I didn't have to talk about. She cautioned, "You don't have to bring it up or talk about it." I think probably she meant to protect me, but I think, because of her saying that, I felt a little bit different much of the time, very guarded about what people knew about me, what they would think. Well, that would be resolved later on in my life.

#### BOYHOOD FRIENDS

DB: The Cabot Street neighborhood provided a safe setting for young people, where I had my friends. A very good friend of mine from kindergarten on was Ron McArthur, who recently wrote a book on his deceased wife, a marvelous love story. He met her in Germany after World War II, when he was in the service. She died of multiple sclerosis. And she became part of my life.

My cousin, Dick Boulton, who lived across the street, became a very close friend. Then there were two other friends in the Walsh family on the next street up. So I had good friends growing up, and did the normal things kids would do at that time.

#### MOVE TO BRIGHTON

DB: When we had to move in April of 1941, I felt that it was the saddest day in my life, because we were leaving a house that I loved very much. It had lawns and flower gardens, and there were fields and woods nearby. But we had to leave that, because the house was being sold.

RR: Why did they want to sell it?

DB: My father's health was beginning to deteriorate somewhat. He was working at the Charlestown Navy Yard at the time, and it was felt that maybe it would be better for us to live closer to where he worked. So we moved to 1626 Commonwealth Avenue, Brighton.

#### DISCOVERING THE RED SOX

DB: It was like going from the country into a brick prison in the city. My first summer, 1941, was horrible. But my mother and father did everything to make it pleasant for me, and that's when I began to go to Red Sox games. That's when began my love for the Red Sox and baseball. I started school there that fall at the Thomas Edison School, right next to the seminary in Brighton.

RR: Oh, in Brighton.

DB: Yes, I did the eighth and ninth grade. As the ninth grade progressed, I was thinking, "Where will I go to high school?" My options were Brighton High School or one of the Boston schools like Latin School or English High.

#### BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH

DB: A friend of mine said to me, "My brother went to BC High, so I'm going to go to BC High." I had never heard of it. I knew of Boston College because of their football, but BC High—I didn't know anything about it. I ended up at BC High in the fall of 1943, but I had

to repeat the ninth grade, because I did not have Latin yet.

I loved BC High. I got involved in a lot of sports-related activities—manager of the baseball team and a football cheerleader. I wasn't a great athlete. I was too small to be playing sports, but I enjoyed them.

RR: Was it much travel for you?

DB: No, from Brighton to BC High on Harrison Avenue was fine. It was a growing-up experience. Get out, get on the streetcar every day, come home on the streetcar. I made a lot of friends over those years.

#### SYNTHETIC SENIOR

DB: By the summer of 1945 I had completed my sophomore year. But I realized that, because of having been held back a year, I would turn eighteen the next April 21 during junior year. The war had ended in Germany, but the war with Japan was still going on and the future did not look good—I could be drafted before I graduated from high school.

So BC High offered a summer course for men going into their junior year. We took our whole junior year that summer of 1945. And so they used to call us "Synthetic Seniors" when we got to senior year that fall, because we did the whole junior year [laughter] the previous summer in about sixty days.

RR: Yes, yes.

DB: It was a workout.

RR: I can imagine; you were having long days.

DB: There were long days and nights of studying. Then on August 15 the war ended, the Feast of the Assumption of Mary. Interesting that the war began December 7 on the night before the Immaculate Conception on December 8, and it ended really on August 14, the night before the Assumption of Mary. Interesting.

RR: Isn't that a coincidence?

DB: Yes. I always thought that. I caught up with my rightful class, and became a member of the class of 1946, as one of the “Synthetic Seniors.” “Retreads,” they called us, too. I graduated in 1946.

#### SIGNIFICANT TEACHERS

RR: Did any of the Jesuits make an impression on you?

DB: Yes, I had Fr. Bernard McDonough my freshman year. He was a very good, kind man. I liked him.

There was another Jesuit my sophomore year; we used to call him P. H. Collins—Patrick Henry Collins. He had been at Boston College during the war; then he came to BC High to teach. I had him in my sophomore year. He had a great influence on me, too. He had a way about him. He commanded his classes very well, but he loved all of us. I always felt very influenced by him.

RR: Right.

DB: During the summer of ‘45 one of the men that I ran into was Fred Blatchford [SJ]. He was just great. For my senior year I had Fr. Bill Murphy, and he was another good man.

#### USHER AT FENWAY PARK

DB: But a man I always thought a lot of, because of the job I got when I was in my senior year, was Fr. Paul Barry, Fr. Jim Barry’s brother. Paul was a student counselor in my senior year. I went to see him and said, “You know, I like baseball. Do you think I could get a job in the ballparks?” He said, “Yes. What do you want to do?” I said, “I’d like to be an usher. Do you know how I could be an usher at Fenway Park?” He said yes, and gave me a few names. “Go over there and see these people.” I got over there as fast as I could.

In the summer of ‘46, right after the war when all the big ball players were coming back, I started usher-

ing. I went to BC that fall. But at the time the big ball players were Ted Williams and Bobby Doerr, who were heroes of mine when I was a kid. Of course, when the Red Sox got into the '46 World Series, I cut class. My teacher knew where I was. He was Fr. O. A. Reinhalter. You might have known him.

RR: No.

DB: Fr. Reinhalter taught the A.B. Greek Honors pre-med program. He knew where I was. When I came back from the games, he said, "I know you were absent for a few days." I said, "I was kind of busy." Of course, I was ushering at the World Series—the Red Sox and the Cardinals.

#### VOCATION

DB: '47-'48 was my sophomore year. My intention was to go on in pre-med. I had never thought of a vocation to priesthood. I was too interested in girls those days. I was really into the college life, and just didn't give a thought to a religious vocation. My mother and father certainly never pushed that on me. My mother might have said to me once, "Did you ever think of becoming a priest?" "No, no, no, no." "Fine."

RR: That was the end of that.

DB: But in October 1948—we had been delayed in getting to college that year, because B. C. was doing some building—I was sitting in the biology lecture room, and Fr. Mike Walsh came in. He was chairman of the department of biology. He began to talk to all the pre-med students. He explained the commitment that we would have to make and what life in medicine would entail. As I listened carefully, it came clear to me. I thought, "I don't want to be a doctor. I want to be a priest." Wow! That felt good. I just felt right about that decision. At that moment.

RR: Oh.

DB: It was a beautiful October day, I remember. I told a friend of mine, Joe Bertelami, a good Italian fellow. He came home with me, and my mother was there. My father at that time was home, too, because he wasn't well. I told them what I was going to do. Well, they were so surprised. [Laughter]

RR: Out of the blue.

DB: Yes, they didn't have a clue. "That's what you want to do?" "Yes, I think I want to do this."

RR: They supported you.

DB: Oh, right away. But I wanted to be a diocesan priest, and that was a fly in the ointment, because, when I said that to my mother, she said, "Well, I'm going to have to call Fr. Hasenfuss." He said, "No, he won't be able to become a priest in the Archdiocese of Boston," because at that time they wouldn't take anybody born out of wedlock.

RR: Oh, really?

DB: Fr. Hasenfuss said that my parents would have to talk to Archbishop Cushing. My mother arranged to talk with him. My father was sick, and I didn't go. My uncle drove her up and she talked with the archbishop. He listened to her, and said, "No, he can't enter the Archdiocese of Boston." He asked, "Where does he go to school?" She said, "Boston College." "Oh, Boston College! The crowd up on the hill—they can take him!"—meaning the Jesuits, "the crowd on the hill."

RR: [Laughter]

### THE JESUITS

DB: I had never thought of the Jesuits. I thought that I could never make it in the Jesuits. But soon enough I talked to O. A. Reinhalter. He listened to me, and he said, "Why not?" I said, "I don't know." He contacted Fr. John McEleney, the provincial at that time. He said, "No problem." [Laughter]

I asked myself, “What am I getting into? The Jesuits?” I knew I wanted to become a priest. I thought, “Well, I guess I’ll try it.” I went through all the interviews. One of the things that I regretted having to give up when I entered the novitiate on July 30, 1949 was my summer jobs at Fenway Park and Braves Field as an usher. I had to leave the ballparks behind!

RR: [Laughter]

DB: After all I was almost four summers in the ballparks.

RR: So close and yet so far.

#### GOOD-BYE, FENWAY PARK

DB: Yes, yes. The summer of ‘49 was an exciting one for the Red Sox, and I was going to the novitiate. Well, I was ready. I had quit the ballparks actually about a month before I left for the seminary.

RR: You knew you had other things to do.

DB: Of course, saying good-bye to my parents, being an only child, was hard.

RR: It was hard for them, too.

DB: Right, yes! Pretty hard on them. It wasn’t particularly difficult for me to do, actually. I was ready to go, and so July 30, 1949 I was down at the South Station in Boston, ready to take the train to Pittsfield.

And whom did I meet there? It was a fellow incoming novice, Fred O’Brien, who is now in the New York Province. Fred had just graduated from BC High. He was an only child, too, and was saying good-bye to his parents. I was saying good-bye to mine, and all these aunts and uncles and cousins and all these people gathered to say farewell. I got on the train. Off we went to the Berkshires.

#### HOTTEST RIDE EVER

DB: There was no air conditioning system, and it was the hottest train ride I have taken in my life. We finally

arrived in Pittsfield, and who gets off the train with us? Paul Gilmartin, who is now here at Campion Center on the second floor after his stroke several years ago. The three of us were waiting in Pittsfield until Bro. Ed McLain came down, picked us up, and brought us out to Shadowbrook.

RR: And that in the summertime.

#### WELCOME TO SHADOWBROOK

DB: Yes, July 30, 1949. And so we went, and they took us in. A big storm was beginning to brew over the lake, coming over the ridge and raining over the lake. It was beautiful. They took us out on the porch looking out over the Stockbridge Bowl and the lake!

RR: Great view.

DB: Yes! We had supper that night, and we were given our angels, who showed us around and hovered over us. But that first night there was a tremendous thunder and lightning storm over Lake Mackinac. That was quite a night. There was a big concert going on over at Tanglewood, so we were treated to a thunder storm and the music. It was quite a first night there.

RR: [Chuckles]

#### NEAR DROWNING

DB: The next day was the feast of St. Ignatius, July 31, and we began the routine of postulancy. The angels took us down to the lake for a swim. I could have ended my career in the Jesuits that first day. I hadn't been doing much swimming in fresh water, and I yelled, "Let's swim out to the raft!" I found out that I couldn't make it. I yelled, "Help! I think I'm drowning!" People jumped in and pulled me out onto the raft, and so I am still here. [Laughter] But I was thinking, "Wow! What would that be? What would have happened if I had drowned?" The Lord and good companions were

certainly with me. I hadn't gone under, just lost my energy. I took the challenge and before the end of that summer, I was able to swim out to the raft by myself and back again.

#### NOVITIATE LIFE

RR: How did the novitiate itself go for you?

DB: I didn't seem to mind it. I liked being in the Berkshires. A lot of men hated it there in the woods and trees, ponds, and lakes.

RR: Not in the city.

DB: I was in my glory being there. For those two years, John Post was the Novice Master. I think he got a big kick out of me much of the time. I was kidded a lot by my fellow novices, which I didn't mind. I was getting as much fun out of it as they did. He asked me about it: "Are you being bothered?" I said, "No. Why? I am enjoying it."

But the novitiate was good. I liked it. We had to take Greek and Latin—I forget what else we had to take back then. We had classes and talks, and just the whole fact of being introduced to the Spiritual Exercises, and being on the long retreat that first October, living in the beauty of the Stockbridge Bowl. Nature was in all its glory.

I recall that we had one man in the group of novices, who just kept us laughing all through that long retreat. John Post was at his wit's end with us. But that man was so tense he couldn't stop laughing. But we got through it.

#### SUB-MANUDUCTOR

DB: I was the sub-manuductor [assistant to the class beadle] during the long retreat. This meant I would have to bring out the graham crackers at the break every day. A friend of mine, Frank Greaney, was the manuductor.

That's the only official office I ever held in the Society, sub-manuductor during the long retreat.

We went through those two years, and I greatly enjoyed all the seasons. I was a man for all seasons—I loved them all!

I did have one other job in my second year. I was appointed Laurel Colonel. You'll remember that entailed climbing up the side of the mountain and picking laurel in preparation for Christmas festivities. But that day it poured all day, and we were soaked. They still brought the hot dogs and beans up there for lunch. But we did get quite a bit of laurel. But then later we had to go back up again for even more.

RR: Yes, it could be endless.

DB: At that time, I was working with "Algie" [Alphonsus] Yumont [SJ], who was teaching us Greek. I remember being ready to go for the hospital trial. I was scheduled to go, when John Post called me in and said, "Well, Fr. Yumont has been in here. You are beginning to do well in your Greek. So I think it would be better that you didn't go to Boston at this time." I said, "Well, OK." "But you'll go later." Of course, I never did go later. I was disappointed in not having my hospital experience then. Ironically, in later years I had more hospital experience than I would ever have imagined.

I took my vows on July 31, 1951. I skipped the first year of the juniorate, when we studied poetry, because I'd gone three years to BC, and went into "rhet" year [rhetoric]. I went to Weston in the summer of 1952 to philosophy.

#### PHILOSOPHY YEARS

DB: That was a tough time. Yet, after living in a place like Shadowbrook, with people in the ascetories—as we called the study halls—and the dormitories, to go into one's own room for the first time, wow, and shut that

door behind you! You're alone. I was used to having my own room. It was good, too, because I was near my family, who lived in nearby Waltham.

RR: Right.

DB: During that first year of philosophy, it took me almost six months to settle in.

RR: The atmosphere was different. How about the classes?

DB: I didn't like the classes, but actually I did all right and got through the first year exam.

RR: It could be tough.

DB: Yes. During the spring of 1954, too, my father died. T. G. O'Callaghan, the spiritual director, actually brought me home. My father was sitting on his chair, where I'll always remember he had been. He looked like he was asleep.

He had really directed his whole dying process. He told my mother where the candles were, where the holy water was, and told her to call the Passionist priest at the monastery there. He directed his last moments calmly. He had a very beautiful, peaceful death.

RR: Right.

DB: I tried to support my mother and relatives through the wake and funeral. My third year philosophy was a good year. I did well, and was able to do a lot to prepare for regency. I didn't know where I was going to be assigned for regency. I wanted to go to Baghdad, but the provincial, Fr. FitzGerald, had said no. I asked, "How about Jamaica?" But he asked, "How about Cranwell?" I said, "Cranwell?"

RR: [Laughter]

DB: He wanted to send me to Cranwell to replace Ed Dalton in teaching eighth grade so Ed could start theology. So I said, "I'll take Cranwell."

#### TEACHING AT CRANWELL

DB: I went out there and started teaching. Of course you

had to live with the boys, get them up in the morning, get them to bed at night, teach them, and discipline them—everything, like their big house mother, father, and uncle.

And, boy, oh, boy, I made up my mind I would be a winner with these kids, because they were eighth-graders and freshmen in my dorm. I had to really work with them to be on top of them all the time. I used to discipline them with what I called ‘dorm patrol.’ If they kept me up at night, they were going to get up at five o’clock in the morning and start writing something such as, “Sleep, sleep, Macbeth hath murdered sleep.”

The principal at the beginning had to get used to me, because he was always comparing me with my predecessor, Ed Dalton. It took me about six months before I finally said I have to be myself. And then I relaxed and was myself. I think I was a good disciplinarian and teacher of the eighth-graders.

#### SHADOWBROOK FIRE

DB: The saddest event of that year was the Shadowbrook fire. I was at Cranwell that March 10, 1956, scarcely five miles away.

RR: You were so close.

DB: Yes. That night I had heard fire engines off in the distance, but I never thought anything about it. But next morning the night watchman came by and said, “Mr. Boulton, did you hear what happened last night? Shadowbrook burned to the ground, and four men perished.” I couldn’t believe it.

RR: Out of the blue.

DB: The four were Frs. Steve Mulcahy, Harry Muollo, Arthur Tribble, and Bro. Henry Perry. I was just stunned. And when I went out in my corridor near the infirmary, I could smell smoke from the men who

had been brought over from Shadowbrook.

RR: Their clothes still smelled.

DB: Yes. When I went up to the main house, the state police cars were around the house so early in the morning. I went upstairs and saw “Soupy” [Bob] Campbell, a teacher from Shadowbrook, offering Mass. You could smell the smoke from his clothes.

It was a day that stunned everyone. That afternoon some of us were driven over to the ruins. It was horrible—the bare chimneys amid the smouldering ruins.

RR: Yes, it was such a beautiful house.

DB: Oh! And the pictures of the fire! I collected those for a long time, and I finally gave them to the archivist. Whenever I go out to the Campion cemetery, I always go to the grave marker for the four men who died in the fire, along with the other people buried at Shadowbrook. I think of them every day.

#### REDISCOVERING A FAVORITE AUTHOR

DB: That spring something happened that proved to have long-term effects. For a long time I was interested in the storyteller, Thornton Burgess. He wrote animal stories for children. My mother used to read them to me as a kid; later I read them in the *Boston Globe*, where they appeared daily.

During the Cranwell spring vacation, [Fr.] Jim Woods, a fellow regent, and I were giving one of the cottages a routine inspection. I spied a cartoon in a newspaper in the wastepaper basket. To my amazement it was a Thornton Burgess story with one of Harrison Cady’s clever illustrations. I was enthralled. I might term this a “back to the future” experience. I hadn’t seen them in about twenty years.

In later years, when I directed Clinical Pastoral Education programs, I took Burgess’ animal characters and utilized them to describe my students’ human charac-

teristics and behaviors. It was done in good fun. More importantly, it helped the students understand with greater clarity their own natures, inclinations, strengths, and limitations. I like to think that this was a creative contribution to their self-knowledge.

I started to collect these stories during regency. First, I arranged with the student who was getting the newspaper to save me the copy. This arrangement meant keeping an amicable relationship with him, even in the dining room. Each regent had to supervise 120 students during meals. That was a tremendous challenge. You had to keep them in order, all by yourself. [Fr.] Hubie Cunniff could do it, and I learned from him. Second, that summer I went to the North Adams newspaper. They let me have all the stories by Thornton Burgess in their archives.

After regency I returned to Weston for theology. Each summer during theology some of us would help with the Cranwell summer camp. I was sort of a contact man here for that.

RR: You kept up the contact.

DB: Yes, and I spent seven summers at the camp, counting regency and four years here at Weston.

## THEOLOGY STUDIES

DB: During my years of theology, I was not without struggles with the studies. But in the end I got through all right. I felt the need for some hands-on ministry. What filled it was teaching Weston High School kids. We were sent out to teach “catechism” in various places. During my second year I was asked to teach at St. Julia’s in Weston—high school boys and girls, junior and senior years.

A flash of insight came, and I soon saw the need that these kids had to talk about the issues of concern to them—whatever impacted their lives in the here and

now. During my last year of philosophy I began putting together “Teenage Notes.” I gleaned various ideas from different sources, whatever might interest teenagers. I made good use of publications from the Queen’s Work Press and from its famous editor, Fr. Dan Lord, SJ. It got around, and soon even theologians came asking me, a philosopher, for a copy.

Then, during theology, I went big-time and put out a set of notes each week. Another theologian, Dan Maher from the Oregon Province, illustrated them. That made the notes come alive. The kids loved them. I did that for three lively years.

RR: What happened to those notes?

DB: I gave them all away. Of course, today’s kids have different needs. The pastor at St. Julia’s was Fr. Frank Graf, a wonderful man. He was all for the project and supported me very much, so I was grateful to him.

Jimmy Monks [SJ] was my censor. I couldn’t distribute anything until he had looked it over. He was my censor [chuckles]. Art Lopilato, who was still a Brother, would print them for me. I wouldn’t have been able to do it if it weren’t for these people. Working with those kids helped me in a major way to get through theology years.

RR: That gave you something to focus on.

DB: Oh, it did! I also especially remember two men who helped me during that time in the second and third years of theology, when I was really struggling for a while. They were Jack McCall— you know Jack McCall?

RR: Sure.

DB: And Dr. Robert York, who was our doctor here then. Those two were immensely helpful. I talked with Jack McCall, who suggested that I talk to Dr. York. He gave me some light medication. It was just enough to help tremendously. I remember Jack saying, “Once you get through this stuff, you’ll be all right as a priest.”

He could not have been more accurate.  
RR: Right.

#### GRATEFUL FOR HELP

DB: After three years of theology study, I was ordained here in the Weston College chapel on June 17, 1961.

RR: Was it by Cardinal Cushing?

DB: Yes. He had his own distinctive way of doing his ordinations. I can recall some things about that day.

I remember going down that aisle that morning. The ironic thing was to appear before Archbishop Cushing and have him place his hands on my head, to be ordained by the man who had said, "No!" to me for the Archdiocese of Boston. That was something. What an example of how God works.

RR: Yes.

DB: So I was ordained by Cardinal Cushing.

RR: Historic moment.

DB: Oh, it was!

RR: [Chuckles]

DB: Later in the day, he met with families on the lawn. My mother was not looking forward to it. Some left-over anger remained.

RR: Right.

DB: There we were out on the lawn. I said to my mother standing beside me, "Now, don't say anything to him." Of course she wouldn't. We were all very pleasant and very nice. But little did he know how ironic the situation was.

RR: Yes.

DB: The next day I offered my first Mass at the altar of St. Joseph here in the main chapel, so that's a very special altar for me now. My server was Ed Dalton, whom I'd replaced at Cranwell. Ed loved the outdoors and birds; he was a great bird-watcher, as I used to do in my days here. I remember him with gratitude for helping me

with that Mass. It was just a great day of celebration.

The following week I went down to Boston College to St. Ignatius Church, and had my first public Mass down there. The man who assisted me there was Walter Martin [SJ] of happy memory. Walter had been the camp director up at Cranwell a few summers, so Walter was a special friend, too.

RR: And the next big thing was tertianship.

DB: Yes, next was tertianship at Pomfret in Connecticut. It was far from an easy year.

RR: [Chuckles] Not very exciting.

#### UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY

DB: But, before I got to tertianship, something significant happened during the summer of 1961. It was right after ordination and before I became a fourth-year father. I was going to Cranwell for another summer. But first I served as a chaplain for a couple of weeks at St. Luke's Hospital in Pittsfield. And I *loved* it. I felt so affirmed by the people, as a person, as a man, as a priest, and as a Jesuit. I just loved administering the sacraments and visiting people.

It's clear as crystal: a seed was planted. I felt something new was beginning in me. Now I can look back and realize that I was gradually discovering a new way of "doing theology." And I felt unprepared.

RR: Like an epiphany.

DB: I thought, "Oh, my! Where've I been?" When I returned to Cranwell that summer, I knew it was going to be my last time at the summer camp. During tertianship, the best part was that twice I went back to St. Luke's Hospital to be a chaplain there for two months in all. During that spring we'd go out and do ministry. I gave the Novena of Grace there and served as chaplain there. I had found my love.

I got through the tertianship. An Australian and I

were the first two out of the tertianship at six o'clock the morning tertianship ended.

RR: [Chuckles]

DB: I got a bus for Cranwell and he got a bus for Pittsfield—he was going up to be the chaplain at St. Luke's for a while.

RR: Right.

DB: But I didn't stay the summer there, because I just went up to set up the summer camp at Cranwell.

#### BACK TO CRANWELL

DB: Because that summer of 1961 I had decided I was going to ask for chaplaincy, I started at Boston City Hospital with "General" Brock, Larry Brock [SJ, so-called for his military style as head chaplain and for his rank as General in the Massachusetts National Guard]. I recall the outlandish things one did going around at four o'clock in the morning with a flashlight, breaking up hosts, and...

RR: Waking people up. [Laughter]

DB: ...to give them Communion. Oh, unbelievable! But then I ended the summer back at St. Luke's.

#### STUDENT COUNSELOR

DB: I was assigned in 1963 back to Cranwell, but this time as a student counselor for freshmen, sophomores, and juniors—I think seniors my first year there. Thomas Lannon [SJ, rector] had asked to have me return there.

RR: Did you find that less strenuous?

DB: I didn't have to prefect, yes. But, one time I did, and I didn't like that, because that compromised me too much. When someone got sick, I had to go into the dorm and take control of the dorm.

RR: Right.

DB: I didn't want to discipline kids and then have them come over and confide in me. I didn't like that. It hap-

pened only once or twice. I had a good four years there. During the summer of 1967 I went to see the provincial, J. V. O'Connor. I said, "Well, maybe I could go out and do some studying this summer." He said, "It would be better if you did something more pastoral instead." I said, "How about being a hospital chaplain?" He said, "That'd be great! Would you like that?" I said, "Yes."

In fact there was a fellow by the name of Gene Cavanaugh from the Maryland Province, who had done a program called Clinical Pastoral Education. I'd never heard of it before. I said, "Yeah, that's what I'd like." I told J. V. O'Connor I could get into CPE as a training program, and he was all for it.

The summer of '67 I went down to Boston City Hospital. That fall I was to move to Fairfield. I'm sure the rector at Cranwell was very happy to have me move on, because [laughter] I spoke up and told him what I didn't think was right, especially building such a large chapel for the small student body. Also, some of our regents were having a hard time. But I had to speak up.

RR: Right.

DB: I was honest with him. In addition, they wanted me at Fairfield at that time.

#### FIRST SUMMER OF CPE

DB: After my first summer of CPE, which was a very redemptive, wonderful experience...

RR: That was fairly new, that CPE program.

DB: Yes, particularly for Catholic priests. Gene Cavanaugh had preceded me the previous summer, and my summer there were two of us in the program, a Maryknoll priest, Frank Giffley, and myself. We became good friends. We went through that summer with several Protestant ministers as the sole Catholic students in

the all-Protestant group—students from Andover-Newton Theological School. That was a quite a summer. There I was with United Church of Christ supervisors. One was an ex-marine, who would go after me all the time. He really felt that I wasn't respecting myself enough, so he'd go really after me. It felt like an attack, but he knew what I needed at the time.

#### FINDING A NEW CANDOR

DB: I shared things that summer I'd never shared in the Society of Jesus, one being my adoption. I couldn't get over it. I shared that, and I wondered what people would think. But nobody thought anything of it. The roof didn't fall in. They just sat there, happy at least that I could share that.

RR: Right.

DB: At one meeting, one of the UCC ministers said to me, "You were fortunate; see, you were chosen. You were wanted by two people. I was never wanted by my mother and father, never." Wow! I couldn't believe he was saying that.

RR: Right.

DB: But once I shared that, I felt good. It finally wasn't controlling me; I was beginning to get control of it. That's why I don't care who knows about it. I wouldn't preach about it at St. Charles, Waltham, but I mean with Jesuits and people I know. I'm not afraid to talk about that. When I was going to Fairfield, my CPE supervisor had said to me, "How about if you could do another unit of CPE? Go to Andover-Newton. I think you should keep doing CPE." That implied that I was being invited into supervisory CPE. But at that time I said, "Well, I'm already committed. My Jesuit superiors have assigned me to Fairfield. I have to honor that commitment."

#### CONTINUING CPE

DB: I went down to Fairfield, and saw two of the three people that wanted me there, Joe McCormick and Tom McGrath [both SJ]. I told them both about my experience in CPE, and I said, “Could I continue in some way down here?” Tom McGrath said, “I don’t know of any group like that. You don’t need it. Would you like to get into some sort of therapy?” I said I’d like to pick up on some of the issues. He referred me to a Jewish clinical psychologist nearby. I used to see him.

Joe McCormick thought CPE was great. He’d never heard about it before. Of course after that he began to encourage all the people to do it. Joe even did CPE himself finally.

RR: That’s right.

DB: By the way, towards the end of this interview, I’ll give a brief description of Clinical Pastoral Education, so that the reader will gain some understanding of the process. For now, I’ll just refer to CPE.

RR: Good idea.

#### LEAVING FAIRFIELD FOR CPE

DB: J. V. O’Connor [the Provincial] came, and I told him I would really like to pursue CPE. He said, “You’ve already been spoken for.” I knew the ones he meant—Joe McCormick and Tom McGrath. They had told him he should let me do CPE.

RR: Wow.

DB: Larry O’Neil and Al Morris had wanted me to be student counselor at Fairfield Prep. I had to tell them, “I’m only going to be here to the end of this school year.” They were disappointed, but understood that was what I needed to do.

#### CPE AND ST. CHARLES PARISH

DB: From 1967 to 2005 I involved myself in CPE. I was at

Worcester State Hospital, a psychiatric facility, for my second unit of basic CPE. I learned much. But all during those years I was going to St. Charles in Waltham weekends, working as a parish priest.

RR: Yes, I see your longest continuity is at St. Charles Borromeo.

DB: Yes! Weekends, vacation times—they were very happy to have me come. My mother was living in the parish. She was getting along in years, and she needed help. I was able to pay her bills, take her out shopping, and do such things for her, while I was there for the weekend.

Right now I am on my fifth pastor there, and he was just a young curate when he first came to St. Charles years ago. He's very gracious and welcoming, as all the pastors have been. I always got along with the priests. They always accepted me, liked having me come. I keep going when I can. I go down every weekend. But I would never want to live rectory life full-time. That's very tough. I take my day off down there. I have a nice room in the back of the house.

RR: It's like another home.

DB: Yes, it is. I can read all day long, pray. I take walks and do whatever I want. I come back here on Tuesday.

#### STARTING CPE AT MERCY HOSPITAL

DB: I started offering CPE at Mercy Hospital in Springfield, Mass. in 1972. I was asked to go the winter of 1972 and to work with a group of diocesan priests and Sisters of Providence. They were getting a group together.

That came about because of a Sister of Providence I had in my program the previous summer. She loved it so much she thought, "Why couldn't we have it at one of our hospitals?" She told the administrator of Mercy Hospital, who invited me to go there.

#### CPE CERTIFICATION

DB: In the meantime I went out to San Francisco to be certified as a full supervisor—Andover-Newton thought I was ready for it. I went out there. Well, I didn't make it! Usually the first time around you don't make it.

RR: Oh.

DB: I knew that, but it still was painful. I felt like I was ready to plunge over the Golden Gate Bridge! [Laughter]

RR: Right.

DB: I was so down, but Frank Giffley, the Maryknoller, was the only one who made it that ominous day. He ministered to me after that. We walked around the streets of San Francisco that night. I felt angry, defensive, disappointed.

#### RECONNECTING WITH CPE

DB: For a long time I didn't want any more to do with it, with Andover-Newton or anything in CPE supervision. But finally one of the department heads at Andover-Newton called me one day. He said, "Why don't you go see Ed Sprenger?" He was a UCC minister in Westboro and quite a CPE supervisor. And I said, "Oh, well, all right."

I saw him, and he was very good. We worked together, talked together. I worked with him a lot through dreams for about a year and a half. He liked me and had a lot of confidence in me.

I started my first program in the summer of '72 at Mercy Hospital, thanks to a supervisor who had been on the committee out in San Francisco. He said I should go somewhere else, get out of New England. Then he He asked, "Aren't you running a program up there already?" I said, "I'm running a program, just a once-a-week program." "Why don't you develop it?" I'd

never thought about that, so I approached the administrator. She said, "What do we do?" I said, "I'll take care of it." I talked with my provincial and we started the summer of '72.

Then I initiated an extended-time program (two days a week). Members consisted of priests, sisters, and ministers. Actually, I couldn't accept the number of people who applied for training.

RR: Right.

DB: Then March 10, 1973, I went before another committee for certification, and this was in Atlanta, Georgia. I went with two other men, friends of mine, ministers. The three of us went before the committees the same day, and we all made it. But other people hadn't, and some came out of the committee rooms in tears. I remembered what that was like.

I dressed in my clerics, as ordinarily I would present myself on a formal occasion. I took off my jacket and said, "Here I am, ready to go!"

Well, we had quite a session. One of the supervisors, who seemed like a red-neck southerner, said, "It sounds like you are running a seven-day-a-week program." The minister that I'd been working with, Ed Sprenger, was also on this national committee. As I was readying my response, to my surprise I heard Ed say, "Let's remember, David is a celibate Catholic priest. He's not married, doesn't have a wife or family. He has more time to work on his program. But it's not a seven-day-a-week program." That took care of that. After several other challenging questions, the meeting ended with the announcement that I had passed. I was now fully certified to supervise and direct programs of Clinical Pastoral Education. What a great joy!

HELPED BY A DREAM

DB: The night before the committee appearance, I had a

dream of lighting up a room. I was actually going around a room with a big torch, lighting up the room, bringing light to every nook and cranny. That dream energized me. I went into that committee room with a lit torch, as it were. I felt the darkness dispelled. I got through. That was exciting.

RR: Right.

#### THE CONCEPT OF CPE

DB: This may be the place to describe CPE.

RR: All right.

DB: It began in seminaries. It became clear to theological faculties that mere knowledge about theology did not necessarily make effective chaplains or pastors. They saw a need to shift the starting point for realistic theological reflection and formation from doctrine to human experience. They said in effect, "Let's begin with the living human documents."

This shift necessitated a whole new set of honed pastoral skills required of the pastor, such as listening with an attitude of non-judgment. The key was a realistic knowledge of oneself.

A pastoral role does not rest well on an uninformed personal identity. Integral to the process is both personal and pastoral growth and learning. These include taking responsibility for one's strengths and weaknesses, and being clear on how these impact ministry, both positively and negatively.

Overall the process takes place in a group, which pretty much assures that self-deception is short-lived. All the components of the program are geared to promote the desired personal and pastoral growth: verbatim seminars, which critique the chaplain's ministry and point out both strengths and weaknesses; interpersonal covenant sessions, which call attention to how one's personal history enhances or inhibits effective

ministry, and often lead to faith-sharing; didactic sessions in various disciplines—theology, psychology, sociology, etc.—which bring theory to bear on practice; opportunities to assume leadership in prayer with the group; individual supervision in addition to the ongoing group supervision.

The key to the whole process is supervision, both individual and group. Hopefully, out of the CPE experience the chaplain will become convinced of the need for ongoing supervision for as long as one is involved in active ministry. Otherwise shadows easily creep in without our noticing. I often think that our current scandals took hold, because individuals isolated themselves from any individual or communal supervision.

How to do it all? I've come to believe that the Way of Jesus points to the essence and direction. He was all about relationship, wasn't he?

The core of pastoral care lies in a certain interpersonal hospitality: having my own inner space “unoccupied” of my biases, prejudices, agendas, and ready to receive someone else's story and experience. Illness, isolation, loss are frequently times of suffering, loneliness, fear, and discouragement. The chaplain's task is not to bring God to people, but rather to assist them in the discovery that God is already present and active in them and in these events. This is not accomplished by preaching at them but by being present to them. CPE is really a fascinating process that allows for God's Spirit to move in surprising and uncanny ways.

RR: I see. You have explained it well.

#### CPE MINISTRY SITES

DB: This is what the overall picture looks like. For my part, I directed programs at Mercy Hospital for seventeen years, from 1972 to 1989; at the Passionist Retreat House in West Springfield for eight years, 1989-1997;

and at Campion Center here in Weston for another eight years, 1997-2005.

The years were extremely fruitful and have made an indelible impact on me. What has left me with hope for the churches is people's deep desire and generosity in sharing their gifts with others, particularly with those most in need. It confirms for me the encouragement in the Jesuits' 34<sup>th</sup> General Congregation to minister to the disenfranchised. Even more, it confirms Vatican II's designation that this is the Age of the Laity, in which all are called to put one's gifts at the service of the community and world.

RR: Yes, that was a major change.

DB: Indeed. I remember there was quite a stir in the CPE community when I decided to admit qualified lay persons into the CPE program at Mercy Hospital. Traditionally, CPE centers accepted "religious types" only—priests, ministers, rabbis, women religious, seminarians. Several of my supervisory peers were critical and skeptical about this move to be more inclusive. They feared that such a move would "water down" CPE standards by producing pastoral care providers giving inferior ministry.

They reasoned that those without formal theological education would be unable to engage in the theological reflection process. The contrary proved true. They brought fresh understandings to "old" concepts and raised wonderful and needed questions as well. Most, if not all, experienced a sense of call, and were very good at—even skilled in naming their own human experience and where they sense God present in life's happenings.

Consequently, they could identify with others and provide very effective pastoral ministry. Many went on to undertake formal theological education. Indeed, the years have proven the skills and competence of lay

persons in the area of pastoral care, for instance, in chaplaincy.

The Church has been visibly enriched by them and continues to be strengthened by their giftedness and generosity. I shudder to think where we would be without them.

Another direct fruit of this move in the direction of affirmation of laity was the fact the people from different lifestyles—both men and women—could work side by side, and form very effective pastoral teams in parishes, hospitals, prisons, other institutional settings, as well as less formalized ministries through reaching out to people who are homeless, disenfranchised. CPE experiences such as these have left me with a deep and abiding hope for the Church and beyond.

RR: And that is a great consolation.

#### BEYOND THE BORDERS

DB: These “outside events” in the wider Church and Society had direct bearing on changes in the focus and scope of the CPE program which I directed. While at Mercy, my desire was to expand chaplaincy service beyond the borders of the hospital. This met with resistance on the part of the administration. This, coupled with several fine chaplains leaving the hospital, indicated to me that it was time for CPE to move on as well after seventeen years there.

I presented this dilemma to my Professional Consultation Committee. One of the members, Jim Greer, the then director of the Passionist Retreat Center, said, “Come to us. We welcome you.” This move to the Passionist Center enabled us to initiate several creative models. In addition to the three-month summer program that we already had at Mercy, we could respond to participants’ request for a monthly weekend program and weekday programs. Most importantly, sites

were expanded to include our chaplains' ministry at local hospitals, jails, shelters, and hospices. We had established a community-based model. The mix was unbelievable and had a powerful impact on CPE students' growth and learning.

RR: Yes. But, how it is you came here to Campion?

#### COMING TO CAMPION CENTER

DB: Eventually outside circumstances necessitated leaving West Springfield. Because of the shortage of personnel, the Passionists had to sell their beautiful property. Just prior to this, in May 1996, Bill Barry, who was the provincial then, asked to see me. He said that he was planning to make a change in chaplaincy at Campion Center and asked me to discern about this possibility. Actually I was able to say yes on the spot, since that notion had been in my mind for some time. I explained to him that I had already committed to a large group of incoming chaplains for the upcoming year. He understood perfectly, and the move was planned for May 1997.

When the Campion community learned of the change, they encouraged me to start CPE at Campion. This was really a surprise to me. The rector then, Ron Amiot, was very much in favor. As a former CPE student himself, he knew the value of CPE, and affirmed the creation of a CPE program at Campion, in addition to chaplaincy duties at the Campion Health Center facility for elderly and infirm Jesuits.

RR: You were given a warm welcome when you came here.

#### STARTING CPE AT CAMPION

DB: Now, it's no simple operation to start a CPE operation from scratch. It involved another accreditation process with the national Association of Clinical Pastoral Education and a site visit by accreditors, as well

as writing voluminous materials. It was necessary to negotiate with Boston College's Institute for Religious Education and Pastoral Ministry, who would serve as our educational umbrella. Finally, appropriate sites had to be contacted where our CPE interns could fulfill their ministerial component of two hundred hours, in addition to two hundred hours of group work at Campion.

Much to my relief, Kathleen Foley SND, who had worked with me for many, many years, was willing to make the move as well. Kathleen has strong administrative abilities, coupled with equally strong pastoral skills. It would have been virtually impossible to implement this new challenge without her creative input and her capacity to get work done.

RR: Yes. Since the CPE program here at Campion Center was the third one you set up, by then you must have been an old pro at getting one more established.

#### CAMPION CPE MISSION STATEMENT

DB: Here is a more formal description, which defined our CPE program. The Campion CPE brochure described its function as "theological education, which provides a context for reflection on the relationship between oneself and ministry. It invites students to explore how faith and experience shape and inform pastoral identity and care. Through group interaction, students are encouraged to reflect on ministry and gain insight into their strengths and areas of needed growth."

Its mission statement read: "The Campion Renewal Center Clinical Pastoral Education Program is committed to the pastoral mission of *education* and *healing*. This ministry is motivated by the challenge to embody God's love through the sharing of one's humanity with persons whose needs cry out for the ministry of pastoral/spiritual care. The community-based

program hopes to emphasize ministry to the marginalized and oppressed, inclusive of elderly and chronically ill persons in diverse health care facilities and communities. Individuals' gifts are called forth in order that they may be shared freely in the community. This ministry calls for a collegial model, which reflects the value of collaboration."

It would be impossible to go into detail about each CPE students' ministry. To give you a sense of the scope, consider one former student and now a United Church of Christ ordained minister. He was ordained by his church to minister to the homeless in such places as Cambridge Common and nearby Porter Square. He and others, week after week, provide a simple meal, street-side worship services, and ecumenical fellowship. The parishioners are a varied crew with diverse reasons for being there. The most common is homelessness.

For both worshipers and volunteers, this is an expression of faith rooted in action, responding to Christ's call for justice: clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, etc. For all participants, this isn't an adjunct to church life: *this is church life*. Rev. Jed Mannis completed much of his course work at the Jesuit School of Theology. As a UCC minister, he has surely caught the spirit of the "magis" [Latin for "more," used by St. Ignatius of Loyola to encourage greater service of God and others].

RR: A splendid example of what CPE is all about.

#### SIGNIFICANT EVENT

DB: Yes. Now I would like to go back to November 1992. At that time I had a small stroke, which temporarily made swallowing difficult, and to this day has weakened balance a bit on my right side. This happening had quite an impact on me and stirred as never before

feelings of vulnerability. Thankfully, I did well in rehab. It left me, I believe, with a little more sensitivity to folks who feel their lives are out of control.

RR: You have done well. I hardly notice. I suppose that was a factor in ending your CPE work. How did you conclude your years of CPE work?

DB: In May 2005 I informed the students that that year was the last. That's been a great relief. I think I had been terminating during that last year.

RR: Sort of tapering off.

#### GOD'S PROVIDENTIAL CARE

RR: Could we step back a bit and look at the whole providential series of events that happened to your life and all it meant to you?

DB: It's my experience that I've been faithfully companioned by God all my life, from the time that I was named David—"Beloved of God"—to the present moment as I minister to Jesuits here in Campion Health Center. I've also come to see a pattern in my life. When I've been in need, I've found the inner strength to reach out. Inevitably, people have reached back. I believe that these people, these events have embodied God's ever-faithful, ever-caring love for me. I believe, too, that the dark, hard times have eventually yielded more light, life, and love. So much paradox, so much mystery!

I believe that God has blessed me with an abiding faith and hope. I'm enormously blessed to be a Jesuit and part of the Society of Jesus. I have felt chosen all along the way. I feel that God has chosen me through others, chosen me through the Society of Jesus, chosen me through life's surprises. I'm grateful.

RR: That's a wonderful way to end.

DB: Thanks for listening.

Fr. David G. Boulton, SJ

**Born:** April 21, 1928, Waltham, Massachusetts  
**Entered:** July 30, 1949, St. Stanislaus Novitiate/  
Shadowbrook, Lenox, Massachusetts  
**Ordained:** June 17, 1961, Weston College, Weston,  
Massachusetts  
**Final Vows:** December 3, 1987, Campion Center,  
Weston, Massachusetts  
**Died:** May 2, 2007, Newton-Wellesley Hospital,  
Newton, Massachusetts

1943 Boston, Massachusetts: Boston College High School -  
Student  
1945 Summer - Junior year  
1946 Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts: Boston College -  
Student  
1949 Lenox, Massachusetts: St. Stanislaus Novitiate/  
Shadowbrook - Novitiate, juniorate  
1952 Weston, Massachusetts: Weston College of the Holy  
Spirit - Studied philosophy  
1955 Lenox, Massachusetts: Cranwell Preparatory School -  
Taught in grammar school division, prefect of students  
1958 Weston, Massachusetts: Weston College of the Holy  
Spirit - Studied theology  
1962 Pomfret, Connecticut: St. Robert Hall - Tertian  
1963 Lenox, Massachusetts: Cranwell Preparatory School -  
Student counselor, taught religion  
1967 Fairfield, Connecticut: Fairfield Preparatory School -  
Student counselor, taught religion; chaplain at Bridge-  
port Hospital, Bridgeport, Connecticut; Worcester  
State Hospital, Worcester, Massachusetts  
1968 Weston, Massachusetts: Weston College - Studied pas-  
toral theology/Clinical Pastoral Education at Newton-  
Andover Theological School in Doctor of Ministry  
program (Residence: St. Charles Rectory, Waltham,

Massachusetts)  
1970-1978 Province Director of Hospital Chaplains  
1972 Springfield, Massachusetts: Mercy Hospital - Director of Clinical Pastoral Education Program  
1964-2007 Weekend pastoral work, St. Charles Borromeo, Waltham, Massachusetts  
1989 West Springfield, Massachusetts: Passionist Retreat House CPE Center - Director of Clinical Pastoral Education Program  
1997 Weston, Massachusetts: Campion Residence and Renewal Center/ Campion Health Center  
1997-2005 Director of Clinical Pastoral Education Program  
1997-2007 Chaplain of Health Center, pastoral counselor

#### Degrees

1954 Bachelor of Arts, Philosophy, Weston College-Boston College  
1962 Bachelor of Divinity, Theology, Weston College  
1969 Master of Sacred Theology, Clinical Pastoral Education, Andover-Newton Theological School  
1973 Doctor of Ministry, Clinical Pastoral Education, Andover-Newton Theological School

#### Certifications

1973 Supervisor, Association of Clinical Pastoral Education  
1973 Chaplain, National Association of Catholic Chaplains  
1975 Pastoral Counselor, American Association of Pastoral Counselors

## Appendix

1. Funeral Homily, by Fr. Francis J. McManus
2. Three Memories, by Fr. James A. Woods, SJ
3. Tributes from Former CPE Students
4. Reflection from Kathleen Foley, SND, co-worker
5. “High Flight,” David’s Favorite Poem

1. Homily at the Campion Center Community Liturgy  
May 9, 2007, by Fr. Francis J. McManus, SJ, a former CPE  
student of Fr. Boulton, SJ

*Scripture: Romans 8: 14-16; Psalm 27; John 14: 16-21*

Christ is risen! Christ is among us! He is now and  
He always will be! Alleluia!

This morning, which some might call a Berkshire morning, we break open the word of God, finding ourselves in the middle of the fifth week of Easter. The focus of our Easter celebration is changing, as we look forward to receiving the promised Holy Spirit.

Jesus is passionate about asking the Father to send us another advocate, one who will be with us always: the Holy Spirit of truth.

As his final will and testament, Jesus desires that we have an intimacy with his Father just as He himself enjoys. Furthermore, Jesus asks that the Father send us the “Spirit of Truth,” which opens for us the gift of true intimacy with ourselves, an intrapersonal intimacy, and an interpersonal intimacy with all God’s creation, with one another, with Christ Jesus himself.

During his time of earthly pilgrimage, Jesus has discovered the power of a close bond with his disciples. He knows that these intimate, vexing, disappointing, exhilarating friendships are gifts from his Father. He has welcomed them.

Together they have bonded in love.

Jesus desires to continue this intimate relationship with all the human family. From now on, Jesus wants his followers to know that they are bonded together in a unique relationship with him, with one another, and with all redeemed and redeeming creation. He “will not leave us orphans.”

The Holy Spirit will be responsible for this new communion of life, gathering the human family in a bond of adoption whose binding force is love.

The Father embraces each of us as his “beloved,” his DAVID. As gleeful, secure, and confident children crying out: “Abba! Father!”, we approach the many gateways of intimacy, which lead us on to true freedom and life.

Our brother, David, “beloved of God” (he was very proud of his name), has now passed through the final gate into the embrace and eternal intimacy of his loving Father.

David has said that the pilgrimage of his life is “my salvation history, a redemptive history of how God has worked in my life from my earliest beginnings until the present day.”

The “present day” concluded for David last Wednesday, May 2, just about this hour as Bob Lindsay led our community in the final prayer of the Mass for the dying: “Lord, let David go in the company of your angels to the joy of eternal life.”

David’s life has been a pilgrimage to intimacy. Along the way he invited others to share the journey of self-discovery, to learn, as he had, the power of embracing our own wounds, and of entering the darkness within only to discover the light, a light stronger and more gentle than our imaginings. “The Lord is my light and my salvation, of whom should I be afraid?”

In this discovery, David experienced himself as embraced by his “Abba, Father,” and with burning desire, David welcomed so many others, who journeyed with him and whose lives, in turn, are now at the service of the human family.

Together they rejoiced in the new “freedom of the children of God.”

To this shared pilgrimage David brought common sense, Ignatian spirituality (CPE was the first two “weeks” of the Spiritual Exercises), and genuine hospitality. He shared his rich imagination by inviting his students to encounter Christ as they ministered to the poor. Moving from a hospital-based setting to multiple placements among the poor was David’s innovative gift to the CPE program and a deliberate expression of his Jesuit identity and solidarity with the poor.

Early in his ministry he recognized and cherished the wisdom and gifts of women in the life of the Church. He assisted them and the Church to recognize and celebrate God’s loving gifts among us. David has always been a faithful priest of the Catholic Church, and he had not one clerical bone in his body.

For David, the fruits of his pilgrimage were an inner peace, which flowed out of his rootedness in God, and out of his knowing that he was beloved of God, David.

David’s faith that he was beloved by God was often tested. In a soon-to-be-published oral history volume, David talks about being born out of wedlock and of his being adopted through Catholic Charities. His adoptive mother told him that, when she and his father went to see him as a newborn, he put his arms straight up to her. She reached down and picked him up and never placed him back again.

In his narrative, David describes how in time the “secret” of his adoption would cause him pain and shame, and in particular the “rejection” he felt from the Church due to his being an “adopted son.”

In the summer of 1972, in his first CPE group at Mercy Hospital, Springfield, David shared this story of his birth and adoption for the first time publicly. His birth mother’s name is Sadie. He offered us this gift so we could learn from him to embrace our own wound. Occasionally after that,

David would share this story with other CPE groups and in our faith-sharing group, which meets here on Tuesdays. Whether spoken or written, David's pain is felt in the telling.

Ten days ago, on the Fourth Sunday of Easter, Good Shepherd Sunday, and also Catholic Charities Sunday, at his final Mass at St. Charles, David spoke to the congregation about himself. He concluded with these words: "Without Catholic Charities I would not be here with you today."

Later he told Sr. Kathleen Foley, SND: "It just came to me to speak about this. I hadn't mentioned it at the earlier Masses, but now it seemed just right. I feel good that I did speak. I am grateful to God."

On this day of our pilgrimage, we, too, are grateful to God, as we celebrate the Risen Lord Jesus, alive among us, and who has revealed his presence in the life and ministry of David Boulton, priest of the Society of Jesus, and faithful companion to us all.

In time, David, your holiness and life may well be known within our Church. Others may acknowledge God's mighty deeds revealed in the life, the hidden suffering, and the joyful ministry of David Boulton.

But for today, we acknowledge the "Sweet Spirit" among us now. There is a "Sweet Spirit" among us this morning. Each of us has our memory of you, David, and each of us is keenly aware of how the Holy Spirit has renewed our life through your shared intimacy with us.

In this precious moment our only response are these two words: THANK YOU!

Christ is risen, Christ is among us!  
He is today, and He always will be! Alleluia!

## 2. Three Memories from a Fellow Jesuit

Fr. James A. Woods, SJ, Dean  
College of Advancing Studies  
Boston College

Three vivid memories come to mind as I remember Dave.

### Driving Lessons

While at Cranwell, Dave lived in Beecher's cottage, the former home of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and his family. Once the students vacated the mansion for vacation, the countless creaks and hollow halls were Dave's only companions.

Since I frequently gave driving lessons during vacations, Dave became one of my pupils.

As some might remember, in front of Beecher's cottage were the first two fairways for the Cranwell golf course. A small cluster, perhaps five trees, separated several acres of magnificent lawns into the two fairways.

To give Dave some driving practice, I had him man the tractor pulling lawnmowers up and down the fairway. Once in the driver's seat, Dave piloted the tractor with the lawnmowers straight across the fairway, making a direct hit on two trees. A challenging student.

### On Stage

Fr. John Louis Bonn, SJ had a similar experience when Dave was in the Dramatic Society at Boston College. Assigned a non-speaking part as a guard in a play, Dave stole the show when his sword sheath got caught in the stage curtain and Dave pulled the sword out and chopped away at the stage curtain.

### Promoting Vocations

Dave was thoroughly devoted to caring for and teaching

his Cranwell students. He was a tremendous inspirational moderator of Our Lady's Sodality. There was not a Cranwell vacation that Dave had not worked as a member of the Sodality on a social justice project. One wonderful outcome of his regency was clear: five members of the Sodality entered the Society of Jesus.

### 3. Tributes from Former CPE Students

Tribute by Lucille Bonanno, CPE, 2004-2005

As I thought back to my CPE experience, the one vivid memory I have of David Boulton, SJ was the first time he asked, "What's the feeling you're feeling?" I was embarrassed to say I was angry, for fear David would reject me as part of the group. Instead David patiently asked me again, and waited for me to answer him. Once I admitted I was angry at his remark the prior day, he said, "It wasn't that hard to say. I can accept that you're angry at me," and then just dropped it.

That was my first encounter with confrontation, but after that David was very gentle with me. I never felt threatened or attacked as we continued through that first unit. Instead David saw everyone's potential for growth, and had a way of promoting you along the way. It was very evident to me that his devotion to chaplaincy made him an outstanding supervisor, facilitator, and priest.

Like so many before me, I grew so much during my first CPE experience at Campion Center. I have David to thank for the transformation. My second unit at Campion (the last unit held) I was again a part of the CPE group. By far, my growth and development this second unit allowed me to grow more completely into the chaplain role and into a fully adult human being. I owe this all to the direction of David Boulton, SJ, Kathleen Foley, SND and the wonder-

ful companions in my peer group.

I am so grateful and thankful that I was a part of the CPE and that I had the privilege of meeting David Boulton. The last time I saw David was about a week before he passed. I was in his office, but this time when I left I decided to hug him. He hugged me back and smiled at me. The memory of that moment will stay with me as I felt affirmed and loved by this man who had helped so many grow into their full potential.

A Tribute to Fr. David G. Boulton, SJ – A Mentor

Rabbi Robert S. Goldstein  
Temple Emanuel of Andover  
May 11, 2007

It is not my practice, generally, to use my Friday night “sermon time” to deliver a eulogy. But tonight I want to depart from my typical format to tell you about a man who died this last week, a man I am certain beyond a doubt, none of you ever met.

His name was David Boulton. He was a Catholic priest, in fact, a Jesuit. The Jesuits are the intellectuals and the liberals of the Catholic clerical hierarchy. Some Jesuits are in parishes, but the majority are involved in education. The most famous one you may have known was the late Fr. Robert Drinan, a professor law at Georgetown, who also served as a congressman for many years. Some Jesuits are physicians or lawyers; mostly they are out in the community...

Fr. David Boulton, a Jesuit priest, the man to whom I wish to pay tribute tonight was buried last Wednesday.

Over thirty years ago, straight out of college, I started rabbinical school. I then decided I had enough studying for a while, and chose to take a year off...something I probably should have done after college. During my gap year I par-

ticipated in a semester of Clinical Pastoral Education at Mercy Hospital in Springfield. It was a program in which people of all faiths (in those days “all faiths” meant Jewish, Protestant, or Catholic!) learned how to become better chaplains at hospitals and nursing homes. I knew I wanted to return to rabbinical school, so I wanted to use my year away from school to learn skills that would help me when, as a congregational rabbi, I would be making regular hospital and nursing home visits.

Fr. Boulton was the director of the program. I had never met a priest quite like him. He was a runner, although at least another twenty years would pass before I would take up running myself. He was empathetic, smart, accepting, and completely non-judgmental.

Fr. Boulton was a rare combination of maturity, deep faith, and humility. He was smart and well-educated and cultured, and like his Jesuit brothers, a man of the real world. He taught me, not so much by what he said, though he was articulate and used words effectively, but more by the example of his life and his discipline, his faith—unspoken but present, and his acceptance of everyone he encountered, regardless of their faith or station in life.

He once shared with us his road to the priesthood. He was raised in a staunchly Irish Catholic family. When he decided to become a priest, he applied to the Boston Archdiocese. They would not accept him, because, as it turns out, he was adopted, in fact, born out of wedlock, and raised by a loving and nurturing family.

It was only the Jesuits who accepted him. He described how grateful he was that the Jesuits were able to see the divine spark in every human being, regardless of the circumstances of their birth. And so it was with Fr. Boulton.

As I look back at my own work over these last twenty-five years, I realize that I was shaped in so many ways by the example of Fr. Boulton. He taught me that one could not control the circumstances of one’s life. In the case of the

patients we visited in the hospital, they could not will their disease away, no more than a short man could, with all the prayer in the world, will himself to become a 6' 11" basketball star!

But what Fr. Boulton *did* teach me was that through personal insight, prayer, and community, a priest or a rabbi, or, for that matter, any human being with a benevolent soul, can ease the burden of one experiencing the anguish of illness, loss, loneliness, or despair, simply by being present.

And he taught me one more lesson: . . . the power of any religious institution rises from the pews; it does not come from the pulpit.

In my commencement address to the graduating class of Merrimack College during the height of the clergy scandal a few years ago—and remember Merrimack College is a Catholic college—I urged the students not to give up on their church, to remember that *they* are the church, not the priests, not the hierarchy; it was, and remains, the *people* who will determine the direction of their church.

In fact the strength of any religious organization, its vitality, creativity, and relevance is in the hands of the people who fill the pews. That lesson has served me well over the course of my own rabbinate.

Fr. David Boulton, a pious, kind, intelligent, and open-minded Jesuit, who by the example of his life, helped me to become a better person. As a committed Catholic, he taught me to be a better Jew, and as a priest, his words and his example have made me a better rabbi.

Our tradition teaches there is a special place in heaven for the righteous of all nations...there is no question in my mind that my friend, David, rests among the wise sages of our people, and there is no doubt, he is with the saints of all faiths. *Zichrono L'braca*, his memory will remain a blessing, forever. Amen.

Tribute by James Jacob, CPE, 2004-2005

Fr. Boulton was a great priest, a great teacher, and a great friend. I remember meeting him for the first time when I came for the CPE interview at the Weston retreat center. Fr. Boulton and Sr. Kathleen interviewed me.

I remember the calm and peaceful personality of Fr. Boulton, which attracted me. I felt at home in his presence. He was gentle but firm, he was funny but serious, and always caring and looking for the welfare and spiritual maturity of his students. He did not want us to be timid or afraid. He wanted us to face life's challenges with courage.

He insisted on giving full attention to the patient when we did our chaplaincy work. He asked the color of the eyes of those whom we helped, to make sure that we paid close attention while listening to them.

He and Sr. Kathleen formed a great team, and trained many good CPE graduates. I wrote the following about him in my mid-year evaluation report, "Rev. David Boulton is more like an elder brother or father who wants to guide me and help me to be mature in my training. It was very refreshing to see some of the human side of his life, which he chose to reveal at times. He has been an inspiration to work hard and not to be bothered by the comments or criticism of how others feel. I am honored to be his supervisee and glad that I made it before the program closes next year. His knowledge and experience are very valuable in the supervision sessions. At times I feel that I need to tap into more of that experience for some of my pastoral work."

I will remember him as a caring man with a broad outlook—a great pastor and chaplain's chaplain.

Tribute by Paul C. Kenney, SJ, CPE, 2003-2004, 2004-2005,

How can I describe Fr. David Boulton, SJ, Jesuit priest, CPE supervisor, counselor, friend, to give you a clear sense of him in all his richness?

He was himself. That is what I would say. He knew who he was, accepted himself, and gently, wisely, but firmly shared himself with you, more as your companion than as your superior.

As he shared himself, he drew on all his painful and joyful experiences. He thus modeled someone who was not afraid to be fully open to all human feelings as he encountered the gifts, challenges, and losses that life can present.

Once he had been able to face his own worst fear about sharing that he had been adopted, he built up from that foundation of fundamental truthfulness about himself before himself, others, and God. What he built was a heart like a home for all others who, in one way or another, in sickness and loss no less than in surprising delights and celebrations, struggle to say the “both...and” that alone makes for a whole human being.

He could embrace the whole of human life. He paid the price of losing his false security from his fear about his origin. He was free, or at least freer than many others, some of whom came to the CPE program seeking that emotional magnanimity and spiritual vigor that can equip a chaplain to be present to whoever needs his/her gracious presence, whether in a prison with a lifer or beside the hospital bed of a dying patient. He quietly modeled that largeness of heart, that gentleness of spirit, that playfulness and balance of temperament, and that singleness of purpose that aspiring chaplains seek to emulate.

To be with David Boulton during a year-long CPE program was a life-changing experience. And I did two units, 2003-2004 and 2004-2005. What helped make him who he was? At least from the point of view of the imagination, I

think of his great, life-long love of the friendly world of Thornton Burgess. Burgess created a world of homey forest animals, whose characteristics he lovingly and tenderly portrayed for decades in the columns of *The Boston Globe*.

These stories helped shape David's early experience of life as first his adoptive mother read them to him and then as he read them for himself. As an adult he rediscovered them and began collecting the stories. He used them as an integral part of his CPE work to indicate to students the pitfalls to avoid in their ministry as chaplains.

For example, he might point out to one student to beware of becoming like Madame Orb, the spider, by focusing more on what he could get out of the pastoral contact than what he could give. Or to another he might show the resemblance between her and Glutton the Wolverine.

The self that David Boulton shared was a wise one, born of the insights of his own life struggles and of the wider wisdom of all creatures in the forest world of Thornton Burgess, all, of course, built on the foundation of Ignatian spirituality of serving Christ in those most in need, and always strengthened by finding God in all things—especially in the beauty of nature—the happy and the sad, the healthy and the sick, the free and the imprisoned by real bars or those more subtle ones of the heart, mind, and spirit.

To David, on behalf of all his CPE students, I say a hearty, "Thank you!" You gave to us from your very self, your own substance. Like the pelican bird, in each CPE program you fed us from your own life blood of sometimes painful experiences. May we prove to be worthy students of yours and heirs of your wise, gentle, loving, and good spirit. And, when we once again gather together in the leisure of an eternal sharing session of heaven, may we find, by God's good grace, that we have become less unlike you in your following of Jesus Christ, who blended strength with gentleness, truthfulness with kindness, and generosity with a profound good common sense.

David Boulton, SJ: As Remembered by John J. Kwiatek, CPE, 2004-2005

I first met David, (he didn't want to be called Fr. David but insisted upon being called "David!"), during an interview for candidacy for a unit of CPE at Campion in 2004. At the time I admitted that I wasn't even sure that serving as a chaplain was a good idea for me, but felt that I wanted to test my calling to this servant leadership position.

David immediately put me at ease. He guided me and my seven other classmates in the following ten sessions of CPE in discerning our call. Each weekend session provided a clearer picture of our calling as David pushed us deeper into areas of self-awareness and self-understanding. His method of teaching involved his use of penetrating but carefully directed questions concerning our role as chaplains. He never let up! No area of inquiry was off limits, including our dreams and shadow natures.

Perhaps David's greatest asset was his perseverance in encouraging a participant to dig deeper for self-awareness in order that we become more fully present to patients during visitation. David wanted us to learn to really SEE the patient and to really LISTEN with sincere compassion. Likewise, he demanded that we be fully present to each other as a group as well.

David was perhaps the most humble man I have ever known. With his obvious intelligence and insight into the human condition David challenged each of us to risk revelation of our innermost thoughts and emotions in order that we might better understand our best and worst selves. David, thus, helped me come to realize that, in fact, my call to serve as chaplain is real.

In Memory of David Boulton, SJ from Mary Beth Moran,  
CPE 2004-2005

Many people come and go in our lives; some are memorable, while others are not. In this context, David Boulton will always be a giant presence in my life and lives on in my memory. He lives also in the memory of my husband and two sons, who had the great fortune to meet him and encounter his warmth and wisdom.

Completing my last unit of CPE was something that I had been looking forward to, and I was delighted that I would be completing it at Campion with David and Kathleen Foley, SND, as I had heard that you would be “polished like a diamond” when you completed the unit and ready for NACC (National Association of Catholic Chaplains) certification.

Over the summer, before the fall unit of CPE began, my mother died, and I was actively grieving her loss and unsure if I should proceed with the unit. I discerned that I should do the unit and shared this with David, who agreed with my decision.

While not really understanding what “polished like a diamond” meant, I came to understand very quickly that David was a master gemologist. He understood raw human material and saw the vast potential in the “living human document” that was under his watchful eye, pastoral heart, and sharp intellect. I was inspected, bathed, tumbled, admired, loved, critiqued, weighed, and measured, and then remeasured again before the precise cuts were made. I was then graded on the amazing transformation that occurred.

Yes, David did give me a passing grade, and, while I am not a flawless diamond, he did manage to bring out all the brilliance and beauty that was there all the time, ready to bring light and joy to others. David modeled professional chaplaincy to me in all of my brokenness and grief. He used all the tools, that I now use in my own ministry tool bag.

He was a man and a priest of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and fought for and believed in an inclusive ministry of the Gospel for women. He and Kathleen modeled that strong belief in their ministry of CPE and chaplaincy.

The Easter Triduum proclaims that “Christ is our light”....I was blessed to have had David Boulton show me how to spread the Christ light to those who now come under my care as Chaplain. He polished me enough that I did receive certification as a Board Certified Chaplain. Now, when I look up at the stars in the night, I understand the power of diamonds and their reflective light, and I think of David.

Tribute by Nancy Rafter, CPE, 2004-2005

I remember David as a person who was totally committed to helping chaplains to be caring, present people who cared for themselves. He challenged me, but also validated and appreciated me as a chaplain and as a person. I realized right after meeting him that he truly believed in chaplains and the ministry that we provide, and “would go the extra mile” with us to help make that happen. I had a great respect for David.

4. Reflections of Kathleen Foley, SND, Co-worker 1973-2005

I worked alongside David over a span of thirty-four years (either part- or full-time.) Now, to work with a person for that length of time, strengths become obvious and idiosyncrasies are bound to surface. From my view, David was the epitome of faithfulness in all his relationships: his Jesuit life and call, his ministries of Clinical Pastoral Education and pastoral counseling, his love for the parishioners at St. Charles, Waltham, his very genuine and alive interest in each of the Jesuits at Campion Health Center, as well as for

the staff who care for them, his spread-out cousin family, along with over-the-years friends—none were forgotten.

I loved and admired David's spirit of independence and integrity. He wasn't a crowd-follower. There was a guilelessness about him, a certain innocent quality, no hidden agenda. But let someone be hurt or taken advantage of, particularly when one couldn't defend oneself adequately, then a hard power was unleashed in David as he came to the defense. On at least one occasion, this trait and sense of justice cost him dearly in a professional setting. But he would have it no other way.

I like to think that David's and my ability to work effectively as a pastoral team communicated to folks in a variety of ministerial settings that, indeed, women and men can work together amicably, honestly, and productively. I can attest that that was so, because we worked at it regularly and easily, but not in any labored fashion.

It was very "easy" working alongside David, and that was made so, because he truly shared responsibility. It was a relationship of equals.

There was a consistent, abiding spirit of joy in this good man. I believe that this was the fruit of his being truly rooted in his relationship with God and his fidelity to nourishing that relationship on a daily basis.

David was usually light-hearted and fun-loving, a bit of a tease. He entered into each day's challenges with a spirit of openness to the inevitable surprises. He didn't see it all as duty but rather as invitation. He just entered into whatever needed to be done.

David was somewhat uncomfortable with praise. On those occasions, I noticed he would simply thank them, and, on more than one occasion, he turned to me and said sotto voce: "We have them fooled!"

As a valued and much-loved CPE supervisor, David brought a genuine hospitality to his role, along with a distinctive blend of pastoral sensitivity, common sense and

reliance on Ignatian spirituality to inform it all. He believed that a unit of CPE paralleled the first two weeks of the Exercises.

At heart, he was a lover of nature and had great affinity for the beauty of the Berkshires. He was a keen observer of life, had great kinship with the natural world, and was a playful master of the imagination. All of this translated into enrichment of his CPE programs, where with great adeptness, he helped people to learn more about their own natures.

At CPE graduation, after getting to know his students, he would call them by a new name, and in doing so, he emphasized a certain aspect of their personalities that called for continued vigilance. The litany might look something like this: Sally Sly the Cowbird (the conniver), Mr. Reddy Fox (what's expedient?), Peter Cottontail Rabbit (tendency towards involvement in many things), Glutton the Wolverine (wants it all), Jenny Wrenn (too talkative), Madame Orb the Spider (draws others into her web), and so many other hilarious characters!

Now David identified himself as Jimmy Skunk, a friendly sort of fellow who did not withhold his "spray" when the situation warranted! Great fun was had in all of this, but the truisms were not lost and called for continued vigilance, especially in pastoral relationships.

A CPE chaplain alumnus expressed the experience of many when he commented, "So many people's lives and ministries have been made better or turned around, turned over, shaken up, brought back to life by what's happened in David's CPE programs."

A Peter Rabbit character and now a Jesuit described David as "a great Jesuit, a holy/wholly priest, a loyal friend and companion." And then he added, "He was a great Jesuit, because he was first of all a good human being."

How true it all is! Let us be grateful!

## 5. "High Flight"

Flight-Lieutenant John Gillespie Magee, Jr., 1922-1941, nineteen years, was the son of American missionaries to China. He died as a result of a mid-air collision over Lincolnshire during World War II in the service of the Royal Canadian Air Force, which he joined before the United States officially entered the war. He is most famous for his poem, *High Flight*, which flying high above England inspired. David had to memorize this poem when he was in eighth grade in 1942 during World War II. Fr. Paul Holland, SJ, rector at Campion Center, read this poem before the final blessing at David's funeral.

### High Flight by John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds...and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of...wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air.  
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark or even eagle flew,  
And while with silent lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space...  
...put out my hand and touched the face of God.

Take and Receive

Take, O Lord, and receive  
all my liberty,  
my memory,  
my understanding,  
and my entire will.  
Whatever I have or hold,  
You have given me;  
I restore it all to You  
and surrender it wholly  
to be governed by Your will.  
Give me only Your love and Your grace,  
and I am rich enough  
and ask for nothing more.

Amen

St. Ignatius Loyola  
*Spiritual Exercises*, 234