

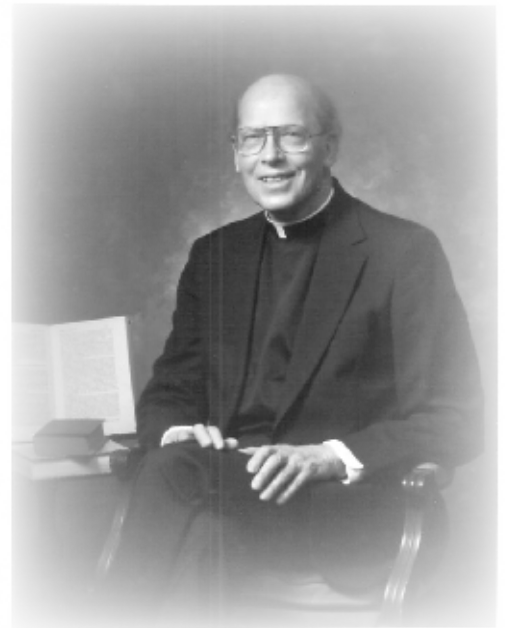


Fr. Randal Joyce, C.P.

Born
March 18, 1922
Professed
July 9, 1943
Ordained
June 3, 1950
Died
September 22, 2019



The Randal *SMILE!*



Bill, Mom, Randal.



The Joyce Family --
Randal, far right and tall!



Family and Friends at Randal's First Mass at St. Francis Catholic Church in St. Paul, Kansas.



Student Director at high school seminary in Warrenton, Missouri.



Roger Mercurio, Michael J. Stengel, ? , Randal Joyce.



Jubilee - 2000
Randal Joyce, John Hilgert, Christopher Gibson, Simon Herbers, James Thoman, John Anthony Parenza.



Randal reading the Detroit News in search of a story for his next homily!

FATHER RANDAL JOYCE, C.P.
March 18, 1922 – September 22, 2019

Fr. Randal Joyce, C.P., a professed member of the Passionist Community for 76 years, died at Marywood Nursing Care Center, Livonia, Michigan, on September 22, 2019. He was a member of the St. Paul of the Cross Passionist Community in Detroit, Michigan. Fr. Randal was born on March 18, 1922, professed vows on July 9, 1943, and ordained a priest on June 3, 1950.

John Joyce was born to John Joyce and Leone Johnston in St. Paul, Kansas. He was baptized on April 3, 1922 at St. Francis Church in St. Paul, and confirmed on November 1, 1931.

The Joyce family lived in St. Paul, Kansas, in a very Catholic environment surrounded by nature's countryside beauty. Randal mentions that even though he's lived in big cities he always considered himself a 'country boy'.

When John was 9 years old his mother, Leone, died at 31 years of age. He relates in his autobiography that he had 'only a vague memory of her as a popular, warm, friendly person, with a beautiful smile – especially I remember her smile – a loving manner'. She was also artistic and a small picture painted by her is part of the family heritage. Is it any wonder that John, who became Randal, was a warm, friendly Passionist with a great smile and possessing artistic abilities!

His father, John, was a native of St. Paul and the son of a business man who owned department stores in various towns of Kansas. His dad lost his hearing as a result of injuries suffered in World War I. He was a very outgoing man who played several musical instruments, loved to sing, dance and tell stories and was an artist. After his wife died, he was left to raise five children and his life was never the same.

Before entering the Passionist seminary at 16, John made the varsity basketball team, was good in baseball and football, worked on a farm plowing, cultivating and harvesting, using horses and tractors. He loved this kind of work...alone...giving him time to think and wonder about life.

Also during his boyhood years, John helped his Dad raise, train, groom and feed the greyhound dogs. He would accompany his dad to the National Coursing Association races. On one of these occasions, he was offered a job training greyhounds for the tracks in New York. John already had his heart set on entering the seminary.

The Passionists seemed to be the place for him. While attending the morning mass at the parish, the chanting of divine office would echo from the monastery. The words of St. Paul of the Cross about gathering men to mourn over the Passion and Death of Jesus would come to his ears and eyes. Death and loss and grief were so much a part of his youthful life beginning with the death of his mother and then his best friend was shot while hunting when he was 13 years old.

John's vocation story began as a baby! A Passionist priest visited their home and told his mother, "This one will be the priest of the family." And so it came to be!

John was "a good boy" who studied hard, helped where and when help was needed, worked in the field, never caused trouble, enjoyed sports, and was obedient to authority. All these traits recognized by the Sisters of St. Joseph who taught in the parish school and by several Passionists who encouraged him to enter Passionist life. John did that at age 16 as a senior in high school.

John's first four years found him wondering about his future as a Passionist...should he stay or return after the summer vacation. Fr. Malcolm LaVelle, a friend of the family, was very influential in John's life. With continued encouragement and guidance, John entered the Passionist novitiate in 1942.

In 1943 John professed First Vows and took the name of Randal of Mary. His classmates were Carroll Stuhlmuller, Loran Aubuchon, John A. Parenza, Clyde Zarski and Simon Herbers. After profession the class moved to Detroit, Michigan, for 3 years of Philosophy.

In 1946 he moved to the Chicago monastery to study Dogmatic Theology, Church History and Old Testament. After two years a move to Louisville for New Testament and Moral Theology. With all the study finished it was time for ordination to the priesthood.

On June 3, 1950, the class was ordained in the Louisville Cathedral. But study was not over...one more year of Pastoral Study and Sacred Eloquence would follow in Sierra Madre, California. All during these years of study, there was very little experience of life outside the monastery walls,

Randal had a variety of ministries: teacher of Social Philosophy, Spiritual Director of Seminarians, Retreat Master and member of the preaching staff, parish supply on weekends and whenever the need arose.

In later years, Randal had a fruitful and wonderful front door ministry at St. Paul of the Cross Monastery in Detroit. He was a man who possessed a listening ear, a gentle demeanor, a loving heart and a well of wisdom. These were his calling cards for many men and women looking for spiritual guidance. He was a much sought after priest for the Sacrament of Reconciliation.

The last year of Randal's life was spent at Marywood Nursing Care Center in Livonia, Michigan, where he received excellent care. At the same time his family and many friends surrounded him with love and care.

Randal passed away on September 22, 2019 at Marywood Nursing Care Center. The funeral was held at St. Genevieve-St. Maurice Catholic Church in Livonia on September 28, 2019. Interment was at Mount Calvary Cemetery in Detroit.

May Randal rest eternally in the arms of God.

May the Passion of Jesus Christ be always in our hearts.