

Drs. Stephen Beall and Dinorah Cortés-Vélez sharing their memories and poetry as the University is mourning the loss of Rev. Joseph G. Mueller, S.J.

Rev. Joseph, "Joe" Mueller, S.J.

I first met Joe Mueller in the mid 70s. Although we were the same age, we were one year apart as students in the Jesuit high school in Detroit. He grew up in the suburb of Livonia in a

stirrings of a call to religious life; one watershed moment, he told me, occurred after reading Camus' *La Chute*. He entered the Detroit Province of the Society after graduating from Marquette in 1981.

As a scholastic, Fr. Joe received the usual formation, including a regency in our *alma mater* in Detroit. But the Society was determined to put his intellectual and linguistic abilities to best use. He was sent to Paris for doctoral studies in theology, which culminated in a massive dissertation on the *Apostolic Constitutions*, written in French. (He also made his daily meditation and prayer in French; I learned that he was pretty good with Latin, too.) In 1999, he was brought to Marquette as a visiting professor; he became a regular faculty member shortly thereafter.

I have sometimes described Fr. Joe as a "Company Man," meaning that he was willing to go wherever and do whatever the Society required, without taking sides or criticizing his companions. He loved research and teaching, and he formed many young theologians with his careful reading and pointed, but always charitable, criticism of their papers and dissertations. He was a good friend to our department, publicly advocating for the study of languages and celebrating the annual French Mass in the Joan of Arc Chapel. He also took on arduous and

e thp thso1.2 (h.i)1.7 H the had a m nif thc thetp thngi thngii21.7 t (thc(e 0e)0.6 and)6 -1.7 (n)-1.7 (d)TJ0.0-21

To Fr. Joe Mueller,
in memoriam

Like the rustle of leaves
on a late autumn day,
his manner was gentle;
his understanding was delicate,
not unlike wildflowers
scattered over a meadow.
A friendly hand, blossoming forth,
was his offering,
that he extended
with the quiet grace
of a soul christened by
the blue hope of the heavens

By: Dinorah Cortés-Vélez