

FROM TOM McGOVERN ('66): I've been thinking a lot about the Marist Community over the past several years. In May of 2000 my dad passed away after 20 months in a nursing care facility at Stony Brook. Monsignor John Graham, Principal of Cardinal Hayes High School and my boyhood friend from St. Agnes parish, celebrated the funeral mass on Long Island in the parish where Pat McMorrow and I grew up. We held what I tell my students was the Irish Catholic tradition of "hatchings, matchings, and dispatchings," as we gathered as an extended family and told John McGovern stories

I stayed on in New York for a while and went through the memorabilia of dad's life. There was a maroon baseball cap – St. Agnes Boys High School alumni. Dad and Mom used to go into the city every year for the reunions; being 75 did not affect their LIRR and subway travel plans. Among the items I went through I found my Uncle Joe McGovern's and cousin Brian Davis' graduation programs. It was this Marist/Agnes tradition that led me to Molloy on the bus and subway and not to Chaminade, only a 15 minute walk away. That choice 40 years ago has made all the difference!

I discovered that dad saved all my report cards. He enjoyed going to PTAs to reminisce with his old buddy, Paddy Long, about the neighborhood. After two years he finally got up the courage to knock on Wilfred Mary's door and say hello. Paul Ernest had been a little easier to meet.

The report cards reminded me of the teachers who led me to Esopus. Dad saved all of the novitiate programs as well. There was a wooden plaque skillfully carved by George Halpin, marking the golf course that John Warren and I hatched behind the old tailor shop. Going through the material was like opening up a Hopi memory basket with pictures from Molloy, Esopus, Fordham, our wedding in 1970 with John Warren sporting an Afro, graduate studies at Southern Illinois with Jim Gormally and George Howard, our children's baptisms with Jimmy Smith in my parents' living room. Through all of the photos that dad took, the Marist Family was there at every stage.

Four years ago this month, I contracted a rare neurological disorder, Guillain Barre Syndrome, while giving an NSF workshop in Maryland. After a month in intensive care and all the medical treatments available, I was left paralyzed in the hands, arms, legs, face, and colon. The physicians stabilized me after 50 days, but the prognosis for walking again was poor. On July 14 – a day that my teachers Marty Ruane, Jogues, Scotty, and Joseph Belanger taught me something about – I resolved to go beyond the medical predictions and to escape the Bastille. The daily regimen in the hospital was just like Esopus, so I knew the benefits of the structure, the meditation, and the dialogues. The phlebotomist arrived each day at 5:30. I meditated and prayed. Nurse technicians bathed, dressed, and fed me by 7:30. More meditation. Physical therapy at 9. Occupational therapy at 11. Spoon fed lunch at noon and more therapy in the afternoon. Visitors from the university in the early evening and Pat with me for

supper. Painfully, ever so slowly, the spiritual and physical exercises began to bring back feeling, then small movement. With braces and a walker, I shuffled out of the rehabilitation center after 120 days. It took six more months of rehabilitation before I could climb one flight of stairs to our bedroom at home. I was back in the classroom 380 days after the adventure began and back to the university full time that following fall semester.

On a positive note, after four years I'm walking and working but still permanently disabled due to nerve damage in my legs. Most people, including my students, don't observe much difference. I can't walk distances; chronic fatigue and pain management are daily parts of life. But every time I see one of my colleagues in a motor wheelchair suffering from MS or see a woman wheeling her chair through the hot sun of Phoenix summers, I know that I am blessed and that there was a reason why this happened and how the story unfolded the way it did.

With our daughter who is a photojournalist, I kept a daily journal to capture the rehabilitation and renewal journey. It was published as "Patients/Patience" in our university's literary journal, Palo Verde, (<http://www.west.asu.edu/paloverde>), just before my dad passed away. As an old New York City newspaper man, he would have been even happier when The Washington Post last September picked up the story and accompanying impressive photos taken by his granddaughter. Actually he was probably more happy to watch the Subway Series in the fall with such a good "upper deck" seat!

I am very grateful to Marists All for the spiritual energy wrapped around our family all the way from St. Agnes in the 1930s to Phoenix into a new millennium.

(19310 North 77th Ave., Glendale AZ 85308-6082; 602-543-6008; thomas.mcgovern@asu.edu)

GMC Picnic	Mount St. Michael
Saturday, Sept 15 th	Noon to 5

GMC PICNIC Once again we look forward to seeing you at the annual Greater Marist Community picnic to be held at Mt. St. Michael in the Bronx near the Mount Vernon border at Nereid and Murdock Avenues. The gathering will be on Saturday, September 15th, noon to 5 p.m. Come with spouse and children or come alone. Bring your own beverage and a potluck dish for a shared meal. All Brothers are most welcome to join in. Thanks to the director and to the community of the Mount for welcoming us. We have been having this picnic each year on the second Saturday after Labor Day. Mark the 15th on your calendar.

FROM BR. RENE ROY ('60): With graduation on May 23rd and the last exam on June 1st my first year as principal of Bishop Donahue High School is history. It has been a challenging year and an education for me ... and it was FAST. I now have a better handle on the rhythm of what constitutes a scholastic year in the 21st century and hope to be able to guide the school to a more focused and stable educational process in the future. Remember when one school assembly and a couple of rallies were frowned upon as disruptive? Now it's as if the regular schedule is disruptive of the "extras." Enough is enough. It is true that not all learning takes place in the classroom, but some time has to be spent there! Next year will be different.

Brother Thomas Kelly did a remarkable job in turning this school around. Three years ago he and Brother Dan O'Riordan arrived to find no textbooks and one computer, practically the same situation that I found in Rwanda! However, that's all changed now; we've continued on the "roll" begun by them. Brother Dan has done marvels for the school, students, and parents.

One of the teachers who has been here for twelve years and has weathered good time and bad, remarks that at last the school is a school. It will be more so next year. It is a privilege to be at the helm of a school when one has a few years of life experiences, has witnessed a variety of approaches and fads, and can be able to KNOW what works best and to know what is best for the students and parents. I'm trying to stem the tide of informality which is eroding manners, civility, and even moral behavior. We have a school where the Best of the Fifties and the Best of the '00's blend into a rich, educational and formational experience. Come and see for yourself!

While fully engaged in this educational project at Donohue High, my Rwandan projects continue with great gusto. Having thirty-one of my students just an hour away in the Pittsburgh area has been a blessing to both them and me. I'm energized by their simplicity, their motivation, their self-discipline, their humor and wonder. I was privileged to join them for the big Pacem In Terris Institute Fundraiser in Washington, DC on March 31st. The Queen of Jordan was the guest of honor and honorary chair of the Institute. It was like a fairy-tale. The Rwandan students were dressed in tuxes and evening gowns, and we sat down to an elegant dinner in the Ronald Reagan Center. We had a few hours to tour Washington and snap pictures in front of the White House and the Capitol. Plenty of pictures in the tuxes and gowns, too! I can imagine the reaction at home when these pictures reached there. Msgr. William Kerr, the President of La Roche, is so pleased with the students whom I recommended that he asked me for another list. I gave him 65 names and have about 10 more! Through the generosity of many people, I've been able to send books, tuition and even basketball uniforms to Rwanda, not only to the Brothers' school but to others as well.

On June 2nd I will have another privilege. In Oglala, South Dakota, I will witness the dedication of the new Our Lady of the Sioux Church and the Brother Rene Hall (yes, after me); the original was destroyed in the tornado of 1999.

It's been great keeping in touch with friends on the Internet, but our group of 1960 is meeting to celebrate the Fourth of July with Reggie Diss in Rural Retreat, Virginia. Hence, I'll be a bit late for the Institute of Spirituality, but I'll be there.(4509 Eoff Street, Wheeling WV 26003; 304-233-8334; royrene@hotmail.com)

FROM TIM (Timothy Leo)FALKENSTEIN ('48): As a newcomer to Marists All I received the June issue (#62) in the mail as well as a notice at my e-mail address. I'm so glad I found Marists All; as a result of that, I have enjoyed meeting former brothers in my area these past few months. I had a great chat with Father Frank Gallogly (Stephen Joachim '52) who is pastor at St. Katherine Drexel parish in Cape Coral, just a few miles from where we live in Ft. Myers. We'll be doing a lot of traveling this summer, we'll be in touch in the fall. (1828 Pine Valley Drive (#216), Ft. Myers FL 33907; 941-481-4815; Tarnfo@aol.com)

FROM REV. RICHARD TINKER ('49): Over the years I have much appreciated Marists All but I have not done much about it. Please accept my apologies for not coming forward with something sooner. It certainly has been a long time.

The Marist College Archives Project is a splendid idea. I went through my pictures, but have very few now. Those that I am sending I would like to have back, but if that is inconvenient, never mind. After all, they are only ... things. There aren't many of us left after more than fifty years. I was very, very saddened when I heard that Leonard Alphonse died. He had an abiding love for the monks, and I am sure he will do more for them where he is now, even more than the wonderful things he did when he was alive. There you have a biography that should be written some day. Leonard and I go way back to when we both lived in the Parkchester area, before we went off to Marist Prep. Not long ago he sent me an ikon print of St. Marcellin, very impressive

I just passed my seventy-fifth birthday. Thirty-five years ago I was ordained priest and have served Russian Orthodox parishes in the New York area all of those years; finally now I am retired. How did I get to be an Orthodox priest? And will the Pope ever forgive me? A very long, but, I think, a good story. I have been very happy. I live with my wife (how about that!) on Long Island. Our church is quite traditional and celebrates many liturgical services and has not abandoned the idea of fasting. The life of an orthodox priest is quite different than the life of the average Roman Catholic priest. I am certain that more demands are put upon Orthodox priests. We are a somewhat hidden church, unless you go to Russia, Greece, Rumania, Serbia, and the Middle East. Nobody has ever made a movie about us; there has never been a "Going My Way" for us.

Some time ago I started to put down my recollections of the old novitiate building in the days I was there more than fifty years ago under Brother Henry Charles and Brother Louis Omer. Remember the old tin "pig trough" we used to wash at on the top floor? And the shower with the tin can with holes punched in it? Or the idea that you could clean a spot on a ragged novice's cassock by rubbing it with a rag soaked with black coffee? So many things forgotten, and so few of us left to remember!

Well, my recollected story centered on the fire escape pole that came down from the top floor (the fourth); how Brother Henry Charles in his little blue coverall suit used to demonstrate how you wrap your legs about the pole and slide gently down; how Joe Magnien began to slide down and became terrified and wouldn't slide down and couldn't go up. He hung there between heaven and earth, while we all shouted advice to him. A very funny scene. I need to do some work on the story yet, but if you think you can use it, I will finish it and send it in to you. By the way Joe Magnien is an Orthodox priest in Belize, Central America, where

he and another priest have a mission. He was a case as a monk, but he seems to have mellowed out, thank God.

It's funny, Gus; I still see you as you were fifty years ago, playing softball at Marist Prep. And while you were at that, your brother Frank, Tommy Lee, and myself were playing handball. Actually, we weren't bad at it. It's the only ball I could ever hit. (124 Stephens Avenue, West Hempstead NY 11552; 516-292-8635)

REMEMBERING LEONARD by Charles Scott

In his splendid eulogy for Brother Leonard Alphonse Voegtle, Brother Philip Robert expressed the hope that others might join him in commenting on Leonard's life as a Marist and on the ways in which his life touched ours. I would like to accept his invitation to do so.

On March 12th I received a long email message from Leonard, parts of which I quote here: "Dear Charlie, I have risen, after 38 days in hospital, and I feel like celebrating Easter right now, rather than another month of Lent! ... Your 3/2 missive was waiting for me when I got home. I'd love to see you again, and meet Anne for the first time ... All things being equal, I'll be here in Esopus on the 29th and 30th. Of course, something "health-wise" could arise to make a liar out of me, but let's hope for the best; it's been far too long. Like 49 years!"

I replied immediately: "Dear Len, Sorry to learn of your ordeal this past month. Let's be optimistic. I'll give a call, probably on the 29th to see if coming over to Esopus on the 30th will be OK. It would be wonderful to see you again. And Anne is looking forward to meeting you."

Then Anne had to go into the hospital for several days and our travel plans to New York had to be altered. So I called the number at the cottage and learned from the person who answered the phone that Leonard was back in the hospital. I asked him to pass on my message that our trip would be delayed. Maybe he did; I don't know. It would have made no difference of course. On April 1, I received David's email message that Leonard had died. Almost instantly, Hugh Crowe emailed me with the same sad news. And then a short while later Bill Lavigne called to tell me the same news. So, ironically, just when we thought that after 49 years we might get together once more, it was not to be. I think somehow each of us knew intuitively that this is the way it would turn out.

Now I find myself not only praying for Leonard (as I do for all of my Marist brothers) but also praying to him, for I am quite convinced that Leonard is a saint. Hugh Crowe sent me one of the memorial cards, which I have in a small frame on my bureau. I am really pleased that whoever chose the photograph chose the one of him when he made his final profession. Why? Because that's the way I remember Leonard. He has the look of a book scholar, as befits his wide-ranging intellectual curiosity and powers, and also the shy but sure smile that suggests how well aware he is of what is important in this life.

We had been in touch by correspondence through those many years. Leonard would send Easter, Christmas, birthday, and wedding anniversary cards, as well as long, newsy letters and, recently, email messages. I understand that he maintained this voluminous correspondence with many other people as well. It was always a great pleasure to hear from him since his messages were never trite

or pro forma. Indeed, they enlightened as much as they pleased. While he would bring you up to date on his activities, you never felt that his letters were about him; rather you felt that he was really interested in you and in what you were doing. Thus, it was a long time before I realized how seriously sick he had been. Only when I finally pressed him on the matter did he give me a reasonably full explanation.

My strongest memories of Leonard go back to 1947 when we were classmates in the Juniorate at Marist Prep in Esopus. Some of us were to become part of the class of 1950. I still see Leonard (then Kenneth Voegtle) sitting in the last seat of the next-to-last row from the windows in that last of three classrooms on the second floor of the mansion. It was there that we had Brother George Robert for world history, Brother Regis James for plane geometry, Brother Stephan Urban for Latin II, Brother Joel Matthew for English ... what have I forgotten? (Leonard would remember this better than I do.)

In those years we would receive monthly report cards and prizes for academic achievement. Very quickly it became clear that Leonard got the highest grades of any of us in the class and mine were typically the second highest. A competition between us developed, usually won by him, but at least once I recall squeaking past him by a decimal point or two. Pretty soon the rivalry became public and fairly vocal: many of our classmates began rooting for me to beat Leonard. Fifteen-year-old boys are not often tactful, especially those who preferred sports and physical activities to books and classes. I enjoyed the books and classes, but I also enjoyed our sports, and, while not as athletically talented as, say, Eddie Donahue, I was good enough to be picked for most teams. Leonard, on the other hand, was the top academic achiever of our class but he had no skills for the sports fields. Nor any interest, so far as I know. Thus, allegiances were formed, and one of the ways in which those allegiances were expressed was by rooting for me over Leonard in the monthly academic competitions.

We never talked to one another about that aspect of our sophomore high school year but I can easily surmise that the prevailing boosterism in the class must have been hurtful to Leonard at times. While I never felt that I lacked for friends or ballfield buddies, I think Leonard's life in the Juniorate must often have been a lonely one. But if this is true, I have no recollection that he ever complained or indulged in self-pity. And neither did he do so in recent years when his illness became life threatening. Thus, as far back as I can remember, it seems that Leonard had learned to bear his infirmities with outward stoicism and probably with inner grace.

On June 1, Anne and I will celebrate our 44th wedding anniversary. This time we will be in Rome for the occasion. In another year we would receive a missive from Leonard, typically a hand-made card with a small photograph of flowers or an unusual still-life scene, inside a generous and cheerful note of congratulations and the assurance of his prayers for us. There will be no more such cards of course, but I think it will delight Leonard that we will be observing our anniversary in Rome, a city that he surely came to know well from his years there of service to the Marist Brothers. And we will remember him with much fondness and with the confidence that we have a powerful intercessor for us with Jesus through Mary. (4737 Lafayette Drive, Madison WI 53705-4827; 608-233-3995; ctscott@facstaff.wisc.edu)

FROM BRENDAN HAGGERTY ('50): Today I re-read your notice about Adolph Leo. It said Saturday, 1 a.m. That's code for another of Mary's boys gone home. One year ago, at the class reunions of '50-51 at Marist College, Evy and I traveled to Esopus to visit my many friends at rest in the cemetery. While we were there, Ken Voegtle and Adolph came by and joined us. Little did we know then that both Ken and Adolph would join their deceased brethren so soon. Requiescant in pace.(3210 Crest Avenue, Cheverly MD 20785-1107; 301-772-1613; Evbren87@aol.com)

BROTHER ADOLPHE LEO LABONTE, R.I.P.

(Adapted portions of the eulogy given by **Brother Thomas Simmons**)

Brother Adolphe Leo ('44) earned his degree from Marian College in 1948. He cooked for a year before going to teach in Lowell. Then he taught in Lawrence for four years before moving to the Mount to be a prefect for boarding students. Adolphe loved small children the most. He kept a close eye out for the young ones who rarely received family visits. He would take them to the movies or to the Bronx Zoo.

Twelve years after his novitiate the Lord and Champagnat called Adolphe to the foreign missions. For 30 years he labored happily as a missionary. Adolphe answered "Yes" to anything asked of him, even before the entire question had been completed. "I trusted my superiors about anything they thought I could handle, and I went to work. I would do it again." Adolphe worked in classrooms that were no more than mud-floor huts. He sloshed through many monsoon seasons. Malaria laid his body low, but not his spirit and dedication. They say he was forever smiling, and his students were noted as always being happy. Adolphe worked in exotic places, like Ipoh, Malaysia; Sibiu, Sirawak; Papua, New Guinea; Borneo; and back to Sibiu, Sarawak, where he was the school's principal and the director of his community. He was also with the American missionaries in Liberia several times.

Upon his return to the States Adolphe took up residence in Esopus. He was the man for all seasons during his twelve-year stint of duty there. His love for work for the good of his congregation knew no limits. Work was always for the good of tomorrow and for those who would follow. Adolphe gave work dignity. Whatever needed to be done, whatever it takes to get the job done, let's do it right now was his attitude.

To say "applesauce pancakes" would bring to some folks instant smiles and a recognition of Adolphe. Adolphe created this recipe. "Let's put some meat on these kids," he would say. "Let's give the retreatants and their staff a hearty breakfast. Applesauce is cheap enough." That's Adolphe's thinking about the well-being of his kids – even high school and college kids. Should a former retreatant return, he would want to know if Adolphe still made those pancakes?

When it came time to look at his mortality, Adolphe would simply say, "Just put me there in Esopus West. I want to be with my friends." Adolphe's battle with cancer started about 18 months ago. Through his numerous trips to Albany and his many surgeries, Adolphe kept his cool while instantaneously agreeing with whatever his doctors thought best for him. His only lament was the loss of time away from his lawn-mowing tractor or from his chance to work in the kitchen and be near his "kids." When he was told that his cancer had the upper hand, his immediate response was, "I have lived my life as a Marist Brother as best I

could. I have absolutely no regrets and I am ready for Esopus West as God bids. My number has been called, as I have always known it would be. And so be it.”

When Adolphe was told that Brother Provincial thought it best for him to move to the Mount and then to Calvary Hospital, he once again answered “Yes” before the provincial’s thought was fully expressed. Not once did Adolphe complain about his condition or about the care he received along his journey. Adolphe was in the hospital at Calvary for fifteen days before continuing his journey beyond time on May 19th, a Saturday, Mary’s day.

FROM BERNIE (Bernard Aloysius) GARRETT (’44): I read with sadness of the death of Brother Adolph Leo in the last issue. We were in the same group of ’44; there are not many of that group still alive. Had I known of Adolph’s death earlier I would have attended the Mass and the interment. Keep up the good work and keep the publication coming. (38 Indian Trail, Bronx NY 10475-3841; 718-829-4850)

FROM PAT KEILTY (’65): Last week I turned 55. This is significant to me personally, but it is also a reminder that we Boomers are getting up there. I was born in ’46, the year that marked the beginning of the Baby Boomer generation. For years my generation has been written about. 1964 – the year we finished high school; 1968 – the year we graduated from college. (An extra year of novitiate threw me off by one year; I graduated in ’69 although I was already teaching for one year, so I sort of graduated with my fellow Boomers.) 1971 – the year we turned 25; 1996 – the year we were eligible to join AARP. Congratulations to my fellow Boomers who turn 55 this year. Ad multos annos.

And 2001 – the year Pat Keilty retired after 25 years with the Howard County Public School System. Anne and I have signed the papers, expect to land teaching jobs in the Tampa area shortly, sold our house thankfully for \$10,000 over the asking price, and await the arrival on June 25 of United Van Lines. We’re happy and bewildered. Unfortunately amidst all the concerns about selling and moving, quitting and applying, my two daughters, Justine (25) and Erin (21) were in a serious head-on collision in Baltimore City. Their injuries are not life threatening, but their recuperations from breaks, bruises, and scars will be slow. Thank God they are alive; please remember them in your prayers. (10140 Tanfield Court, Ellicott City MD 21042; 410-461-7435; k54paddy@aol.com)

FROM JACK (Timothy Joseph) CRAVEN (’48): Many thanks for continuing to produce Marists All. From reading each issue I gather that I am only one of many who appreciate the efforts invested in making this newsletter available. While each issue brings feelings of sorrow when learning that someone I knew has passed on to his reward, it also carries mention of people I knew well, and I am delighted to learn that they are well.

For myself, at 73 as I near 50 years of involvement in education – 24 in Catholic and 25 in public – I continue in the full-time position of Director of Education Ministries for the Diocese of Boise in Idaho. Although I have had some health challenges – six heart bypasses and a bout with prostate cancer – I consider myself to be blessed with reasonably good health. Looking forward to future issues of this fine publication, I am yours in J.M.J.(3202 Wagon Wheel Road, Boise ID 83702-1421)

NOTA BENE: There have been a few people who have indicated a preference for receiving printed copies of the newsletter by postal mail, even though they appreciate looking in on our web site. Please feel free to ask for such a mailing if you would like that.

DECEASED: Brother Patrick Long (Ronald Bernard '45) died June 19th in Santa Cruz, CA. Though he had earned a PhD in history, Paddy sensed a call to work with the homeless and with Native Americans, which he did for almost twenty years in Santa Cruz. He wrote for this newsletter several times about his experiences there. Paddy was a Marist Brother for 56 of his 73 years. He had taught at St. Mary's High School in Manhasset for 14 years. He also served at Archbishop Molloy High School and in Marist schools in Florida and West Virginia. May Brother Patrick and all of our deceased brothers rest in peace, we pray.

We have reliable news that **Vincent Hall ('58)** died earlier this year and that **Frank O'Rourke ('61)** died a month or so ago, but we have no further information.

NOTICE – LOST BUT NOT FOUND : The following are names of some folks whose mailing address we have lost. In the past they have shown interest in what we do by writing for us and/or by helping us with expenses. We regret that we no longer have the opportunity to communicate with them. Could anyone give us some leads?

Ed Jenkins ('65)
Tom Fahey ('57)
Joe Hager ('63)
Bob Slattery ('50)
Dan Waters ('68)
William Baker ('64)

A CHALLENGE : Below are provincial assignments to two Marist communities of years gone by! Can you identify the communities? Do you know the year? Do you recognize the names? Answer will appear in the next issue.

'22 Br. Arthur Xavier	'09 Br. Anthony of Padua
'23 Br. Francis Mary	'20 Br. Joseph Alexander
'24 Br. John Patrick	'26 Br. Thomas Alban
'28 Br. Omer Louis	'32 Br. Lawrence Ephrem
'35 Br. Juan Salvador	'34 Br. Cletus Richard
'41 Br. Pascal Emil	'35 Br. Gilbert Osmund
'42 Br. Sixtus Victor	'38 Br. Aidan Norbert
'43 Br. Carlos Hernandez	'46 Br. Michael Urban
'49 Br. Ciaran Thomas	'46 Br. Raymond Albert
'50 Br. Anthony Urban	'47 Br. Stephen Martin
'50 Br. Michael Wilfrid	'48 Br. Thomas Joseph
'51 Br. Martin Patrick	'49 Br. Mark Anselm
'51 Br. Vincent Jerome	'50 Br. Kenneth Robert

'52 Br. Lawrence Jerome
'52 Br. Leo Richard

'52 Br. Stephen Bernard
'53 Br. Francis Martin
'53 Br. Robert Marcellin
'56 Br. Felix Anthony
'59 Br. James

'51 Br. Martin Thomas
'54 Br. Andrew Thomas

'54 Br. Charles Marcellin
'56 Br. Francis Owen
'58 Br. Thomas Raymond
'58 Br. Gregory Edward
'59 Br. Robert

Thanks to Br. Charles Filiatrault at one of the retirement homes in Miami for sharing a few pages of a precious three-ring binder containing records of provincial assignments over many years.

Marist General Chapter on the Internet	A new domain www.champagnat.org will let people keep abreast of day-to-day developments at this year's Marist General Chapter. It will have a free service available for sending news directly to e-mail addresses of all who sign up, brothers and lay people . It will be ready September 1 st .
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Marist Opening to Cuba

On June 8th Brother Benito, Superior General of the Marist Brothers, received a visit from Cuba's ambassador to the Holy See. In a cordial atmosphere free of protocol, the two men touched on various issues concerning the situation in Cuba. Two days after that visit, the Marist administration was pleased to receive word that the Cuban government had granted its formal approval for Brother Juan Efraín Martín of Central America and Brother Carlos Martínez Lavín of Central Mexico to collaborate in pastoral activities in the diocese of Cienfuegos in Cuba.

The Bishop of Cienfuegos, a former student of the Brothers, took advantage of being in Rome for his "ad limina" visit with the Pope to spend a few hours on June 28th at the Marist Generalate. Brother Efraim will enter Cuba in August and Brother Carlos in September. All look to prayer for these Brothers and for their Marist presence and pastoral work in Cuba.

(The above items have been adapted from *FMS Update*)

American Provinces to Unite

On June 22-24 the Brothers of the two United States provinces gathered at Marist College in Poughkeepsie to continue to address the issue of restructuring. Brother Sean Sammon, Vicar General, was the keynote speaker. At the assembly the provincial councils of both provinces held a joint meeting. A recommendation to the General Council that the Provinces of Esopus and Poughkeepsie come together to form a single province was unanimously approved by both councils. (Adapted from *Around the Provinces*)

Marist Heritage Project

Remember to send early Marist College pictures to Gus Nolan.

EDITORS' NOTE: Please don't forget us! We need your letters and e-mail. Write to ...

Gus Nolan:

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David Kammer:

RR #1 – Box 3300, Smithfield ME 04978; kammer@tdstelme.net

476 La Playa, Edgewater FL 32141; kammer@mpinet.net