

Against a brilliant May sky, Father Joyce is laid to rest

By Michael O. Garvey

Some 1,200 family members, friends and colleagues filled the Basilica of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame on Wednesday for the funeral Mass for Rev. Edmund P. Joyce, C.S.C., the University's executive vice president emeritus. Many had occupied their pews an hour before the Mass began at 3:30 p.m.

Father Joyce died Sunday (May 2) at age 87.

The funeral began at the baptismal font at the Basilica entrance, where Father Joyce's casket was surrounded by some 80 priests, most of them members of the Congregation of Holy Cross. Rev. David T. Tyson, C.S.C., provincial superior of the Indiana Province of Holy Cross, sprinkled the casket with holy water to commemorate Father Joyce's baptism, and covered it with a white pall on which was emblazoned the Congregation's symbol, a cross with two anchors, and its motto, "Crux spes unica." ("The Cross is our only hope.")

The coffin was carried in procession to the foot of the main altar, where Rev. Robert S. Pelton, C.S.C., a 1949 seminary classmate of Father Joyce, placed a crucifix on the casket as a symbol of the vows they made 55 years ago when they joined the Congregation.

The Gospel was read by Rev. E. William Beauchamp, C.S.C., who succeeded Father Joyce as executive vice president in 1987 and who is now the president of the University of Portland. The passage, Matthew 11:25-30, included the words inscribed in Latin beneath the statue of the Sacred Heart which faces the Main Building where Father Joyce worked from 1951 to 1987. "Come

to me all you who labor and whose burden is heavy, and I will give you rest."

Notre Dame's president emeritus Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., and Father Joyce had long ago made a pact with each other: The one who survived would eulogize the other. When Father Hesburgh came to the pulpit to keep his end of the bargain, it was obvious that he was remembering not only his oldest colleague but his best friend. He spoke of his own gratitude for his friendship with "Ned," and reminisced affectionately about the traveling they did together after they both retired. He said that Father Joyce had also been his confessor on several occasions, and that "he didn't spare the penance."

At the end of the Mass, Bishop John D'Arcy of the Fort Wayne/South Bend Diocese spoke of his admiration for Father Joyce and of his gratitude for the gifts that both Father Joyce and Father Hesburgh have brought to the church, the academy and the world. The Alma Mater and the In

Paradisum antiphon were sung, and the casket was carried out of the Basilica into a warm and brilliant May afternoon. A wreath of roses was placed on the casket.

Most of the mourners walked with the casket to the Holy Cross Community cemetery on a hill above the north bank of Saint Mary's Lake. There among the neat rows of identical and unadorned graves, Father Hesburgh spoke again, this time on his

friend's behalf: "I speak for Ned when I say that he loves you and he is praying for you now in heaven." Members of the Joyce family sprinkled holy water on the casket, the Lord's Prayer was recited, and the Regina Caeli antiphon was sung in Latin:

"Queen of Heaven, rejoice. Alleluia! The

One you were found worthy to bear has risen from the dead, just as He said He would. Alleluia!"

Most of the mourners were smiling.



Members of the Congregation of Holy Cross lead the funeral procession from the Basilica of the Sacred Heart to Holy Cross cemetery. Photos by Matt Cashore.

Goodbye, Friend

The funeral homily of Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C.

A complete transcript is available at <http://newsinfo.nd.edu>.

I must begin, my dear friends, by welcoming all of you. Ned had impeccable manners and you know he would have wanted to thank all of you. I'm sure from heaven he will find ways of doing that. I also know he would want me to thank his brethren, so many who are here to offer this requiem Mass for the repose of his good soul. It's hard to describe what it's like to describe a member of a religious community, but I guess the closest I could come is to say it's like a band of brothers. They're always there. They're always supportive and they're always in your corner when you need help.

I know in a special way he would want to thank his younger brother, Lyle, who was there during the sad, painful months he suffered from the effects of a stroke. Lyle has made that transatlantic crossing four times and spent weeks and months at Ned's side. He was always there, and Ned was comforted by his

presence. And we were there to be with him in his final hours, to anoint him a few moments before he died, and to say the rosary, which we said again after he died because it has those wonderful words: "Now, and at the hour of our death, pray for us sinners."

I know he also would want me to thank the relatives, sons of his brother Jack, now deceased, who made the long trip north to be here at this final hour. I know he would want to thank his longtime secretary Pat Roth, who for 50 years kept him out of trouble. Having enjoyed two wonderful secretaries myself here at Notre Dame, I can only say their wonderful loving care and dedication is something beyond salary and beyond recompense. It's an act of love.

Finally I must say for him and all of us a word of thanks for all those wonderful caregivers at Holy Cross House across the lake. Ned never had a bad moment when one of them was not at his side. When he couldn't do anything for himself, they did everything for him. They did it as a labor of love. When he died, they all cried even though the agony was over. Also, thanks to the many Holy Cross fathers and brothers who inhabit that house and help each other in so many wonderful and compassionate ways.



President Emeritus Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C. delivers the homily at the funeral Mass for Rev. Edmund P. Joyce, C.S.C., executive vice president emeritus. Photo by Matt Cashore.

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Goodbye, friend

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Now I have to say a few things about Ned. We used to kid each other and argue who's going to die first. He said, "You've got to die first because you're going to have to give my sermon. I don't want to give yours." I don't know if he didn't want to divulge things that you don't know. But that was always the way the argument ended. "I'm going first and you're going to say the words."

I first met Ned when he was getting ordained in this very sanctuary, when he stretched out there with the many members of the Class of '49. It was less than an hour later when I was leaving my office here to go to Father John (Cavanaugh's) office, my boss, the president, and as I got to the door it burst open, and out came this handsome and ebullient young priest. I said, "You've got to be Ned Joyce" and he said, "Yes. Who are you?" I said, "Ted Hesburgh" and I knelt down and said, "You'd better give me that first blessing. It's one of the best." And he did

I remember going into Father John's office and saying, "I've just met this remarkable young priest. We've got to get this new priest on our team." And John, in his great wisdom, said, "Well, first let him have the great joy of a young priest serving the young people on campus and living in a residence hall and teaching religion for a year. Then we'll get him off to Oxford, where he can get some of that highfalutin education, which will serve him very well both in his work here and in his relationship with the faculty, which is very important."

I remember those days so well when Ned came back. Our financial vice president was dying of nephritis and Ned had to leave early from Oxford which, I must say, he enjoyed immensely and which had a big influence on his life and his mind. But he came back like a good soldier and filled in the year. And when they asked me to be president and – they didn't really ask me, they told me to be president – then they said who do you want for your executive vice president, I said "only one person. Ned Joyce." Little did I know, or did he know, that that association would go on for 35 years. I can tell you good folks that in all that time he more than carried his half of the load. He was always there when I was missing and managed to fill in the gap, and probably do better than I could have. He was always faithful and hardworking and wonderful. He was a good friend in the best sense of the word friend—that we care well for each other.

Ned never looked for praise and he would be ashamed of me, or at least mad at me, if I went too deeply into praising him here today. I think the simplest thing one could say: He was a good priest. It was the center of his life. And yet like all of us, he was a human being. He had a certain charm. He was a fine speaker. He wrote everything out meticulously and had it tucked up his sleeve, so he could pull it out in case he forgot.

He was a man who was used to crises, and yet when the days and years of crises were over and it was time for us to step aside and retire, I think some people were surprised that after 35 years of hard work together and more crises than you can imagine, we walked into the sunset together, getting into a motor home and traveling miles and miles across the great parks of this land in the West and Alaska. And then we did South America including a month on an explorer ship on the Amazon. When that was over, we became co-chaplains on the QE2 for a round-the-world trip. We took every other day as acting chaplain. He used to say "How is it when I'm on duty, all the tough things happen and when you're on duty, it's a breeze?" When we thought it was all over, we were invited on that same explorer ship to the Antarctic. Although Ned was a South Carolinian with warm blood, he loved the ice and snow. He gloried in the fact that at last he was going to Antarctica, which is full of whales, walrus, seals, penguins and all sorts of delights, especially craggy peaks, all ice covered, and wonderful scenery. That was a pleasant trip, although rough at times. I remember we were both strapped into our bunks Christmas Day because the sea was so high that they thought the ship could go over, and they didn't want us thrown around the cabin. However, we had had a reasonably peaceful midnight Mass the night before.

Back here at home with all kind of friendships to catch up with, all kinds of hobbies to follow, we had almost 18 delightful years, again, with offices side by side, both of us with a glass looking out at Our Lady, and both of us often voicing the same prayer when we'd thinking something wrong was going on. We'd simply say, "Lady, it's your school, and I'm sure you're going to take care of this little problem and we're not going to say any more about it." And, you know, she always did.

I have to say these last 18 months or so have been a crucible of pain for him, but he took them manfully, as a Congregation of Holy Cross priest should, and I'm sure he prayed for all of you as good friends, and for me. I am personally happy he is now at peace. And I'm sure, Lyle, you are too.

I can't possibly thank him for what he has meant to my life. He has been a good half of my life and probably more. I was so close to him as a dear friend and confidant, I went to confession to him several times a year. And he didn't spare the penance. I used to laugh because I felt he knew all of my faults, probably better than I did.

I had a nice letter from a famous athletic figure, Pete Dawkins, yesterday. He said, "The thing that shone through with him in that long series of relationships with the NCAA was, he believed athletes should be students and students should be athletes. Athletes should not just put out, but they should take in the wisdom of the schools in which they serve. And he would stand up to all the naysayers and repeat that again and again because he believed it deeply," he said. "We'll miss him, but we'll never lose that wonderful picture of his standing up there and telling those fellows what's what when they didn't want to hear." And things are beginning to change because of Ned.

I think a lot of things have changed because of Ned. I think Notre Dame is a better university today because he did so many things that only he had the qualities of understanding and ability to do. I can't tell you how many millions of dollars he raised to make this a better place and he worked day and night to make it happen.



More than 80 concelebrants of Father Joyce's funeral mass face the casket as it is covered with a pall bearing Congregation of Holy Cross symbols. **Photo by Matt Cashore.**

I know it will be long days when I look out at the dome and the Lady and know there's only one of us looking out at this moment. And yet I think his spirit—which is a wonderful, positive, loving, dedicated, fraternal spirit—will be with me the rest of my life. I'll never really be alone because somehow from heaven he'll know the ways to get me out of jams he used to get me out of and to keep me headed in the right direction. And I thank him for that.

Ned, I have to end, because you're banging me on the head and saying, "Enough, enough, enough." I can only end by saying that this room, this church, is full of people who love you and pray for you as I do, and will. I'm offering 30 Masses in a row, the old Gregorian

tradition, for the repose of Ned's soul.

Thanks, Ned, for those long days of caring, those long nights of work in the cause of Our Lady's school, to make it better and more worthy of her.

Thanks for all those prayers we needed, when we needed them very much. Thanks for all the wisdom that kept me from making a lot of silly mistakes at times. And thanks just for being a brother to your brothers, being a friend to all of us, being a willing and dedicated priest, ready to act like a priest when I needed it, and God knows I needed it a good deal. I think you're very proud that our good bishop (John D'Arcy) is here, too, and he knew you and knew of your great qualities that made this place what it is.

We'll be seeing you. I truly believe that. There will be more days when we can get around and talk about the glories of this wonderful place and all the wonderful people. I think we'll look back with great gratitude for that wonderful grace Jesus gave us both in making us priests. To be able to offer the sacrifice of the Mass each day as we did when we traveled around the world together, to forgive sins, which is what Christ would have done, and to do it mercifully as He did.

Ned, you were a great priest and we thank you for that. We leave you in the hands of Our Lady, whose school you have done so much to make better.

Eternal rest grant unto you, O Lord. Grant him eternal rest and may he rest in peace.

They met in the middle

University President Rev. Edward A. Malloy, C.S.C. extolled the “wonderful friendship and relationship” of Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., and Rev. Edmund P. Joyce, C.S.C., in a eulogy during the wake service for Father Joyce Tuesday.

“We can do nothing but admire it. They were there for each other until the very end,” said Malloy.

Father Joyce, Malloy said, “was always someone characterized by classiness, and taste, and hard work habits, and a fear that the bank would be empty tomorrow.

“To say that he had conservative financial instincts would be true, because his longtime collaborator and visionary friend was inclined in the other direction. Somehow they usually met in the middle, and Notre Dame balanced its budget and was able to achieve great things.”

First and foremost a priest, Father Joyce may have had other dreams than “to spend most of his priestly ministry looking over accounting books, and writing reports, and running meetings, and raising money, and giving talks, and doing what we would call administration.”

But, Malloy pointed out, “because Ned was good at it, and because he gathered to assist him so many bright and talented people, Notre Dame could flourish.”

The transcript of this eulogy is at <http://newsinfo.nd.edu>



Carol Mooney, vice president and associate provost, comforts Father Hesburgh following Wednesday's funeral.



Notre Dame President Rev. Edward A. Malloy C.S.C., eulogizes Father Joyce during Tuesday's wake service. **Photo by Matt Cashore.**

Left: Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., at center, with Holy Cross Provincial Rev. David Tyson, C.S.C., at his left, sing a hymn during wake services for Rev. Edmund P. Joyce, C.S.C. **Photo by Matt Cashore.**

Remembering Ned: Half of a dynamic duo, indomitable unto himself

By Richard Conklin

“Ted has the books; Ned has the tickets” was shorthand for one of higher education’s most remarkable executive partnerships, the 35-year tenure of Holy Cross priests Theodore M. Hesburgh and Edmund P. Joyce as president and executive vice president of Notre Dame.

Between 1952 and their retirement in 1987, the two effectively divided institutional responsibility, with Father Hesburgh providing the academic vision and embodying the national presence of the University, while Father Joyce quietly tended to its financial underpinning and athletic integrity. Their complementary personalities and skills drove a period of extraordinary progress for Notre Dame, an era which saw the endowment grow from \$9 million to \$400 million and the average faculty salary increase from \$5,000 to \$47,485.

The academic stature of Notre Dame grew under constant prodding from Hesburgh. And Joyce nurtured its monetary resources and kept the emphasis on the first half of the compound noun “student-athlete” through three national championships in football and the 1970 return of the Irish to postseason bowl competition after an absence of 45 years. They transformed the physical campus, constructing 40 new buildings, including two that were later to bear their names, the Hesburgh Library and the Joyce Center.

While Hesburgh made frequent headlines, Joyce left few fingerprints, even while exerting enormous power as the No. 2 administrator (until the creation of the provost position), the chief financial officer and the final decision-maker for all things athletic. He was sometimes stereotyped as “the abominable no-man” when it came to budget increases, but he kept Notre Dame in the black for all but one year of his watch. If there was one thing he hated more than losing to Southern California, it was institutional debt.

Yet, when it came to situations where Notre Dame’s prestige was on the line, Joyce spared no expense. At the dedication of the Concannon London Law Centre in 1983 (which was tantamount to an introduction to British legal society), the bills for a large formal dinner at the Inns of Court and first-class airline tickets for the Chief Justice of the United States and his wife were paid without complaint from Room 302 of the old Administration Building.

He was meticulous in preparation for any public presentation, whether it was a homily at a campus Mass or a remonstrance before the South Bend Common Council. The advance work for D-Day could not have been more thorough than the preparations spearheaded by Joyce in 1971 when the city of South Bend, ostensibly looking for increased per-capita tax rebates, threatened to annex Notre Dame.

Joyce was suspicious that the city was secretly looking at an even quicker windfall—an entertainment surcharge on Notre Dame football tickets. He galvanized the administration in putting together a case contending that the city would lose money by having to subsidize public services for the campus, services the University provided itself. In a close vote, Notre Dame won.

People were wont to forget that Father Joyce, who had a 1937 magna cum laude accounting degree from Notre Dame, was reading philosophy, politics and economics at Oxford University when called back to campus to replace a vice president for business affairs who died suddenly.

He was not, however, a person with whom one would want to sit during an bad afternoon in Notre Dame Stadium, though recovery from a defeat would find him articulating the Hesburgh mantra of perspective. As he once told a National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame audience, “Let us not delude ourselves into thinking that football is the most important activity of our national life. Rather, let us accept it for what it is—a game of skill, a game of thrills, a game of inches, a game of courage a game of spirit, a game of luck, a game of teamwork—in brief, a combination of factors that fuse into a few hours of soul-stirring excitement...a camaraderie that transcends race, social status, place of origin or religion.”

Long before it became such an issue that the NCAA considered tying athletic grants-in-aid to graduation rates, Joyce was appalled that many collegiate football powerhouses graduated fewer than half their players. His was a respected voice in intercollegiate athletics, but his constant complaints about the exploitation of athletes seemed to fall on deaf ears, inasmuch as the situation worsened rather than improved over the years. While a supporter of the NCAA all of his life, Joyce was frustrated with what he saw as the major football schools’ lack of control over their own destiny within the organization, with 700 institutions voting on every issue. This led him to co-found the College Football Association in an attempt “to bring academic respectability to these schools.”



Members of the Orange Bowl advance team flank Notre Dame officials in November 1972 as Father Joyce accepts a telephoned bid to the game. Celebrating along side, from left, are Moose Krause, athletic director; Edmund Stephan, Board of Trustees chair; President Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., and football Coach Ara Parseghian.

The victim of a stroke in 2002, Joyce had been spending his seventh decade under the Dome convalescing at Holy Cross House, where his days are highlighted by treatments in the new rehabilitation pool. Still a leader at age 87, he had fashioned a movement that has become known in local physical



therapy circles as the “Joyce kick” in the rehabilitation pool.

Richard Conklin is former associate vice president for University Relations.

Ned Joyce: The private friend

As a public figure, Rev. Edmund P. Joyce, C.S.C., has been eulogized by Lou Holtz, Ara Parseghian, Digger Phelps, Kevin White and others.

With few interruptions, Joyce lived as a priest at Notre Dame for some six decades. The following vignettes are the stories of those who saw him during very private moments. They tell of a man who was always gracious, often funny and occasionally filled with childlike glee.

Mike Danch
Assistant Athletics Director,
Facilities

Danch joined the Joyce staff in

did that though, they came over here and practiced driving those things in the back parking lot. They were like teenagers.”

Marty Ogren
University Chauffeur

Ogren became University chauffeur 29 years ago, a year after he began as a University mechanic. He is only the third Notre Dame chauffeur, and he drove Joyce on frequent trips to Chicago to attend dinners or to catch planes.

“Father Joyce loved to drive. He loved cars. He always had a lot of questions about the latest models and how powerful they were. He used to have a big old Buick. When I’d pick him up in Chicago, at O’Hare, sometimes he’d want to drive home. I can’t say he always went the speed limit.

Karen Baker
Kitchen Associate, Corby Hall (the campus residence for members of the Holy Cross order)

Baker is in her 16th year preparing food and serving breakfast at Corby Hall. With Mindy Wilson, she provided tag-team service to Father Joyce that reached from dining hall to dormitory.

“Every time he traveled, he would bring something home for me and Mindy. I have souvenirs from Thailand, Singapore, Austria.

He started having trouble with his buttons after one of his smaller strokes. He’d come out with his sleeves undone, hold out his arms and ask me to button them. “You’re not going to let me go out like this, are you?” he’d say. He had a great sense of humor. He liked to surprise you with his humor.

Mindy Wilson
Housekeeping, Corby Hall

As the housekeeping staff person on Father Joyce’s floor, Wilson took care of his housing needs, from curtain cleaning to a bathroom retiling.

“He always worried about us. When I was pregnant with my last child, the doctor discovered that he would probably have only one

working kidney. Father Joyce and Father Ted prayed over me all the time. The doctor said the other kidney would never work. But it does. My son is four.

Whenever he was leaving for a trip, he’d let me know, and give me a big hug.”

Jean Mammolenti
Senior Staff Assistant, Corby Hall

Mammolenti assists the Holy Cross Religious Superior.

“What amazed me was he traveled all over the world. He had that penthouse office in the library. But his room is such a humble room. And he never asked for anything.”

John Heisler
Associate Athletic Director,
Media Relations

Heisler’s more than two decades in sports information gave him a view of Joyce as a man who helped craft college athletics.

John Underwood, a Sports Illustrated writer who covered college football in the 1960s and 1970s, became a friend of Father Joyce’s. Father Joyce had issued an invitation to John and to the magazine: If they ever wanted to do a story about ND athletics, they could talk to anyone. They could see anything. They’d have carte blanche. In my mind, that’s how strongly he felt that ND’s athletic program was beyond reproach. He felt extremely confident that how we were running the program was the way we should run it. Sports Illustrated did the story in the early 1980s. It was great publicity.”

Rev. William Seetch, C.S.C.,
Religious Superior

Father Seetch administers the Holy Cross Order on campus.

“For all the wonderful work that Ned Joyce has done for this university, for our community, for NCAA; for all his incredible success, he wanted more than anything else to be a priest. He was incredibly gentlemanly and kind to all of us, especially the younger guys coming up.”



Misty Wilson, left, and Karen Baker

its first decade. As the chief administrator of Joyce events, he often saw Father Joyce in unusual settings.

“Television has shown the film clip of Father Joyce and Father Hesburgh throwing out the ball at Yankee Stadium during the trip they took after their retirement. What few people know is that they were nervous about doing that well. So they came to Loftus and practiced their pitching.

Also, when they were retiring, there was a campus Mass and a picnic. Someone had given each of them mopeds, and they drove those things right through the center of campus up to the Rock. Before they