

FROM RICHARD LACHANCE ('51): A year ago last fall my wife Bernadette and I went to New York State to visit with her brother and his wife. We were so close to Esopus that we decided to visit the place that I had not seen in forty-two years. I drove into the courtyard of what used to be the Juniorate and looked around to familiarize myself with the grounds again. Then we decided to drive down to the ball field area. There we came upon a group of students from one of the Marist high schools. We stopped the car to let them pass, Holding up the rear at the end of the line was Brother Declan Claude Murray. He approached the car and I greeted him. I had changed too much in forty-two years for him to be able to recognize me. Once I introduced myself his memory came back very quickly.

We spent a few hours in good conversation trying to learn what had happened in the last forty-two years. One topic of conversation that I enjoyed most was learning about some of the monks I had studied with. Sad to say, a number of them have gone to their eternal reward. I heard that our Br. John Berchmans spent his last years at Esopus; Brother John was a great inspiration to me! Meeting Brother Declan again after so many years really has had a tremendous impact on my life. It brought back so many good memories. The one thing I regret most is that I did not go visit Esopus sooner.

Now a little bit about my wife, my family, and myself. Most monks who have left have married the most wonderful person in the world. My wife and I (mostly her) have raised nine wonderful children. Get this, nine children, eight girls and one boy. Not many potential Marist vocations in that group. Our children have blessed us with fourteen grandchildren.

My retirement is coming up this October. Seven years ago we purchased a home in Florida. We are going to spend this coming winter there. My wife can hardly wait. She is a warm weather person. We plan to be in Florida from mid-October to the end of May. Our address in Florida is: (Richard & Bernadette IaChance 4658 Coachman Road New Port Richey, Fl. 34655 813-376-5521) Should any of you be in the area of New Port Richey, or in the area of Salem, New Hampshire, please feel free to drop in to pay us a visit.

One last comment I would like to make is that it is a spiritual bond that holds this Marist Family together. All the years of prayer, sacrifice, and self-denial during our training years in the juniorate and the novitiate have kept this Marist Family bonded together for life. P.S. If anyone has information on the whereabouts of Gilbert Levesque and Dominic Cavallero, would you be so kind as to let me know how I might contact them. (45 Sandy Beach Road, Salem, N. H. 03079; 603-893-0088)

TO BR. LAWRENCE JOSEPH POIRIER ('23) and BR. DANIEL ANDREW KOPECKY ('31) from David Kammer

I am sure that both of you remember Paul Bierkorte who graduated with me from Central Catholic High School, Wheeling, in 1940. He became a Marist priest and was on their mission band for many years. He married a lady from Argentina, in Atlanta I believe, around 1970 I believe. He and his wife Haydee have children and grandchildren, how many I do not know.

I met Paul for the first time in many years in Wheeling in 1990 at our 50th anniversary of graduation from high school. He did not attend our 55th last September because he has a throat cancer and must use a sound device to speak. Paul and Haydee live in Winter Haven, Florida, now. She is still teaching, English and Spanish, and is doing much work with Cursilla.

Judy and I dropped in to see Paul and Haydee last February while visiting with Paul Bruneau at his new winter home in the Winter Haven area.. We spoke of Br. Lawrence Joseph and of Br. Daniel Andrew as the only living Brothers who were on the staff of CCHS during our time there. I gave Paul a copy of Marists All and subsequently mailed other issues to him. Yesterday I received the following note from him, and I immediately thought of you two, that the tribute to the monks should make its way through you!

"Greetings: I am so grateful for all the Marist information; I just lap it up. I was especially moved when I saw the names of all the Brothers assigned to Central when we entered there in 1936. I spent four of my important years with them. And the number buried in Esopus! I owe so much to those dear servants of our Divine Lord. It was Br. Vincent Dominic who got me interested in the religious life; also Nathaniel. It was refreshing and uplifting to have you come for a visit. We plan to get to your place.

Six weeks ago I had a cyst removed from my left arm, it was cancerous, And after four days in the hospital recently, I'm home and feeling fine, but they think my liver is not 100% healthy. Years ago when I was on the mission band, living out of a suitcase, preaching here, there, and everywhere, I came down with hepatitis and was hospitalized for weeks, ending up at the Lahey Clinic in Boston for a battery of tests. I am no stranger to hospitals.

Guess what? As I am typing this, Haydee came from the mailbox with the latest issue of Marists All. I find these letters better than any story book or novel! Having been in the Marist religious life, these writings from Brothers and from former Brothers are intriguing; I do feel so close to many of these men. I must say that the Fratres Maristi Solorum are indebted to you, as am I. How I wish we had such a publication as Marists All for the priests. All the best ...

FROM BR. DERMOT HEALY ('79). Assistant Provincial, Province of Poughkeepsie Adapted from the Province Newsnotes

On July 5th I flew to Kigali, Rwanda's capital city. I had envisioned arriving in a small nearly empty airplane, but I found myself on a 757 packed with passengers for Rwanda and Nairobi. At least half of the passengers got off the plane with me. I had no idea what to expect as we were herded across the tarmac but was delighted and put at ease as one of the first faces I saw behind a glass partition was Br. Rene Roy, smiling and jumping up and down. He was accompanied by the district superior and by a member of his community in Byimana.

Processing was made rather easy by a former Marist postulant, now an agent at the airport. He brought Rene and company through the crowd, and we retrieved

my considerable baggage. Though all I brought was inspected briefly, I was actually whisked by customs and didn't have to pay a cent of tax on any of the loot!

It was close to 10 p.m. when we arrived at the residence, yet the community had waited supper so that we could eat together. A plentiful meal consisted in what would soon become familiar fare: fried potatoes, green peas, a bit of beef stewed in gravy, and a chopped cabbage salad; all tasted quite good.

Thanks to the Brothers and to Rene's family and friends, I was able to deliver every item on Rene's wish list, ranging from aspirin to ping-pong balls. There were even a TV-VCR unit and a "boom-box." All arrived unscathed. I also brought more than thirteen thousand dollars for tuition assistance, repairs, and needed supplies.

Byimana School of Science is a boarding school providing advanced high school education for more than 700 boys and girls. The Brothers, faculty, and students bear significant emotional scars from the civil war. The accounts of the torturous deaths of so many innocent people are absolutely harrowing! Rene recognizes that the primary value of his mission is simply to be with and to listen to the people around him as they work through their thoughts and feelings. During my two week stay I spent at least one period with each of Rene's classes answering questions. The kids are anxious to practice conversational English and were especially curious to learn some of our slang terms.

At best, life in Rwanda is inconvenient. There is no running water in Byimana currently. Rainwater is collected in large cisterns via the roof gutters. The drinking water must be boiled for twenty minutes and then filtered. Each of the Brothers has two pails of water a day for washing. Supplies are scarce, but thankfully food is in adequate supply.

The vicinities of our three communities seem to be politically calm, without recent incidences of violence. The only scare I got was the day I came back to my room after a walk and found a black and blue snake doing a sidwinder across the floor. Rene, like Michael the Archangel, stepped on its head, and that was that! The locals would not say what kind of snake it was, only that it was "a bad one." You know I did a thorough room inspection nightly after that; turning off the light was a sheer act of faith!

You will not be surprised to hear that Rene is already well known and much loved by the Brothers, staff members, students, and all the neighbors. He looks healthy, is not terribly thin as I had feared he might be, and he seems to be doing generally well. No question, Rene misses his family and friends and keenly feels the communication gap. A letter now and then would be a great support to him. (B.P. 80, Gitarama, Rwanda, Africa; FAX: 011-250-30790)

FROM BR. PAUL AMBROSE: One of our Marist College graduates from India invited me to his wedding in India. He gave me the option of visiting our Marists in Trichy. We have about ten Indian Marists at work for the Church in the sector. Our main goal is to get Indian candidates from the South, where there are vocations, to be trained as Marists to go to work in the North. Meanwhile, the Brothers have also been canvassing the North. In fact, while I was in Trichy, four college graduates from the North arrived in Madras, after six days of travel, to begin the postulant and novice programs. It was a real treat to meet with these

candidates and to know that they spoke English so well and were ready for the Champagnat experience.

On a later second trip to India these same candidates came down to Oliver's house in Villukuri to celebrate my 83rd birthday and to pray and have talks on the Founder and on our plans for Marist India. It was all just grand. Oliver, of course, treated us royally. His is a Marist home. I am the godfather of his two daughters. His brother George Michael is a Marist candidate and has chosen me as his spiritual advisor. He has been in contact with me for three years. It was great for us to have time together. He will finish his college work in six months and start his novitiate. He will be a dedicated Marist.

For my birthday there was a special Mass in the parish. In keeping with local practice groups of elderly came to our house to recite the rosary for me. Later, many friends, including some seven of the clergy, came for a catered dinner Indian style. It was a good indoctrination to our Marist family spirit for the new candidates from the North. They had a few days of rest at the beach and I gave them some Marist talks about the new family they were joining.
(letter to Brothers, relatives, and friends, adapted)

FROM BR. GEORGE MATTHEW ('53): On July 26th I completed 43 years as a Marist Brother. God works in strange ways to attract vocations. I was in the Navy 1943-1946, serving in Europe. Upon my discharge I became an interstate bus driver. When the Marist Brothers in Lawrence purchased a bus from war surplus, I was approached to teach them how to drive it. That led me to where I am now, at Mount St. Michael at age 76.

Along the road I was encouraged by Br. John Berchmans, Br. Stephen Urban, and Br. Simeon Gerald. I went to the novitiate at the age of 32 and was the grandfather of our large group of novices and postulants. At our final profession we numbered 28.

After graduating from Marian College, I was assigned work in the laundry, and I helped out in the print shop for five months. Then I was sent to Manhasset, to Molloy, and to Bayonne. I went to Lowell for three years, to Wheeling for one year, and in August of 1962 to Mt. St. Michael, where I am still. I thank God, our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph, and Father Champagnat for their help so that I have been able to stay active all these years.

Somewhere along the line, I was approached by Br. Pat Magee to sign up at the college in New Paltz to become certified as a driver education teacher; thus, for the next 23 years that is what I did at the Mount. I even became involved with the New York State Driver and Safety Education group to the point that I went all the way up to First Vice-President. God does work in strange ways! (Marist Brothers, 4300 Murdock Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 10466)

FROM TOM CRIMMINS ('63): All those "gentle reminders" have paid off and I'm now finally sitting down to write that long promised letter that all of us plan when we receive the latest issue of Marists All.

1995 was a "year to remember" for me. On New Year's Eve after leaving basketball practice at school I suffered a massive heart attack. Typical of our long Irish family tradition, I denied that anything could be wrong as I went upstairs to rest a bit. As the elephant on my chest got heavier by the minute, I recalled the CPR instructor's advice received every year as we renewed our

coaches certificate: "Don't sit there and do nothing. Get to a doctor!" With my wife Cathy still out shopping, I had my son call a neighbor who had me at Winthrop University Hospital in five minutes. The guys in the "Indy 500" would have been no match for Margaret Maguire that day. A minute after I arrived at the emergency room my heart stopped and those nice little paddles we see on "E.R." every week came to very good use. January 5th I underwent triple bypass surgery.

With the God-sent support of my wonderful wife, family, and friends, I was back to work three months later. The recovery seemed hastened by my daily routine of watching "Barney" tapes with my two-year-old and of shamelessly overdosing on the O.J. trial. These days I go to St. Francis Hospital for cardiac rehab three days a week and, if I'm smart, I'll keep going for the rest of my (hopefully) long life.

My brothers Ed and Frank decided it was time to do what all the "over 50's" should be doing. They went to their doctors and had stress tests to see what shape their hearts were in. Ed was told that he was "months away from a heart attack," and underwent successful angioplasty last summer. Frank was also found to have clogging symptoms and he is involved in a cardiac fitness program. We were very lucky guys. Heart attacks don't always happen to the "other guy." Don't wait. Go see your doctor and get a stress test! With that advice I will get off my soapbox.

The legacy of Brother Leo Richard goes on! The other day I went up to see a student in his classroom. There on the blackboard was a picture of Leo! It was obvious that my colleague who was teaching that class was a "Stanner." Mike Indovino is an excellent teacher and a marvelous coach at Elmont Memorial. He told me that he keeps the picture of Leo on the board because he wants his students to ask him about it. He always says the same thing: "That was the man who made me the teacher I am today; in fact, he made me the man I am today." Out on long Island, in a public school, the Marist tradition continues.

For the second straight summer my son Tom went to work with his godfather Br. John Dunning ('63) at a summer camp in Esopus. Another Tom Crimmins roaming the halls of the old Juniorate! I wonder if "Berkie" would have assigned him my old number, "Mr. 49" as Br. Salerno would say. The place looks great, a tribute to Br. Donald Nugent and the Brothers who live there full time. So many wonderful memories for so many people. The property is put to such good use. Champagnat would be proud.

Our family is a source of great joy to Cathy and me. Tam and Mike attend Chaminade High. Katie is in the 7th grade, Mary is in the 4th, and Megan, our three-year-old,, teaches us how many exciting adventures can occur in just one day.

Cathy works as an RN at Mercy Hospital three nights a week, runs a Girl Scout troop, and teaches CCD at our parish, St. Gregory the Great. We both serve as Eucharistic ministers and as host family for parents planning the baptism of their children. I'm still working as a guidance counselor. I've given up the high school coaching and have found new joys working with my daughter's 4th grade CYO basketball team.

Dennis Hartnett comes up from Florida a couple of times a year. He's Meg's godfather. "Dee" brought me Ed Cashin's book, The King's Ranger. As I read it, I

felt like I was back taking one of Ed's exciting courses at Marist College. I hear that Br. Leonard Voegtle's new book is also excellent. Len taught me World History in the Juniorate. With teachers like Ed and Len, it's no wonder I couldn't wait to become a social studies teacher.

Gerry Bowden, his wife Marie, and their children often come up to visit from New Jersey. Along with John Dunning, we often suffer through Giants games together.

I loved Br. Joseph Maura's reflections on Br. John Berchmans. "Berkie" was a special man for so many of us as we went through those formative years. Whether it was his ingenious way of getting us to do "our employment" or of simply encouraging a reluctant Bronxite to get out on the pond ice for the first time, he has left us all with so many positive impressions, a true man of God. Thanks again for Marists All. that a great idea! (92 Superior Road, Bellerose Village, New York, 11001; 516-3 52 4202)

FROM BR. DENIS HEVER ('64): I am presently in Wheeling, West Virginia, with Dave Cooney ('62) and John McDonagh ('59). We were asked to re-establish a Marist Brothers community in Wheeling and to work in conjunction with the Marist Sisters. There are two Marist Sisters and three Marist Fathers in town, but only Dave Cooney and Sr. Constance Dodd, S.M., are working together. They provide the new leadership for the Catholic Charities Center, replacing Sisters Laurentia and Daniel, known in Wheeling as Salt and Pepper because one wore the white habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph and the other wore the black habit of the same congregation. The Center provides some 50 breakfasts on a walk in basis, 60 to 70 dinners, and 230 meals-on-wheels. It has been running on donations for the last 28 years.

When we arrived in Wheeling, we were and continue to be the recipients of the good will earned by previous generations of Marists who taught during their years at Central Catholic High School and those who worked here afterwards in various ministries. John McDonagh is a chaplain at Peterson Long Term facility and Rehab Center, and I am a chaplain at Wheeling Catholic Hospital.

After leaving Marist College, my life has been a continual shifting between classroom, formation work, and parish work, the changes often occurring in response to some call from the province. My life often seems to me like the game of "Pick Up Sticks," so many unconnected lines, changes of location, of ministry, and of community. I have learned to see the continuity and to trust the hand that guides each one of us.

Recently I spent twelve months taking credits in Clinical Pastoral Education at two hospitals in New Jersey. That is what has led me to Wheeling, that and the suggestion of Br. John Klein, our Provincial. I enjoy my work at the hospital very much, a daily mix of Emergency Room, Same Day Surgery, Cardiovascular Intensive Care ... Ninety people come to the Dialysis Center three times each week. In many ways the skills of spiritual companionship are called for at the Dialysis Center, I am grateful for those people who have welcomed me. I would like to think that maybe I can put down roots here and break my record of being four years in any one place. (4509 Eoff St., Wheeling, Wv. 26003-1611; 304-232-3618)

FROM BR. JOE BELANGER ('43): I checked my bags into China Air for Flight 301. Having plenty of time, I went to have a beer to relax, to think, and to pray, I

almost immediately spilled my beer. Nervousness? Neurological disorder? I had spilled my orange juice that morning.

The flight was very comfortable. After seven hours we stopped at Anchorage for a 90-minute break, then reboarded the same plane for Taipei. Nine hours later we landed in Taipei for a second welcomed break. Then we boarded a different plane for Hong Kong. The young Chinese lady, to my left, talked about her experience learning English this summer in Boston. On landing at 8:46 a.m. I retrieved my luggage and walked down the ramp hoping to be recognized. The crowd at that time of day was thin; Br. Anthony Tay picked me out easily. The drive from the airport to the Brothers' quarters at St. Francis Xavier College is only fifteen minutes. SFXC reminded me of the old St. Ann's Academy; not much for looks, but great spirit. The Brothers were most hospitable all week. Bosco Wei (66) had spent a few months at Marist College last year. One evening Joseph Chang visited from our other community in Hong Kong and immediately greeted me with a hearty "Joseph Emilian!" He said I had evaluated his practice teaching of a BVM class in Esopus in 1956.

On Friday I went with Tay to pick up Br. Fabian Mayor. It's a good thing I knew Fab, for the crowd was triple what it had been in the morning. Fabian became my tour guide for the week. He had been in Hong Kong ten years earlier and was anxious to revisit sights.

For three days we were busy with AITECE orientation. Excellent presentations on traditional and modern China, on teaching English in a Chinese university, on Chinese culture and the educational system today, on the Catholic Church in the People's Republic of China, on health considerations, and on AITECE itself, registered for bringing teaching experts to the PRC. Our last session was followed by Mass and by dinner in a Chinese-American restaurant, an event that cemented the conviviality generated by the days of conferences. Our group of new participants in AITECE had nineteen, eight from Ireland, four from the States, three from the Philippines, two from Canada, and one from Australia. In all the agency is sponsoring 45 teachers during '96-'97.

After breakfast Br. Bosco drove Fabian to the railroad station for his three hour ride to Canton and later drove me to the airport for my Boeing 757 flight to Xiamen, one hour. One of the Chinese teachers of English met me and took me by cab to Injiang U. My three pieces of luggage had to be hauled up an eight storey residence with no elevator. I was shown to apartment 603, a very comfortable area with spacious bedroom, sitting room, workroom, small kitchen, and porch overlooking the harbor. The apartment is completely furnished with utensils, dishes, sofas, TV, telephone, sheets, everything. And it is rent free!

Everybody has been most helpful. Across the hall in 604 is Mark Elfman, retired from the U.S. military, and in 703 are Jack and Yvette Connell, beginning their third year here and loving it. This morning Jack and Yvette took me to the Chinese Catholic Patriotic Association church on Guiang Island. The CCPA has fully valid priests and bishops. The singing at Mass would have cheered the heart of Lapietra, vigorous and loud. After Mass we met an American couple with five children; they were the cynosure with all the Chinese encircling us listening to our conversation, fascinated by the very blond hair of the little ones, perhaps wondering about the five children! After, we reboarded the ferry and all went to MacDonald's for lunch!

Tomorrow at 9:50, my first class. My students will be preparing for a career in tourism.

(A circular to Brothers, relatives, and friends, adapted)

FROM MIKE (Michael Vincent) KELLY ('50): I cannot remember when I wrote last, but I know it is time to write again if we expect to continue on your mailing list. Yes, Janet and I have moved again, this time from Atlanta to Burbank, California, the city made famous by Johnny Carson. Moving is a family failure; unlike Des, however, we stay within the national borders.

A year ago our daughter Joan and her husband moved to Los Angeles; he is a grad student at USC and works for Warner Brothers, Joan works for Paramount. So we decided to settle in Los Angeles for a couple of years. Our daughter Jean, a recent graduate from the University of Hartford, has joined us. We are still unpacking boxes and trying to adjust to the sameness of one day being as beautiful as the previous day. And we are still driving cars cross country. Janet is about to fly back to meet Jean in Hartford, where she will begin her next trip west. It will be Janet's fifth drive cross country this year. While we prefer to be into cruises rather than being road warriors, we have really enjoyed seeing the many facets of America. Ours is a fascinating country with fascinating people. Every route has its own special attractions.

Out west I had the chance of retiring or of finding gainful employment. I was fortunate to be offered the Northrop Grumman Endowed Chair of Manufacturing and Design at California State University in L.A., where among other things I am teaching two courses. I am very pleased to be at a school where, like Marist, the focus is primarily on the student. We are in an area that is increasingly dominated by Asians and Latinos, but the diversity is more a cause for celebration than for concern. The diversity is particularly in evidence at CSLA.

As a consequence of moving into this state, I have been asked to write a strategy that could lead to flat panel display manufacturing in California. I am pleased to have the opportunity to contribute to the strategy, because the U.S. is at risk of a continuous erosion of the electronics sector, increasingly dominated by Asia. This is the conclusion of a study I was involved in over the past year.

If anyone would like to visit us and witness first hand a land almost totally dominated by entertainment, be our guest. We shop at Soap Opera Star's food stores, frequent restaurants where you see people whom you were watching on TV the night before, and on Sunday we go to "Bob Hope's Church." Yes, Jesus is still present.

During December and January we expect a lot of visitors, but there is always room for one or two more. We can be reached at 705 North Kenwood Street, Burbank, 91505, where our telephone number is 818-848-4406. At work my number is 213-343-4507. Call and let us know you are coming. We pray that this finds Marists all well, happy, and looking forward to an exciting drive cross country. You owe it to yourself. Hope to see you soon.

DECEASED: We have word of the deaths of Lew (Simeon Anthony) Savino ('55), Tom Connors ('64), and Patrick Maloney ('74). Sorry that we have no more information than this. May the souls of all of our departed friends rest in peace.

FROM BR. RICHARD "Ziggy" RANCOURT ('48): It's a rainy June day but the receipt of your thoughtful letter, Dave, did brighten my day with a touch of

sunshine! I couldn't help thinking about our lively conversation at Gus and Liz Nolan's home, the evening after our morning hours of folding, stuffing, and mailing another issue of Marists All. I found that conversation more scintillating than some of our local GMC meetings. No doubt, new faces added to the zest and sip of the evening. It's really a major treat having some old friends here not only to reminisce about days at St. Ann's Hermitage when the roads were the dustiest or about the simple joys of the Marist life way back then but also to add fresh insights that enrich our present lives along so many uncharted paths of Marist spirituality.

Every so often Jerry Cox will have Larry Sullivan and me join a few of his classmates for an evening on the town. Actually few of us are still able to paint the town red and talk about it the day after. Jerry, Binski, Joe McMahan, Buddy Nolan, Greg DelaNoy, Larry and I make a very compatible group as we weave in and out of discussions on politics, education, religion, you name it! I must confess that I do find it difficult at times to engage in such animated conversation with our younger Brothers (who are not really so young any more). But then again our histories and stories are so different. Some things are impossible to change save for divine intervention but let's not get carried away. Certainly the '67-'68 General Chapter did much to change the course of Marist history. That Chapter will always remain a dramatic focus in our lives. In spite of the seriousness of that blessed event, remember the oodles of fun Ed Cashin, Linus Foy, Gerry Weiss, you and I had on our Sundays off at the Italian lido. The store bought roasted chicken, the bread, and the Chianti wine never quite measured up to haute cuisine! Linus was into sketching our portraits at the lido. I never thought his sketches did us justice. Now I can confess after all these years, with no regret mind you, that I buried that sketchbook in the Polish cemetery at Monte Casino' Forgive me, Linus.

Yes, I will continue to help with the mailings of the newsletter as long as my health holds out. No, I'm not ill! I just threw that health part in to complete the sentence and to remind myself that we are growing older. Gracefully?!?! Who knows?

For your perusal I'm sending you copies of an article and a certificate of some of my unexpected but now proud achievements of the past year. Quite frankly, at this age I lap up any day in the sun that still comes my way. To heck with being humble, modest, and simple! Where did all that get us? Of course I write this with tongue in cheek., but as a contemporary novice master I would reframe these virtues into a more upbeat style. Once you finish reading the article and the certificate, throw them away or burn them as Champagnat did with those "grand means of success!" If you have forgotten that story, I'll tell it to you the next time we meet, most probably the next time we fold, stuff, and mail the next issue of Marists All.

I like to think our Marists All is blazing a new trail. Never, probably, in our Marist history have so many non-canonical Brothers (to steal LaPietra's phrase) felt so much a part of the canonical Brothers ... and vice versa, In future years this momentum may prevail and perhaps take a different twist, but we will have been some of the founders. Now we have Dennis Dunne, Larry Keogh, and their July retreats here in Pksie. Incidentally I don't take the distinction between canonical and non-canonical Brothers too seriously. If I were Pope for a day ... well, I'd probably make a real mess of it! Any way, we had our few years with

Pope John XXIII! That was a start. Take care. God bless. (Marist College, Champagnat Hall, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12601)

FROM GUS NOLAN ('48): The picnic at Mount St. Michael's this year was blessed with the best day in years. Beautiful sunshine, clear sky, and a wonderful touch of fall in the air. Many thanks to Br. John Bantz for the wonderful reception and the generous use of the Mount's facilities, including the use of the kitchen for warming dishes.

We were delighted to see so many of the Mount community: Brother Simeon, Godfrey, James Gaffney, Robert Leclerc, George Matthew, John Colbert, and of course the talented Francis "Scotty" Hughes who has done such wonderful work building up the garth area to be a thing of beauty. A few Brothers from other communities also joined us: Pat Tyrell, Alphonse Matuga, John Herrmann, Victor Serna.

We invited those attending to include their names on a sign-up sheet, That resulted in the following list:

Martin Lang '47 (MALAXG@FAIRI.FAIRFIELD.EDU)
Ed Cashin & Mary Ann '46 (ecashin@ac.edu)
Frank Reilly '48
Bill Krueger '51 (KAIRIE@gal.com)
John Wilcox '57 (JWILCOX@MANHATTAN.EDU)
Joe "Bernie" Woods '52
Frank Moran '50
Bill Powers '50
Jep & Joan Lanning '49
Ken Mannix '54
Ray Landry '56
Don Schmidt '53
Barney & Ann Sheridan '55
Bernard Connelly '61
Adrian & Betty Perreault '36
Dan St. Jacques '51
Bill Doherty '62
Frank McNiff '51
Vince & Jane Poisella '58
Barbara & Richard LaPietra '50
Artie Iavigne '55
Gus & Liz Nolan '48

From time to time during our time together we were informed of the progress of the Notre Dame-Texas game, For the dramatic end I was on the road home, and the news was good. Too bad there was not a continual flow of miracles for the Irish for other Saturdays this fall. But there will be other years!

In order to help keep our newsletter alive and healthy, we are introducing a new method of communicating: E-mail. Messages may be sent to Gus Nolan at Marist College by using the following address: JZB2@MaristB.Marist.edu This has to be used just as typed - no spaces.

For those of you still with the postal service, send your write-ups to Gus Nolan, %Marist College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 2601; or to David Kammer, 476 LA.Playa, Edgewater, Florida, 32141

