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Anniversary Alert

The next issue, #88, in May 2007, marks the twentieth year of publication of Marists All. Our team members have concluded that Marists All should commemorate this milestone with a special edition to be sent by regular mail to every one of the 543 on our actual mailing list. We plan to revisit some features from our past contributors, both living and deceased. We plan a larger issue that will not affect our Web site. But we realize that the printed version will be costly. David Kammer, our treasurer, has given the team fair warning that the extra cost of printing and mailing may reduce our coffers considerably. Any

of our readers who would like to ease anxiety are asked to send a token contribution made out to David Kammer at the above address with a notation that it is for Marists All. (Thanks to Alex Senes '64 and John Reynolds '60 for their recent contributions.)

As editor, I make a further request. This issue presents a wonderful opportunity to join those with whom we share the common bond of Marist formation and spirituality to write a little summary of memories and reflections offered in deep gratitude for what we have gained through our Marist connection. Rob Schmid calls it the "celebration of our living history." Many of you in the past have written a note beginning with the words, "For years now, I've been promising to write something for Marists All..." Fulfill that promise! We heartily look forward to our next issue in the month of Mary.

Thirteenth Annual Marist Family Spirituality Weekend

From **JOHN SCILEPPI** ('68): We invite all of our readers to consider attending a very special weekend at Marist College July 13 through July 15, 2007. The theme of the event is "Our Prayer Journey." We are in the process of confirming great speakers – some old favorites agreeing to offer encore lectures as well as experts well-known to all of us and presenting for the first time. An addition to the weekend will be an optional "Day of Prayer" to begin at 11:00 am on Friday in the Marist College chapel. Gene Zirkel will coordinate this activity. For all others, the registration will begin at 4:00 pm on that day. For those who register and deposit before June 1st, meals are \$100; single rooms are \$160 including meals; double rooms are \$305 per couple including meals. After June 1st, meals are \$110; singles are \$170, and couples are \$315. To register, send a \$25 deposit to Maurice (Mo) Bibeau at 2 Van Wert Place, Hyde Park, NY 12538. For additional information, contact me at John.Scileppi@Marist.edu. Thank you.

From **REV. JOE MADSEN** ('62): Our parish in La Paz, Bolivia, is Parroquia Divino Maestro, the Parish of the Divine Teacher. It sits on a plateau above the area of La Paz known as Obrajés. During the 1960's the government gave plots of land here to the teachers of the city. Most of them are retired now, and their children tend to be middle class. However, we have two areas that are very poor.

At the western extreme of the parish there is a small mountain that juts up from the plateau. In that region there is a small chapel that was in a state of total disrepair. With money I brought back with me from a trip to New York last July, we put a new roof on the chapel, painted the inside, and bought some benches where people can sit. We have Mass there every Sunday, along with Sunday school. On Monday evenings we have Mass for the Aymara ladies who spend all day Sunday working in the market.

Dropping down from the plateau at the eastern end of our parish is an area that is very difficult to reach. When I go there I drive about five miles, park, and climb. There are no roads, just trails. It takes an hour to get there and about an hour and a half to get back because it's all up hill. There is no chapel or center. I have to admit that very little has been done for the people there. My conscience is smoothed by the

fact that beginning in January the Missionaries of Charity, Mother Teresa of Calcutta's sisters, will be working there. I celebrate Mass for the sisters each Monday morning.

Here in our parish church we had a concert after the evening Mass this past Saturday. A female choir, all doctors, lawyers, and university professors, gave us fifty minutes of villancicos (Spanish Christmas carols). It was a lot of fun, but when it comes to music, the ladies are certainly enthusiastic, but they are not professional.

On November 22nd I went to Oruro with Luis, my sacristan. Oruro is near the frontier with Chile, and on Wednesdays there is a street market where one can buy all kinds of things at half the price one would pay here in La Paz. We bought an artificial Christmas tree, decorations, and a bicycle for Luis's sons. This will be the first time since I am living in Bolivia that there will be a Christmas tree in the house where I am living.

Driving up to Oruro we see a layer of white over much of the ground. It is salt. Local wisdom says that the high salt content in the soil makes the meat of the little lambs taste much better. For lunch Luis brought me to a restaurant that specializes in lamb. Luis did the ordering, and we both ended up with a leg of lamb. It was delicious and tender. The salt probably made my blood pressure soar, but so what.

In Oruro that day for a competition were all of the most famous marching bands of Bolivia. It was the feast of St. Cecilia, the patron saint of musicians. People were dancing in the streets. It was very colorful, but it did not make it easy to get around. (Calle F. Jofre No. 1475, Sector B, Alto Obrajes, La Paz, Bolivia; Parr.Div.Maestro@hotmail.com)

From **EUGENE (CHUCK) LUTTRELL** ('63): It is an awesome feeling to reconnect after all these years. I left the Marist Brothers in '69 and taught at Union Catholic while I discerned my call to the army. I moved to Vancouver, Canada, in June of 1970 with the incredible support of Joe McMorrow, Rich Keenan and Paul Levendusky. The decision to leave the U.S. was very difficult for my parents; but for me, being young (twenty-five) and idealistic, it was not that stressful. God bless Jimmy Carter for his courageous pardon in '77-'78, enabling me to visit the U.S. In fact, I am just back from visiting my ninety year-old mother in Portland, ME. Dad died five years ago. Between 1962 and 1978 I was able to get home only a total of three days due to living eight years with the Marists and to being a draft dodger. Now that I can, I am making an effort to be a good son, trying to get back a couple of times a year.

I married Marie Miller. Thirty-six years, five children and four grandchildren later, she is still the love of my life, a saint who is all things to all people as a mom, grandmother, writer, and school secretary. Now she is tackling a master's in theology. I sit back in awe. Marie has also written a family life column for twenty-four years.

I continued my teaching career in Vancouver, moving into administration as a principal. Then I was offered an assistant superintendent position for the Catholic school board at the age of thirty-three. I did that for seventeen wonderful years. At the age of fifty I felt the call back to kids and took over as principal of our inner city high school. That too was a wonderful experience. Then I responded to the request of the archbishop to become the director of religious education for Vancouver Archdiocese. That is where I am now at sixty-two and loving it. I served on the Papal visit of '84, looked after Mother Theresa when she visited, and hosted Jean Vanier's visit. It has been a blessing.

Marie and I will be traveling to Alberta on June 29th for Joe McMorrow's ordination to the permanent diaconate. Joe continues to be my best friend and hero, and what he won't brag about is the incredible job he and Sharon have done as parents and in service to the church.

Richie Keenan retired from the University of Moscow in Idaho where he was a professor of Spanish literature and his wife Lori was a librarian. They have moved back to the Vancouver area. Paul Levendusky is a naturopath physician and lives about an hour away. Two summers ago we had a wonderful Marist Vancouver reunion with plans for another in the not too distant future.

As for the Marists, I have told my kids many times that if I had to do it over, I would change nothing; and considering the Marist impact here on the west coast with Joe, Rich and Paul, we have been "paying it forward." Perhaps in a few years I can make the Marist picnic in the fall. It would bring me back to a source of great blessing. (#405 2628 Yew St., Vancouver, British Columbia, V6K 4T4; 606-734-0113; cluttrell@rcav.bc.ca)

From **JACK RYAN** ('60): I found myself reading and rereading Richard LaPietra's obit of Andy Molloy. We should all have such a good friend who writes so well. Andy was teaching at Marist when I was there although I never had him as a teacher. Richard's description of his smile was so powerful that I could easily picture him walking the lanes of Marist College. I did have Br. Richard LaPietra as my freshman general science teacher at St. Helena's in 1956, and everything Richard said about Andy's teaching excellence was equally applicable to Richard's. It was a joy to be in his class.

On another note we had a gathering of the 1960 veterans of Esopus at our cottage in Port Austin, Michigan, the last weekend in October. John Reynolds, Mike McGonigle and his wife Pat journeyed from nearby Flint. Joe and Cathy Cron came in from Fairfield, CT. Kevin Finn appeared from southern California, and Ed Frail found his way from Saratoga, NY to join my wife Elaine and me. Wonderful old stories of ball games and work assignments filled the weekend. The only conflict arose when Kevin Finn told us his son was a student at USC, and therefore, Kevin figured he had to root against Notre Dame. Mike McGonigle has since concluded that it was Kevin's defection that had allowed the Trojans to thump the Irish at the end of the season. John Reynolds intoned the Salve Saturday night, and while we had the

words printed out, our memories made the sheets unnecessary.
(jcryan1214@sbcglobal.net)

From **BR. JOSEPH BELANGER** ('43): The Good Lord keeps me around, so there's still work He wants me to do. I fell asleep at the wheel on the Mass Pike in September and ended up in the left-hand ditch. Fortunately, there was no damage to others, to me, or to the car. And I could drive out and back onto the Pike before the state troopers came to give me a ticket. My guardian angel was working overtime. I really must stop more often and nap along the way. The last time I fell asleep on the Pike was in January 1991. I totaled the car and spent a week in the hospital. The seat belt saved my life. Public transportation between Poughkeepsie and Lawrence is poor and takes ten hours. By car, I can make it in five hours with stops. How many more years I drive such distances alone remains to be seen. I did get myself a cell phone, finally, mostly for AAA, just in case.

This year has been saddened by the loss of too many good confreres: Frank and Jim and Scotty and Denis Hever; and good friends: Joan and Andy and Bernie and Adrian and Jerry and Denis Murphy. Hever is one of the two former students who paid me the ultimate tribute as a teacher. Those who know me realize that I believe the goal of teaching is to make people think. At the end of his double major in French and Spanish, Denis told me in his usual frank way: "You know that Br. Gerard is a better teacher than you are, but you do make me think more." I'll settle for that. Denis finally succumbed to the brain tumor that had dogged him for several years. I would quote to him that beautiful couplet from Psalm 63: "My soul clings to you, / your right hand holds me fast."

I make regular visits to several nursing homes. This is not exactly the pick-up this old man needs, but seeing family and friends brightened up the year. Meanwhile, I continue to be vertical and to get a few hours of work done every day. Thank God for computers and email! How I long to go to the Far East once more, but it's now too late. All God's best for 2007, especially peace!
(joseph.belanger@marist.edu)

From **BILL G. DOHERTY** ('62): I retired from teaching and then had several strokes for which I was hospitalized for several weeks. Within days of release from the hospital, my wife of thirty-four years, Jody, was diagnosed with cancer and was in and out of the hospital for several years before passing away. She fought a long and valiant battle. Presently, I am doing quite well and driving again. The doctors are amazed that I can read. At first I thought they were questioning my intelligence! Those of you who suffered through my cooking skills, or lack thereof, in the novitiate will be happy to know that I have become the "Rachael Ray" of thirty minute cooking in Kew Gardens. My daughter Kate, 32, is living at home with me. She works for the law department at the MTA New York City Transit. My son Andy, 30, works for WNEW and is a DJ on Sirius satellite radio. The station is Hip Hop, channel 40: my kind of music! He lives in Manhattan at Trump Place on the West Side near Lincoln Center. They both are great "kids" and are very supportive during these difficult times. I am presently teaching a course to senior citizens at the Irish Center in Long Island

City. Last week I found that I am the oldest person in the class!
(wdoherthy@nyc.rr.com; 718-849-2335)

From **VINCENT BUONORA** ('68): I used to think that "Marist" had to do with men in European cassocks isolated in a monastery. Now, I look around and see the Marist influence as far-reaching into the secular world, married life, and professional activities. I am amazed how many of the readers of Marists All have led such fruitful and varied lives after leaving the congregation. I guess, in a way, many are "third order Marists."

I recall Jerry Cox, English professor and dean, who taught me communications. His lectures inspired me toward a love of language. Jerry also expressed to me in counseling that religious life was not for me and worded it in such sincere terms. Larry Sullivan also inspired me for his intellect and understanding when my brother passed on from cancer. He was a gifted pastoral counselor. Bill Lavigne took me out of Queens into the medieval monasteries and galleries of Italy and France. Robert James allowed me to tour the world of the Greeks through his metaphysics class. I was so proud to get a B on his test. Jerry Weiss was the very opposite of me for his orderliness, impeccable presentations, timetabled lectures, and patient delivery. Yet, he recognized my enthusiasm and named me for the department award for working with the immigrants. Stephen Lanning was so impressive in his analysis of Dryden and Johnson. His work with the theatre guild was prodigious and exciting to all around him. Gus Nolan taught freshman English and kept us going with his many anecdotes and wit. Chic Chicolella, great guy from the old neighborhood in Queens, one year ahead of me, had a great ear for singing and languages. He was dearly loved.

As for me, I taught Spanish in various high schools from 1970 through 1976, finished my Master's from Hofstra where I ran into Pat Ryan who had been a year after me in Esopus. I continued music percussion studies and jazz drumming while substitute teaching. In 1979 I left for Houston. I landed a job as appraiser with the city of Houston and then with the Harris County Appraisal District. I earned two appraisal designations and am now staff appraiser expert witness for litigation cases against the county tax jurisdictions. In the meantime I trained for three years and obtained a black belt in Tae Kwon Do. (vbuonora@yahoo.com)

In Memoriam: Adrian Perreault '36

From **JOHN SCILEPPI** ('68): I first met Adrian when I was a lay student freshman at Marist College in 1963. I guess I hadn't realized that briefcases were prohibited in the library, and Adrian made certain that I would not forget this rule. To this day, I never carry a briefcase into any library, even when I attend board meetings at the local Hyde Park library. Adrian certainly left a strong impression on me! Adrian also left a wonderful legacy at the college. He was perhaps the first professional librarian there and oversaw not only the general operation, but also the significant moves of the library from Greystone to Donnelly (with its beautiful wall of colored windows that made reading there a unique experience) to the first Fontaine building. By the time I

returned to the college to teach in 1973, I became a Brother, and he had left.

After Adrian retired in the early 1980's, he became very active in the Knights of Columbus and established a number of new programs at the St. Martin de Porres Church Chapter in Poughkeepsie. He also volunteered for the local hospitals assisting cancer survivors to their therapy appointments. About ten years ago, Adrian suffered a stroke that left him partially paralyzed. Eventually, it became clear he needed more assistance than Betty, his wife, could provide at home. This was triggered by a fall in the house that led to his acceptance into a nursing home. His mind was sharp until the end.

Adrian was the college's first archivist, and I could ask him questions about specific events that had occurred fifty years ago, and he could tell me the "who, when, what, and where" and the politics that surrounded each event. He also had an excellent memory for everything involving the Brothers and former brothers in the United States. I recall that Joe Belanger would have Adrian proofread Paul Ambrose's memoirs, and Adrian frequently convinced Joe Bel that some of Paul's dates were inaccurate.

During the week before he died, he asked Betty to wish a GMC member a "Happy Birthday." He even had these dates committed to memory. Adrian is now among his confreres and the rest of the saints, and he has graduated from his disabilities. If I ever get there, I will remember not to carry a briefcase into the heavenly library! (845-575-3000 x2961; John.Scileppi@marist.edu)

From **MAURICE BIBEAU** ('50): After four years in a nursing home, Adrian was able to leave his wheelchair and bed and be united with his Lord and Savior. He had gotten weaker with time and his speech was affected, but his mind and memory at times still functioned reasonably well. At the age of eighty-seven, Adrian died in St. Francis Hospital. The last local GMC that he attended was in June at the LaPietras. He also attended the September picnic at the Mount.

Adrian remained service-committed after his retirement as the director of the library at Marist College. He assumed a variety of volunteer activities at the hospitals, drove cancer patients to their doctors, served as an ombudsman at the hospital, and was a very active member of the Knights of Columbus.

Shortly after Adrian's death, some of the GMC met to pray. Betty ended the prayer with, "May St. Marcellin receive him at the gate of heaven." (Maurice.Bibeau@marist.edu)

In Memoriam: BR. CONAN VINCENT DINEEN ('39)

From the **Provincial Newsletter**: The death of Brother Conan Vincent Dineen on January 3rd brought to a close the life of one of our U.S. Marist "giants." Loved by generations of students, faculty, and Brothers, Vinny is especially remembered by novices in Tyngsboro who had him as their summer prefect and teacher. When the novice master had left for a well-earned vacation, Vinny came to Tyngsboro with this simple admonition to the novices: "Don't get sick. Don't die. Don't have

a vocation crisis, at least not until the master comes back!" Whether he was Conan, Conan Vincent, or Vinny, he was a wonderful model of what Marist brotherhood is all about.

After completing the scholasticate, Conan served at Boys Catholic in Augusta, Georgia; St. Helena High School in the Bronx; St. Agnes Boys' High School in New York City; Holy Trinity School in Poughkeepsie; St. Joseph High School in Trumbull, Connecticut; and Central Catholic High School in Lawrence. From 2002 until his death, Conan lived in our retirement community at 136th Street in Miami.

Because of his long tenure at Central Catholic, Vinny is most often associated with that school. An article in the June 2, 1997 edition of the Lawrence Eagle-Tribune described Vinny as "Central Catholic's treasure." At age 81 at the time, Vinny talked about why he watched religious television programs. "When you're getting so close, you might as well get to know the other side," he quipped.

In typical Conan humor, he explained to the article's author that the Brothers often held funerals at night so that as many Brothers as possible could attend. Then he added, "The kids don't have a holiday, which delights me."

There is so much for which Conan Vincent will be remembered. He had a wonderful sense of humor and could laugh at himself. He had a remarkable faith that sustained him through tremendous change in both the Church and religious life. He had a remarkable ability to adapt to the changing youth to whom he ministered for almost sixty years. Most importantly, Conan loved his brothers, and they loved him.

(Let us also remember others who have died recently: Bernard Garrett (Bernard Aloysius '44), Denis Murphy (Denis Richard '45), and Mary Foy, wife of Richard Foy. And let us pray for our sick: John Miller '57, John O'Connell '58, George Conboy '58, and Barney Sheridan '55. Editor)

(Have you ever wondered what has become of the Esopus property? The following excerpt was published in the Daily Freeman, a publication of the Mid-Hudson River Valley, on November 26, 2006. It was written by Katie Young of the Freeman staff and entitled, "Monasteries serve as both residences and retreats." BR. **DON NUGENT** '59, submitted the article.)

Nestled in wooded areas off U.S. Route 9W, overlooking the Hudson River in Ulster County, is a chain of monasteries, religious communities and outreach homes – a "Monastery Row" of sorts.

Dating to the 19th and early 20th centuries, the sites have served a variety of purposes, from being a training ground for religious orders, to housing orphans and troubled youths, to serving as retreat centers for youths and adults seeking spiritual guidance and a place to meditate.

Over the years, they've drawn criticism for keeping prime real estate off the tax rolls. At the same time, though, they've served to protect a vast stretch of the Hudson River shoreline from development, maintaining a pastoral scene that has changed little in a century.

The Marist Retreat Center, owned and operated by the Roman Catholic Marist Brothers, is a religious community offering youth-based services. Summer camps bring busloads of kids to the serene spot on the Hudson River nine to ten weeks a year, and retreats take up most weekends in the fall and winter.

Br. Donald Nugent, the administrator of the Esopus property who has served at the retreat center for twenty years, said camp participants "learn how we follow the Gospel message of giving of ourselves rather than just taking."

Camp activities vary based on the group coming in because the brothers often host young cancer patients and children with varying degrees of disabilities and limitations. The retreat center's dormitory-style accommodations can house more than two hundred young people during the summer. Camps usually run their own independent theme and operate on a volunteer basis. Nugent said more than five hundred high school and college volunteers come forward each summer.

Retreats take place on weekends during the fall and winter, usually for high school students.

"I think we're planting seeds here – they're seeds of God's love," Nugent said. "Sometimes a person can hear that when they're a junior or senior in high school, and sometimes when they're much older, but they hear it."

Nugent, who spent the morning of October 19 cooking and preparing for a group of eighty to ninety youths arriving that afternoon, said the brothers and volunteers followed the example of the order's founder, Marcellin Champagnat, to work on their hands and knees if necessary to get the job done. He said there are about three hundred Marist Brothers in the United States and 6,000 worldwide.

"There's still that sense of getting in and doing what needs to be done," Nugent said. "The young people following us are picking up on that and not afraid to get their hands dirty."

The retreat center's spacious grounds consist of three communities of brothers: the cottage, the novitiate, and the gatehouse – the newest community, dedicated as a house of prayer. About a dozen brothers live and work together at the retreat center, while some spend their days at Our Lady of Lourdes High School in Poughkeepsie.

A few Marist Brothers still work as counselors, professors and campus ministry mentors at Marist College in Poughkeepsie, which the order founded in the early 1900's.

From **JOHN O'CONNELL '58**: Most of you will recall how upset many of us were when word of Vinnie Hall's passing circulated among us in the late Spring of 2001. We were caught so unaware of his illness and struggle leading up to his death on February 2, 2001, unable as we were to be of any support to him and Darlene, the love of his life, knowing so little of any particulars about their life experiences. Most of you know that that ignorance has driven our efforts throughout "Oh, B/brother, Where Art Thou" search for our brothers from over forty years ago. Thanks to David Kammer I was able to acquire Darlene's postal address and wrote a note to her. I was soon gratified by her touching reply, shared with you below, today, on the sixth anniversary of his passing. Rest in peace, brother Vinnie Hall.

From **DARLENE HALL**: Your letter came as a very pleasant surprise. Thank you so much for sharing what has happened since you learned of Vinnie's death. When he passed away his sister, Cecile, a Franciscan Sister of Peace, took care of notifying the Marists. There was no obituary in the paper.

Let me share what happened to him and also a little about our family. In October of 1999, he was diagnosed with a melanoma on his back. It and the lymph nodes to which it drained were removed at New York University Hospital. At that point everything seemed promising.

In June of 2000, our first grandchild, a boy, was born. Vinnie was delighted. Our other daughter was expecting a baby in November, another boy. That summer Vinnie was tired much of the time. In mid-summer Vinnie was having some strange symptoms. He wasn't completing tasks using his left hand - closing the car door and hanging up the phone, for example. He wasn't feeling quite right. A trip to the ER revealed he had a brain tumor. The melanoma had spread to his brain.

After a complete body scan and no sign of other cancer spots, the brain tumor was removed. He came home from the hospital the end of September and a few weeks later began radiation treatments. By early November he was saying it felt as if the radiation was killing him. Additional tests over the next few weeks revealed an additional small brain tumor, bone cancer in one arm, and a tumor in the spinal column. The day after Thanksgiving his oncologist hospitalized him and began a strong chemo and radiation therapy.

Vinnie was home for about a week at Christmas. His oncologist didn't want to stop radiation treatments, but we insisted that he needed to be home. He had the opportunity to spend some time with his young grandsons. By New Year's Eve he was back in the hospital. In early January Vinnie's brother Laurence passed away - also from melanoma that had spread to vital organs. Laurence's original melanoma had occurred about eight years earlier and recurred a few times in between. Tests done around the middle of January showed that the cancer had spread rapidly. All cancer treatment was stopped, and he passed away on February 2nd. The end was mercifully quick and he was at peace.

When Vinnie met Jim Friel, he was working at Northrup Grumman as a systems engineer. Vinnie worked there for more than thirty years and was still working when he became ill.

Vinnie and I were married in 1968. We have three kids, a son and two daughters. Vinnie was very active in many parish ministries, including that of a Eucharistic minister. For many years he was a jogger and ran in a number of 10K and half marathons. He became an avid golfer and played in the Grumman league.

For the last several years of his life he had been his Marist class alumni representative and also participated in their telethons. He managed to attend several homecomings.

As I mentioned earlier he saw his first two grandsons. Now there are nine grandchildren - seven boys followed by twin girls. Each of our three children has three of their own. They have kept me very busy these past five years. The youngest daughter and her family live with me. My son and his family live a few miles away. My older daughter and her family usually live in Connecticut but are on assignment in Puerto Rico for the next two years. I am going down for a visit the end of this month. I am fine but still miss Vinnie a lot. Sometimes it seems as if he's still here, and I go to share something with him. Thanks for getting in touch.

From **JOHN O'CONNELL '58**: Darlene Hall's letter brings some closure to the initial search that gave impetus to our efforts to re-establish the connection we once had as "brothers" during the training years ('54-'62). Of the approximately 250 names and faces we recall, twenty-eight have gone on before us, and we've now reconnected with about 160, with over 130 forming a kind of "virtual community," thanks to the Internet.

Of the thirty-three of Vinnie Hall's group who took the habit in Tyngsboro in '58, twenty-six have been "accounted for," seven have gone on before us, nineteen of us "found." Please help us find the remaining seven "lost" members: Milo Bushnell, Mark Buckley, Pat Fazzari, Jim Gara, Greg Gumbinski, Charlie Jacklin, and Bob White: where art thou?

As part of that reconnection effort, we hold an annual April Esopus "Gathering" (as in, "When two or more of you are gathered together..."). This coming together has expanded into a several-day 25-30 participant event. This year's gathering in Esopus is set for the weekend after Easter Sunday, anytime from Wednesday pm, April 18th, through Sunday am, April 22nd. If interested, please contact John "Oke" O'Connell at OBbWAT@aol.com or 207-841-9144 or 15 High Street, Boothbay Harbor, ME 04538.

Please note the new *Marists All* website:
<http://academic2.marist.edu/foy/maristsall/>

Marist Brothers International: www.champagnat.org

Marist Brothers USA: www.maristbr.com

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