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www.ecommerce.marist.edu/foy/maristsall/
 24 Brooklyn Mt Rd, Hopatcong NJ 07843; 973-398-5477;
vtpoisella@yahoo.com
 717 Washington Ave, Chappaqua NY 10514; 914-238-8001;
foy@telutopia.net
 65 Muirfield Court, Poughkeepsie NY 12603; 845-454-6116;
GusNolan@aol.com
 499 East Pond Rd., Smithfield ME 04978; 20-362-2019 kammer@tds.net

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Please join us at the GMC Picnic at Mount St. Michael on Saturday, September 10th. Bring your own beverage and a potluck dish for a shared meal. The festivities begin at noon. As in other years, the picnic will be held rain or shine. In this

issue we are moved by those who write of their memories, by those who experienced a special weekend marked by the sharing of our common Marist heritage, and by those who would not allow the passing on of a Marist heart without words of tribute. Ed.

from **JOHN SCILEPPI ('68)**: In reflecting on the Marist Family Spirituality Weekend held in July at Marist College, I noticed that the Spirit seemed to be moving us. All the presentations, without any previous interaction, included the idea of being open to change. Marty Lang discussed the need to build a new spirituality based on the Annunciations. Br. Vito Aresto described how the Founder needed to adjust his vision of the charism of the Brothers: to be contemplative or active; to join with the other new congregations or not; and how Sean Sammon believes the Brothers currently need to re-define themselves. Br. Joseph Belanger indicated that a hundred years ago, the Brothers went through a period of secularization, and the Superior General noted that there was no loss of spirituality, only a change in spirituality for those who chose to remain in France. Finally, we were impressed by the reflections of the four women participants on the sharing of their personal views of spirituality. It is interesting that we wrapped up the program on Sunday morning with the "quo vadis" question of which new directions the Spirit is encouraging us to seek. I believe all of this is consistent with some of Marcellin's Beatitudes: to respond to the needs of the times, and to have confidence in the Lord, giving one's full "Fiat." (One River Road, Hyde Park, NY 12538-1323; 845-229-6277; John.Scileppi@Marist.edu)

from **DAVID KAMMER ('42)**: Judy and I have attended the Marist Family Institute of Spirituality every year except the first. I have sought to encourage a program that I have deemed so very valuable. I not only hoped to share something of who I am and what I have been occupied with spiritually, but I have also expected to be nourished by the spirituality of the presenters and the participants. This year I found Marty Lang's presentation to be scholarly and solidly substantial. It was excellent. I appreciated the updated historical background shared by Br. Vito Aresto and Br. Joseph Belanger. They helped us add to our understanding of Marist spirit. Speaking of which, I have observed that all who regularly attend this July weekend are truly living the Marist spirit. We need to keep nourishing that spirit. I admire and appreciate John Scileppi and the team of organizers that stepped up to plan this year's meeting. I am most grateful to them and to all who contributed and shared.

from **GENE ZIRKEL ('53)**: Larry Keogh often spoke of the great potential of the Poughkeepsie group of loyal Marist laity and of his hope that somehow the brothers and sisters could be of help to the (big B) Brothers. Many of us bought into that dream and made it our own. Ideas were offered, but nothing ever came of them. This year Marist Father, Ed Keel, suggested that the Brothers are extremely busy with their lives and that they do not know what the laity is willing or capable

of doing. The decision is personal: what am I willing to do? Let us not say, "We could tutor students who need help." But rather, "Am I willing to do so?" Let us not say, "We could collect books and supplies for the missions. But rather, "Am I willing to organize such a collection?" Let us not say, "We could help out at the Esopus summer camps in the kitchen or as a counselor?" But rather, "Am I willing to do so?" Let all who are willing, pray to the Holy Spirit for guidance. Let us ask St. Marcellin and our Good Mother for help. What am I willing to do? What are my spouse and I willing to do? What project could a group of us take on – a project I am willing to stay with and see through to the end? It has been suggested that we spend some time next July considering the question of helping the Brothers. I heartily agree. But let's come prepared. Let's pray for discernment. Then we can share the fruit of that discernment with the group. See you in July in Poughkeepsie. (472 Village Oaks Lane, Babylon Village, NY 11702-3123; 631-669-0273; genezirk@optonline.net)

from **PAUL GALBRAITH**: My Marist history began in 1966. My brother Kevin had begun his life as a Marist Brother after graduating from Christ the King High School. I spent many fond days visiting my brother and the wonderful community in Esopus. I even became friends with the Irish setters that ran the property. One wonderful memory was the day Kevin took his vows and there followed a big party at the mansion. It was probably 95 degrees that day in the Hudson Valley; but what fun! I still cherish a great photo of Kevin with his two buddies, Jimmy Steinmeyer and Danny Waters, on the steps of the great house. Truly unforgettable memories of the Marist community!

In 1967 I began my years at Camp Marist (to 1974). Those years represent the best memories one could have as a boy. Brothers Abel, Tim, Franny, Joe Bouchard, Kerry Hughes, Arthur Xavier, Valerian, Ken and Phil Roberts, Tom Potenza, Jerome Daly, Tom Sessman, Phil Capiro, Bob O'Connor, Bill McCluskey, Kevin Gorman (now Fr. Jeff), and all the rest of the gang from that period. Too many to list!

I began Molloy High School and four years of a good education and wonderful friendships back in 1970. In 1978 I graduated from St. Michael's College with a BA in Fine Arts. I became a member of the Actor's Equity and performed in many road shows of great musicals like Guys and Dolls and Annie Get Your Gun. Although I didn't make it as big as my fellow classmate David Caruso, I saw quite a bit of the USA! Today I work for the Finance Department at Barr Pharmaceuticals in Woodcliff Lake, New Jersey. (pgalbraith1956@msn.com)

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In Memoriam

From **J. RICHARD LA PIETRA ('50)**: *Patrick C. Donaghy*, (Br. Joseph Andrew '50) died July 5th at home with his wife, Mary Ann, at his bedside. He was 72 years of age. He was born in Manhattan and

entered the Marist Brothers via Marist Prep in Esopus. He attended the novitiate in Tyngsboro and professed his first vows on July 26, 1951. His first teaching assignment was at Mt. St. Michael Academy, and he graduated from Marist College with a bachelor's degree in history in 1956.

After leaving the congregation, he undertook a career in writing and publishing. He was president of Addison Wesley School Group from 1994 to 1997. Prior to that, he was executive vice president of Simon and Schuster and retired in 1991 as president of the Education Division in Manhattan and Morris Township. He had also served as president of the Simon & Schuster School Group in Englewood Park. In 1988, Pat was president of Silver Burdett Co., in Morris Township. A member of the Association of American Publishers, Pat was a director of the Morristown and Morris Township Public Library, New Philharmonic of New Jersey and Business Executives for National Security. Surviving are his wife, Mary Ann; a son, Patrick C. Jr.; sisters, Margaret Kelly and Mary Donaghy; and brothers, Charles, Tom, Joseph, Frank, James, and William.

I take the liberty of sharing some of **DICK BRANIGAN'S ('50)** sentiments written after learning of Pat's death: "I suspect you still have in your computer files Pat's February 26th memo to the troops. He was so hopeful to complete several writing projects he had in the works. In the sixth paragraph he says, 'I also hope to have a screenplay finished this summer. It's a comedy-drama that takes place on Earth but mostly in the next world.' Who knew that God had a sense of humor? Now he can finish it on location. More than the feeling of sorrow in this news, I know that in many ways the dead teach us how to live: to find out what matters and what doesn't matter before we waste any more time at this living business."

BILL LAVIGNE ('50) wrote: "Pat really enjoyed our group reunion several years ago and very much wanted to join us for our 50th at Marist College last Fall. I had occasion to visit with him and Mary Ann a couple of times when I was stationed in New Jersey. When he was an administrator of the Silver Burdett Book Company, he arranged for the donation of a good supply of textbooks for our mission schools in Liberia when Marty Ruane and Leo Shea were there."

BRENDAN HAGGERTY ('50) remarked in a note to me, "Pat Donaghy was, first of all, a teacher. He was one of the most sensitive, soft-spoken, thoughtful and considerate of men. While it is not surprising that those characteristics endeared him to his students, he seemed to defy stereotypes as he brought them to his second career. The teacher and lover of books was equally comfortable and successful as the president of one of the nation's largest educational publishing houses."

(**LA PIETRA**, (cont.): I myself had not seen Pat since the day, now forgotten, when he left the scholasticate for an early teaching assignment at the Mount. Then he showed up with Mary Ann for our

forty-fifth reunion to which Bill Lavigne referred above. After that we saw them a couple of times as guests at our home. And the connection grew. He was very much looking forward to our 50th Homecoming at Marist College last October and helped me with great persistence in ferreting out lost classmates. The illness from which he died kept him from the reunion, and subsequent phone conversations were not encouraging. When we met several years ago, I was amazed at how this slightly built lad had grown into a full broth of a man, distinguished and self-assured, most interesting and perfectly unassuming. Now he is gone from us, and I miss not seeing him again.

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From **CATHOLIC NEW YORK** (August 2005): *Br. Francis L. Zaglauer*, F.M.S. ('63), archdiocesan director of adult catechesis, died July 11 at Calvary Hospital in the Bronx. He was 61. A Funeral Mass was celebrated July 16 at St. Frances of Rome Church in the Bronx.

Cardinal Egan, who was in Rome to attend meetings, said in a statement that Brother Zaglauer "will be sorely missed, not only by those who worked with him at the Catholic Center, but also by those throughout the archdiocese who have come to know him over the years that he has served in our Catechetical Office."

Sister Joan Curtin, C.N.D., director of the archdiocesan Catechetical Office, told CNY, "Brother Francis had a great love for adult faith formation and spent his time, energy and talent training faith formation teams for parishes so that adult religious education, so vital today, would be available throughout the archdiocese." In a statement, Sister Joan recalled the liturgical celebration that Brother Francis coordinated for the 100th anniversary of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. "The image of the Chinese children ribbon-dancers from Transfiguration parish welcoming Cardinal Egan and the many concelebrants will surely live on in our memories for many years to come," she said.

Brother Zaglauer had been director of adult catechesis since 1997. Previously he was a pastoral associate at Christ the King parish, Yonkers, 1996-1997; parish director of religious education at St. Michael's, Co-op City, 1993-1995; Holy Name of Mary, Montgomery, 1991-1993; and St. John the Evangelist, Mahopac, 1975-1978; and a teacher at Mount St. Michael Academy, the Bronx, 1966-1968. He also served assignments as a pastoral associate, catechist and chaplain in Chicago and in Texas and California.

Born in the Bronx, he entered the Marist Brothers of the Schools in 1962 and professed final vows in 1970. He held a bachelor's degree in French and theology from Marist College and a master's degree in teaching religion from St. Michael's College in Vermont. He is survived

by his brother David. Burial was at the Marist Brothers cemetery in Esopus.

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From **DONALD HAUGHEY, '62**: Ziggy (Br. Francis Zaglauer) and I had a long friendship that dates back to the novitiate and scholasticate days. We had the opportunity to be in Texas together and live in Austin for a year. We were good friends. He kept up with me more than I did with him, but last summer we had an opportunity to see each other in Poughkeepsie at the Marist Province meeting with Sean. He welcomed me like a prodigal son. He convinced me with the help of Jerry Doherty and John Allen to sit in on Sean's opening remarks to the Brothers. I was really impressed with the wonderful reception and the forward, optimistic remarks made by Sean. Earlier, Ziggy and I had a chance to catch up with each other. I was very impressed with the wonderful reception he received from the other Brothers at dinner. He told me that his health was not good, but as usual, he was so optimistic about the future. I had the chance to visit with him on the phone a week and a half ago. I was hoping that I would get to New York to see him before he died. In August I plan to visit Esopus and spend some time with him and so many friends that rest there. Tonight, after walking in the nearby woods, I felt a need to write some thoughts on Ziggy. I'm not as poetic as Ziggy was, but I did want to offer him a fitting tribute. Here it is:

Humid

A sky of cerulean blue and rose madder
 A beautiful closing of another day
 My legs are tired as I walk
 Through woods with thoughts
 Of life and loss.
 So many thoughts flood my mind
 Of moments shared and moments lost.

He never gave up on me.
 Each year a card, a poem,
 A reminder of friendship
 A brother in a true sense
 Never demanding a response.
 (And for my part there were few.)
 Just a thought to let me know
 I am not forgotten.

And now I deal with another loss
 Of another brother who meant a lot,
 Another moment, another sunset
 And still I believe in a promised sunrise
 A chance to walk once again
 With my friends, my brothers
 With Ziggy and his wonderful ways

Briefly we talked
 Just a week and a half past
 A welcoming response from someone so ill
 Brought feelings of happiness and sadness
 And as always in between his present moment
 And need to rest,
 He welcomed me.

Always a true Marist
 Humble, prayerful, and loving -
 I have been enriched by his presence
 As have all who encountered this man of Champagnat.
 He will be missed
 Not only by me but by so many
 Yes, I feel, like Champagnat, his spirit, his laughter
 And his love will live on.

Donald Haughey, July 20, 2005; 8200 Beaver Brook Lane, Austin, TX
 78748-5420; cudonal@aol.com

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from **ELAINE CARTER:**

In Memory of Francis

There is a deep dark abyss within me
 Empty.
 Silent.
 Cold.

The long vigil is over and you are gone.

Tenderly, memories of joy and celebration fill the abyss full
 Of laughter and dance and multi-colored streamers waving
 Through blue skies, starry nights, and walks along the beach.

Along the hot dusty streets of Laredo,
 Sunsets and barbecues at Casa Blanca Lake,
 Austin, with its vast sky and Longhorns,
 Fog tip-toing (like your cats) into Oakland,

The sounds of your beloved New York, New York
 And other distances traveled
 North and South
 East and West across the globe and back.

And Esopus, your favorite –
 The Marist Retreat House along the Hudson River
 With rocks and trees awaiting the seasons
 While the hard ground tightly wraps your body.

There is room for your poems
 And your songs and lyrics written long ago,

And piano keys, too.

And finally, room for prayers and dreams.
Your great love for vows and promises kept
In a life lived in faith, hope, and love
With quiet good deeds
And a burning love for God
Mary and Champagnat
Among Marist Brothers, family, and friends.

Elaine Longoria-Carter (elainecarter@grandecom.net)
Corpus Christi, Texas
August 9, 2005

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From the **EDITOR**: *To the mathematicians and engineers among our readers who may be more comfortable with a journalistic report of a death, a thought: nothing can replace a painfully heartfelt lyrical response to the life of one who is loved. When prose is able to duplicate and convey such insights so deeply felt, prose itself becomes poetry.*

We have a report that Br. Peter Chanel died two weeks ago. For the past few years he has been in a nursing home in Miami. We hope to have tributes in the next issue. Requiescat in pace.

Let us pray that those who have recently undergone serious hospital experiences continue to heal: Francis "Barney" Sheridan, Bernie Ortuoste, Br. Des Kelly, Br. Luke Driscoll.

We continue to feel deep gratitude toward those who have supported Marists All. Your literary contributions are inspiring. The next issue is appropriately planned for the Thanksgiving season in November. Also, your monetary contributions help us to continue this work. Most recently we have received monetary assistance from William Quinn, Bernie Garrett, Don Schmidt, and Jeanne Schultz (sister of Br. Stephen Martin). Thank you.

As our readers of the printed version may have noted, we try to keep to eight pages. An issue may go beyond such a desired limit. We have other times included additional coverage on our web site. In this issue you may notice a blank page. May each of our readers feel a desire to fill that page for the next issue!

See you at the picnic!

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