



## ISSUE # 13

May 1990

ON THE ROAD ... THROUGH CENTRAL AMERICA with Br. Sean Sammon, Provincial, Pksie

The conference in Brazil addressing the Mission of the Marist Brother in the Future has been excellent. Coming right after ten very moving days in Guatemala and Nicaragua, it has left me with a great deal to think about.

Seven of us gathered in Guatemala City to visit the Province of Central America: Renato Cruz (Philippines), John Lek (China), Julian Casey (Melbourne), Julio Suaesi (Samoa), Jose Maria Ferre (editor of FMS), Phil Robert and me. Br. Juan Arconada, who cooked at Esopus and taught at Molloy in the '60's was our very able guide and translator.

In Guatemala, the Church has taken a preferential option for the poor. Its stand has caused problems with the government and military: thirteen priests have been killed, one woman religious, and three hundred catechists. The Brothers own and operate two schools in Guatemala City. One is an impressive looking place that served students from financially well off families. Good profits from that school are used to support the other school which served poorer children in the city. Once again, an old custom of our Institute is being put to good use.

In all, there are six Marist communities in Guatemala City. We visited one that reminded me of Pine Ridge. Four Brothers there minister to the indigenous people of the area. Their lifestyle is simple. They are learning the language and assessing the pastoral needs of the area. Most of their current efforts focus on training catechists who have a tremendous impact on the people. Those who hold power are afraid of these simple teachers; they teach people about a gospel that demands justice for all.

In Nicaragua there are two Marist communities, one at Esteli and one at Condega.

Br. Mariano Blanco, age 42, shot to death by Samoza forces just before the Sandanista victory is buried in the garden of the Brothers' house in Esteli. Both communities operate schools that serve the poor.

The Brothers in Esteli help with a local health clinic and serve as pastors of the local parish which is next to the school. A priest is rarely available, so the Brothers baptize, marry, and bury the dead. They are also involved with basic communities that have sprung up in the campesino villages. We spent a rainy afternoon and evening with three of the Brothers travelling by jeep over the most incredibly rocky roads I've ever seen or felt to a campesino village to celebrate the Word and Eucharist. Once again, a Brother presided. An excellent teacher, his homily was delightful; I was amazed at his ability to involve the entire community in what was really a catechetical lesson. In Condega, besides their school involvement the Brothers run a food pantry, and one serves on the local Peace Committee set up recently by the revolutionary government. Just a few

months ago it was dangerous to take the road from Esteli to Condega after dark. The Contra forces often passed over it while moving from one mountain area to another.

The Brothers in Central America were incredibly gracious. The memory of their generosity, midst poverty, will always stay with me. (Adapted from part of Br. Sean's circular letter to Pksie Province)

FROM MARTY CULLINAN ('53): Aka Stephen Patrick; aka .....??? aka ....??? We'll leave those alone; either you remember or you don't! I really enjoy reading Marists All. Thanks to Gus and Dave. It only took twelve issues for me to write; I'm improving.

'Where does the time go? Twenty-seven years in the wink of an eye. I started teaching in the Levittown schools in 1962. I became involved in the teachers' union and was elected its president in 1968 ... and spent the next eighteen years as president. I enjoyed every minute. Unfortunately we had a terrible strike in 1978, and I spent twenty-one days in Nassau County jail. One of my old bosses from Bayonne was surprised it took so long to get me there. Jail wasn't too bad; in fact, a former student of mine from St. Helena's was my cellmate. I left teaching in 1988, and in July of the same year became a Commissioner of Labor in Nassau County government, The job involves mediation, fact finding, and arbitration. Right up my alley.

My wife Pat and I celebrated our 25th anniversary in October. Our son, Sean, is a fine student and an excellent ice hockey player. He is a senior in high school and is looking forward to college. In fact, Marist is high on his list, Our health is fine, thank God. I've trimmed down to a lean, mean machine! If you believe that, give me a call; I have a bridge for sale.

I see Dick Masterson very often. Our families are close. In fact, Pat and I are God parents to one of his children. I think it is only one? Hard to keep track, he has so many. Danny Grogan pops up every couple of years, stays a day or two, and is off again. Last I heard he was in Oregon, He must have worked his way to the Arctic Circle by now. Dick and I have promised to make the picnic next September. Maybe we can organize a contingent from Long Island! (96 Bay Drive, Massapequa, N. Y. 11758; 516-799-4593)

#### JUBILARIANS: 1990

70th: Br. Ernest Mary Drolet, 26 Leeds Terrace, Lawrence, Ma. 01843

70th: Br. Stephen Weber, Marist International School, Kobe, 654, Japan

65th: Br. Robert Koehly, 17475 South Dixie Highway, Miami, Fl. 33157

60th: Br. Norbert Cote, 3000 S.W. 87th Avenue, Miami, Fl, 33165

60th: Br. Richard Michel, 1920 Highland Avenue, Augusta, Ga. 30904

60th: Br. Paul Ambrose Fontaine, Marist College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12601

60th: Br. William Gleason, Roselle Catholic, One Raritan Rd., Roselle, N. J. 07203

55th: Br. Gilbert Barry, 2790 S.W. 89th Avenue, Miami, Fl. 33165

55th: Br. Clement Gerard, 1241 Kennedy Boulevard, Bayonne, N. J. 07002

55th: Br. Juan Salvador, 83-53 Manton Street, Jamaica, N. Y. 11435

55th: Br. Herbert Daniel, 9506 Koronadal, South Cotabato, Philippines

50th: Br. Thomas Edward, 2790 S.W. 89th Avenue, Miami, Fl. 33165

50th: Br. James Brady, 1920 Highland Avenue, Augusta, Ga. 30904

50th: Br. Victor Serna, 51 Clapham Avenue, Manhasset, N. Y, 11030

50th: Br. Paul Urban Phillip, 101 St. Joseph Drive, Brownsville, Tx. 78520  
50th: Br. Norbert Rodrique, 1900 Kingsley Road, Eugene, Or. 97401

FROM RICHARD COUTO ('60): Thanks for the coaxing and cajoling to write. Thank you also for the Marists all newsletter. I just finished reading February's issue. It reminded me of the talented group of men with whom I shared so many years. Jerry Worrell's writing still knocks me out.

Let me pick up my trail in 1969 when I left Central Catholic in Lawrence. I went to the University of Kentucky, married in 1972, and taught at a college outside of Cincinnati from 1972 to 1975. In 1975 I began directing a program at Vanderbilt University that sent students into low income communities in the Appalachian region and parts of the middle South to assist leaders there in the development of services. I got my start in this at Mount Saint Michael when I assisted some students organize a summer project to Eastern Kentucky in 1966. I left Vanderbilt in 1988 to take a position at Tennessee State University. I teach policy courses in health and human services in a graduate program of public administration.

When I left Vanderbilt, I set out to explain to myself two problems of American life: race and industrial labor. I just completed one book on race, Sick for Justice, and expect to finish another this summer, Lifting the Veil. With those projects completed I'll return to writing on coal mining and the Appalachian region. I hope eventually to complete work I started on coal mining regions in Appalachia, Wales, and South Africa. I became chairman of the Nashville Coalition for the Homeless in 1988 and continue to serve in that role despite a promise to myself that I would serve for only one year. I enjoy that work as well as the work I do with the Commission on Religion in Appalachia. There is a small, vibrant community of Catholics in the Appalachian region and in the South, and I am pleased to work with their liberation of theology when I can.

My wife, Took, directs the Crisis Intervention Center. We have two boys, grown and on their own more or less. Our daughter is a freshman at Father Ryan High School where Vinny Kenny ('60) teaches. I visit Lawrence where my mother resides. She had a stroke about ten years ago and has been paralyzed since. Occasionally I see some monks at the Mary Immaculate Nursing Home when I visit her. Ron Diss and I have managed to stay in touch. Thanks to you, I have regained other dear and meaningful friends.

I am deeply indebted to the Marist Brothers. Certainly my life is different because of the influence of the monks who taught me in high school and college. Michael Kieran, William Murphy, and Ed Cashin, just to name a few, opened up a world of ideas and possibilities and encouraged me to travel into it. I don't think I have ever known a group of people as talented and interesting as the monks I studied with at Marist College.

I have never regretted leaving the monks. In the plainest sense my departure began a pursuit of the ideas on life and service I acquired there and with a style that I learned from a set of remarkable men. (4627 Mountainview Drive, Nashville, TN. 37215; 615-371-9482) .

SILVER JUBILARIANS: 1990

Br. James Devine, 12212 Irving Avenue, Blue Island, IL. 60406  
Br. Lawrence Gordon, 4200 West 115th Street, Chicago, IL. 60655

Br. Richard Grenier, 4200 West 115th Street, Chicago, IL. 60655  
 Br. William Maske, 1241 Kennedy Blvd., Bayonne, N. J. 07002  
 Br. Joseph Matthews, 237 Jersey Street, Harrison, N. J. 07029

FROM BRIAN LONERGAN ('47): The recent death of "The Wall" my former boss at the Mount and that of Kieran Thomas, my English teacher and dorm prefect, added bold print to the necrology of the past two years. I went over the list of old friends: Mark O'Rourke, Terry Jones, Joe Abel, Louis Frederick, Roch Anthony, Linus William, Brendan Ginnity, Mike Shurkus, Clem Martin, and Bill Kane among others. I felt a sudden loss of my Marist past which I had taken for granted. But the calendar flips by faster and faster and ever more noticeably. Soon those who were dying before you are in a way dying with you. This year I lost four friends at work around my own age; and of course, more painfully, my own son, Brian, who was only twenty-six. But all will rise again in glory, so the sadness lifts slowly like the fleeting mists at dawn. What was it that the wise man said in the Novitiate notes: "Life is short; eternity will never end."

Brother Turley of the Chicago development office reminds us that old age enfolds quietly among the Marist "greybeards" as Linus William used to call them. Recently I sent a small sum to the fund, Why had I not done so sooner to say "Thank you" to all those who guided me along the Marist Way. Br. Turley's friendly note reminds me that time not only heals all ills, it develops character and presents it in the fullness of time.

I met Br. Smollen and Br. John Alexius at my custom's post at J.F.K. Great to see old friends at the crossroads. Br. David Cooney came through when his dad passed away, and I was privileged to help him quickly through Customs in the wee hours of the morning. Lots of nefarious nuances here at Kennedy. Neither the cloak of night nor the glare of day dissuades the movement of contraband. The Avianca and Mexican flights disembark the greatest number of perpetrators, while cargo from the Near East, Far East, Carib Islands, South America, and Africa via freighters contain the most suspicious drug shipments.

Recently I coordinated our second annual Mass for deceased customs personnel at J.F.K. I am deeply interested in continuing this tradition. As the Irish say, "I didn't get this off the wall." My interest in the souls in purgatory dates back to the Juniorate days in Esopus when Br. Joseph Cadroes and especially John Patrick first encouraged devotion to the Holy Souls. Later at Marist it was Paul Ambrose who often dipped into the Holy Well of favors through prayers for the departed. Regards to all Marists.

Glad to read that note from "Doc" Blanchard who was a fullback in his own right. I would like to hear about any gatherings in 1990 for Champagnat year, so that I could see old friends once more. (3 Van Roo Ave., Merrick, N. Y. 11566)

CUBAN CONNECTION ... with VILLA MARISTA: In the March issue of Reader's Digest an article by a John Barron says that when longtime Cuban intelligence officer Juan Antonio Rodriguez defected to the United States, he brought startling knowledge of Castro's secrets. The former double agent had lived at Castro's new intelligence headquarters, the Villa Marista, "a baroque marble and stone chateau that once served as Cuba's finest elementary and high school. Rodriguez was no stranger to Villa Marista. He had spent the happiest years of his life there under the tutelage of kindly Brothers. Surrounded by a tall concrete wall, Villa Marista became a self-contained world of offices,

interrogation rooms, cells, sleeping quarters, and dining facilities; it even had a baseball field."

FROM GUS NOLAN ('48): My contribution to Marists All is going to deal less with nostalgia and more with current happenings. I have enjoyed all the varied accounts of Marist history as it has been recalled in these pages, but I would like to talk more about this year's events. (I think my past is common knowledge. I am currently teaching at Marist, Jep Lanning is my Chairman, Elizabeth is my wife, we have no children that I know of, and my wiser, if not older brother, Frank (Bernie), is Director of the Marist Retirement Home in Miami.

Marist College awarded me a sabbatical for the current academic year. I chose to take the whole year in order to get a more comprehensive view of my field of inquiry, Organizational Communication. From September through December I worked at IBM, Kingston, in two different departments, communications and education. In the Communications Department I studied IBM's internal network and mastered the intricacies of communicating with 200,000 other IBMers. (One might say, the telephone does that. True, but the telephone can't tell you that the other received the message, nor will it store it for you, or give you a hard copy, or allow for instant communication with two others or with a thousand others at the same moment. Well, maybe the telephone will do some of the above, but the computer is better ... IBM says so!)

IBM's Education Department is strictly dedicated to IBM teaching its own employees a whole array of courses, mostly technical. My interest was to learn how they instruct their own folks to be teachers. To that end I attended an Instructor Development Seminar. A second activity arose when the IBM teaching staff encouraged me to participate in brainstorming a program in Technical Vitality. Simply stated: what can be done to make employees more effective in the work place? The answer, as you already know, is complex. I am not sure it will be answered this year ... or this decade. Stay tuned; watch for IBM: TV Guide.

One of the most interesting projects was investigating what other IBM sites are doing to help youngsters in K through 12 educational programs. This gave me a chance to have instant contact through my computer with people all across the country. Found the response to be amazing: more than 20,000 are now involved in tutoring, specialized days for young inventors, all sorts of contests, and a program on computers "Teaching Teachers."

I walked away from IBM impressed with their size, their contributions, and the great people I met. Would I want to stay with IBM; rather not, I'll take Marist. (50 South Randolph St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12601; 454-6116)

FROM JIM GORMALLY ('65): The outpouring of interest in the newsletter is truly phenomenal. I think it speaks to a need all of us have to renew connections that mean so much. My experience at the GMC picnic in New York a few years ago was quite positive as well. It validated an important but submerged part of me. My clinical work has taken a spiritual direction. I find myself guiding my patients in how serenity prayer can be a way to live their lives. So much depends on our attitudes; if we put our problems in their proper perspective, they don't seem to have the power to dominate us.

We have received some response to the newsletter announcement on our 1965-66 reunion. If we actually pull it off, we may do a video so that those who cannot

come may also have a memento. The reunion will be at the Mount Washington Inn and Resort, a very posh place and certainly a beautiful setting. Thanks again for your help on this. Peace and light. (806 East Franklin Avenue, Silver Springs, Md. 20901; 301-587-6265)

FROM MARTIN LYDEN ('61): I have been reading every issue of Marists All with great interest. A variety of feelings and memories have been stimulated by each issue. I had been reluctant to submit anything, but a comment by my lawyer during a recent meeting at which my wife Linda and I were revising our wills, gave me the needed push. The lawyer suggested that causes and groups important to us be designated as beneficiaries. When I asked myself what non transient groups I had personal experience with, whose activities were meaningful and valuable, the Marist Brothers were near the top of the list. I know that the Marist Brothers have enriched the lives of many, including mine.

After teaching for three years at Union Catholic High School in New Jersey, I left the order in 1967. I continued teaching high school math and science for five more years, two at St. Raymond's in the Bronx, one at a public school on Long Island, and the final two at the American International School in New Delhi, India; in December of 1971 I travelled to Sri Lanka and was able to visit Remigius and Cyril, who had been student Brother classmates of mine at Marist College. In August of 1972 I began graduate studies at the State University of New York at Albany. Two years later I became a school psychologist, and in 1978 I acquired a PhD. Now I have a private practice of psychology and a part time consultancy with an agency that serves the developmentally disabled.

I am very happily married to the former Linda Cryan, no children yet. Since the mid-70s I have become increasingly involved with Irish heritage. Linda and I helped establish an Albany area Irish Musicians' Association and a Currach (Irish fishing boat) Club. We love the Albany area and the nearby Adirondak mountains where we have a summer camp. (1807 Ninth Street, Rensselaer, N. Y. 12144.; 518-449-7965)

NEWS NOTES: Br. Leo Joseph ('13), after over 75 years of active ministry, was forced to go into retirement recently. He moved from the Mount to Leeds Terrace this year. In all there are nine Brothers in that retirement home in Lawrence. At present Br. John McDonagh ('59) is the Director looking after the well-being of the retirees. The Provincial with his Council has decided on a four-bedroom addition for Leeds.

Adrian Perreault sends us word that Paul Lozeau (Dominic Mary '52) is now headmaster of Notre Dame Prep High School in Fitchburg, Mass. Paul lives at (182 Woodland Street, Fitchburg, Ma. 01420; 508-342-1019).

Kenny Anderson, the young man who received so much attention as a freshman starter in basketball for the Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets, is a graduate of Molloy High School, where he led the Stanners to a Catholic school title. This season Kenny wore the inscription "Br. T" on his game shoes, a memorial to Br. Terence Jones, his math teacher and mentor at Molloy. This bit was in a January issue of Sports Illustrated, and was called to our attention by Paul Maloney.

Michael O' Neil ('61) was on ESPN Scholastic Sports with a team of high school athletes he took to the Soviet Union two years ago as part of President Reagan's initiatives. He is also involved with an organization called Sports for

Understanding. It is dedicated to cross cultural exchange through the medium of sport and initiates young athletes into world citizenship.

FROM MICHAEL O'NEIL ('61): It's been 25 years since I wore the robe and the bib. I had five years of laughs, tears, brotherhood, cold nights walking from the mansion, forced marches, as well as many enjoyable softball and basketball games. Yes, I was consistently late for morning prayer, just in front of Joe Cron and Tom Byrnes; Br. Hilary's reverse psychology did not work when he put me in charge of the bell. And I may have more extra sleep during meditation and religious study than most, except for Billy Carroll. Chapter of faults was quite a trip; Marty Lyons' gems have enlivened a few dull parties.

Where to begin. The best and the hook is that some people call me "The Doctor." Yeah, that's right, this jock went and did it. I received my PhD in Counseling and Behavioral Sciences in 1973. That has got to run some folks over. It was Br. Paul who jacked me up in his office asking me if I was ever going to get on track ... "Always the first to pick up that basketball and the last to put it down. What are you doing here," he would say. I never really figured that out while I was there.

But since ... well Mary didn't born no fool; HE knew what HE was doing with me. I was finding myself, building my self-esteem, preparing myself for HIS work. After HIS basic training, HE connected me with Mary Ann Esposito from Hackensack, New Jersey, a giver, a winner, a talent who lights up the space and the people with whom she comes in contact, my best friend. Then HE blessed us with Sean, Scott, Michael, Matt, and o yes, our little girl, Shannon. All healthy, exciting scholar-athletes. They are also social beyond repair. Giving, loving siblings following and living out the most important value that Mary Ann and I live: "Thou shalt not hurt!" The sense of love, sharing and support can be seen among their circle of friends and lovers. However, good drivers they are not. Four driving teens equals ten accidents in 18 months. Not a scratch on anyone. Thank you, Brother Leonard, I know that must be a result of your connection above. I know He must also have plans for them. Sean, a junior at Holy Cross with an internship in Harlem this semester. Scott a sophomore at Villanova ran hoops for the homeless, and Michael Jr. at Notre Dame looking for a place to give, all honor students with the study habits and discipline of their mom, thank God. Matt, my flower child with so much to give, at 16 touching so many so soon and Shannon sensitive, insightful and the best sister brothers can have, are both adjusting to their new school, each on the honor roll and playing three sports.

Michael Sr. what has he been up to? After teaching, deaning, and coaching in Colleges (UConn, Holy Cross, U. of Akron, and Mt. St. Mary, '65-'75) I started a Quality Training Consulting Company. Mary Ann and I, along with 15 associates, help organizations achieve quality, build effective management work teams and develop leadership skills. We work with companies like Xerox, Kodak, Texaco, and most recently the Philadelphia Flyers. I touch perhaps 3000 people.a year, and they touch many more. My arrow theory regarding the pain we cause others and how to reduce it, gets shared in each session. My job is to empower people at every level of the organization and to create a positive quality of work life. The reason I exist, however, is to reduce the pain in the world, and this vehicle has given me a way to make that happen.

We have just moved into a lovely home in a lovely town, Simsbury, Connecticut. Close to ski slopes in Vermont, my new passion, and close to an airport, an old habit. I have contact with Dennis DaRos ('66) of 12 Arrowhead Drive,

Brunswick, Maine, 04011. Bill. Reger ('65) just sent a note; will reply soon Bill. (20 Lucy Way, Simsbury, Ct. 06070; 203-651-0058)

FROM BILL KARGES ('68): The editor's note in the 12th issue has finally prompted me to write after receiving all twelve issues. I've read many things over the past three years about Marists, past, present, and future, and I've enjoyed the news very much. Roy Mooney has stayed in touch with me and has managed to fill in a good many blanks about people, places, and events.

Marist life impressed me a great deal in my early days in Wheeling, and as I spent time at St. Agnes and Mt. St. Michael I genuinely grew to love working with kids. They are so honest and open, compared with so many others we have to deal with. Many of those "kids" have become good friends and stayed close over the years.

After finishing a tour as Academic Dean at St. Agnes with a shattered leg, I spent a year recuperating at Lourdes in the Guidance Department and teaching Religion. At that point I was at a crossroads, and I decided to finish up a doctorate in Ed Psych, try a little college teaching, and take a leave of absence. I even attempted dealing with the business community as a consultant in human resources.

To support a "vast debt," as George Leo might say, I decided to return to education and my love of working with kids. As I signed out of the order, there were many mixed feelings, but the experiences the order provided me with were significant; though I was overconcerned with the future, I found seven job possibilities in a short space of time, thanks to that varied experience. Having the luxury of choice between administration and guidance, I chose to work as Guidance Director at a Manhattan school where I was given the freedom to set up a department from scratch, one that many predicted would fail due to the high level of competitiveness and a lack of trust. My time with the Marists taught me that these things could be overcome. Three years later, it's a growing, successful and popular venture!

My experience with Marist life from 1968 through 1987, even during the very hard times, is valued and continues to be a major part of my apostolate. Some here even refer to me as "Brother Bill," though privately. I'm very grateful for the sharing of so many good people over the years, and for the opportunities offered. My view of life and of man has been significantly influenced. (Collegiate School, 370 West End Avenue, New York City, 10024)

DECEASED: Brother Regis James Creighton died in Miami on January 21, 1990.

Br. James had lived the Marist life for 62 years, as a teacher, as Master of Juniors, and as an administrator. A Mass of Christian Burial was held at Mount St. Michael on the 24th of January.

Br. Angus Wilkinson ('48) died in his sleep Monday, April 2nd; he was 58 years of age. The last few years Angus taught at Christopher Columbus in Miami. In the seventies he had been Principal at Molloy High in Jamaica, Long Island.

On the same day, April 2nd, Br. Stephen Urban's brother died. Father Tom Minogue was friendly with many Marists.



David Cote, who was a novice in Tyngsboro in the early sixties, died of a heart attack at his home in Mount Vernon on December 25th, 1989. David was 47. He had graduated from Mt. St. Michael, and later served in intelligence for the army during the Vietnam War.

FROM DOMINIC CAVALLERO ('51): I went to bed this evening around ten, feeling rather tired. As I lay there floods of thoughts jammed through a reluctant mind endeavoring to find sleep. The reflections were as exciting as they were many. Finally I had to get up and start this letter. It is now 10:58 p.m.

How to start? Closing my eyes a rush of good friends came to mind ... Paul, you, Hoppy, Raph, Frank McNiff, Jack Duggan, Jerry Mc Cann, Joe McKiernan, Henry Lucien, Gil Levesque, Frank Casey, Ray Landry, Ken Mannix ... and the list goes on. I thought of and often think of Miles Anderberg and his many references to "Doctor Jesus," and to many, many monks I worked and taught with, prayed with, lived with, laughed and cried with ... a community in Christ, "living stones." That we were literally "raised up" in the Gospel. For me, Christ came alive in that community, as He did for all of us

When I ventured out from the community, I learned rather dramatically that the Spirit of the Lord was ever faithful, and for twenty-one years He has remained so. Through my marriage to Annie and our adoption of Joe, through our work as teachers in and out of the Church, through our move from NY to MA, and through the community that formed here and prays here, the blessings have been overwhelming. Sure we struggle and have gone through some very "hairy" times, even those we would not wish on our enemies (as the saying goes), but "we bear all things, for the sufferings of this life are not to be compared to the glory that is to come." If it weren't for the shared faith and prayer, it would virtually be impossible for all of us.

As I lay there, I wondered if we could gather not for a few hours once a year, but for a couple of days, to give thanks for all the gifts of suffering and good fortune that have enabled us to be one in heart and mind. To share with one another in Christ and allow His miracle birth to take place once again in our midst, to bless and give us continued courage in this life to "fight the good fight" when everything at times seems to scream against such fidelity. Can we gather, single and married, monk and brothers and sisters in Christ! Difficult, then let us give it to the Lord in prayer and plan for it. Someone once called it "expectant faith." (Winchester Road, Northfield, Ma. 01360; 413-.498-2129)

MARIST GENERAL CONFERENCE: ( Brazil): From Brother Sean's letter to his province: "I hope to pass along some of the spirit and challenge of these days. What has struck me? The clear emphasis on the need to look at what the Constitutions mean by a preferential option for those most in need. Stated simply if Marcellin Champagnat walked around many of our Provinces today, he would not criticize the excellent work that so many of us are doing; he might, however, ask if there are ways in which we could be more effective evangelizers in our schools and other ministries, and in some cases would challenge us to consider the possibility that we were needed more elsewhere.

"This challenge is not a call to leave schools or the work of Christian education nor does it belittle the significant and dedicated ministry that so many have done and continue to do. Instead, it calls us to reexamine who we are and what we are doing in light of a preferential option for those most in need.

"I am amazed at how alive Champagnat is here. I am getting a new appreciation for the fact that Champagnat really did trust unconditionally in God and believed that it was up to Mary to see to the Institute's welfare and mission."

FROM BOB (Robert Thomas) TOOLE ('54): Am always looking forward to receiving Marists All and reading about Marist classmates ('58), college buddies ('55-'58), Tyngsboro ('53-'55), monks who taught me at St. Agnes ('50-'53), and those with whom I taught at C.C.H.S. in Lawrence ('58-'59).

While at Nilus' annual summer work camp in 1959 working on the new classroom foundation, I left Marist. Within months I was able to get into an Army Reserve unit in Brooklyn so that I might get my military commitment behind me. Believe me, our Marist training and discipline made it easy to cope with the six months training at Fort Dix, New Jersey, and at Fort Jackson, South Carolina.

In 1960 I joined the J. C. Penney Company, working primarily in the New York headquarters as a buyer, but also in Los Angeles ('63-'64). In 1988 the N. Y. headquarters relocated to Dallas, and I chose not to move. I am now a Product Director in the Baby Products Division of Dundee Hills, Inc. We are a supplier to Penney as well, as to other major retailers in the United States.

In 1961 I met my future bride, also from Brooklyn. At the time she was attending the College of Notre Dame in Baltimore. After her graduation in 1963 we married. Jack Noone, a Marist classmate, was my best man. Marcia and I have three children. Ken (22) is now completing his last year of Electrical Engineering at SUNY, Story Brook. Ed (20) is a sophomore at Fairfield University in Connecticut, and Jeanne-Marie (13) is a seventh grader in our local parochial school.

In 1988 I visited Marist College for a few hours hoping to see others at the 30th reunion. I was elated to see Br. Joe Maura, and also George Mannix and Bill Maher with their spouses. It was also interesting to read the greetings sent to the reunion by Father Gene Ostrowski and by Bob Parker. Last spring I had occasion to see Br. Jim Adams at St. Agnes residence and enjoy dinner with the monks. At the time Jim was back from the Philippines and doing new ministry work at a nearby east side hospital.

To Dave and Gus, keep the newsletter coming. To my brothers who read this, my thoughts and prayers for a blessed Easter. (2778 Wilson Avenue, Bellmore, N. Y. 11710; 516-826-4022)

FROM ED WILLIAMS ('62): We moved last March, and I just realized that I have not sent you the new address: 3031 Flores Street, San Mateo, Ca. 94403; 415-345-8207. All is well. We survived the earthquake with no damage. I will write more soon. The last newsletter I received was last summer. Could you please send me copies of any issues I have missed.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We have been publishing this newsletter quarterly for the last three years. Lately as we get well into each period, we have been concerned about having enough fresh material. Yet so far we have survived. From the many favorable reactions to Marists All, you have to conclude that your friends are clamoring to hear from you! So please write ... soon. Write to David Kammer, 107 Woodland Drive, Harwinton, Ct. 06791, or to Gus Nolan, % Marist College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12601.

