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**Bob Collins, Don Garvin, Indiana Falconers Association**

### **A Eulogy: Brother Edwin Mattingly, C.S.C. — by Brother James Newberry, CSC**

On behalf of Edwin's Brothers in Holy Cross I wish to express to Albert's brothers, his other relations, and the friends assembled here, our condolences. To my Brothers in Holy Cross I also wish to extend condolences, for we, too, have lost a Brother.

Brother Edwin Mattingly was a gentleman, a teacher, a biologist, friend and confidant to youths and his Brothers, and a falconer. I have chosen to mention this life-long interest and hobby because I intend to make use of this imagery to describe Edwin.

Between a falconer and his hawk a strong bond must be formed that they may work together in their mission. To train a hawk, as I watched Edwin do in Liberia, great patience is required to develop the mutual trust of man of bird as well as bird of man. At first a hood is attached to restrain its flight. But one day the man must risk letting his hawk fly free, bribing the bird's return with bait held in a gloved hand. A whistled command hopefully conditions the bird to return to the hand. If the bonding has taken and the bird is not distracted by the world, it returns and the falconer and hawk begin their life together.

Albert Mattingly went to Watertown in 1933 at the age of fifteen. His brother Tom had preceded him there a few years earlier. I was told that Albert's and Tom's mother was fairly confident of her elder son's chances of perseverance, but questioned Albert's call to be a Brother. Albert, to assure his mother of his maturity, informed her that should he have to come home he would sell his new portable typewriter to pay for the ticket back to Indianapolis.

Brother Liguori remembers Albert as a boy with a strong arm for baseball. He could easily pick

up Liguori's hard hit fly balls and wing them back from deep in the outfield. Liguori also describes Albert as a manly youngster who demanded clean play. He respected authority and told Liguori some years later that he liked Liguori because he was a no-nonsense teacher who knew his stuff. Tom Mattingly found that he had another calling, Albert stayed on.

On August 16, 1937 Albert Mattingly became Brother Edwin Mattingly and the Lord began, after his novitiate training, to let him fly on the tether of his annual vows. In 1940 he professed his perpetual vows and pledged to return to the Lord's outstretched hand whenever he whistled. He went to work for Christ.

Recognizing his gifts and strong personal character and a willingness to engage himself with others, he was sent first to Father Gibault School for Boys. Altogether he spent eleven years at Gibault and four years at St. Charles Boy's Home. To hear him speak of those years would have led you to falsely believe that he was one hard nosed prefect and teacher. The truth is that he did give tough love and the youth in those homes responded with their respect and love for him.

Brother's talents for administration were tried early when he was appointed principal of Catholic Central High School in South Bend. It is interesting to note that he was just 32 years old at the time.

May I dare to speculate that in about 1969 this hawk became a bit restless and wished for some free flight. It was in that year that Edwin asked for and received permission to pursue a doctorate in ornithology at the University of New Mexico. He

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### **Brother Edwin Mattingly, C.S.C.**

Brother Edwin Mattingly, an unusual combination of Catholic Brother in Holy Cross, entrepreneur, ornithologist, teacher and falconer, died October 16 at the age of 75 after a long struggle with leukemia. He came to a number of NAFA Meets some years ago, and was a well-known falconer in Indiana. He became principal of Catholic Central High School in South Bend at the early age of 32. He spent most of his career teaching in Catholic high schools and schools for boys. However, he had a substantial interlude in his teaching career, taking graduate work in Ornithology at the University of New Mexico starting in 1969, and in 1974 founded his own company to clear birds from Air Force runways using falcons. After the bird control program was phased out, he returned to teaching. Starting in 1984, he taught biology at St. Patrick High School in Monrovia, Liberia, and while there he trained a hawk that he had caught because it had been raiding chickens from a Catholic mission in the interior of Liberia. On a return for leave to the U.S. he was diagnosed with the disease of which he died, but gamely taught a course in the environment at Holy Cross College in Notre Dame, Indiana, from 1989 until he became too ill to continue. Brother Mattingly will be missed.

was not successful in adding PhD after his name (through no particular fault of his, I'm told), but he did earn a contract with the United States Air Force who were investigating the use of hawks to scare flocks of birds off the jet runways. He remained with this program for a year and then it was phased out by the Air Force.

Hearing again, perhaps the Lord's whistle, Edwin came to Rolling Prairie where he set up an office for Bird Control, Inc. He had hopes of continuing his services in a private enterprise. Only one contract, he told me, came his way. Thus finding no market for his services and losing first one hawk to sickness and then the other to a free spirit, and then having to give his dog Brandy away because it could not adjust to rural living, Brother settled into becoming a part of the LeMans Academy staff. He taught in the middle school and served the community as its Superior, it was here he turned 65 and prepared to retire.

Meanwhile in Liberia, West Africa, an old canoeing friend heard of his plans. Brother Donard Steffes, who was teaching at St. Patrick's High School, Monrovia, urged me to contact Edwin and invite him to join us. I did and he came to teach biology. This, despite his doctor's caution concerning recent evidence of high blood pressure. I recall how his introduction in his second week of residence was rather rude. His pocket was picked and he lost among other things his Liberian drivers license which it had taken him two weeks and much hassling to acquire. That evening it was returned and for a small fee of \$15.00 US he had his papers back. The "special agents" who returned the wallet said he was so very fortunate that they had observed the theft and followed the thief.



Photo by Kenn Filkins



Photo by Kenn Filkins



Edwin's contribution to our Liberian community and the school are one of those immeasurable items. His popularity with students, staff and the members of the Catholic Mission was immediate and spontaneous. As a further contribution to Liberian education he persuaded his brother, Father Basil, then of St. Meinrad's, to come and teach at the Seminary. When a Salesian priest friend in the interior complained to Edwin about a hawk that was getting his chickens, Edwin built a trap and caught the critter. He spent hours and days training this bird of prey until he had it to the point it would fly free and return. Unfortunately, he was not able to find anyone to take it over when he went for his annual leave and so had to let it go.

On his second vacation trip he learned that he had leukemia and could not return. Not ready to give up yet, he did battle with the disease and won the first round. He hired on at the college to teach a course in environment. Because there was no text he liked, he wrote one and taught up until the end of the first semester of 1992. He was not ready to quit yet and in January entered the hospital to again take up the battle. No one knows, I'm sure, just how much pain there was in his ailments. Nor when it had begun. He had been covering for some time and kept up his pipe and spiked 7-up to bear the day. Radiation had its predictable poisoning effect and he went down fast - BUT - he did not quit. His brothers came from Arizona, Indianapolis and California to say good-bye. But Edwin each time rose up and gave the impression that he would be well tomorrow.

One night I came at Brother Tom's suggestion for it appeared it might be his last lucid night. When I arrived, I found him asleep and so I sat with my rosary until he woke. We finished it together and then he asked me why I had come. I said I had come to say good-bye in case he was no longer there when I came again. As I left him that evening, he said firmly, "I'm not ready to go yet." And he didn't.

Once, with him at the hospital, I asked him if he could still pray. "When it hurts too bad and I think I will not be able to go on, I pray and give it to the Lord. And if it really gets bad, I reach for my rosary. That always helps."

Brother Edwin Wlattingly was a hawk - a Red Tail maybe. Courageous, stubborn, a sharp eye on the souls to be taught, saved for the Lord. He knew who the Falconer was and surrendered totally to His control. And now in that paradox of man's relations with his God — Edwin flies free with his Creator and Master.

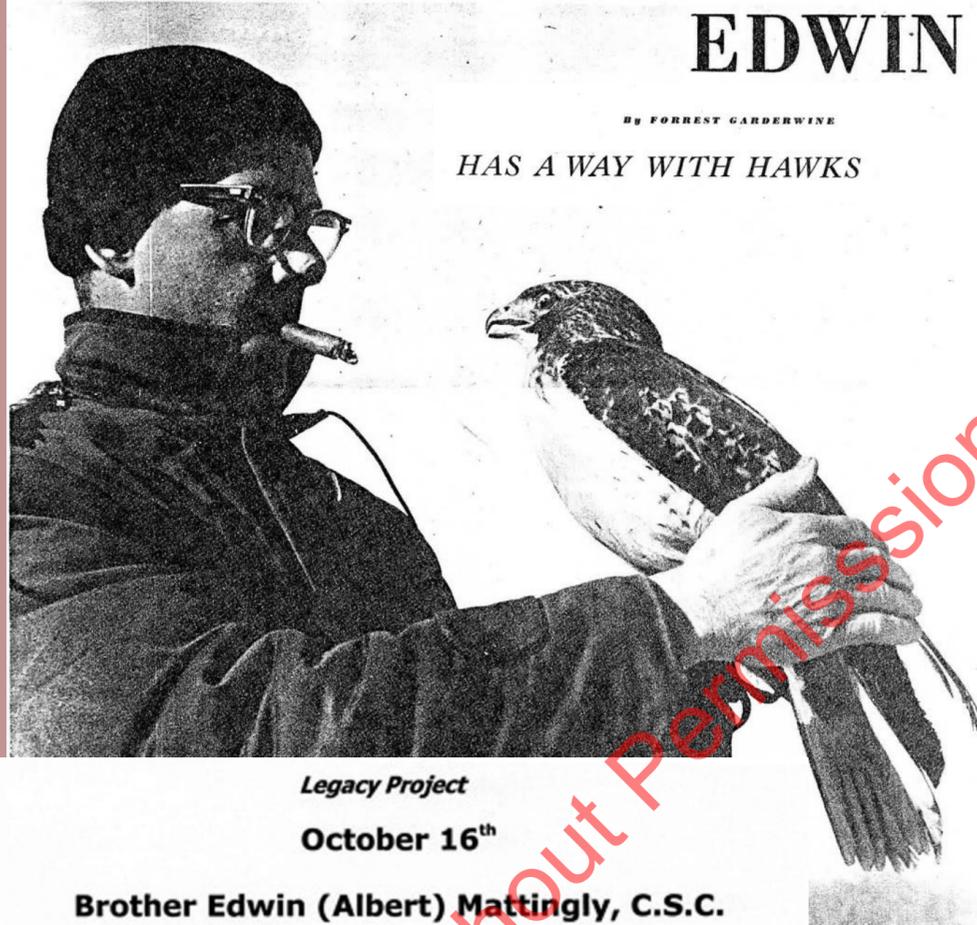
"And He will raise him up on eagle wings,  
bear him on the breath of dawn,  
make him to shine like the sun,  
and hold him in the palm of His hand."

SUNDAY, The Indianapolis Star Magazine  
December 5, 1965

# BROTHER EDWIN

By FORREST GARDERWINE

HAS A WAY WITH HAWKS



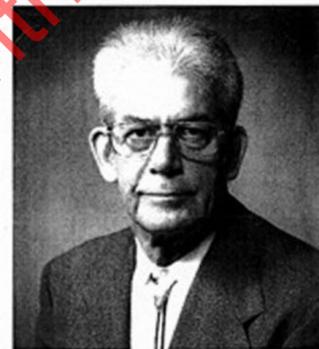
Legacy Project

October 16<sup>th</sup>

Brother Edwin (Albert) Mattingly, C.S.C.

born: 4 June 1918

died: 16 October 1993



Edwin was born in Indianapolis, went to Cathedral High, and followed his brother into the community. He went to Watertown in 1933 and the novitiate where he made first vows in 1937. He studied at Notre Dame, earned a bachelor's of science degree in 1941 and a master's in 1953. His love of zoology was prominent in his life. He taught at Terre Haute, Evansville, South Bend, Lakewood, Milwaukee and Chicago. His classes were lively and enthusiastic. He enjoyed camping, canoeing, and traveling the Wabash River with Br. Eymard. Edwin and Br. Donard used to take groups of students for summer trips to the Boundary Waters of Minnesota for survival courses. He was an avid member of the Audubon Society and an accomplished falconer. His love of ornithology was such that he began a doctorate at the University of New Mexico, which led to a contract with the U.S. Air Force to use hawks to scare flocks of birds from jet runways. When he thought of retiring at 65, Br. Donard invited him to come to Monrovia, Liberia to teach biology for 5 years. Edwin even invited his Benedictine brother, Father Basil, to come and teach there. His courageous and stubborn body fell victim to leukemia, but not his spirit. He told friends, "When it hurts too bad, I pray and give it to the Lord. If it gets really bad, I reach for my rosary. That always helps."

Praise the Lord from the Earth, all birds of the air ... all living things upon it. -- Psalm 148:4

Those who dwell among the beauties and mysteries of the earth are never alone or weary of life. -- Rachel Carson



Photo by Kenn Filkins

