



Issue number 101 August 2010

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this works for Internet Explorer 7 and for Mozilla Firefox

click on any photo to see an enlargement

(Webmaster's note: This issue seems to have a great many quotations and hyphens. I have not yet mastered the intricacies of Dreamweaver. I do test the letter in Internet Explorer, Mozilla Firefox, and Safari (the last mentioned the browser for you Apple users.) So I have changed the quote marks to italics, which seem to come through better. The problem seems to be with the server, which translates some characters differently than the way we wrote them in the original text. I discovered that this is a vexing problem for many web designers, who suggested workarounds.)

<http://academic2.marist.edu/foy/maristsall/>

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- Vince Poisella: 61 Golf View Drive, Little Egg Harbor, NJ 08087; 609-294-2148; poisellavincen@yahoo.com
 - Rich Foy: 24 Prestwick Court, Poughkeepsie, NY 12603; 845-454-1393; Richard.foy@verizon.net
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 - David Kammer: 476 La Playa, Edgewater, FL 32141; 386-426-6349; jkammer1@cfl.rr.com
 - Rob Schmidt: 1013 Hollywood Avenue, Des Plaines, IL 60016; 847-824-1073; RJDB@comcast.net

Writers for this issue:

[Bro Ernest Beland](#) 1958; tells us of his teaching at CCHSD in Lawrence and his attendance at the OBbWat meeting at the home of Ray Landry in Methuen MA.

[John and Joan Brady](#) 1957; attended the Boothbay Harbor ME and Methuen MA OBbWAT meetings this summer.

[Dick Branigan](#) 1950; recalls the days in the Esopus mansion after receiving the Marist College Magazine.

[Bill Byrne](#) 1952; tells us of a practical joke of yesteryear. You would have to be a Brother or former Brother to appreciate it.

[Mike Flynn](#) 1965; recalls the *Confederate Brothers* during the 1960s

[Tony Fragale](#) 1967; bemoans not keeping in contact with his Tyngsboro group of 1966-1967

[Jeff Johnston](#) 1975; enjoyed his trip down memory lane after viewing photos on the MaristsAll web site and reading the one hundredth issue.

[David Kammer](#) 1942; notes a debt of gratitude to some quiet partners to the editors of MaristAll, notable Elizabeth Nolan and Jane Poisella. (He forgets to thank Judy Kammer. Oops!)

[Charles Kennedy](#) 1956; tells us of the death of his wife Regina last year.

[Bro Frank Klug](#) 1944; notes the Champagnat ethos has permeated the Brothers and ex-Brothers to spread the Marist message.

[Joan and Jephtha Lanning](#) 1949; gives us a taste of retired live at Delray Beach, where he and Joan have lived for 14 years.

[Manny Lopez](#) 1963; tells us that Barney Sheridan was a friend, brother, and mentor to him.

[Bro Jim Mc Knight](#) 1961; took over the care of Senior Retired Brothers from Brother James Adams, and gives the list of those residing at Mount St Michael

[Frank and Cecelia McNiff](#); update their email address and sends good wishes to many MaristsAll members.

[Jack Meehan](#) 1961; resides in Ocean City NJ and Melbourne FL, and tells of meeting with many MaristsAll members.

[David and Elaine Murphy 1961](#) ; invites us to experience the quiet pleasures of retirement in the Black Hills near Pine Ridge Reservation.

[Vince Poisella](#), editor 1958; invited us to the Marist Family Picnic at MSM 11 Sept 2010, and thanks all Marists All contributors, and seeks volunteers to carry on the work of the Newsletter.

[John Scileppi](#) 1968; outlines some possible apostolates developed at the recent weekend retreat held at Marist College.

[Anne Sheridan](#); notes the first anniversary of Barney Sheridan's death and thanks those who consoled her and her family during Barney's last few months on this earth.

[Hugh Turley](#) 1954; sends kudos to the editors and workers for

[Gene Zirkel](#) 1953; outlines some possible apostolates developed at the recent weekend retreat held at Marist College.

Marist Family Picnic at Mount St. Michael: Saturday, September 11, 2010, the ninth anniversary of the World Trade Center destruction, has been set for the annual Marist Family Picnic to be held at Mount St. Michael in the Bronx from noon to five pm. Bring a dish to share and your drink of choice. Enjoy this tradition of "gathering around the table" with Marist family and friends.

Marists All contributors: Thank you to all who contributed to Marists All by writing to our readers in our one-hundredth issue. I wish to apologize to Hugh Turley, Jephtha Lanning, and Dave Murphy for failing to recover their emails in time for the last issue. Their words are printed in this issue, a bit late but not less appreciated. Thanks also to those who sent contributions to cover the expenses connected with printing and mailing: Pat Conway, '61; Eugene Donnelly, '46; William Kawka, '62; and William Kelly, '55

Web site Up-date: Thanks also to Rich Foy for the untold hours he has dedicated to researching, learning, consulting, and

redoing the Marist's All web site. The new site is easier to read and easier to use. It has a whole new look.

Backup Request/Trainees Sought· Our editorial staff is still seeking interested individuals among the Marists All readers who are willing to step forward to *learn the ropes* and be ready to take over some of the editorial duties of publishing Marists All. The current editors are not getting any younger. If interested, please contact us.

From **JOHN AND JOAN BRADY '57**: The Marist Spirituality Weekend held on July 9-11, 2010, at Marist College was a time of enthusiastic spiritual renewal for the twenty-five participants -Brothers, married, and single folks. Presentations by Br. Sean Sammon, Br. Hank Hammer of Marist High School, Chicago, and Ms. Alice Miesnik from Marist High School, Bayonne, addressed the importance of lay involvement in Marist community, mission, and spirituality. The generosity of these three individuals in giving their time to make this weekend very special for everyone was much appreciated as attested by the positive response of all who attended. As always, the ultimate success of the weekend relied on the participants' efforts in making this a smooth operation -- college logistics for lodging and meals, liturgy and prayer services, presentations and discussion involvement, finances, fun-time and overall organization. As one participant remarked in her reflections on the time spent together, the weekend was "comfortable, enriching, and lots of fun."

We welcome one and all to be part of this special weekend next year! (3 Brookside Avenue, Hazlet, NJ 07730-2224; 732-739-3911 JEJPBrady@aol.com)

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From **GENE ZIRKEL '53 AND JOHN SCILEPPI '68**: We have just finished another wonderful retreat weekend at Marist College. The theme was "Companions on the Journey." Once again both lay and vowed Marists shared their lives, and once again the question was asked by many of those attending: *How can we become more involved in helping one another in our various apostolates?*

One idea proposed was to try to connect the many gifts we

have to offer with the many needs we have in our various ministries. There are about 500 readers of *Marists All*.

Some of us have gifts such as time or talent that we might wish to offer: Are you retired? Do you speak a foreign language? Can you paint a picture (or a room)? Are you a handyman? Could you be a tutor?

Others have needs. For example, do you work with anyone who might need a tutor? We invite you to send a need of your ministry to *Marists All*. We will print it. Perhaps there is someone among our readers who can help you. Please send the specifics of what you are looking for and your contact information so that a possible volunteer might get in touch with you.

On the other hand, have you been looking for a ministry that could make good use of your talents? Again, please send us the specifics of what you can offer along with your contact information so that a fellow Marist - lay or vowed - could touch base with you. In this way, we are attempting to initiate a new application of the Marist apostolic spirit of service.

(genezirk@optonline.net;) (john.scileppi@marist.edu)

If you live on Long Island and are the least bit handy, we could use your help. Wyandanch Homes and Property Development Corporation is a non-profit organization housing thirty families who would otherwise be homeless. We give them not only shelter but also counseling, education and/or training and financial advice.

If you have ever owned a home, you are well aware that things break, pipes leak, painting is needed, and so on. Multiply that by thirty, and you will see why we need your help. A few (a very few) of us gather each Thursday and do repairs on these homes. Could you possibly help out on occasion? If so, contact me at genezirk@optonline.net or 631-669-0273.

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From **ANNE SHERIDAN**: It will soon be a year (9/4/09) that Barney (Frank) Sheridan left us. May he rest in peace! To all my Marist brothers and sisters, I want to thank you for your prayers, notes, telephone calls, and emails offering your loving support and friendship. You all meant so much to Barney and to me and our children, Rob and Rosemary, our daughter-in-law Carole, and our *super-duper* grandson Lucas. You will always be

a part of our family and community as we go ahead without his physical presence in our lives but so aware of his spirit present in all of us. He loved all Marists, all things Marist, and especially the spirituality of Marcellin. He tried to live it every day of his life: may part of his legacy be that we all try to do the same. Blessings and love to you all. (626 E 20th Street, Unit # 9-A, New York, NY 10009-1515; 212-529-2257)

From **MANNY LOPEZ** '63: As my thoughts turn to Barney, I think of the words to the song "Sunrise, Sunset" from *Fiddler on the Roof* Barney enjoyed watching the sunrise over the East River in Manhattan almost every day. He was a friend, brother, mentor to me from the very first day I met him almost fifteen years ago. I wish I had known him earlier in my youth as I struggled with the world after leaving (not my choice) the Brothers. My life story would have been entirely different. The transition to the world after juniorate, novitiate, and scholasticate would have been much easier and less painful, and my decision to come out as a gay person would have been grounded on the firm foundation of having a friend who knew my sorrows, joys, and background. I definitely would have made fewer mistakes, and my life today would be more secure. As it is, I learned from my mistakes, and I find myself today in a position of more relative security than I had thought possible. I miss Barney deeply. His wife, Anne, as courageous as she is, has been a source of comfort and stability as we both struggle with our loss. He was a person of deep intellect and many interests, and I was privileged as he accepted me into his family. What I miss most is his courage in the midst of a seventeen year bout with extensive cancer. He was a beacon of light in a dark world and a source of true inspiration. In addition, with his passing I have lost my Irish connection. That Irish connection is a big deal because as a young student and monk, I was surrounded and respected by Irish kids and young men. They were my brothers and role models for a Puerto Rican kid from the South Bronx. And when I first met Barney, all of that came into focus. I discovered my *Irish roots* from a friend who worked with and in the midst of many Puerto Rican people. So Barney, religious name Bernard Maura, has left quite a legacy. "*Laudetur Jesus Christus, et Maria, mater ejus*"! Kudos, Barney,

and many thanks! You have made it to Heaven. (1493 Shore Parkway, #3B, Brooklyn, New York 11214-6329; 718-373-3482)

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From **JEFF JOHNSTON** '75: After spending a delightful afternoon reading the one-hundredth edition of *Marists All*, I couldn't leave the site without checking out the pictures.

There is a lot of history there!

I attended St. Mary's in Manhasset from '65-69, entered Esopus in '70, and was graduated from Marist in '73. I began teaching at Columbus in Miami and then at Union Catholic in Scotch Plains. I *did* the Novitiate at Cold Spring, group of '75. I then spent six great years back at St. Mary's, and in '82 I entered Immaculate Conception Seminary in Huntington. I was ordained in '86.

Putting all those years against all those pictures was the proverbial trip down Memory Lane! It was a fun way to spend the afternoon! Thanks for all the memories!

Jwi31451@aol.com

From **CHARLES KENNEDY** '58: I would like to mention to our readers that my wife Regina died nearly a year ago. She would have been seventy-two this year. We were married over thirty-six years, having married on my name day, November 4. Our daughter lives in Puerto Rico with our son-in-law and their daughter. *Laudetur, Jesus Christus!* (80-08 45th Avenue, Elmhurst, NY 11373-3545; 718-639- 1800 x1375)

From

From **HUGH TURLEY FMS** '54: I continue to read each issue with pointed interest and am awed by how keenly our early Marist training and experience have contributed to our values and spirituality throughout life. It is a tribute to the older men whose shoulders we stand upon and to St. Marcellin Champagnat, who inspired it all. (4200 W. 115th Street, Chicago, IL 60655-4397; hugh1 001@hotmail.com)

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From **DAVID KAMMER** '42: As Marists All reached its landmark one hundredth issue, the publishers were acknowledged with much gratitude. It is sincerely appreciated. As we move forward, I recognize an oversight: the contributions of Liz Nolan and of Jane Poisella Liz has shared much wisdom over the years and has folded thousands of copies of the newsletter, and she has stuffed and sealed many, many envelopes. For the last thirty three issues, Jane has done the tedious and meticulous work of proofreading. Thank you very much, ladies!

From **BILL BYRNE** '52: A good practical joke is, in the words of one psychiatrist, a simulation of a crisis and not the real thing. And it serves us a valuable reminder that what appears real is not always the real deal. Research has shown, he goes on, that these counterfactual insights can kick-start new behaviors, new selfexploration, and, ultimately, self-improvement. Keep that in mind as I recreate what big Br. Gilbert called, in his memory, the best prank pulled on the monks."

Those of us who had the Marist juniorate experience in the 50's might remember the first practical joke played on us unsuspecting neophytes. Rumor had it, we were informed, that there would be a barn dance, "so put on your best clothes." Growing up as I did on the streets of Manhattan, I had no idea what to expect at a barn dance, but I certainly was curious and ripe for the taking. No such affair was in the offing, but there would be the opportunity to talk at dinner when Brother Master announced the occasion with a *Benedicamus Domino*. Gotcha! Without giving myself too much credit, I think I decided then and there that practical joking was going to be one of the *monkery* rules of the game. I determined it was better to be the *duper* rather than one of the *duped*.

A good practical joke relies on good stagecraft to be successful. The stage for Brother Gil's high praise was Camp Marist in the early sixties. In *dem* days, the camp was a Marist enclave, staffed by some seventy Brothers from both the Poughkeepsie and Esopus Provinces with some lay kitchen and laundry staff. If you listened during those warm days and cool mountain nights, you got to know a little about each monk's story - the internecine squabbles. the successful programs, the disagreements with authority, the good outcomes and the bad outcomes, the pettiness and the saintliness the stuff that might

later surface given the right set of circumstances.

A good practical joke relies on timing to be successful. In the summer, each monk knew that where he taught in the fall depended on a decision made by the Brother Provincial (for us in the Esopus Province it was the beloved Brother Leo Sylvius) and his advisers. As a result, each monk either dreaded a transfer if he enjoyed his present assignment or looked forward to a change of scenery if he didn't. Needless to say, a great deal of anxiety attached itself to both situations.

The List of Employments for the coming school year took on increasing importance and conversational conjecture as the camp summer progressed. During the summer in question, *The List* was uncharacteristically late. A good practical joke relies on seizing the opportunity to fill the void. Several of us, mostly Mendes and I, hatched a plot to preempt the official list and publish our own version. The legendary Br. Francis Xavier once dubbed me an *agent provocateur*, so that role fitted me perfectly. With the last year's printed employment list in hand and enough monk dirt to be mildly dangerous, we constructed the bogus Employment List. I wrote a cover letter with sufficient religious platitudes to make it look plausible - even scrawled a barely legible Br. Leo signature on the letter.

Mendes retyped the new list and ran it off on the office mimeograph when Br. Joe Abel wasn't looking. He posted the list in the camp common room about ten in the morning, right after the New Hampshire mail truck departed, and we waited to see whether the prank would work.

It worked, maybe a little too well! As best I can recall them, here are some of the highlights and one low light. Brother Gil had had a run in with one of his former bosses. We assigned him to a community run by -- you guessed it. To say he was bummed would be an understatement. Br. Leo Richard was taken out of the place where he spent his entire life, Archbishop Molloy, and assigned to the Rego Park third grade. He took me aside and told me how depressed he was. I had to confess to him that the list was a fake to ease his suffering. He then went on to play along with the gag, pretending to others that he didn't know what he would do with such an assignment. Brother Alex, the proprietor of the camp roller skating kingdom, was

singled out for special treatment. He had spent thirty years (only an exaggerated guess) teaching Algebra 1 at St. Mary's, Manhasset and was known to be a community pack rat. We transferred him to Laredo, Texas. Legend has it that his irritable bowel reacted badly to the assignment and that he immediately called Brother Provincial to complain. No idea whether he heard back from Brother Leo Sylvius. We elevated one monk who had been a boss and who, from the French, *had broken his pipe* (II a casse la pip!). We put him back in charge of the Augusta community. He was overly pleased with the appointment, whereas one unnamed camp monk from that community had a different take on the situation.

A monk from Roselle who spent more time on the golf course across from the school than in the apostolate was placed in an inner city school. That was typical of whatever in our misguided sense of humor was fair game for a targeted monk. And so it went for the better part of that day. The allotment of three cases of beer that Brother Joe dutifully station wagoned up to the monks' bungalow before noon each day, dubbed Haffenreffer Kidney Wrecker by one monk wag, ran out long before *bull bat time*. (You'll have to ask Br. Vincent Jerome for the meaning of that reference!) The next day, the real list made it to New Hampshire.

I mentioned a *low light*. Sainly Brother Simeon Gerald cornered me that evening, having heard about the consternation the list caused, and he insisted to me that the monks wouldn't play such a trick on each other. I sheepishly confessed that indeed *they would*. Simeon, who had a habit of raising his voice to a strident pitch when he was upset, kept repeating: *No, Bill! They wouldn't do such a thing!* The more I assured him *they would*, the more he kept saying *they wouldn't!* Talk about *slings and arrows!*

Every practical joke relies ultimately on an understanding that we can't take things too seriously and that not everyone will see the humor in any given one. I'm proud that I had a part in what to this day causes me, along with a dwindling group of monks - - ex- and extant- -- to laugh a little. And recent research, I've learned, suggests that the experience of being duped can stir self reflection in a way few other experiences can, functioning as a check on arrogance or obliviousness. I'll take that. (154

West Church St., Clarkson, MI 48346; 248-625-6555;
byrne@oakland.edu)

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From **MIKE FLYNN** '65: I am sure that I was not the only one thrilled with the news of the mansion and property in Esopus being gifted to Marist College to establish the Raymond Rich Institute for Leadership Development.

The cover story of the Spring 2010 issue of *Marist: the Magazine of Marist College* contains a wonderful history of the property and its owners along with great current and historic photographs of the property.



When I saw the two-page color photograph of the mansion's *backyard* from the hill that we so loved to toboggan down, the sight of the American flag flying on the flagpole told me that I had to write *Marists All* with the story of that very flag pole on August 15, 1965, when I became a novice.

There were only a few of us *southerners* in those days in Esopus, and long before *political correctness* was ever in our lexicon, the few of us from the Marist schools in Florida (AI Smith, Joe Zavertnik, and myself), Texas (Ricky Bauer), and Georgia (George Halpin) were the only ones often kidded in a friendly way about the twang in our voices.

When my family and Joe Zavertnik's family drove up from Miami for Profession Day in 1965, they stayed overnight in the mansion along with George Halpin's family from Augusta. Since those were the days when the novices and postulants were not allowed to see their families until after the ceremony, to announce the arrival of the *southern contingency*, Joe's brothers raised a confederate flag purchased along their way from Florida on the flagpole behind the mansion!

Again, since this was long before the days of political correctness and our proper education as to symbols and civil rights, I only remember laughs and comments like *Oh, those southern boys*, from all those visiting Esopus that day! Joe kept the flag in his trunk through his novice year and

brought it with him to New Hampshire when we all went to Camp Marist for our two-week *vacation* to ready the camp for the summer session.

Yes, as Paul Harvey would say, *the rest of the story* is that on June 3, 1966, the birthday of Jefferson Davis, the then *southern contingency* in Esopus (Joe, George, myself, along with Rik Flynn and Tom McKirchy from Miami and Joe Herrera from Brownsville) raised that confederate flag on the flagpole at Camp Marist!

To this day, we are pretty sure it was the South's northernmost penetration since the Civil War! (5850 S.W. 53rd Terrace, Miami, FL 33155; michaeleflynn@bellsouth.net)

From DICK BRANIGAN (Stephen Aloysius) '50: (*The following is a response to Gus Nolan.*) Thanks for including me in the mailing of the Marist College Magazine. That brought me back to when the world was young and we were thin!

First thing I noticed was the busty statue in the front hall where our Blessed Mother used to stand, holding her fingers out for us to touch as we passed through. The rest of the photos of the Esopus mansion sure struck a chord.

I recognized the old chapel, of course, and our dear old refectory. I remember the stone carvings on either side of the mantle, too. We called them the "Vestal Virgins." They're still there. But the dining accommodations are a notch up from when we signaled with our hands/fingers to pass the butter or the main dish or the dessert. Long-term memory is a pal. You are never alone when you have that.

Sure, I read the article about the gift to Marist College, and it is all very wonderful. No question. But the photos of our old haunts refurbished to meet a new need only served to reconnect me with the bonds of old, the foundation we were blessed with, and the continued solidarity with friends. Thanks, Gus, for the treat. (1814 Fairview St., Oshkosh, WI 5490; branigan@uwosh.edu)

From **TONY FRAGALE '67:** I thank you for having sent me *Marists All* for the past several years. I value the short time I spent with the Marists as the seminal event of my adult life, but I now find that I rarely know any of the people whose names appear in the issues. It would appear that there is only one member of my group

(Tyngsboro, 1966-67) left. I therefore respectfully request that you eliminate my name from the mailing list. (4674 Pheasant Run Drive, Orlando, FL 32808-2044; 407-292-0170; fragalt@bellsouth.net)

From **JOAN AND JEP LANNING** '49: Most sincere congratulations to the editorial team of *Marists All* in reaching one hundred issues of the newsletter. Who knew back in 1987 when some of us first discussed it that, as they say in journalism, *this story has legs* ! Thank you for a job well done in keeping us all so connected. We have now lived in Delray Beach for over fifteen years, the longest period we have lived in one place. Coastal House, our 85 unit condominium, is situated between the Intracoastal Waterway and the Atlantic Ocean in southeastern Florida. Through the years, we have made many friends. And as time has spooled onward, several have passed on while others have returned north to be closer to children and family. I conduct a film seminar once a month during the winter season, and Joan has been busy with work on our social committees. Over the years I have had a chance to serve on several boards as well as a stint as president. In addition, Joan, a registered pharmacist, does part-time work for CVS and Humana,

We both are active in St. Lucy Catholic Church, one and onehalf miles down A1A, the shore road, in Highland Beach. We serve as Eucharistic ministers and lectors. I direct the lector program, serve on the Liturgical Council, and also serve as spirituality chair of the Men's Club. Joan is leadership chair of the parish's Council of Catholic Women. It is a small parish of 642 families, mostly retirees. Here, too, we have many friends and two wonderful priests.

Our health is good. I had triple by-pass surgery in '07 and aortic aneurysm repair in '09, but all is well. We have our team of doctors and list of medications, but at 76 and 78, who's complaining? Joan often beats me to reading *Marists All*, and, I might add, knows so many of the stories of bygone times. Ditto for me for the Daughters of Wisdom. A few weeks back, we had dinner with Pat and Gene Zirkel, who have a winter home here in Delray.

And so, we go forward in faith, thankful for the past and enjoying the present. The members of the Marist family, those living and

dead, have a special place in our love and prayers. To all, God bless and keep you! (lanndelray@att.net.)

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From **FRANK AND CECELIA MCNIFF** '51: Thank you so much for alerting us about our email address. It changed a while ago when we were scammed by a cyberspace *genius/moral midget*. He/she compromised our password and personal info. Needless to say, it was a nightmare as money was being extorted from our many contacts whom we could not reach. We are much more careful these days.

Our new email iscmickey071@yahoo.com. We would be most appreciative if you would include us in the *Marists All* listing once again. It is a wonderful way to keep in touch and enjoy the joys as well as sorrows of dear friends. All of you are to be complimented for your efforts. You have accomplished a great feat. In truth, you will never really know fully how many lives you have touched in a wonderful way. Your time and efforts certainly reflect Jesus' Great Commandment. On the mundane side, recall the old Hallmark motto, ... *when you care enough to send the very best* ! It's not difficult to fill in the blanks. (39 Forest Lane, Westbury, NY 11590-6532 tel 516-997-4934)

From **DAVE AND ELAINE MURPHY** '61: In '06, with both of us being retired, we towed our trailer from the prairie of the Rez (Pine Ridge) up to our land in the mountains. Elaine and I have thoroughly enjoyed our home in the Black Hills.

During fall, winter, and spring most mornings begin with coffee in front of the wood stove with a window in the door. We both enjoy spending time watching and learning from the fire. The dance of the flames brings to mind the gifts of light and warmth that our logs offer us. We try to grow in appreciation of our position as being constantly gifted. Once we were comfortable enough to accept the gifts of the logs, it was a simpler step to relax to the extent of allowing the spirit of the forest into our inner space bringing with it many other gifts: a humility to sit in awe of, and accept the dynamism of, the spirit, in the simplicity of sitting on a log, around a campfire with fellow pilgrims, and to share at a feeling level what it's like living with a God who touches us with her encouraging gentleness. If you're beginning to think, "Oh, those poor Murphys. They've really lost it"! Consider that this just might

be an invitation. (27279 Memorial Road, Hot Springs, SO; 605-745-7639; demurphy@goldenwest.net)

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From **BRO. FRANK KLUG '45**; Yesterday I picked up the latest *Marists All* for the second time and read it from beginning to end. It reminded me that I had not congratulated all of you for reaching the landmark one-hundredth edition. It has been no small accomplishment. Clearly, many Brothers, former Brothers, and others have welcomed each issue of *Marists All*. Thanks to you for bringing such an important and enjoyable publication into our homes

I would like to add a few personal reflections. Those who have written for *Marists All* continue to weave the thread of Champagnat's inspiration through our times. Each and every issue has brought emotional reactions in me that were usually positive, joyous, and uplifting. Yet, I must admit that each issue also seemed to stir up some pain from the past. What could have been? Where did I fail to support people in need?

All in all, though, it has been a consolation and a joy to see how the Marist ethos has permeated the lives of so many and the lives of the many that they touch. So many good people have been blessed with love for the Church, with success and productivity, and with love for all things Marist. God bless all who participate in this venture. (fmsaug@yahoo.com)



From **JOHN AND JOAN BRADY '57**: Many thanks are due to Oke (John O'Connell), his wife Sandy, and Ray Landry for organizing the get-together of brothers and wives in Boothbay Harbor, ME, and Methuen, MA.

The gathering was characteristic of any great family reunion and "get-away": good food (loved those lobsters and Ray's blueberry crisp); laughter (even the old jokes); new sights and sounds (the rocky Maine coast); trips down memory lane (rebuilding the college yet again, cooking for hundreds without a cookbook (or knowing how to crack an egg), teaching chemistry when you knew everything about the Civil War and nothing about chemistry); making new

friends as spouses were introduced to our brothers and each other. It was a comfortable gathering of folks who finally can connect faces with names and stories they have heard over the years: brothers, now mature men, who have woven "Marist" into the fabric of their whole lives and so happy to be with each other once again. (3 Brookside Avenue, Hazlet, NJ 07730-2224; 732-739-3911 J E J PBrady@aol.com)

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From **BR. ERNEST BELAND**, '58: I teach English literature full time at CCHS in Lawrence; and, over the years (forty-eight, to be exact), I have taught Latin, French, English, world history, Philosophy of Communism (required in the Boston Diocese years ago), American history, and religion -- almost every course except those in science -and have coached baseball and basketball for over twenty-five years.

At the urging of John "Oke" O'Connell, I am writing specifically to give a "Brother" perspective on a group calling itself OBbWAT, an acronym for "O, Brother/brother, where art thou?" with big B for Marist Brother and small b for former brother. Without going into its history, it is a gathering of present and former Brothers from my '58 profession group who come together to reconnect with each other and to share common experiences and memories of their training as well as of their teaching experiences as Marists. Since its inception, we have expanded the group to include Brothers and former Brothers from the group one year ahead of us and/or one behind.

On August 21, 2010, some of us met at Ray Landry's home in Methuen. Aside from myself, those present included George Bagnell, John Brady, George Conboy, Moe LaChance, Ray Landry, Artie Lavigne, Don Mulcare, John O'Connell, Vinny Poisella, Bill Shannon, Richie Shaw, Bob St. Amand, Russell Therriault, and John Wilcox, together with their significant others.

This was the second gathering I had attended and must admit I was profoundly affected by what I heard and saw. As most of these former Brothers explained their present-day situations, expanded on their Marist experience, and expressed their deepest gratitude for their Marist training, I could not help but feel a closeness to these men, a deep bond that I had never fully realized had actually existed for me in the past. Today, these laymen model the

values and ideals they learned while in the Order for their families, friends, colleagues, and students. I was struck by the fact that so many of them had become teachers, guidance personnel and administrators in alternative schools, in schools for emotionally-disturbed teenagers, and as facilitators for a variety of programs aimed at helping the least favored in this world.

It was obvious that these are wonderful men who continue to answer God's call in their lives to help the less fortunate in society. They continue, albeit no longer vowed members of the Institute, to spread the charism of Father Champagnat. I believe that they are an extension of Marist influence around the world, that they had a temporary vocation which was intended by God to prepare them for some special purpose, namely to work for the good of society and for the poor and needy they would encounter in their future lives. They are a living testament to that truth.

Their *temporary vocation* was, I believe strongly, a call from God to absorb the Marist Spirit, the charism of Father Champagnat, in order to continue his work here on earth. Today, they *share the call*, they continue to serve as Brothers (Big B and small b) with loving, caring, and compassionate hearts that expand and enhance our sense of brotherhood. To quote Oke from our last meeting, "Where two or three are gathered, God is with us!" (12 Sheridan St., Lawrence, MA 01841; 978-682-1163; ebeland@centralcatholic.net)

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From **BR. JIM MCKNIGHT '61**: I am currently the Provincial Liaison for senior Brothers, having replaced Br. Jim Adams last July. *Jim* did a tremendous job as the first Liaison for Senior Brothers. He was on the job for six years. My office is in the remodeled cottage at Mount St. Michael Academy.

Here is a current list of the Brothers who are retired and living in Champagnat Hall: Valerian Doiron, Victor Serna, Godfrey Robertson, AI Matuga, John Colbert, Eddie Vollmer, Jim Gaffney, Jimmy "Butts" Ryan, Robert James, Bob Leclerc, Richard LaRose, Tony Iazzetti, Emil Denworth, and Joe Scanlon. Armand Lamagna is doing a great job as Director. Dave Cooney and Joe *Maxie* McAlister assist him. Fred Sambor, Nick Caffrey, Gus Landry, Joe Sacino, and Vinnie Xavier are also in residence. Visitors are always welcome. In 1964 I left Marist College after my junior year there and was

assigned to the Philippines to finish my studies. After many happy years and meaningful experiences and assignments, I returned to the States in February of 1988. Since then I have completed a full year at Our Lady of Peace Retreat House in Narragansett where I studied and completed a course in Spiritual Direction. From 1989-96 I was living in Esopus while working at John A. Coleman Catholic High School in Kingston, NY. From there I was in Miami at Christopher Columbus High School for two years and then seven years at St. Brendan High School. In 2005 I was asked to go to Marist High School in Chicago.

I enjoy reading *Marists All* and am grateful to all those who put the issues together and mail them out. (26 First Avenue, Pelham, NY 10803; 914-738-1218; jimmckn@gmail.com)

From **JACK MEEHAN** '61: I was saddened to hear about Ron Mulholland. Although I hadn't seen or heard from him in years, I have fond memories of our days at the college. Just before New Year's Day I met up with Bill Ford, Bill Carroll, Don Kelly, Jim McKnight, and Joe McAister in New York City. We got caught up on about forty years. It was great reminiscing about our days in Esopus. Presently, we live in Melbourne Beach, FL, for about half the year and Ocean City, NJ, the other half. We just recently relocated to OC from Long Island. I retired from the Deer Park school system in 2000 where I worked first as a science teacher and finally as a high school guidance counselor. In 2004, my wife Janet retired from the Half Hollow Schools where she taught math. In my spare time I operated an electrical contracting business for thirty years. Janet and I have two children. Our daughter, Janine, graduated from Loyola College in Maryland, is married with four children. Our son Sean graduated from Notre Dame, where he played lacrosse for the Fighting Irish. (By the way, we tailgated with Jack Ryan, John Reynolds, and Br. Joe Maura for one of NO's football games.) Sean lives in Connecticut and is married with two children. Recently, we had a visit from Paul Stengel and his wife Marilyn. We played golf with Tom Hourican and his wife, Kathy, about a month ago. I spoke with Bill Reger not too long ago, and we talked about our forty-fifth anniversary this coming year. Hopefully, in the fall the Marist College class of '65 will have a reunion at the college. (131 Aquarina Blvd, Melbourne, FL 32951-3950; 321-327-2330; meehanmeehan@yahoo.com)

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