

FROM BR. JOHN FRANCIS COLBERT ('44): I am not sure if you know about the death of Father Staves. His obituary is enclosed. Leo was a wonderful guy; his memorial card shows him just as I remember him. He was born June 15, 1917, made profession as an Oblate in 1939, was ordained in 1944, and died September 24, 1994. (4300 Murdock Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 10466)

REV. LEO STAVES, O.M.I. The Rev. Leo Staves, O.M.I., 76, died Saturday, the 24th of September at St. Paul's Retreat and Cursillo Center in Augusta, Maine. Born in Tupper Lake, New York, on June 15, 1917, he was the son of the late Norman and Mary (Lavoie) Staves. Father Staves entered the Oblate Seminary at Colebrook, New Hampshire, in 1938, and was professed a Missionary Oblate of Mary Immaculate on August 2, 1939. After studies at the Oblate College and Seminary in Natick, Massachusetts, he was ordained to the priesthood on the 25th of June 1944.

Father Staves was a teacher at the Oblate High School Seminary in Bucksport, Maine, before his assignment in 1947 to St. Peter's Church in Plattsburg, New York. He later served for 14 years at St. Jean-Baptiste Church in Lowell where he also served as part-time chaplain at St. Joseph's Hospital and as chaplain to the Marist Brothers in Tyngsboro, Massachusetts.

In 1966 Father Staves was sent as Chaplain to the Bangor State Hospital in Maine. In 1978 he became pastor of the parish in Howland, Maine, St. Leo's Church. He served there for 14 years until his retirement at St. Paul's Center in 1992.

Father Staves was an honorary Marist Brother and a fourth degree Knight of Columbus. Besides his Oblate community he is survived by a sister-in-law of Tupper lake and by several nieces and nephews. (N.B. Marists All had a write-up about Father Staves in issue #20, August 1992. He is well known to all who studied in Tyngsboro mid-fifties to the mid-sixties.)

FROM BR. KEN HOGAN ('64): Br. Peter Chanel and I attended a Mass on the burial day of Father Leo Staves in Lowell. Many fine things were said about him by many people there. I enclose the obituary.

Marists All is still super. With some editing it could be compiled into a testament to God's love and to the spirit of F.M.S. Peace! (26 Leeds Terrace, Lawrence, Ma. 01843)

FROM PAT MURPHY ('67): Just read issue #28 of Marists All, and as always it was nice to see names from the past. I owe my Marist association to my mother since she was the one who decided that I should attend Molloy and not Power Memorial. Now my son has graduated from Molloy and is off to Yale. It seems like only yesterday that he was five and I was taking him to basketball games at AMHS. Just ask Ed Jennings about those early days! My son really did get the

Marist Spirit at Molloy. Whether it was working on a food drive or spending the summer at Esopus as a volunteer for the various camps, his education became truly not only for school but for life!

When we brought my son to Yale, we discovered that one of his roommates graduated from Christopher Columbus in Miami and was well acquainted with Brother Kevin and Brother Eugene. It really is a small world; wherever we look or go we bump into another Marist connection.

Over the years I have been able to keep in touch with a few of my classmates on a very friendly basis; I have been in touch with others by working the phones on Molloy's behalf. Of my Esopus classmates I still regularly hear from Bob Gorman and Bill Hentrich and John Rogener. Because of my teaching days at St. Helena and of my son's attending Molloy, I have been in contact with John Kevin, Bob Andrews, and Declan Murray, as well as a supporting cast too large to name.

I was hoping to make the picnic this year, but I'll be out of town on business; I'll keep my fingers crossed for 1995. Keep up the good work producing the newsletter. (92 West Poplar Street, Floral Park, New York 11001)

FROM BR. JOE BELANGER ('44): The heart valve replacement that I referred to in the last issue of Marists All was carried out at the Albany Medical Center on July 13th. All went perfectly. Upon release the 20th of July, I was driven to the Brothers' retirement home at Leeds Terrace in Lawrence. Arrangements there were the best. The house is one-level, the neighborhood is quiet and mostly flat for easy walking, there were regular meals and prayers. And most of all, the Brothers were unfailingly concerned and caring. Never have I been so coddled and carefree in my life!

Brothers Ken, Joe D., Peter, Richard, Bob, Jerry were the greatest. It was also great seeing visitors like Joe Cerin from the Mount, Vinnie Mori from Japan, and Clem from Chicago. Fellow Lawrencians Mo Bibeau and Richard Rancourt were faithful mail courriers; it was Christmas in summer with over a hundred cards and several fruit baskets and flower arrangements. It was also delightful to be able to lunch and dine with all my relatives. This was the most time I spent in my home town since leaving for Poughkeepsie in 1942!

And I think I had the most free time I've had since the 30-day retreat in 1949! Nothing to do but rest, walk, pray, read, talk. I will now miss my daily visits to Sacred Heart cemetery where Mom and Dad and other relatives and friends are buried: Belanger/Marton ... former Marist Chaplain Fr. Leo Gallant and 38 other Marist priests. Leisure also to pray for so many people I have in mind and for our deceased Ed Canavan and John Bosco.

Returned to Champagnat Room 834 last Friday, spent the weekend clearing mail and watching sports, taught my one and only course for this semester at 8 a.m. this morning; six students in French Civilization. Feeling A-OK. Will see the local cardiologist on Friday for permission to train for the New York marathon. Thanks to one and all for helping to make my recovery and return so happy. God bless! (Marist, Pksie, 12601; 914-575-3040)

FROM DON (Brian Dennis) MULCARE ('57): Nancy and I had planned to vacation in New York State in mid-August. The time was auspicious. Woodstock 2 was happening, and we shared the same Fishkill Holiday Inn as some of the

producers and performers associated with the summer television program TV Nation which held a nationally televised parade in Fishkill while we were there. We even got to see the Dutchess County Fair Grounds decorated with litter from the Woodstockers, visited the Roosevelts, and noted that Dominican Boys Camp still has a sign on Route 9 and has an active phone number listed in the Poughkeepsie directory. Their answering machine was not much help.

If any reader of Marists All had to pick a day in August to pass through the Poughkeepsie area, there is a fair chance that the Feast of the Assumption would be selected. It was disappointing that the power in the Lowell Thomas Building at Marist College had failed shortly before our arrival on the 15th of August, sending Gus Nolan home a bit early and depriving us of a chance of seeing him. Despite the signs that the building was closed, Nancy and I forged ahead and tried the door. It was locked, and the gentleman sitting in the lobby was not about to open it for us. "A chaque jour suffit sa peine."

After visiting the security office in the Donnelly building, we did get to tour the campus. It is often claimed that "you cannot go back." Between the changes in the original buildings, the addition of so many new structures, and the erosion of my memory, it was difficult to become oriented. The Marian Chapel on the east and the gingko tree to the west of the former residence/ study hall/refectory/chapel complex, seem to have changed the least in function and appearance. With the opening of the new buildings this fall, will the library be relocated from the "refectory/study hall" area? A commuter student cafeteria on two levels, with an opened balcony would return the structure to something close to its nascent ambiance, while revealing its spacious grandeur. What is the current function of the Greystone building, the old cube-shaped dorm ...

My last trip to Marist College was August 15, 1963. I went to see members of my group of '57 profess their perpetual vows. Along with the group of '58, they had just completed the 30-day exercises of St. Ignatius. Most of the Brothers and their guests were standing among the pines east of the Greystone Library building. One exchange is still very clear to me. Br. Philip Gilmary LaCroix was already in the family car and was leaving for a home visit. At first he looked surprised to see me, then he smiled and waved through the window as the car pulled away. We only had a chance to share a few words, but later events fixed this moment in my memory.

Esopus has always been a place of welcome. It has retained its gracious beauty. We followed the road without encountering much activity until we heard the laughing of the day camp children near the cemetery. When the cemetery was viewed from the road, its low stones were almost hidden below the grove of hardwoods. The shadows of the trees gave way to the peaceful illumination of the late afternoon sun, brightening the stones and grass. The graves set facing each other, half on each side of the center aisle, seemed reminiscent of choirs reciting the Little Office. As I remember, this was also the case in the Poughkeepsie cemetery. These Brothers lived by the motto "orare et laborare." Although their labors have ceased, they remain a community, bearing witness even by their graves to their eternal life of prayer.

One of the first graves that we visited was that of Br. Philip Gilmary LaCroix, on the thirty-first anniversary of his death. Members of my group, Br. Ignatius Dooley and Br. Ronald Marcellin, were nearby. This was the anniversary of their perpetual profession and that of many of the other Brothers. I seem to have missed the grave of Br. John Ruel, but I understand that it is there. Br. John

Shanahan of the group of '56 was across the aisle. There were three of my math and science teachers from St. Agnes, Br. Denis Damien, Br. Peter Hilary, and Br. William Lee. And there was Br. Cyril Robert, the first Marist Brother I had ever met; he was the principal who had enrolled me at St. Agnes. Br. Aidan Francis used to live at St. Agnes, too. There may have been others, but my unfamiliarity with name changes made it difficult for me to single them out. The older Tyngsboro professed community of the 1956-58 era was very well represented, as was the Marist College faculty of 1958-60.

Gus Nolan was correct in saying that I would know more Marist Brothers in the Esopus cemetery than anywhere else. One of the newer graves was decorated with two track medals. I suppose some students had traveled to Esopus to place the hard earned trophies on the marker of their deceased track coach. The ribbons and medallions spoke loudly of the impact of that Brother on the lives of his students. (Br. Linus "Spud" Carroll, group of '45).

When the contributions of the Marist Brothers of the Schools in the United States are considered, the list would have to include their impact on their students, their institutions, and the community. Perhaps the most important contributions are the communities buried at Esopus and Poughkeepsie. Marcellin Champagnat taught and the Brothers believed that anyone who lived and died as a Little Brother of Mary would be guaranteed a place in the eternal presence of Jesus and Mary. These Brothers have persevered in their vows to the end. They are the final distillation of the Marist essence, the unbroken chain of Marist history in this country. The credibility of their holiness and the triumph of their lives are unquestioned. The simple markers denoting their lives are far more impressive than massive secular monuments.

I am fortunate to have known some of these Brothers in life and to remain in their prayers. They lived in community for as many as 70 years and as few as four years. Some had left their native countries to found Marist schools in New York, Massachusetts, and elsewhere, preparing the way for missionary work across the United States, the Philippines, Japan, and many other countries. Remembering this select community in Esopus and the Brothers at rest in Poughkeepsie is a cause for celebration. I was happy to hear of the efforts of the Brothers to preserve the Esopus property and its cemetery. I do not suppose you want to hear about the Niagara Falls and the Erie Barge Canal part of our New York State vacation! I extend my regards to the brethren gathered for the reunion at Mount St. Michael, and I look forward to the next issue of Marists All. God Bless. (7 Staffon Road, Fairhaven, Ma. 02719)

FROM FRERE HENRI LOUIS MATHIEU, Canadian F.M.S. My nephew Marcel Laflamme ('46) visited me here in Quebec at the end of June. He is still living in Georgia, but has moved from Narcross to the town of Lawrenceville. Here is his new address: 1658 Christiana Drive, Lawrenceville, Georgia, 30243.

Marists All is always welcomed, even if I don't know all those who send you so many interesting letters. Here and there in the newsletter I find news of Brothers I have known during past years in the USA, in the second novitiate, and in Rome. I am surprised and edified to see how the ex-Brothers keep affection and fidelity to the Marist spirit and work to extend that spirit through their surroundings. Congratulations to all of them and also to the Brothers with whom they lived and who have succeeded in inspiring the Champagnat spirit to such a level. I am grateful for keeping me on your list of readers. (820 Avenue des Braves, Quebec, QS 3C4, Canada)

FROM ROBERT (Maurice Robert) PINARD ('40): After many, many years I've had the pleasure of establishing contact with friends from my former life as a Brother. Br. Norbert Cote wrote and asked me to visit him at 136th Street, Miami, and the Director of the Brothers' residence, Br. Charles Filiatrault, invited me to be a house guest. Br. Charles is quite a cook! It was great to meet old friends like Larry (Br. Lawrence Joseph) and Danny Kopecki (Br. Daniel Andrew). Norby, an aspiring professional golfer, took me to compete at the Palmetto Golf Course. Br. Thomas Edward Hennessy invited Norby and me over to the 89th Street residence for a bar-b-que. We had quite a time reminiscing about old times. Tommy Edward and I are from the not-so-young group of 1940.

Although few of my friends or co-workers know of my past, I'm proud of my life of 25 years as a Brother. I have kept many of the beneficial ways of my life as a Marist. My devotion to our Blessed Mother has been a mainstay which kept me going while undergoing great adversity. Now retired, I still enjoy teaching part time, GED and ESOL.

It was great discovering where many of my friends among the Brothers are living. It is sad to realize how many of my contemporaries have gone to their reward. They were good men whose lives influenced mine in so many ways. As a matter of fact, I still feel as if I belong to the Marist community, and the Brothers who have died are like my relatives whom God has called to their reward. Long live the Marist Brothers! I feel very grateful for the many blessings that I received as a Brother and for Mother Mary's protection since I left. Always, Moe (7636 Biltmore Boulevard, Miramar, Florida, 33033)

FROM KEVIN BUCKLEY ('66): Hello from Southeast Asia. When I wrote last, we were living in Arizona, embroiled in the health care madness. Inevitably, long hours and tough cases led to the dreaded burnout. My wife, two sons, and I now live in Singapore. My work requires travel all over Asia. Quite a change in every respect. Many international businesses have their Asian headquarters in Singapore. We have met many expatriate Americans.

Despite what you may cull from the American media, Singapore is a nice place, prosperous, safe, and clean. No tourists get stalked and murdered on the way from the airport. Within reason you can walk wherever you want, male or female, day or night. The equatorial weather is beastly, hot and steamy; for variety, hot and steamy with thunderstorms.

Air travel out of here is wonderful. However, the distance from the U.S. has its drawbacks. The flight to the States is a mind-numbing, bun-aching fifteen hours to L.A., and we do miss family and friends. On the positive side, we meet many fine people and live in a city that functions quite nicely. Plus, lacking American television, we are spared Oprah, Montel, and the other chat shows, a hidden blessing.

My sons attend the American School here and go to CCD classes at St. Ignatius, the Jesuit parish, of all places. As Karma would have it, Singapore is a mission country of the Irish Province of the Jesuit Fathers. I must admit that the religious education of my children brings considerable mixed feelings. I want them to have the Catholic/Christian heritage but without the attendant guilt. Further, what I can only construe as misogyny by the rigid Vatican types is a real negative. But there isn't anywhere else to go. As usual, we invite you to come on by, if you are in the area (Malaysia, Thailand, Viet Nam, or Indonesia). We serve

a mean curry fish head and char kway teow. (PSC 470 RMO; FPO AP 96534-0001; phone: 011-65-735-8151) .

FROM PAT (Patrick Stephen) GALLAGHER ('53): Just received #28. It had to be rerouted because we have moved from our place in northern Virginia to southern Virginia. We had everything in the way of a home and office at the end of a gravel road, but regrettably certain factors made us decide to look elsewhere. Disney/America was moving in to our southeast, the roads were being four-laned, residential and school taxes were skyrocketing, and the neighboring farmers' lands were being broken up into mini-estates. With Mary at 48 and me at 58, we knew that we could move once more.

In May we found a place in Floyd County, and immediately put our place in Loudoun County on the market. We decided to move ourselves and our possessions without help (boy, how wedo accumulate things). Given my inexperience with manual transmissions, Mary was the one to wrestle the 26 foot U-Haul vans down the country roads on three separate trips. As beautiful as Loudoun was, as complete as it was, Mary and I experienced few of the pangs of separation, since we felt so strongly drawn to the mountains and to a new life.

We purchased a rather large tract of land, mostly wooded, with two old homesteads on it, bordered by 2500 feet of creek, located at 3000 feet with views for miles around. Some idealistic couple from NYC had decided about 12 years ago to build a community (commune?) there and had actually started a large house with plenty of space (3 floors), but had never finished more than the studs and the wallboard in some areas. Our vision is to renovate the place (we are now in a rented house for the next three months), turn the third floor into office and master bedroom suite, turn the second floor into a Bed 'n Breakfast, and have the first floor as treatment room for Mary's work, my shop, and even a meeting room for university folk; we are quite near Radford University and Virginia Tech.

True, for a couple of years I'll be flying out of Roanoke to points around the country, but I hope to cut down on my travel and do more to live on and off the land, to set up a quiet, peaceful place for visitors and friends, to establish a unique character for the B 'n B, to make for both of us a spiritual existence away from the hurly-burly of life, not to withdraw totally but to have this sanctuary at the end of another dead-end gravel road.

There is great reverence here for the land, much farming, and numerous old time families who have been tremendously friendly. The county is home to hundreds of crafts people. I have already made contact with some woodworkers and hope to start apprenticing with them.

Ironically, one of the first letters we received redirected to the new address was from Vince Poisella who was to be in DC and wanted to get together. Of course, we were no longer in the area, and a long phone conversation hardly sufficed to fill in the years, but in the course of that conversation, having read Louie Zirkel's quote from Vince that we "have been called to another vocation," Vinny and I affirmed how, in our different roles and professional careers, that has been so true. My vocation is with the police. I feel very proud to work with them, for now we are talking of vision, values, ethics, retreats, personal growth, and the like.

For Mary and me, we couldn't be closer, more in agreement in a more mature way, even more in love. We want to watch the sunrises and sunsets over the hills and walk the paths with the dogs and visit the creek and if truly blessed achieve happiness and satisfaction at a full life with each other, while involved in helping others.

I'll close with an invitation to any of the GMC to stop here or call as they travel on 1-81. We are about twenty miles east of 1-81 in Indian Valley. Best to all of the Marist family. (Box 60, Indian Valley, Virginia, 24105; 703-789-4056)

FROM PAUL (Dominic Mary) LOZEAU ('52): I am recuperating after three heart operations. I wish to thank each of you for your friendship, your good wishes, your prayers, your cards, your visits, your caring. On Wednesday, May 25th, I went to the emergency room at LRMC with the beginnings of my problem, but returned home that same evening. Two days later again I reported to the emergency room; this time they kept me until the 30th when I was transferred to Shands in Gainesville. After many EKG's and Echograms I was operated on for a tumor on the heart and a collapsed valve. Then, after many more tests and much blood work they took me back to the operating room to place a Pacemaker in my shoulder attached to the heart chamber. I went home on the 16th of June.

On July 2nd I went to the emergency room at LRMC again, because I had lost my appetite, my urinary system had shut down, and I was having a difficult time breathing. After several tests they decided that I was in serious condition, so they flew me by helicopter to Shands. I was in the operating room in 25 minutes from take-off from Leesburg, and once again they went into the heart to remove what they thought was about three or four tablespoons of liquid. Amazingly they removed almost one liter of fluid that had collected in and around the inside sack that protects the heart. I was a lucky guy for the second time. I now belong to the zipper club.

For a time I was too weak and tired to do anything strenuous. I feel good now; I pray that I do not have to go back to the hospital. The hardest thing for me at this time is to recuperate according to the doctors' wishes. That means I must do a lot of walking and resting; no lifting, no pulling, no pushing, no driving, no exertion. All these things are difficult for me. Low salt (no salt), low fat (0% fat), and bland cooking are part of my life now. So be it.! I can learn to live with it.

Thanks again for your prayers and support. Perhaps the Good Lord has something important for me while I am still on earth. I do know that, for you who have prayed for me, God did listen, and I am grateful for this chance to praise Him and am very, very grateful to all who have prayed for me. (1303 Berwick Drive, Leesburg, Fl. 34748; 904-365-1996)

JUBILARIANS: 1995

30th:

Br. James Devine :
Br. Lawrence Gordon
Br. Richard Grenier
Br. Anthony Huck .
Br. Joseph Matthews
Br. William Maske

35th:

Br. Bartholomew Boscia
Br. Edward Breslin
Br. George Kopper
Br. Rene Roy
Br. Christopher Shannon

40th:

Br. James Adams
Br. Thomas Delaney
Br. Charles Filiatrault
Br. Paul Forgues
Br. Eladio Gonzalez
Br. Patrick Lally
Br. John Malich
Br. Paul Meuten

45th:

Br. Hugh Andrew
Br. Matthew Callahan
Br. Robert Descrochers
Br. Robert James
Br. Augustine Landry
Br. William Lavigne
Br. Robert Leclerc
Br. Donald Richard
Br. Kenneth Robert
Br. Martin Ruane
Br. Leonard Voegtle

FROM CHARLES MAHON ('66): I have been happily married for 21 years to Dolores. We have two wonderful children. Our 19-year-old son Patrick is a junior at Steven's Institute of Technology in Hoboken, New Jersey. He is majoring in Civil Engineering. He is maintaining a 3.0 index in what is reputed to be one of the toughest programs in the country. He graduated from Oratory in Summit in 1992. Our daughter Andrea is just beginning her secondary school at Mount St. Mary's Academy in Watchung, New Jersey. She received their highest academic scholarship. She made their varsity soccer team, is an accomplished dancer, and loves basketball.

My wife Dolores is the coordinator of Medical Education at Union Hospital, a subsidiary of the St. Barnabas Healthcare System in New Jersey. Over the past ten years she has recruited medical students from osteopathic schools around the country to become interns at Union Hospital. She has developed and organized the medical education programs at the hospital, written department policies, and written a federal grant proposal that was successfully funded to establish an inner city family health center, where interns and residents follow patients. In another vein, she has managed to put up with me? Diabetes has not been a major chronic problem but low blood sugars (insulin reactions) have occurred and are always very stressful for those who live with me.

Dolores and I have been members of Holy Spirit parish in Union for the past four years. We work in the pre-Cana program. Our sessions with the engaged couples have been very successful and filled with rewarding Christian experiences. Prior to joining Holy Spirit we were members of St. Helen's in

Westfield, where a very involved Christian community exists, thanks in large part to the dynamism of Brother Bill Lavigne.

From 1961 to 1965 I was a student at Roselle Catholic High School. I had some great teachers there. I studied, played basketball and softball in pickup games after school, and with my brother Tom took care of our younger sister who had cerebral palsy. My sister had no motor control except for chewing and maybe a smile. I graduated eleventh out of a class of nearly 200 boys. Then I set out for Esopus and the Marist Brothers; Pat Gallagher had influenced me to take a look and see.

My two years at Esopus made up one of the most rewarding times of my life. The ideas thought, the attitudes developed, and the activities participated in with three different groups will always be cherished. I liked the Marist Brothers' community spirit. Many values. I learned from it are deeply seated within me.

In 1967-68 I was a sophomore scholastic at Marist College. The following summer while working at Camp Marist, I accepted a request from Robert James to teach math at Marist High in Bayonne. After a year of teaching and living in community at Marist High, I made up my mind to leave. I went to Manhattan College in the Bronx from 1969 to 1971, graduating with a BS in mathematics. I was a teaching assistant at Purdue from 1971 to 1973, where I received my MS in pure math. Next I got a New Jersey teaching certification from Kean College and taught high school in New Jersey from 1973 to 1981, when I enrolled at New Jersey Institute of Technology in Newark, taking courses at night toward a masters in Computer Science. I also began working for a company that was branching into PC's. I was upset in 1983 when I was laid off, but within two weeks I was working for a Direct Response Advertising Agency in New York City. In 1987 I received an MS in Computer Science. I am now in charge of Computer Services at the advertising agency. Thank you for creating Marists All and for your constant effort to keep it going over the years. (1352 Vaux Hill Road, Union, New Jersey, 07083)

JUBILARIANS: 1995

50th: Br. Damian Galligan, One Raritan Road, Roselle, N. J. 07203
50th: Br. Francis Klug, 1920 Highland Avenue, Augusta, Ga. 30904
50th: Br. Simeon Ouellet, 8230 S.W. 136th Street, Miami, Fl. 33156
55th: Br. James Brady, 1920 Highland Avenue, Augusta, Ga. 30904
55th: Br. Thomas Edward, 2790 S.W. 89th Avenue, Miami, Fl. 33165
55th: Br. Paul Urban Phillipp, 101 St. Joseph Drive, Brownsville, Tx. 78520
55th: Br. Norbert Rodrigue, 8230 S.W. 136th Street, Miami, Fl. 33156
55th: Br. Victor Serna, 51 Clapham Avenue, Manhasset, N. Y., 11030
60th: Br. Clement Gerard, 1241 Kennedy Boulevard, Bayonne, N. J. 07002
60th: Br. Juan Salvator, 83-53 Manton Street, Jamaica, N. Y. 11435
65th: Br. Paul Ambrose, Marist College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12601
65th: Br. Norbert Cote, 8230 S.W. 136th Street, Miami, Fl. 33156
65th: Br. William Gleason, One Raritan Road, Roselle, N. J. 07203
65th: Br. Richard Michel, 1920 Highland Avenue, Augusta, Ga. 30904

JOHN BOSCO NORMANDIN ('43):
from Carol Wright Normandin

Dear friends of Marist, I am saddened to have from to inform you that my husband John Bosco Normandin died on June 28, 1994. He had been in failing

health for some time, but continued teaching through the spring semester. John loved Marist and its community very much and appreciated the large role it had played in his life and the great progress that Marist College had made since the first graduating class, of which he was one, stepped into the world. Thank you for your concern and support through the years. Sincerely, Carol Wright Normandin.(2012 Oakland, Kansas City, Ks. 66106)

Obituary: Services for John B. Normandin, 68, Kansas City, a teacher, will be at 10 a.m. Saturday at Porter Funeral Home. Burial will be in Chapel Hill Cemetery. The family suggests memorial contributions to the education fund at St. Peter's Cathedral, Kansas City.

Mr. Normandin died Tuesday, June 28, 1994, at his home. He was born in Leominster, Massachusetts, and lived in Kansas City since 1978. He taught mathematics at Sumner Academy of Arts and Science for 13 years and retired in 1993. He had been an adjunct professor of Mathematics at Kansas City Community College since 1985. Earlier he taught theology and mathematics at Marist College, Poughkeepsie, New York, at the Gilman School in Baltimore, and at Parish Hill High School, Chaplin, Connecticut.

Mr. Normandin received a bachelor degree in mathematics from Marist College and a licentiate in theology from the Lateran University, Rome. He also attended Catholic University in Washington, Fordham University in New York, the University of Kansas, and Kansas State University.

Mr. Normandin was a member of the National Education Association. He coached soccer for the West Branch YMCA in Kansas City and for the Sumner Academy. He was a member of the Cathedral. Surviving are his wife, Carol Wright Normandin; a son, Christopher R. Normandin of Wichita; a daughter, Laura E. Normandin at home; three brothers and four sisters from the Leominster-Fitchburg are of Massachusetts.

FROM FRANCIS X. "Barney" SHERIDAN ('56): The last time I wrote a note was during chemotherapy, '92-'93. That year stunk! But it was successful. When I use the expression that I'm happy to be here, believe me, I am happy to be here. My oncologist tells me that if I am "clean" until June 1995, he'll call me cured, God willing! So many of the Brothers and so many of the Greater Marist Community wrote, called, or visited during that time. I am very grateful. There is nothing which gives strength when it is needed as being supported by others. Clearly Christ loves us through each other.

Other news: my son Robert, the environmentalist-pacifist-philosopher, came home from college lacking a few credits and announced that he was going to become a Marine Reserve. As we speak, he is in Parris Island, S. C., learning a bit more structure in his life and becoming one of "the few and the proud." What he is experiencing these three months reminds me of my Novitiate. My daughter Rosemary continues her studies in Tucson at the University of Arizona.

My wife Anne still works in the South Bronx as an Education Evaluator for the Board of Education. I spent the past two and a half years there as well. I think of the South Bronx now because today as we celebrated the 35th anniversary of our class at the Marist College homecoming weekend, one event was a round-table by the Marist faculty on violence. Alumni and students were in attendance. It was excellent! By the way, where were our class captains, Br. John Malich and

Br. Charles Filiatrault? And the rest of the guys? I ended up being the only one of our class present.

The Mount reunion of the Greater Marist Community in September was as refreshing as ever. After being with the crowd for the afternoon, I really wished for a Mass to conclude the celebration. Do others feel the same way? Thanks for continuing the newsletter. Peace! (1506 Plymouth Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 10461; 718-518-8298)

FROM GUS NOLAN ('48): A week has already gone by since the GMC picnic. Day turned out to be a real winner! Turnout was very satisfactory and most encouraging. As usual, some people have some great ideas, but I am not sure how to act on them. One is a repeat request for a Saturday evening Mass; not so easy to do. Enclosed is the list of guys present, at least those who signed in. Most were accompanied by spouse, friend, family ... Jack Duggan, Gene Donnelly, Br. Declan Murray, John Wilcox, Jim Gargan, Casimir Podlaski, Bernard Connolly, Ed McElroy, Tom Murphy, Gene Zirkel, Don Schmidt, Bill Doherty, Br. Joe Cerin, George Matthews, Dennis Proulx, Frank Moran, Martin Iang, Br. Rich Rancourt, Barney Sheridan, Br. John Colbert, Br. Joe Bel, Adrian Perreault, Bob Toole, Br. Richard Shea, John Wesp, Donald Gillespie, Anthony Miserandino, Linus Foy, Bill Gilbert, Br. John Bantz, Br. Jerry Doherty, Br. Steve Martin, Frank McNiff, Br. Gregory dela Noy, Br. Simeon Gerald, Bill Krueger, Br. Denis Caverly, Gus N.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We hope to publish again this coming February. That will be issue #30, a bit of a landmark! What can we do to make it something quite special? We look forward to hearing from you. Send your letters to ... Gus Nolan, Marist College, Poughkeepsie, New York, 12601; or to ... David Kammer, 476 LaPlaya, Edgewater, Florida, 32141.