



ISSUE # 24

September 1993

NOTICE: Because of the fine response we have had to the "editorial" in the August issue of Marists All, we are publishing an early edition of issue #24. We are giving preference mainly to correspondence that treated of our questions on the future of the newsletter and to the writings of first-time respondents. We regret that we must hold off some articles and portions of other articles to our next issue, which we plan to publish in the not-too-distant future. And we hasten to express our sincere gratitude for the extraordinary financial support we have had.

FROM BILL (Joseph William) MURPHY ('40): The editors of Marists All explain that the list of our deceased Brothers on page 10 of the August '93 issue is as complete from 1991 as they know to make it. That a list! So many, and all at once for me! What a terrible wave of sadness swept over me as I read and reflected on those people who have been a part of my life more deeply than I could have thought.

I can hear Big Gill making his monthly request: Any mags? I hear Freddie bearing us on through the awesome novitiate days with a tide of good humor and the help of Soeur Therese.. legions of tales about Big Dumont saving the population of Cotabato by acting as a human bulldozer during a ferocious fire ... Bill Lee, the "Campbell Soup Kid" of the Esopus Juniorate; ,,, "Ti" Mike with his track teams and his construction crews.. Danny Emilian, ever affable, ever good... Gabe Vincent, a true original and God's con man, to the delight of all .. John Pat and his spellbinding stories around the juniorate campfires, "muscles like soccer balls" ... Bob "Brother Dear" and the Poughkeepsie laundry run.

These are good people; I did not realize how good, when I was among them. There you have some of the memories I have of these fine men and what they now mean to me as I enter into that diminishing circle of attendance. It is a terrible wave, for it is sweet sadness as well.

I read the list of deceased in relation to the editorial on pages 1-3. What is being said? If the thrust is finance, that surely can be solved, Marists All as an idea forum, though interesting and informative, may not be very important. The real issue to me is the preservation of a set of experiences, of a link of irreplaceable memories, of a history of special relationships. The continuity, the inspiration, the "sweet sadness" ... that is the "ALL" of the newsletter to me. For the "old folks" it stirs those wonderful moments when we dream about what was, and for the young, the hope that what is, will be better. How priceless that we ALL acknowledge our debt to each other and find peace in our hearts. (6260 South lake Dr., Apt. 803, Cudahy, Wi. 53110)

FROM MARTIN (Patrick Martin) HARTE ('47): You are doing a great service for all Marists. Keep it alive because the litany of names, events, and experiences enlighten the hearts and souls of all of us. Though there are many of us who haven't checked in as yet, we mean to do so some day. And to all of you

who have written, thanks ... many thanks! The deaths of Brian Lonergan and Johnny Marren were shockers that I wasn't ready for. I guess we're all getting there. Hope to be at the picnic this September. (50 Plane Tree Lane, St. James, N. Y. 11780; 516-862-8852)

FROM ALEX SENES ('64): Old habits are hard to break, and so I can't refuse your direct exhortation in the cover letter accompanying the last issue of Marists All. Today's gospel was about St. Peter walking and faltering on the water, and Jesus extending his arm to save him from his fears and from drowning. It's amazing to me to see how many times in my life the hand that was stretched out to Peter was stretched out to me! In 1983 after about 17 years of teaching high school Spanish and English, I decided to study pre-med, and in 1984 with my wife and five year old daughter I moved to Guadalajara, Mexico, where I went to medical school. You can imagine that I did some "walking on water" and definitely felt I would drown. I got very close to God - ironically, I thought; INTENTIONALLY, He said!

Anyway, four years and a residency in Psychiatry later, I'm still "walking on water" with shaky legs. I work in an in-patient ward at the Bronx Municipal Hospital Center where along with three other Psychiatrists, a Psychologist, two Social Workers, and a whole bunch of dedicated Nurses, we treat some of the most severe mentally ill patients that you can imagine. On my way to work, somewhere between Exit 5 of the Palisade Interstate and the Washington Bridge, I pray for my family, my friends, and my patients, all the while feeling that I'm doing what God wants me to do at this time of my life. I feel like He's been preparing me all along. It's really great work with tremendous satisfaction, but it's done with "trembling knees."

I have to confess that I consider myself to be a very lucky man, blessed with a very supportive wife, an inspiring young adolescent daughter, and some really outrageous friends like Tom Nolan and Pat Collins. As a matter of fact, we make it a point to get together on a regular basis to connect and recharge our batteries on multiple levels, including religious, philosophical, professional (we're in the same field), but most of all on a fraternal level. After all these years and after so many changes in my life I can say that what I experienced at Tyngsboro and at the College is not so much a fond memory, but is something that I try to live now; in fact, I think it's something I've always lived, as a single man, a husband, a father, a teacher, a musician, and now as a doctor. There, you have my meditation for today! It was hard for me to share it because somehow it felt like a violation of the spirit of humility. What motivated me was the realization that I'm writing to my brothers, and they'll understand because they know me.

I strongly believe in Marists All, both the publication and the organization. I'm for even more communication among us! I believe in "networking." There's strength in numbers and we've got them! Let the silent ones be heard. We have to talk with one another, because we're a family, and "pass the butter" using the old one-finger-in-the-air trick does not make it!! What is it? One finger for butter and two for jelly? I'm free associating now. I better stop before I start to hallucinate!!!!(44 Orangeburgh Road, Old Tappan, N. J. 07675-7441; 201-768-7883)

GMC PICNIC

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 18th

NOON to 5 MT. ST. MICHAEL

FROM ED (Martin Jude) CASTINE ('50): The August issue arrived on Thursday and as always I read it from beginning to end. The introductory part was, at least initially, somewhat alarming as it seemed to indicate that the publication was in danger of stopping. Gus and Dave, and all those who help them do a terrific job; they perform a great service to all of us by helping us to keep in touch with our Marist roots. Thanks to them and to all who make Marists All possible.

In response to some of the ideas put forth, I would hope that the number of issues would remain the same. As regards content, the other suggestions are good ideas that I would go along with. Varying a little from the current format could make the newsletter more interesting to wives and to family members. Maureen thinks that Marists All is a great idea; she marvels at the Marist Spirit and usually discusses some of the news with me.

Once again we see that it is time for the GMC picnic. We really regret our inability to be there, but we look forward to the day when we will be much closer to the East and will be able to attend. Perhaps at that time we will introduce some "South Texas, Tex-Mex" dishes to the shared food. Hope you all have a great time.

The list of deceased that was published is greatly appreciated. Reading down the list I could not help but remember many of these fine Marists and how they touched and influenced my life. Locally we were particularly saddened by the sudden and untimely deaths of Br. John McNamara and John Marren. (Note: Ed follows with a fine tribute to these two men; we'll publish it in the next issue.) (105 St. Joseph Drive, Brownsville, Tx. 78520; 210-544-0951)

FROM CHARLEY (Peter Daniel) KELLY ('51): It's funny how some things never die. I looked at the calendar the other day and realized that it was "the 26th." As a young monk there was only one 26th, the day we took the habit, the day we made our first vows. As you might expect, a flood of memories filled my mind ... Tyngsboro in '50 and '51, and then the reunion just three years ago. And within a day or two I was reading the latest issue of the newsletter. It seems strange to realize that we don't have Mickey Sheridan or our Danny Sullivan any more. I will also miss Br. Edward Michael who taught me Geometry at the Mount in '48. And he taught me much about being a monk and a man as we played softball in Esopus the following year. The world and so many of us are better for having worked and played and prayed with these men.

I feel very blessed to have renewed the connection with the monks a few years ago. Why I was not involved when I lived so close in Fishkill I will never understand, but I now value the newsletters and want to encourage those who are keeping us connected to continue in this ministry. Please don't break this link with our Marist heritage; it is valued by many, even the ones like myself who have not been active in the past. I would like to hear how our common beginnings have matured over the years. My own relationship with God has gone through many twists and turns and is far different from the relationship of that young man who used to pitch on the softball teams in the early '50s. And yet I recognize certain principles that I know I was given as a young monk that have stayed with me through all the years. I would like to hear from others about their

thoughts on relationships and community and whatever else they would like to share. I promise to try to contribute some more thoughts in the future. The Marists All newsletter is a unique link between God and His monks! (Note: There's more news from Charley in the next issue.) (6905 Jester Boulevard, Austin, Texas, 78750-8343; 512-338-1722)

FROM CHARLIE (James Martin) SCOTT ('50): Marists All continues to be a welcomed item in the mail, a much appreciated link with my Marist brothers, triggering good memories of years past, reminding me of how much talent, initiative, and capacity for good works is to be found in this very special group.

Hugh Crowe called to tell me of Mike Sullivan's death. In my memory "Big Dan" is still the burly jokester, everybody's jolly friend, quick with the good-humored banter. I know from classmates that he wasn't this way in later years, but I have the fortune to remember him only as he was in Esopus, Tyngsboro, and Poughkeepsie, when we laughed a lot and didn't know very much about pain. Len Voegtle has written recently with the news of Johnny Marren's death, and again my memory is kind to me: a face with an ever ready smile, a temperament of unfailing equanimity, a tough competitor, an unparalleled model for those of us in the class behind him.

Death continues to intrude this year. My uncle, Father James Scott, was buried out of Holy Family Church in Brooklyn this past March., Bishop Daly presiding, the Mass concelebrated by several. priests and attended by many more. That so few of the priests were young men and so many were elderly, even feeble, was a blunt reminder of one of the major challenges facing the American Catholic Church. At the end of the Mass all the priests joined in singing the Salve Regina, special to Brooklyn diocesan priests. For me it had a double significance. Then in May I received word that a recently retired colleague, my closest friend in our English Department for thirty years, had died in Dallas. Bill's death was no surprise; but it brings one up short nevertheless. Intimations of mortality, awareness of one's age, the long look in the mirror. Life is real, life is earnest ... But hey, there's an upside to being 60: Today I saved 30 cents on my All-American Burger at a roadside restaurant between Milwaukee and Madison by selecting one of the Senior Specials available to those 55 and above! I said to Anne, "Let's go for it. We've been 55 for five years already!" And we did. And we are.

Last year, the night before Anne and I were leaving for New York to celebrate our 35th wedding anniversary, Richard Tinker called to say hello. We hadn't been in touch in forty years. It was quite wonderful to chat with him again, and I am so glad that he wrote in a recent issue of the newsletter, reminding us of how important it is to remember. We all have a clutter of particular vignettes of life with the Marist Brothers stored in our memories, and these are surely precious. The most precious remembrance is simply the time we spent together, for some just a couple of years, for others a much longer span, and for still others it is ongoing. The newsletter, as it is, speaks to all of us. Thanks to Gus and Dave. . (Note: There is more news from Charlie ... next issue!) (4737 Lafayette Drive, Madison, Wi. 53705; 608-233-3995)

FROM ADRIAN (Adrian Norbert) Perreault ('36): Betty Kopser and I were married on June 19th at Holy Trinity Church in the presence of Father Joseph IaMorte, administrator of Holy Trinity, Father John Brine, rector of St. Martin de Porres, and Fr. Luke McCann, chaplain of Marist College ... and 125 guests. Our honeymoon took us 1500 miles to the Adirondacks, where Betty's maternal

ancestors lived; and on to the three major Canadian shrines, the Oratory, Beaupre, and Our Lady of the Cape; and then to Camp Marist and to Haverhill to visit my relatives who because of age and ill health could not travel to the wedding ... 14 did come. The current pastor of St. Joseph's in Haverhill is Marist Father Emile Guillemette, who was chaplain at Marist College in the '60s. (12 High Ridge Road, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12603-4605)

FROM PETE SEDLMIEIR ('61): I read, with interest as usual, the latest edition of Marists All. I am one of those who have written only once, but if intentions were self-fulfilling, you would have had something from me for every edition. I think the idea of opening the format of the newsletter to a broader scope of contributors and topics certainly has great possibilities. I know of former monks who feel embarrassed "tooting their own horns!" I personally don't feel that is what is happening in the newsletter, and I don't think the wives feel that way either. Encouraging wives to contribute may help to get in touch with the reticent ones. Besides, the wives would bring a different perspective that could enrich us all.

It should prove to be thought provoking and practically and spiritually enriching to have articles dealing with current problems and how they are approached, with philosophical musings on life, with descriptions of jobs people have; that might stimulate those out of work, those looking to change jobs, those looking for volunteer areas. Marists All should be beautiful evidence of the fine caliber of human beings that present and former Marist Brothers are. (Note: More news from Pete in the next issue) 356 Burkhard Ave., Mineola, N. Y. 11501.).

FROM RICHARD (Gilbert Donateur) CONNELLY ('52): I am sorry to hear of the passing of Dan Nolan. Dan was a group behind me; we worked together for a time at St. Joseph's Regional High School in Montvale, New Jersey, back around 1970. Dan was a very caring guy and always had a twinkle in his eye. He'll be missed.

It is great to read Marists All and to hear from old associates like Mike Kelly and Des Kelly, Dom O'Brien, Bernie Woods, et al. I would miss Marists All, were it to fold. I think we could easily continue the newsletter without undue burden if each of us who can afford it, would help.

If I can be of service networking employment openings in the Florida area as suggested by Joe Strang, I would be happy to do so. If you're in need of sun and surf, come on down to 3901 South Ocean Drive (PH-X), Hollywood, FL. 33019. Room, board, the ocean, and three swimming pools are yours. Join this beach bum for a time. Phone: 305-457-1908.(Note: More news from Rich in the next issue)

FROM DAN (Denis Michael) ST. JACQUES ('51): It is enjoyable reading Marists All. The writings bring back marry fond memories. I expect to send an article soon.

In addition to my regular employment in international insurance, I am a Vice President and Director with a large Japanese company. I am retired from law enforcement. I also do volunteer work in a local cancer care facility. It is part of Mercy Hospital's hospice. Brian Lonergan was one of my patients. I could not help but think of the saying, "Am I my brother's keeper?" For me the saying was doubly true. Brian was with us for only a short time. His sense of humor was quite evident. God decided that he had suffered enough with his pain, and He

permitted him the blissfulness of a coma and then death. I appreciate that I had a small opportunity to be with him and to minister to his needs during his time in cancer care. (106 Sackville Road, Garden City, N. Y. 11530)

FROM BR. KEN HOGAN ('64): We continue to read with delight each issue of Marists All. If around Lawrence, please do stop in to see our retired Brothers. (25 Leeds Terrace, Lawrence, Ma. 01843; 508-686-7411)

FROM DAN WATERS ('67): Twenty-six years ago we celebrated taking the habit. The turbulent times that it was, the age of AQUARIUS being born, and the group of '67 being consecrated ... WOW: Plenty of moments to be relived and remembered. The daily ritual of prayer, the conferences, the chores to be completed ... For me it has taken a while to put fingers to the computer and attempt to capsule the years in a few paragraphs.

Let me begin with my brief teaching days at Molloy while finishing my studies. To this day I remember the kindness of Pat Charles and Angus's words of encouragement to a first year teacher. The following September my former Latin teacher, Charlie Marcellin, hired me to instruct the good boys of St. Helena. Brother Director, Declan Claude, will not be forgotten with his Friday gatherings of the community despite the "letters."

If Willy Maura can put pen to paper then surely I can. For the young monks KO was our leader to the best pubs in NY, NJ, and Long Island. He is a true missionary. Captain Keilty, John Lamassa, John Klein, Ed Jennings, Sarge, Postulant Bob Andrews, Jim Maher, and who could forget Tom Nolan, along with his best buddy in kitchen detail, Mario from Spain. These are memories not easily forgotten.

After leaving Scanlan, as St. Helena became known in the late '70s, I entered the world of training, development, and human resources. After spending a few years at Bamberger's, part of the Macy chain, I took the helm of Matchbox cars, leading their Human Resources. I left them to pursue the world of the courier business with DHL; ask Mike Mullin and a few others who traveled the world as couriers for us. Currently I am the Director of Human Resources for General Cigar.

During this time of several career moves, at John Rogener's wedding, I met my lovely bride of 13 years, Donna Fahy. She has been the helpmate and force behind my success. She is the joy that makes each day worth living. Together we have traveled the world as I did in the '70s. To date, it is over 60 countries and still counting, I am using my experience as I deal with two off shore facilities that I am responsible for in Jamaica and the Dominican Republic, and who knows maybe Cuba someday.

Using a skill I acquired in the monks, I have developed a catering business. Thanks to initial instruction from Jimmy the Cook in Esopus and from Willy Maura, I have learned a few more tricks and have attended Le Cordon Bleu in Paris.

Over the years I have kept in contact with KO and Clifford Perrera - it must be the missionary that is still part of me. Donna and I did manage to attend the 150th anniversary at St. Pat's a few years ago. The day was filled with many great moments, seeing friends of old and remembering the moments of the past.

The Marist spirit is, as Phil Robert tried so hard to define years ago, a living, breathing way of life. The newsletter is permeated with that spirit in countless ways. The life that each of us has chosen obviously still has the tenet of "doing good quietly," Each one of us has been affected, and each of us has affected countless others in some way. I am grateful for my time as a monk. I say thank you to all those who helped me become a better person.

I am currently living in Brielle, New Jersey, a shore town, but I work and reside during the week in Connecticut. Gus, to write this note I used the James Joyce, stream of consciousness, style that you taught us! (Box 185, Brielle, N. J. 08750; 908-528-1884)

GMC PICNIC: Looking forward to seeing many of you at the annual picnic to be held again in the garth area of the Mount, Saturday, September 18th, 12-5. Bring your own beverage and a pot-luck dish for a shared meal.

FROM DAN HANLEY ('57): Your recent letter and copy of Marists All renewed some wonderful memories. I remember Br. Linus William enjoyed a song with the lyrics "When I grow too old to dream, I'll have you to remember." Well, I have grown older, and I have an abundance of YOU to remember. My memory, however, is aided by a diary that I kept from August 30, 1956 (our group's arrival at the Tyngsboro Novitiate from the Esopus Juniorate) until July 8, 1959.

Some sports memorabilia: the 1956 Thanksgiving Novice-Postulant football games, Junior and Senior, were won by the Postulants and the 1957 games were won by the Novices. In the 1956 Junior game John Ruel passed to Whartenby for a touchdown. I'm not sure how, but in the senior game the winning touchdown was from John Ruel to George Fontana and then to Tom Maloney. Sounds illegal, but that is what I have recorded. In 1957 my four line entry is very sketchy, but it looks like Brother Kevin Francis (Handibode) was the star with some fancy running.

Also from my diary, during the early evening of the Founder's Day, June 6, 1958, I was at the Last Rites for Br. Pius Victor. His words as I later copied them were, "Jesus, make me like Thee. Be it done to me according to your word. Ask the Brothers to forgive me. Ask the Postulants and Novices to forgive me." Well, Brother Pius went to the hospital, and Brother David became Master of Novices on June 29th. Brother Pius wanted to finish the grotto by July 26th. I think it was ready, with valuable help from some visiting Brothers.

At the Marist College gym on March 2, 1959, the Brothers played the lay students in basketball; they won by twenty points. To be fair I think there were only eleven lay students in day classes then. I recall that the lay students had a cheering section of student nurses from St. Francis Hospital. On March 7, 1959, I wrote that thirty lay students came to take entrance exams.

A few years ago I called Marist College to get a transcript. I was asked for my student number. The only number I ever wrote down (#178) was the one assigned by Br. Frederick Charles in the novitiate tailor shop. I spent two years learning to sew from Brother Charles. I started on the foot-powered sewing machines and gradually worked up to the electric machine. I cannot remember a day in the tailor shop that Brother Charles did not have a joke to tell. His favorite pertained to the little leftover threads. In French he would say, "Cut your tails."

On the home front, this September 7th, Pat and I will be married thirty years. We are blessed with six children. Our oldest son, Dan Junior - 28, will complete nursing school at Florida State University this December. Our oldest daughter, Julie - 27, is married and we are grandparents. Our second son, Thomas Aquinas - 25, is a cook (runs in the family) at McGuire's Irish Pub in Pensacola. Our third son, Paul Augustine - 23, is in the Marines. Our youngest son, Luke David - 21, is studying at the University of Florida, and I hope he will finish in 1995. The youngest, who came to us eleven years ago in Hawaii, is Teresa Malia. Theresa is in the sixth grade at our parish school.

As our children were growing, I told them many tales of pigs, chickens, and cows. Their favorite stories were usually on the blending of Christmas Eve and Christmas Day with cleaning, decorating, liturgy, carols, reveillion, ice skating, and the "Three Corners" walk at the Novitiate. I could never convince them that eating oyster stew at 2 a.m. was fun! I remember Poughkeepsie egg runs in the VW van and potato runs with Pete Backus and the slightly overloaded International Harvester rack truck; Br. Nilus and the crane across the Mid-Hudson Bridge; GI trucks from Stewart Air Force Base and the Navy Yard coaxed back to the College; joy rides in the lumber loader; trying to remove the Mid-Hudson toll booth with the bent-frame yellow bus; the ultra-modern "City of Torrington" snowplow. St. Christopher must have worked overtime with our movements on the road.

Living close to the edge with the Brothers helped me in the Air Force. The first few years were at Vanderberg AFB in missile testing and satellite launching. The remaining years, until retirement in 1983, were mostly spent in the backseat of F-105 and F-4 fighter aircraft. My tour in Vietnam was in the F-105 trying to find or avoid surface-to-air missiles.

Thirty-five years ago I wanted to go to the missions in Japan. When the province split, I was in the Philippine mission province and figured that there was no way to get to Japan. In the Air Force I spent seven years in the Pacific with hopes of going to Japan. As you might guess, I spent months on Luzon and two days on Honshu.

I avidly read the Marist College alumni publications and currently enjoy the articles that appear in our diocesan paper by Br. Cyprian Rowe. I am a pack rat and still have the notes from Father Tos's scripture classes, the 1961 "Greystone," and the 1953 and 1962 "Blue and White." I would love to stay in contact and to receive Marists All. (2731 Semoran Drive, Pensacola, FL. 32503; 904-432-5013/6009-FAX)

FROM BR. GERRY BRERETON ('59): A note of thanks for the August Marists All. I'm one who hasn't written until now, although I do enjoy receiving and going through each issue as it comes to me. Since June, 1991, I've been teaching English to Korean novices and scholastics who are getting set to study at the Marist Asian Center in Manila. At present nine Koreans are already at the MAC, a three-year course, and there are eight novices in Suwon, just south of Seoul.

Four Brothers from Mexico began our work in this country in 1971, and now there are more than 20 Korean Brothers. They run a hospital for leprosy patients in Yongju, and a vocational school for orphans and abandoned boys in Chunju, as well as a retreat center in Seoul. This year one Brother is studying in Rome and another in Mexico. One of the four Mexican Brothers here is Eduardo

Ramirez, a.k.a, "McGinnty" during his time at Marist College in Poughkeepsie, 1959 and 1960.

Concerning Marists All. I'd be very grateful to read and listen to ALL of us: women, men and children who share Father Champagnat's vision of ourselves as sisters and brothers of Mary in today's world. I think this accentuating the participation of ALL of us MARISTS is very much in keeping with the dynamic and evolving enterprise which you and other dedicated men and women have given birth to and nurtured for us. More and more I see that our Marist Family is a far richer, more inclusive, and worldwide reality than I have ever dreamed. I feel we'd gain insights, encouragement and happiness in opening future pages of Marists All to each and all in our family. Grateful for the efforts of everyone who puts Marists All together. I'm one with you in the Lord's Presence with Mary and all, (C.P.O. Box 5636, Seoul, Korea, 100-656)

FROM GENE (Louis Francis) ZIRKEL ('53): Another great issue: Your suggestions about broadening the scope of the articles is good, but let's never change the primary thrust: the simple sharing of who we are with one another. (Six Brancatelli West Islip, N. Y. 11795)

FROM PAT FAZZARI ('58): It is now 35 years since I became a novice. After completing a year with Br. Pius Victor, our group in Tyngsboro had as faculty the "trinity" of Br. David Ottmar, Br. Edmund Jude, and Br. John Francis. Reading Marists All for the past couple of years has really jarred my memory of the people in Tyngsboro and of events during the four year period, 1957-61, when I was a Marist. Those were significant, formative years for me, difficult at times, but nonetheless very pleasurable to recall. Who can forget the Tyngsboro winters, the work in the fields, the chapter of faults when Philip Lacroix could not control his laughter, the deep spirit of friendship, and the summers at Camp Marist. I have always felt that our group was a particularly close one, and to read of those who have remained Marist Brothers is very satisfying, but it is sad to note that some have died prematurely. It is obvious to me from reading Marists All that the Congregation remains vigorous and firmly committed to its spirit. This gives one a sense of continuity because this spirit and commitment first became apparent to me during my high school days at Mount St. Michael.

A present I am living in New York City with my wife Marcia. We have been married 28 years and have two daughters, 25 and 26 years of age. I am the Director of Rehabilitation Medicine at St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital in New York and am Associate Clinical Professor of Rehabilitation Medicine at Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons.

When I left Marist College in 1961, I went to Manhattan College where I decided to major in pre-med, a decision which still takes me by surprise, but a decision which in retrospect had those same underpinnings which supported my desire to join the Brothers. In 1963 I entered Albany Medical College and graduated in 1967. As I had decided to become a pediatrician, my internship was at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia. Our first daughter, Cynthia, was born when I was a senior in medical school, and our second daughter, Andrea, when I was an intern. We returned to New York City for my residency in pediatrics at Montefiore Hospital and Medical Center. During this time it became clear to me that I wished to sub-specialize; I had developed an interest in handicapped children. When I completed pediatric residency, I took residency in Physical

Medicine and Rehabilitation at Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York.

Then in 1972 Uncle Sam called (or is it "insisted") for me to join the army, and off to Augusta, Georgia, I went as a Major in the Medical Corps at Fort Gordon. The two years passed quickly. We enjoyed living in the South where we made some lasting friendships. My first position after the army was as Director of Rehabilitation Medicine at Newington Children's Hospital in Connecticut where I remained for about two years. Then, still in the Hartford area I became Director of Rehabilitation at Mt. Sinai Hospital and a consultant at St. Francis Hospital. In 1984 we returned to New York City to take my present position. I suspect I will end my professional days here.

My contacts with present and former Marist Brothers have been few. One of the first, I believe, was in 1969 when some of us got together at a restaurant in the Bronx. I met a former Brother in Augusta, but after that it was my 25th reunion at the Mount in 1982 and a chance meeting with Br. John Francis at Roosevelt Hospital that were my last contacts.

In the August edition of Marists All, you wondered about the effects of our time as Marists on our present lives and on our spirituality. One idea may be worth mentioning. My wife has often told me that I may not have persevered through medical school and post-graduate training had I not had the four years with the Marist Brothers (Is this the "Grace, Optimism, and Generosity" of my Novice Master at work?) She believes those years provided the opportunity for personal structure and organization and a development of purpose. I think she is right. My suspicions are that my years with the Marists also allowed me to become comfortable with the idea of other people having a spirituality, a spirituality which patients need to have recognized and understood and affirmed. Any composure I may have as a physician in dealing with death and dying in children and adults I trace to my experiences in the Marists. Remember the retreat meditation of St. Ignatius; the contemplation of one's own mortality at the very least must provide a point of view. There is no doubt in my mind that my days as a Marist came at a critical period in my personal development. I look back on them with realism, I believe, but also with a sense of joy and gratitude that they have permitted me to move on and to continue to help others.

I am going to try my best to attend the September GMC picnic to get re-acquainted. And I hope that Marists All will continue. (425 East 58th Street, New York, N. Y. 10022)

FROM RICH STANULWICH ('65): It was really a surprise to hear about Marists All. After nearly thirty years the newsletter is helping to bring back some fond memories. We had a noisy little musical group; there was Ed Kennison on the guitar, Joe on drums, and me, on my loud accordian. Recently on my way to Maine with my family, we stopped in Tyngsboro so they could see where I spent one very special year of my life. It was a unique experience, and I probably never took the time to thank the Brothers for their help and support.

In 1969 I graduated from Marist College, and in June of, that year I married Jean. Our daughter Kimberly, 23, is a graduate of Genesis University. She is a special ed teacher. Last May 23rd she married Lt. John Sabatini at West Point; they are now stationed in Augsburg, Germany. Our son, Terry, is a junior at Hamilton College. I have spent my career working with those addicted to drugs

and with the incarcerated. I've worked in Harlem, Times Square, and for the last 15 years at Green Haven Correction Facility, a maximum security prison.

I would like to be included on the mailing list for future issues, and if you have information on the class of 1964 (Sean and Henry Sammon, Tom, Larry ..) or my class of 1965 (Tony Huck, Joe Mastropolo, Ed Kennison ...) I'd love to know how they are doing. (150 Wilson Street, Beacon, N. Y. 12508; 914-831-6126)

FROM WILLIAM (David Marcellin) QUINN ('44): Last year I read the letter by Rev. George Morelli ('61) saying he was a priest in the Antiochene Orthodox Church in Brooklyn. I wrote to him, and he invited me to Sunday liturgy. We had a quiet lunch together. He still has that Marist way about him. Though I am still Roman Catholic, I do attend Vespers in an Orthodox church here in my town. They have a spirituality that is different from ours, one which I find very refreshing. In my own parish I do sacristy work and lead the Rosary before the noon Mass at which I am the altar server.

'When I went to the Poughkeepsie novitiate, Br. Aidan Francis was acting Novice Master. We had remained good friends, even after my departure. He is the last of the great Marists I had the pleasure of knowing. Now may I ask: Is there any chance that a group of former monks from the states might go to the canonization of Blessed Marcellin whenever that occurs? If so, count me in. Marists forever. (146-18 24th Avenue, Whitestone, New York, 11357-3518)

MAIL YOUR CARDS AND LETTERS to Gus Nolan, % Marist College, Pksie, N. Y. 12601 or to David Kammer, 107 Woodland Drive, Harwinton, Ct. 06791.
WE NEED YOU!!!!