



ISSUE # 49

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C.C.H.S. - LAWRENCE

Recent headlines from the Lawrence Eagle Tribune declare great news for Central Catholic High School. "Before a shocked group of students, staff, and friends gathered at CCHS to bid farewell to Principal Brother Richard Carey (transferring to administer at Marist High, Chicago) Kingman Webster, an Andover philanthropist, stepped forward and handed the school a check for one million dollars. The money will be used to award scholarships in Brother Carey's name to poor children to attend the private Roman Catholic school."

Just a week later the paper announced the long awaited decision by the Lawrence City Council to make the former Auburn Street jail property available to Central. The Council unanimously voted to sell the property to CCHS for one dollar. Some are saying this is an additional Champagnat miracle! (Taken from Marist Newsnotes of the US provinces, July, 1999)

GMC PICNIC MOUNT ST. MICHAEL SEPTEMBER 18th noon to 5- Saturday

GMC PICNIC: Looking forward to seeing many of you at the annual Greater Marist Community picnic to be held at Mt. St. Michael in the Bronx near the Mt. Vernon border at Nereid and Murdock Avenues. The gathering will be on Saturday, September 18th, from noon to 5 p.m. Come with spouse and children or come alone. Bring your own beverage and a pot-luck 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 18th on your calendar!

EVIDENCE or A HISTORY

The postage on the envelope is for 10¢ The postmark is September 11, 1976. The return address is: Helen and John Tobin of Towace, New Jersey. The addressee, Gus Nolan, recently discovered this envelope in his "archives." The content: "Dear Gus, This is a short, but long overdue note to thank you and all of your good friends who made the picnic at Cold Springs such a pleasant and heart warming occasion. It really was a great delight for me and my wife Helen to be able to share the day with all. Prayer for you and for all our old dear friends. Sincerely, Pat Tobin ('39) (Note graciously shared recently by Helen Tobin; notice of Pat's death in 1995 appeared in our issue #33)

FROM ED (Edward Lawrence) CASHIN ('46): I enjoyed the last issue. Jephtha Lanning's report on St. Marcellin was the next thing to being there in Rome. I was moved by Jimmy McAleer's piece to actually write to him. Thanks for keeping the newsletter going. Can you get Bill Buckley to write? We had the ineffable Zig down to play the organ for our Milette's wedding. We enjoyed having him and I think he had a good time. Mary Ann is enjoying retirement. (3412 Woodstone Place, Augusta, Ga. 30909-1843)

FROM DON (Joel Matthew) RYAN ('42): Thank you for sharing the reminiscences that so many have contributed to Marists All. I was particularly delighted to read John McAleer's words in the latest issue. It brought back a "host of memories" such letters stir up.. I can see John tending to the pansies, petunias, et al, in the little garden just off the athletic field in the old novitiate way back in '41. You and he, coming to us as "older men," seemed at the time so much more "with it" to use a much more recent bit of jargon. (105 Hillside Road, Sparta, New Jersey, 07871-2033)

FROM ED & VALERIE TOWSLEY ('62): Ed asked me to send the enclosed to support the newsletter, Marists All. He reads it from cover to cover and saves all the back issues.(28 RevereRoad ; Fishkill, N. Y. 12524)

FROM BILL (Bernard Gilmary) CONNELLY ('55): After four address changes in seven years, all in south Florida, we have purchased a home in the PGA National Golf and Resort Club in Palm Beach Gardens where we intend to be for a while. You can put the following info in your records: 303 Sabal Palm lane Palm Beach Gardens, F1. 33418; 561-799-2026; fax 561-630-1484.

FROM BERNIE (Bernard Aloysius) GARRETT ('44): The enclosed is to help with the postage of Marists All. I haven't contributed to the "news" but do enjoy reading about those I know and even those I'm not personally acquainted with. I retired from teaching at the Mount three years ago this month; the newsletter keeps me up-to-date. (38 Intian Trail, Bronx, New York, 10465-3841)

FROM RICHARD (Anthony Dominic) JAMBOR ('50): Life is fine here in Japan. I hope that I can see you, Gus, when next you visit your brother in Tokyo; that is, if I am still here. In April of 2000 I'll be living more permanently in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, finally giving students a break. Have you heard anything about John Redmond lately, and would you know the address of Ed Lyons. You editors earn kudos for Marists All; each issue is a gem! Best to all in the Poughkeepsie area. Peace! (558 Turnip Patch Drive, Meadow of Dan, Virginia, 24120; 540-952-2591)

FROM ROBERT FALISEY ('65): I just received my copy of Marists All; thank you for printing my story. Unfortunately you misprinted my address. It should be 520 Washington Boulevard. I would appreciate a correction in your next issue of the newsletter. Thanks again for all the effort you put into this wonderful publication. MAKEITAGREATDAY! (520 Washington Blvd., #595, Marina del Rey, Ca.. 90292; 800-965-7574)

FROM BR., SEAN SAMMON, V. G. ('66): It It's a beautiful sunny Sunday morning in Rome, We are spoiled here, winter temperatures of 40 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit! How does anyone ever get used again to New England and New York temperatures from December through March?

I'm just back from the airport. The roads are filled with cyclists and runners of various sizes and shapes and, I might add, various levels of physical conditioning. Earlier today I myself was out to do a few miles of jogging. So often in recent days I find myself saying: all this was so much easier just ten years ago. Fifty-one. It's a good age and the blessings far outweigh the disadvantages, but ...

I must confess that this is a bit of a form letter, but I hope to personalize it. The "road" was my home from early August. On Christmas eve I arrived back in Rome to face weeks of correspondence, faxes, reports. The eight weeks before took me to France, Zimbabwe, Zambia, Malawi, and South Africa. If nothing else, this work is filling the gaps left from those geography classes of elementary school days that I might have day-dreamed my way through. I must admit though that I've come a long way from my first weeks in Rome. When someone mentioned Darussalam a few days after my arrival in 1994, I was foolish enough to ask, "What's that?" Informed that it is the capital of Tanzania, I quickly squelched the passing thought that it was perhaps something edible and available at Zabars!

From September to mid December there was a Marist Family renewal session in Bellay, France. That was my first stop on this round of recent travels. About thirty participants: seven Marist Brothers and an equal number of Marist Sisters, Missionary Sisters, and Marist Fathers. I gave a week on sexuality and celibate chastity. Whatt a fine group gathered for the program. I was sorry to depart.

In early November I headed to Zimbabwe. The country was quite tense on arrival. The government had just raised the cost of cooking fuel by 300%. The price of a number of other essentials had also been boosted to an unconscionable level. There was some rioting in Harare, the capital. The government, which is mismanaging the country, backed down on some items. I fear that over time the situation will only get worse. We have brothers there in Harare, and also in Kutama, a mission station about 100 kilometers outside of the capital, There are two other missions that we staff in the country, both at considerable distance from Harare. Our regional novitiate for southern Africa is also located about an hour from the city. There are about 25 novices there.

The novices are a wonderful group of unfinished young people. When I commented, though, on how young they looked, I was told, "Sean, they are the same age as always; you, on the other hand, are getting older." Encouraging news, isn't it? Jeff Crowe, another member of our General Administration and originally from Australia, was traveling with me. We spent a week in Zimbabwe meeting with the brothers and members of school administrations and staffs, I did some teaching at the novitiate.

Zambia followed. It too suffers from poor government. The roads are in dreadful condition. There are so many potholes. People weave back and forth on the roads to avoid the deep holes. The conventional wisdom in Zambia: if you see someone driving in a straight line, he or she must be drunk! Poverty is widespread. In many parts of the country most people eat but once a day. The staple of the diet is maize. There was great fear of a drought when we were there. After months without precipitation the arrival of rain was a great relief, so much so that I delighted in going out and getting soaking wet in one of the storms. We have two missions in Zambia, one in Kabwe and a second in Chingola. Unemployment is high, Our brothers work at a vocational center in

Chingola, teaching auto mechanics, one of the few areas in which there is some chance of work.

Next we visited Malawi, a country of rolling hills and great natural beauty. Once again, though, there is a lot of poverty. Finally we reached South Africa, the "new South Africa" as it is referred to today. What a contrast to the previous weeks. I thought that I had landed in California.

South Africa is going through considerable social upheaval. I found myself very emotional throughout my days in Johannesburg, Durban, and Capetown. One evening some of our schools in Johannesburg, Sacred Heart, had a year end Mass for the elementary pupils. Nelson Mandela's grandchildren are students at the school, so he showed up for the Mass. He entered the Church through a side door with little fanfare and not much security. During the Our Father I watched small white, black, and mixed race boys and girls join hands and sing the words of the Lord's Prayer. I turned and looked at Mandela, who was only a few feet away, and thought to myself: this man spent the better part of a lifetime in prison hoping to see this moment. It was very moving.

In my visits to the townships I had a chance to talk with many wonderful people running pre-school programs for children in very desperate situations. These centers operate so that the mothers can continue to work. The staffs were an inspiration. A teacher at one of the centers comes in at 4 a.m. to receive the first child who arrives at 4:30 a.m. The kids, not having had many white visitors in recent times, amused themselves feeling the texture of my hair and marveling that my nose was more pointed than theirs. It struck me that I never think of myself as being of a different race when I am in so many African Nations, until something like that occurs.

So often on this trip I wanted to send a note back to Rome with instructions that those folks there should arrange for a replacement for me in the General Administration. That would free me up to stay wherever I happened to be and to help out. There is so much to do and so many situations have such needs. For instance, in a rural Zambian village the local people with the help of some of our brothers have put together a community based school, determined to see their kids literate, though those local folks barely have a roof over their family's heads.

The year has been like that in so many ways. I've learned how blessed we are at home. Earlier my trips have taken me to Sri Lanka (the old Ceylon), Hong Kong, the Philippines, and a number of other places. I've learned what a small place the world is and how we can make a difference by sharing what we have.

My health is good. Now four years plus from the brain tumor, there has been no reoccurrence. Facing a life-threatening illness makes each day so precious and is another sign of how short life actually is. The doctors assure me that I shall live to a ripe old age; I take it one day at a time. The meds that I must take each day remind me each day to be grateful for the gift of life. My days are full with teaching, writing (I have another book that I hope to get finished sometime this year), and work with the brothers in various parts of the world. I'm happy; that in itself is a blessing beyond measure. May the year 2000 find us all a bit closer to that goal for which we all strive: a world that will be better for the children of today and tomorrow, and hearts generous enough to insure that it is so. Blessings and love from Rome. (Fratelli Maristi; Piazzale M. Champagnat, 2; C.P. 10250; 00144, Rome, Italy) (ssammon@aol.com)

"JUNIOR" JUBILARIANS: 1999**25th:**

Br. Louis Bentivegna
 Br. George Dicarluccio
 Br. John Healy
 Br. Armand Lamagna
 Br. Lawrence Lavallee
 Br. Michael Sheerin

35th:

Br. Timothy Brady
 Br. Kevin Brogan
 Br. Emil Denworth
 Br. Michael Fisher
 Br. Denis Hever
 Br. Kenneth Hogan
 Br. James Norton
 Br. Thomas Petite
 Br. Frederick Sambor
 Br. Henry Sawicki
 Br. Joseph Scanlon

40th:

Br. John Bantz
 Br. Gerard Brereton
 Br. John Cherry
 Br. Robert Conley
 Br. Ronald David
 Br. Joseph DiBenedetto
 Br. Francis Garza
 Br. John Herrmann
 Br. Richard LaRose
 Br. Benedict LoBalbo
 Br. John McDonagh
 Br. John McDonnell
 Br. Raoul Molnar
 Br. Michael Mullin
 Br. John Nash
 Br. Donald Nugent
 Br. Edmund Sheehan
 Br. James Stevens
 Br. Michael Williams

45th:

Br. Paul Bernard
 Br. Charles Marcellin
 Br. Joseph Maura
 Br. Richard Shea
 Br. Hugh Turley

FROM JOE (Eugene Michael) HORAN ('50): I want to express my personal gratitude to everyone who was involved in the organizational planning for the Champagnat Sainthood programs. It had to be an enormous undertaking; it was evident throughout that much care was given to each decision made. The

invitation to former Marists to join the group was a wonderful welcome. Since I was one of those invited and one of those attending, I do express my deep gratitude.

This invite not only allowed me to share my feelings toward the Sainthood of Champagnat but also to share remembrances of my years as a Brother. It was a high note of the activities. The meeting of former classmates as well as many others who shared my Marist life was truly a family reunion. And there was the warm, genuine welcome by the present Brothers who so wanted to know what Marist life in our time was like, especially the beginning of the building program at the college. The stories we told! Throughout all of these activities I felt completely at home with family. Back in the U.S. I had many new memories to share with my own family.

During our few days in Rome several of my classmates discussed the possibility of a 50th class reunion in the year 2000, perhaps again at Marist College. Interest was high. We would like to welcome all of our former group. First, we need volunteers to begin the organizing process. Hopefully we can urge the leaders of our 40th reunion to give us guiding light. So classmates of the group of 1950, put on your thinking caps. We need suggestions. And we need updates on home addresses, phone numbers, and e-mail.(P.O. Box 158, Eldred, N. Y. 12732; dolojoe@warwick.net; 914-557-8755)

GMC PICNIC:
MT. ST. MICHAEL,
SEPTEMBER 18th, SATURDAY,
NOON TO 5

DECEASED:

Br. James Gerard Dixon ('46) passed away suddenly on April 16th at the age of 70. He had taught in New York, Florida, Texas, and New Jersey. Most recently he was working in the Chancery Office for the Newark Archdiocese.

Br. Denis Coleman Buckley ('36) suffered a severe stroke April 27 and died April 29th. He was 80., Br. Denis was a missionary to the Philippines from 1950 to 1978. He was at the Mount much of his later years.

Br. Romuald Lucien Duguay ('42) died May 14th of congestive heart failure and pneumonia. He was 75 years old. Br. Lucien was retired and lived with the Roselle, New Jersey, community, helping out at the school there.

DONNA RYAN BIBEAU (GMC 1988-99): Maurice Bibeau ('50) and Donna were married on July 17th, 1988 and both have been very much part of the Marist College Chapel Community and of the Greater Marist Community. Father Ronald Calhoun of Reading, Massachusetts, officiated at their wedding and Donna wanted him to celebrate her anticipated funeral Mass. Thus, the following edifying letter to Father Calhoun. Donna died this past May 28th.

"I want to fill you in on what has been happening with me. Since my last letter I tried another chemo, adriamycin. It didn't work. I was real sick. I lost 14 pounds in one week (so it wasn't all bad). Soon we try another one and hope for the best. I did have some spot radiation for back pain and it worked for a while.

It was a great relief. Little miracles count, too. The cancer has spread. I have some tumors in my abdomen and shoulder and one that is pressing on my vocal cord, so it sounds like I have a cold.

"I am still getting out. I drive and we still go out socially and are enjoying what time we have together. Maurice makes me feel so happy inside no matter how bad the pain. We have so much love together.

"I still need to talk to my great nephew, Michael. We're real close. He's 9. I think it would be best if I tell him. I want to make sure he understands. I know he'll hear many different sayings: "God's will." "My time." "God wanted me in heaven," He needs to understand that God wants us to live and enjoy all His gifts. He wants us to live and love each other. We die for lots of reasons, sickness, accidents, wars. And the exact moment we die, that's when God takes over and takes care of our soul, not before. God takes care of us.

"I talked to Father Frank. He's in Andover. He said he would concelebrate the Mass with you. He's enjoying being just a parish priest, not a pastor. No pressure." (Included with permission of Maurice Bibeau)

FROM CASIMIR PODLASKI ('65): Marist spirit lives on. Thirty-five years after my first entrance through the doors of St. Joseph's Novitiate in rural Tyngsboro I find that my attitudes and actions are still very strongly influenced by the Marist experience, Yes, there were some not-so-positive experiences and tensions, some real and some imagined, but the camaraderie with the likes of Rich Stanulwich, Jim Gormally, and Brother James Devine and the dedication shown by the faculty and by those novices in the class ahead of me override any of the negatives. I am currently unmarried and have a daughter in her twenties and a beautiful granddaughter. Both of my parents are in their 80s. My whole family is doing well and is still a strong influence in my life. Peace. (65 Stonecrest Drive, Bristol, Ct. 06010; 860-889-0212)

Participants: MARIST FAMILY INSTITUTE OF SPIRITUALITY
July 1999

Br. Joseph Belanger
Jan & Larry Keogh
Jane & Vincent Poisella
Sue Callahan
Rev. Owen Lafferty
Don Schmidt
Anne & Dom Cavallaro
Ray Landry
John Scileppi
Catherine Cherry
Anne & Marty Lang
Br. Michael Sheerin
Br. Luke Driscoll
Br. Charles Marcellin
Anne & Barney Sheriday

Anne & Jack Duggan
Gus Nolan
Helen Tobin
Ginny & Bob Grady
Roseanne & Jim O'Brien
Br. Hugh Turley
Br. Martin Healy
Carol & Bob O'Hanley
Sue & John Wilcox
Judy & David Kammer
Betty & Adrian Perreault
Pat & Gene Zirkel

COMMENTS by Participants of the Institute:

This summer's MFIS was the best yet. The theme of the Christian Journey supported by the gospel story of Emmaus was well chosen and highly influential. The presenters did a wonderful job, and the discussions were fruitful.

I sensed that everyone was sincerely searching for a deeper personal relationship with God/Jesus. People were grateful for the time they had to share their longings and experiences in an open and supportive community.

I am grateful for great companions on the journey, and am amazed at the depth of Marist/Champagnat spirit and charism.

I enjoyed the focus on spirituality. I tend to focus on facts and/or ideas. This weekend I tried instead to look within.

I always receive a spiritual lift from these weekends. I only wish that we could have them more than once a year.

The presence of God in our lives was a theme I hadn't focused on before this weekend, yet it clearly dominated my thinking during and afterwards.

I am inspired to continue growing spiritually.

I have deep gratitude for the whole experience, especially for the sharing of insights by all who were part of the group, whether in scheduled gatherings or in informal settings.

How the Marist spirit binds people!

Jesus journeyed with us on the road in a special way for these three days.

My main feeling is one of peace and joy.

I am blown away by the powerful bonds displayed in this community, bonds with each other and with Champagnat.

There are few people I could share with, as I can share with these people. It's a blessing to be part of this weekend.

How good it is to be with sisters and brothers who are also searching and who are non-judgmental and accepting.

FROM ED (Martin Jude) CASTINE ('50): The past few months have certainly been times of great celebration for all Marists with the canonization of Father Champagnat. Who can fail to remember the many times prayers were said for his beatification and later for his canonization. We rejoice that he and his accomplishments are now recognized so completely by the entire Church. It is taking some time for us to get used to addressing our prayers and petitions to "Saint Marcellin," frequently having to correct ourselves from "Blessed" to "Saint."

With great interest we read the tribute to Saint Marcellin Champagnat that was written by Br. Joseph Belanger and sent to us by Br. Hugh Turley. Its style and content conveyed a refreshing portrayal of our Father Champagnat, different from the "Life of the Founder" that we studied during our training years. Thanks Brother Joseph. Does anyone know if the life of Father Champagnat has ever been rewritten? If so, are there copies available and where?

Many thanks to Jephtha Lanning for his great report on the actual canonization in Rome. It had to be a once in a lifetime experience.

For the last year and a half Maureen and I have been working for the Carmelite Sisters in West Palm Beach. They operate a retirement community that has several divisions: nursing home, assisted living, and independent living. This past spring we decided to move on and to retire for the second time. We are now looking forward to travel and camping with our Coachmen trailer as home away from home.

As we approach Y2K my thoughts turn to my group, the class of 1950. Many will be celebrating their golden jubilee as Marists, hopefully in a very appropriate and well deserved way. I would certainly want the opportunity to celebrate with them and with all of the members of the group. Has anyone given any thought to this as a fifty year reunion? Maureen and I would love to hear from you!

For some time Maureen and I have had another thought, We have never been able to attend the GMC picnic, set this year for September 18th. Distance and employment have always posed a problem. Employment is no longer a problem, but distance is. Since there are so many members of "Marists All" living in Florida, at least part time, would it be feasible to have a Florida GMC picnic sometime during the fall or winter? We would like to hear your comments on that.(2856 Cambridge Rd., Lantana, Fl. 33462-3815; 561-642-0335; Ed_Moe Cast@MSN.Com)

N.B. Br. Sean Sammon has written a very readable life of the founder with a number of interesting new insights based on more recent research. It is available by contact with: Br. Hank Hammer 10114 South Leavitt Chicago, IL 60643; 773-239-8954

QUESTIONNAIRE

Would you please fill in the following blanks and within the week mail this last sheet to one of the editors listed at the bottom of this page. We would like to create a fresh data base for possible further interaction.

Name
Full postal address
E-mail address
Phone number
Year of Marist investiture

Circle a, b, c

- a) Do you usually read this newsletter in its entirety?
- b) Do you usually read only those items that attract you, especially those by people whose names you recognize?
- c) Do you have very minimal interest in this newsletter?

DO YOU WISH TO CONTINUE TO RECEIVE MARISTS ALL?

Please use the reverse side of this sheet to write something for Marists All, tell us what you are doing these days: profession, family, volunteer work, hobbies, travels ..

N.B. Be sure to inform us if you ever have a change of address, etc.

Within the week please

MAIL TO:

Gus Nolan, 50 South Randolph Street, Poughkeepsie, New York, 12601
David Kammer, R.R. #1 - Box 3300, Smithfield, Maine, 04978