



ISSUE # 34
February 1996

RE: BR. RENE ROY ('60) in RWANDA

(The following letter was written to the Brothers of the province and forwarded by Br. Michael "Mickey" Bernard with the note: "I thought that many Marists All people would like reading Rene's notes on the situation in Rwanda. Because the situation with mails in that country are deplorable, I plan to send a monetary draft from a U.S. bank to his bank in Rwanda. So far I have collected \$55.")

RENE'S SECOND LETTER TO THE BROTHERS October 31, 1995: Freres Maristes, Ecole des Sciences de Byimana B.P. 80, Gitarama, Rwanda, Africa

Dear Brothers, Greetings from Byimana (Beemahnah) where I am daily having my eyes and ears opened to the cry of the poor. I have never seen anything like it. It's not Mother Teresa's Calcutta, but it surely beats what I saw on the Indian reservation in Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

The recent burial of our three Brothers who taught here and were slaughtered just a football field from where I am writing was a somber reminder of "Les Evenements" that have made for so much disruption to this country, and have precipitated my being here as part of the reconstruction. Two Brothers from Spain and one from Columbia are on their way. Belgium has contributed generously in money and expertise; a former treasurer has been here for a month putting district finances on computer and teaching local treasurers the new system.

In my first letter I gave some idea of conditions here, but worse is the condition of the school. Insufficient, outdated textbooks, no teaching material except chalk, only a Gestetner for duplicating exams but not enough paper for hand-outs, no science equipment in science labs. As for extra-curriculars, there is one good basketball for 800 kids, one volleyball, two soccer balls. There are four outdoor courts, but only two can be used. The kids have no playing shoes; they do the best they can in thongs or go barefoot. They have two meatless meals a day and are thinner than any kid should be. They are often sick for days at a time. When I think of even minimal good standards, I just say, this shouldn't be. This doesn't have to be.

I am aware of the generosity of Americans when they know of a need. I am aware of Marist generosity: Liberia, more recently Kobe. Well, I'm asking you to add Rwanda to your list, and I am appealing to you to support my comb-the-closets campaign. I am asking you to comb the community and personal coffer if there be any.

It did take some doing on my part, as some of you know, to let go not only of my vocation work and the people involved therein, but also to let go of a lot of "precious memorabilia" I had gathered over the years. I am now living very, very simply. I invite you to be in solidarity with me by digging deeply not only into

your surplus, but also into your substance. Brothers, the community here is living far below our American standards, but we are better off than the students and the local people. That leaves room for some pork-cutting. May I, without condemning, offer a few suggestions: Are there some items in our budget that we could put off for another year, like furniture replacement, etc. Is there some sacrifice I can make out of my personal money, i.e. skip that movie occasionally and save money for Rwanda? Do we need to have every kind of hard and soft drink at our disposal every day? Can we go without meat one evening and send the accumulated difference at the end of a month to the students who never have meat in this school? Instead of the community gift exchange this Christmas, could we not use that money for the needs of these children?

I think of the gospel story of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. "Jesus, seeing the crowds, took pity on them and asked the disciples: where can we buy food that these may eat?" Are we not called to help? I know the goodness in the hearts of every Marist, and I know that you will respond with compassion and generosity. In so doing you will find a personal happiness that will refresh you and will add to the vitality of your community life as you discuss this and come up with a viable way to help. I will keep you informed of events by letter and eventually by picture. Sincerely, Rene. (Br. E. Michael Bernard, Marist Brothers, Box 197, Esopus, N. Y. 12429)

JUBILARIANS: 1966

70th:

Br. Joseph Cerin Balet, 4300 Murdock Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 10466

Br. Henry Joseph Ruiz, 2790 S.W. 89th Avenue, Miami, Fl. 33165

65th:

Br. Valerian Doiron, 4300 Murdock Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 10466

Br. Philip Gilbert, Nevins Nursing Home, Lawrence, Ma. 01843

Br. Daniel Andrew Kopecki, 8230 S.W. 136th Street, Miami, Fl. 33156

Br. M. Oswald Ouellette, 4200 West 115th Street, Chicago, Il. 60655

60th:

Br. Dennis Buckley, 4300 Murdock Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 10466

Br. Bernard Curtin, One Raritan Road, Roselle, N. J. 07203

Br. Francis Hughes, 4300 Murdock Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 10466

55th:

Br. Chanel Lambert, 8616 Shell Drive #253, Tampa, Fl. 33615

Br. Rafael Martin, 3300 S.W. 87th Avenue, Miami, Fl. 33165

Br. Alphonse Matuga, 51 Clapham Avenue, Manhasset, N. Y. 11030

Br. Godfrey Robertson, 4300 Murdock Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 10466

50th:

Br. Raymond Albert, One Raritan Road, Roselle, N. J. 07203

Br. John Alexis, 33-53 Manton Street, Jamaica, N. Y. 11435

Br. James Dixon, 105 St. Joseph's Drive, Brownsville. Tx. 78520

Br. Raymond Bereicua, Suma-ku, Kobe 654, Japan

FROM BILL KARGES ('62): Once again let me say how much I have enjoyed the newsletter and the updates on the Marist family. Due to the declining health of both of my parents, particularly my mother, I have relocated to the South in order to help out a bit more. I'm now the Assistant Headmaster and Dean of

Students at the Gaston Day School. Keep the good news coming to ... (1631 Hudson Boulevard, Gastonia, North Carolina, 28054.)

FROM GENE (Louis Francis) ZIRKEL ('53): I was truly disappointed because I was unable to attend the Mount picnic this year. I had it marked on my calendar all year long, but unfortunately something came up. I have already marked September 14, 1996! Spread the faith, (Six Brancatelli, West Islip, New York, 11795-2501; 516-669-0273)

FROM BRIAN O'REILLY ('67): In case any of you Marist folks ever wonder ... after years of getting up early in the morning, praying a lot, and heading off to the classroom to face a lot of wish-I-were-elsewhere students ... whether you are making much of a difference in people's lives, I will tell you: Yes, you are! In my case, two of you did. I should have written this letter years ago.

I was a dreadful student at St. Mary's in Manhasset. At the end of my freshman year I was flunking two subjects (math for sure, I forget the other) and had grades in the mid-sixties in two others. I did well in biology because I liked the teacher, Brother Thomas Joseph (I think his last name was O'Donnell, but of course we students weren't privy to such secrets). Tee-Jay as he was known, assumed that I was doing well in all my subjects. He liked me, he teased me in class, he called me Smiley O'Reilly, a name that stuck with other students.

And then one day, with about two weeks of school remaining, he came over to my desk, grabbed me hard on the muscle that runs from the neck to the shoulder, and almost literally carried me to the back of the classroom, held aloft by that shoulder muscle. There he delivered the most dreadfully serious exhortation to do better. It wasn't a canned speech. He was truly amazed and dismayed when he learned that I was screwing up so badly. "If you don't live up to what you are capable of next year, I will personally come and beat the s --out of you!" he said. I was so surprised at his choice of word that I knew he meant business. My neck and shoulder were in so much pain that I had no doubt that he would and could fulfill his threat. But what came through more than anything was how much he cared about me and how much he wanted me to do well. (Be careful about using this technique yourselves today; it could easily backfire.)

Needless to say, I got my act together. By some miracle those two flunking grades were goosed up to a 65, so I passed freshman year. By sophomore year I had an average in the low 80's, and I was an honors student by senior year. I have never thanked TJ for all he did, but he really changed my life. (Please do tell him if you know him, or tell me where he is.) I was so impressed that I decided to join the Marists, and I spent a very enriching two years at Esopus and a half year in Poughkeepsie before heading off to Fordham and then to graduate school at Princeton.

While I was at Esopus, another bit of serendipity occurred. Gus Nolan (editor of this esteemed publication) was teaching a writing course, and assigned us to do some non-fiction. For some reason I decided to pretend I was a newspaper reporter, and filed a story about a fire (even typed the story out in narrow newspaper-like columns). Gus was impressed, and I liked the idea of being a journalist. I think I got a B in his course, though.

Years later, after graduating from Fordham I was driving a Greyhound bus in San Francisco and wondering what career to pursue. Woodward and Bernstein were beating up on Nixon and Watergate. Presto! I wanted to be a reporter again!

Could I do it? Well, Gus Nolan liked my first story. I told myself, so I decided to pursue it. In '73 or so I got on a weekly paper in South San Francisco. After a year I moved back East (my wife-to-be got a job offer, so I went with her) and landed at the Trentonian, a tabloid in New Jersey. After two years I got hired at the New Jersey Magazine in Princeton, later won a journalism fellowship to study economics at the Woodrow Wilson School at Princeton, and then went on to Fortune magazine where I am currently a senior writer and member of the editorial board.

I have the best job in the whole world at Fortune; I get to pursue a lot of different topics, talk to interesting people, and travel. That makes up for the horror of writing. In case any of you has forgotten for an instant, writing is awfully hard work. There is a joke in this business: If you enjoy writing, you probably aren't very good at it.

Nowadays, I'm living in Fair Haven, New Jersey, about 50 miles south of New York, rather near Sandy Hook. My wife Gail is almost an architect, and deeply involved in revitalizing Red Bank, a neighboring town. I have three kids: Paul, 14 (future Knick); Brendan, 10 (future physicist, banker, historian, engineer); and Mary, 6 (future beauty queen + benevolent world leader).

I've run into a few ex-Marists in my travels. John Rogener is at Citibank, and has been quite insightful and helpful on human resource issues. I was in South Bend doing an offbeat story on AM General, the company that makes those oversized jeeps called Humvees or Hummers, and there I looked up George Howard. He is head of the psychology department at Notre Dame (whew!). George, like me, has put on a pound or two, added a few grey hairs and lost a lot of brown ones. I took a second to adjust, but after two minutes the old George popped through. I felt I was back at Esopus with George, debating and laughing a lot. I still see Mark Moran occasionally, He is working at the World Trade Center and seems to be doing okay. He still has about the wryest, driest sense of humor of anyone I know. I take my kids camping up in the Catskills every year and sometimes stop in at Esopus. This year, alas, I didn't see anybody I knew, and was viewed with suspicion by some monk who appeared concerned that I might be the estranged parent of kids on retreat and there to kidnap them. So instead of shooting hoops with my kids at the gym, we drove down to the old coal docks and skipped stones for hours. Aside from my brief time as kidnapper-suspect, it was very pleasant.

I'm sorry to see that relatively few people of my generation (I'm 47) have stayed in the monkhood, but awfully impressed with the guys who remained. Fascinated to read about the fellow who went through the earthquake in Kobe, and the one who had to endure that brain surgery. All I can say is, hang in there, guys. I don't know what I'd be doing these days without you. Powerful, mysterious forces are at work with you, if my experience is any indication. Thanks, Gus, for nudging me into journalism and keeping Marists All alive. (70 Hance Road, Fair Haven, N. J. 07704; 908-741-2448; 212-522-6818)

FROM RAY (Paul Wilfrid) BLANCHARD ('47): What a pleasant surprise when we picked up our mail after four months of travel in the Pacific Northwest and the Canadian Rockies to find two issues of Marists All. Love to see what everyone is doing. Had decided to write immediately, but had to get things ship-shaped on the property before winter. Haven't yet gotten caught up, really!.

We have been retired for five years. We are now trying to set up some work for Habitat for Humanity in Florida for the months of January and February. Having a bit of trouble finding RV spaces close to the work sites, the Homestead and Miami areas. Hope things will pan out. Nevertheless, we'll be going there, at least just to get away from bad weather.

To keep busy on our way we do a bit of water-coloring (Rosemarie) and carving (me). She is getting very good. As for me??? I've been helping out at the local acute care home. Every week when I come home I thank the Lord for my health. There are residents there younger than I, and in very bad shape...and some are all alone!

That's it from this planet. Anyone coming this way is welcomed to stop at Mars. Let us know so that we can park our flying saucer out of the way. Keep up the good work. (25 Brickyard Road, Mars, Pa, 16046)

FROM RUSS (Ralph Anthony) THERRIAULT ('59): It has been a pleasure receiving and reading the epistles in each issue of Marists All. After each reading I ask myself why I haven't as yet contributed and I always have some reasonable but lame excuse. This afternoon, however, the phone rang and I received some prodding from a former master of novices, so here I am. In 1962 I was assigned to the Wheeling community. Br. Jude Driscoll was boss and Br. George St. George was assistant. Others there that year were Pius Joseph and William Chanel. Joining the community over the three years I was in Wheeling were John Reynolds, Phil Hannigan, Tom Moore, and Tom Mulhern. The summer of '65 I drove with John Reynolds from Wheeling via the Notre Dame campus to teach summer school in Chicago. During the annual retreat that year I decided to leave. It was a difficult decision but I believe the right one.

I joined the Marine Corps and reported to Parris Island. Upon completing boot camp there I proceeded to Quantico for OCS and a second boot camp. With Vietnam in full swing the Corps needed aviators and NFO's. I volunteered and was sent to Pensacola Naval Station for pre-flight training. There I met Shirley, my wife to be. We wed on October 8th, 1966, and have been together through thick and thin since.

I reported to my first duty station at Cherry Point, North Carolina, in May of 1967. I was assigned to a reconnaissance squadron (photo and electronic) and started OJT in the RF-4 and later in the F-10 and the EA-6. On my first night flight at 4 a.m. the pilot hit trees on take off. There was a cockpit fire, and I received third degree burns on my hands. The pilot's face was severely burned. We both ejected successfully even though we were outside the safety envelope of the seats. (Short prayer before ejecting: Lord, take care of my wife and unborn child). On a later training flight in an RF 1, I had to eject a second time, this time due to a mid-air collision at 20,000 feet. Both pilot and I got out safely. Sure takes a long time to get down to sea level; gives you a lot of time to think about what's going on in your life.

Went to Danang in March of '69. Much to my surprise I bumped into Phil Hannigan of the Air Force. Returned to the States in March of 1970. On a visit to D.C., made contact with John O'Connell in Bowie, Maryland. Left the Corps in March of 1971 and was fortunate to obtain a teaching position in Escambia County, Florida. I've been teaching 8th grade math and Algebra I there ever since.

Shirley and I have three children, two boys and a girl. Our R. Joseph is a graduate of Tulane and is a pilot in the Navy. He is stationed at South Weymouth and lives with his wife Sarah in Milton, Mass. Richard graduated from Florida State and is working as a psych tech at Queen's Hospital in Hawaii. Kerri Michelle has a teaching degree from the University of Florida and is living in Bloomfield, Colorado, with her husband Tim. She teaches the fourth grade and is working toward a master's at the University of Colorado. I taught in the local CCD program while our kids were attending.

Through Marists All I learned that Dan Hanley lives just a few miles from us. He and his family have been over a few times. At the time of my first contact with Dan, I was recuperating from a five-month hospital stay. That was due to a gall bladder that burst on me, resulting in septic shock and pancreatitis. Many a prayer was said for this soul, and I'm most thankful for all of them. I heard from Arthur Bedard and John Reynolds during my recuperation.

My last direct contact with Marists was in 1981 when Columbus of Miami came up here for the state football championship. I spoke to a few young monks after the game and tried to see Br. Edmund Sheehan, but he was in the locker room with the players. I look forward to the next issue. Sincerely in JMJ! (814 Fleming Way, Pensacola, Florida, 32514-9709)

FROM BOB BUCKLEY ('66): Thank you again for your work in sharing another wonderfilled issue of the newsletter. The power of Marists All is amazing. It is always with a sense of joy that I read and feel our Marist connection. The November issue took me back to some of my earliest inspiration of the Marist way. As I came across the note from Don Edwards (Christopher Matthew), I recalled that my freshman year at St. Helena High was his first year teaching at that school. Imperceptibly he became one of the first monks to intrigue me concerning what these Brothers were all about. Along my sojourn at St. Helena's, I was also touched by "Archie" (Br. Stephen Lawrence), "Bio Bill" (Br. William Paul), Jerry Cox (Br. Stephen Luke), Denis Murphy (Br. Denis Richard), Br. Ronald Marcellin, Chris Maura, and Declan Claude to mention a few. I am grateful for the seeds that were planted in the Bronx.

I also vividly recall that sunny Saturday morning when I met Br. Christopher Maura and Br. Declan for my first drive to Esopus. The blue and white MARIST BROTHERS sign at the property gate was a reality check. I remember asking myself: "What have you done now, Bob?" The answer now is -- one of the best things ever!

An array of blessings has come our way since I wrote last. Lesley and I celebrated our twenty-fifth anniversary last August. As some know, our relationship has been founded in the Marist tradition: Les was a Marist Missionary Sister and we were married by Emile Guilmette, S.M., former chaplain at Marist College. Our elder daughter Robin is a Marist alum, and she is engaged to a Marist grad. Robin is in her second year of a PhD program in psychology at Hofstra University, and her sister Holly will complete her masters in graphic design at Pratt Institute next May. Les continues to nurse at Hartford Hospital. She works on trauma and acute rehab units, a type of before and after program. She has an amazing gift with people.

After teaching for nine years at Hartford Public High School, I recently made a change to Shepaug Valley School in Washington, Ct. At Shepaug I am teaching English and chairing the middle/high school language arts and foreign language

departments. It is a small school, but its vision is large. I will be working to integrate the curricula into a humanities study over the next three to five years. I would be very grateful to share ideas about similar programs in which some might be working or know about.

One of the benefits I have gained in my new odyssey is a sixty minute drive to and from my school. The commute has afforded me a "prayer corridor" along 1-691. Thus, I renew the benefits of the many quiet walks during morning meditation at Esopus. (54 Ferncrest Dr., East Hartford, Ct. 06118; 860-569-2832; E: RBUCKI0027@AOL)

JUBILARIANS: 1996

30th:

Br. Vito Aresto
 Br. Joseph Herrera
 Br. John Klein
 Br. James Redunski
 Br. Sean Sammon
 Br. Richard Sharpe
 Br. Robert Warren

35th:

Br. Michael Brady
 Br. Donald Kelly
 Br. Joseph McAlister
 Br. James McKnight

40th:

Br. Felix Anthony
 Br. Brendan Brennan
 Br. Thomas Coyne
 Br. Stephen Kappes
 Br. Vincent Moriarty
 Br. Luke Pearson

45th:

Br. Denis Caverley
 Br. Gregory dela Noy
 Br. Vincent J. Doughty
 Br. Timothy McManus
 Br. Declan C. Murray
 Br. Albert Phillipp
 Br. Iuke Reddington
 Br. Louis Richard
 Br. Robert Ryan
 Br. Richard Ryder
 Br. Martin Thomas
 Br. Julio Vitores
 Br. Vincent Xavier

FROM PAT (Patrick Stephen) GALLAGHER ('53): I just received the latest issue of Marists All, and despite the fact that there are a myriad number of things that I have to attend to before leaving on my weekly flight to somewhere in the

country to conduct police training, I just have to express some of the thoughts that come to mind.

The most moving part of the issue was the list of names of those buried in Esopus. With a highlighter I went over the list, puzzling over a few names, but remembering almost all of them. Then, savoring each name, I thought of the most vivid experiences I shared with each person, as instructors, as fellow novices or scholastics, as bosses, as workers, and as brothers. What a wealth of good memories!

Donald Mulcare's description of the old novitiate was very accurate based on my remembrance of my last tour there a couple of years ago. It was moving to relive the days of old in the chapel. Don mentions "an iron rod from quarry days remains fixed in a granite socket." During my novitiate in '52-'54, working with Brother John Berchmans, we drained the quarry, removed the massive boulders strewing the swimming area, and then built rock walls along the sides. The second "crane" that we built to move the stones set on that rod. Pius never found out that the first "crane" fell over. Luckily no one was killed! Marty Lang's piece reminded me of the early work on the LaPorte experiment in 1967 ... and the long years it has been since I've seen him. And there was "Padre" Sears. I picked up my phone and called him. He has the most intimidating answering machine message I have ever heard. It's worth calling just to hear him, as he tries to scare off those who constantly think he can fix their air-conditioner.

This summer Mary and I were going up to a workshop near Rhinebeck, and we stopped at the college on a hot July afternoon. At the gate house we had a chance to talk with Brother Paul and to hear him talk with the same enthusiasm about the work of the Marists and the involvement he, at 82, still has. As always it was an inspiration. Joe Bell walked in, and I mentioned that for the next week I was going to be singing some Gregorian at a workshop run by Catherine laMee, who wrote the book to accompany "Chant." I mentioned that for years I have been trying to get a Liber. Joe was able to scrounge up a copy for me. The workshop brought back so many fond memories of choir practice under Brothers Edmund, John Francis, and Adrian.

I never cease to be amazed at the richness of the Marist experience, one that continues to feed, encourage, and uplift me years after I formally shed the cassock. Sure, I have a lot of mental pictures of Marist days, but the only tangible reminder is profession cross. Yet, among the intangibles I hold the example of men fully committed to causes, men who decades later maintain an enthusiasm for fighting the good fight, remaining staunchly committed to the good cause, raising good families, and standing far above the ordinary level of life., I get turned on by the solid values so evident in all they are doing, and I pride myself at being associated with that tradition and at having marched shoulder to shoulder with them. I salute them all for all they have meant and still mean to me.

Today in the Blue Ridge Mountains it is pouring; the fog nestles in the valleys just below the house. It's a perfect day for staying indoors by a fire, for quiet time, for writing. That it will be. We again invite Marists All readers to stop by the Wild Goose Inn perched on our mountainside, (P.O. Box 60, Indian Valley, Virginia, 24105; 540-789-4056)

FROM BR. MICHAEL BERNARD ('29): As a supplement to the mortuary list in the last issue, I suggest that a list of Marist Brothers not buried in Esopus

would interest many readers of Marists All. (For now we list those who have died since the opening of the Esopus cemetery but buried elsewhere)

Andre Celestin
1955 at 68 (France)
(Philippines)

Leon Victor
1969 at 83 (France)

Maurus James
1986 at 74

Joseph Ambroise
1957 at 71 (France)

Joseph Hayashi
1970 at 37 (Japan)

Stephen C. Martin
1986 at 76 (Texas)

Roger Maurice
1957 at 16 (Canada)

Paul Stratonic A.G.
1970 at 78 (Canada)

Raphael Ziegler
1987 at 93 (Japan)

Titien
1958 at 78 (France)

Paul Allemond
1972 at 82 (Mexico)

Mariano Martin
1987 at 83 (Spain)

John Philibert
Theodore 1958 at 71 (France)
62 (Philippines)

James Carroll
1973 at 60 (Mexico)

Reginald
1988 at

Francois Dorotheus
1961 at 78 (France)

Thomas Austin A.G.
1974 at 76 (Japan)

Peter Adrian
1990 at 95

Appolone
1963 at 77 (France)
(Lawrence)

Regis X. Creegan
1978 at 56 (Philippines)

Bruce Borelli
1990 at 41

Leon Bernadin
1964 at 84 (France)
(Philippines)

William Vessles
1982 at 66 (Texas)

Herbert Daniel
1991 at 74

Louis Fulgence
1967 at 80 (France)
(Philippines)

William Menn
1984 at 80 (Texas)

Norman Roy
1992 at 71

Irlide
1968 at 82 (France)

Victor Baptist
1985 at 75 (Texas)

John McNamara
1992 at 60 (Texas)

Louis C. Fojoucyk
1969 at 76 (Japan)
York)

Michael Ray
1985 at 93 Texas)

Giles Keogh
1995 at 70 (New

Joseph Saez
1969 at 83 Texas)

John B. Laroche
1985 at 53 (Philippines)

RE: WILLIE (Hugh Arthur) NOEL ('31):

November 12, 1995. This is to let you know that Willie Noel passed away on May 19th of this year. He was Brother Hugh Arthur Noel. He had been sick for about three years. He had suffered from a few strokes and spent about two years in a nursing home. We had a wonderful marriage of 22 years. Willie was a wonderful husband and friend. It has been very hard for me these past few months. Please notify the authorities of the Marist Brothers. I enjoy reading Marists All and would like to continue receiving it. Please pray for Willie and

keep me in your prayer. (Marie Noel, 5337 North Delphia Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, 60656)

FROM HELEN TOBIN: Thank you for putting the notice of Pat's death in the last issue of Marists All. Thanks, too, for the chart of the deceased Brothers buried in Esopus. I knew many of them personally and many I knew from the stories Pat was fond of telling about them. We visited the cemetery on several occasions. Pat liked to go there and pray for all the men who had influenced his life for 28 years.

Pat eagerly awaited each issue of Marists All. He particularly enjoyed reading about the accomplishments of his former students. I hope you get a lot of letters so that we can receive many more issues of the newsletter. (3 Brookwood Road, Tomaco, New Jersey, 07082)

FROM BR. HUGH TURLEY ('54): Many thanks for all. you do with Marists All. It has become quite significant to the Brothers, past and present. I'm glad I attended the GMC retreat weekend (6-30 to 7-2) in Poughkeepsie, Larry Keogh conceived of the retreat two years ago; it was worth waiting for. I liked how Larry, Len Voegtle, and Pat McNamara led the group. The liturgy and prayers by Peter Ostrowski and Dennis Dunne I found both reminiscent and inspiring, a combination I liked.

I was impressed by the depth of feelings and the spirituality expressed. It was good to be there, to talk of things spiritual, and to listen to others who came from the same Marist background as I. It never ceases to amaze me how quickly we can get back on track with each other when we meet.

I'm not sure just what Larry Keogh, Dennis Dunne, and I will be doing about another GMC retreat. Larry has received a number of favorable evaluations, but we haven't had a chance to go over them in detail yet. Dennis Dunne is presently suffering a chronic blood disorder that is occupying his attention and making him very tired. I'll keep you posted,
(4300 West 115th Street, Chicago, Il. 60655-4397; 312-881-5343)

FROM ED (Edward Lawrence) CASHIN ('46): Allow me the privilege of getting in on your good work; I almost said, your apostolate!

Mary Ann and I are going to the south of France in December, and we plan to visit Champagnat country. I will retire after 27 years as chair of the history department at Augusta College, and I will start an Augusta College Center for the study of Georgia history. Mary Ann has not decided on retirement yet.

Your list of Brothers buried in Esopus was moving, so many friends. Keep up the good work. (3412 Woodstone Place, Augusta, Georgia, 30909)

Br. RENE ROY'S FIRST LETTER FROM RWANDA (October 9, 1995)

After a marvelous blessing and send off at the Mount and another blessing at the Generalate in Rome by Brother Benito himself, I was fortified for the eleven hour flight and for adjustment to a new country, culture, and challenge. The infrastructure of Rwanda still suffers from "Les Evenements." It will be a long time before the roads, flattened homes and businesses, bullet-holed office buildings, smashed traffic lights, windowless and roofless houses, and overgrown fields can be repaired or restored. There are soldiers everywhere and

barracades before all towns where more soldiers, boys really, question and inspect. These outward signs no doubt symbolize what the emotions and psyche of the people must be underneath their friendly, warm smiles and handshakes.

Because the whole country is like the hills of West Virginia, the main highway, a potholed two-laner with no marking lines and only an occasional sign marked "virages dangereux," is a curvy nightmare. Of the four million people remaining alive in Rwanda it seems that daily at least two million of them are walking barefooted along these highway invitations to sudden death, the women balancing hugh baskets or sacks of sweet potatoes on their heads and at times having a baby tucked somehow into the small of their backs. The other two million are either working in the fields, wielding their long hoes, or they are buying and selling at roadside markets. I can't imagine where we are to fit another two million refugees who are to return by January 1st.

The school here in Byimana suffered severe damage during its occupation by the military who kicked in doors, broke windows, and ran off with the contents. All books, typewriters, and even chalk were stolen. The Brothers' residence was even stripped of its beds, chairs, and refrigerator. There is enough to eat and it is good. Main meal at lunch: brothy soup, potatoes, small portion of beef in sauce, vegetable, fruit. Supper is a repeat of lunch. Compared with the local people we are living like kings.

The other Marist communities are an hour south of here in Butare, Save, and Rwanbuye. Before the war the Brothers also ran schools in Mururu and Musanze. The school in Mururu was totally demolished, and the monks had to withdraw from Musanze due to damage and to fewer numbers. In my second letter I will deal with the school. (Frdres Maristes B.P. 80, Gitarama Rwanda)

DECEASED:

On Saturday, December 12th, BROTHER MATTHEW M. CALLANAN ('50) died at the Marist retirement home in Miami. Matt had served thirty years in Kobe and Kumamoto, Japan. last summer he became sick with renal cancer while studying toward hospital chaplaincy in California. May he rest in peace.

On Monday, January 8, 1996, BROTHER PETER LEONARD ('32) died at Mt. St. Michael in the Bronx. He was seventy nine years of age. Pete Leonard served many years in the Marist Missions. A classmate, Bro. Paul Ambrose, gave the eulogy, at the Mass of Resurrection at the Mount on Jan. 11.

Late News. Bro. Sean Sammon, V.G. announced the death of Rev. Bro. Basilio Ruede in Mexico on Jan. 21, 1996. Brother died after a short illness; he was 71 years old. In 1967 he was elected Superior General for a 9year term; again in 1976 he was re-elected: May Mary, Marcellin and a chorus of Angels accompany him to Paradise.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thankfully there has been no need of a financial request since issue #23, August of 1993, eleven issues ago. At this time we have funds for our May issue but not enough for the following one in August. Last summer the college in Poughkeepsie increased our bill for printing so that now each issue costs us overall an average of \$325. If you can help, address checks to Gus Nolan or to David Kammer.

Of course, we are. still begging for news especially from those who have not written. We hold out hope that they may yet show up as a welcomed apparition to old friends to share their news, even small news, always of genuine interest to the editors and readers of this newsletter..

Mail to: Gus, % Marist College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.12601,
or to David, 476 La Playa, Edgewater, Florida, 321141.