



ISSUE # 52

December 1999

From **DAVID MURPHY** ('61): Seventeen years in Africa is a pretty sure way to lose contact with friends in the States, especially for a person who is not a great letter writer. Then, of course, if you come back and work out in South Dakota, you're not really improving your odds of re-establishing ties.

In Africa I went through a number of the normal growth experiences of a somewhat passionate, celibate team player. The growing/diminishing process was exhilarating. Africa is the place from which I can begin to trace my experience of the romancing of vastness. Since January of 1987 I've been working in South Dakota on the Pine Ridge Reservation. I left the community and married in the summer of 1988. My wife Elaine is a woman of great sensitivity tempered with a very special sense of humor; hey, she puts up with my bizarreness. We had first met back in 1982.

My first nine and a half years here I worked in an alternative school for teens whose needs were not being met in the existing schools. Their program had been pulled together by Brother Joe Di, my wife, and Brother Derm. The first year or so I was thinking that I was being asked to become a piece of silly putty but, of course, after re-examining a few premises and trying out a few new ones, the "new garment" felt very comfortable. The students, coming from their pain and hurt, were amazingly gentle in reaching inside of me and calling on talents and feelings that I was not much in touch with. I guess I've shouted (not so much at people, but just out into the hills), bit my tongue, and cried a lot more in the last dozen years than I had previously thought would have been necessary to become more truly human.

Putting some of this on paper calls to mind listening to a wonderful friend speaking of his Peace Corp experience in Nepal. Before coming home his group went through a debriefing. The group leader asked them to share some of their stories. When they had finished, he told the group that he hoped they had enjoyed the telling of the stories, and he reminded them that for some it would be the last time they would be able to tell the story to someone who had any idea of what it was all about! However, I feel that I share the kind of bond with the readers of Marists All that enables me not to hesitate to tell my story for fear of being misunderstood as being boastful of my life experiences. I know that all of you have processed similar, wondrous experiences.

Elaine and I live three miles east of Pine Ridge village. Elaine works at Oglala Lakota College, and I'm now at Wolf Creek School, a large public elementary school. We have a piece of land with a cabin up in the Black Hills. We are looking toward getting ourselves organized and retiring up there in a few years. If you are out this way to see the faces on Mt. Rushmore, or if you are on your "hog" on the way to the Sturgis Rally, or if you are just interested in finding out something about the goings on of the Pow Wow circuit, give us a call; company is always welcome. We'd love to share our home and our world with you. I would volunteer to show you the former residence of the Brothers in Oglala, but

the tornado this past summer has left nothing but a barren hill. The Brothers' contributions to the Lakota people live where they belong ... in the hearts of the Lakota people! (P.O. Box 742, Pine Ridge SD 57770; 605-867-5921; davmu@scpschis.k12.sd.us)

From **BR. MICHAEL LARATONDA** ('62): I am beginning my ninth year at Wellsprings, a renewal/sabbatical/retreat center in Glens Falls, New York, about an hour north of Albany. I am Associate Director. Since most laity, if working and raising a family, cannot take four months off for a sabbatical, September through December, we have recently done some reconstructing of our programs to meet requests for programs of shorter duration. We now have a variety of formats: week-long directed and guided retreats, private sabbaticals of flexible duration, structured or unstructured. We want to reach out to the laity as well as to religious and to the ordained. Thanks for keeping the newsletter alive. (93 Maple Street, Glens Falls NY 12801; 518-745-1617)

From **DONALD "Ted" GRAY** ('63): I enjoy reading Marists All and am surprised at how many of the contributors I remember. I left the brothers in 1971 after spending five years at my first assignment, St. Joseph Academy, Brownsville, Texas. I spent one year in Austin teaching emotionally disturbed children. Then I returned to St. Joseph's in 1972 where I became the athletic director and head football/basketball coach. I enjoyed that tremendously. I left coaching to become a federal probation/parole officer in April of '77 in Brownsville. I moved up in the agency and was recently promoted to deputy chief overseeing our offices in the cities of Laredo, McAllen, and Brownsville. We have to retire at age 57, so I have less than two years to go.

I married my wife Rosario in 1978, and in 1982 we were blessed with Katrina. Rosario has been employed at St. Joe's for the past eight years. She was hired as a teacher, and is now running the cafeteria services. Katrina is a senior, a member of the year 2000 class. I see the brothers at St. Joe's, as well as the brothers who come to visit there. I talk to Dee Hartnett, Jim Meehan, Tom Crimmins, Ray Armstrong, Tom Mullin, and I saw Joe McKenna when he dropped by Brownsville on business.

I enjoy the newsletter; keep me on the list. Sorry about being late in responding, but the new position is quite a challenge; keeps me hopping. (85 Westchester Circle, Brownsville TX 78521; 956-542-0212)

From **DONALD MULCARE** ('57): Br. John Malich sent me a copy of the audio tapes that contain one of his workshops on community life. They are based on the Marist spirit and have been enriched by stories and examples from St. Marcellin Champagnat and from many of the uncanonized saints that we have known during the Marist phase of our lives. The tapes include a section on conflict resolution.

I am director of Gerontology Programs at the University of Massachusetts Dartmouth. In classes at the university my students work in groups; conflicts quickly emerge. Thanks to Brother John, I have a few new tools with which to address a variety of conflicts. In my personal life, Brother John's presentation on leisure, Sunday as a day of rest, and our need to step back and look at the pace and direction of our lives, offered me the greatest help. Thank you, Brother John. (7 Saffon Road, Fairhaven MA 02719-4214)

From **GEORGE BIOLSI** ('65): I enjoy reading Marists All and certainly look forward to receiving every issue. The thoughts, comments, and recollections of those who write are thought provoking and bring back memories of people and places I haven't seen in many years. So thanks for continuing to publish the newsletter. 1016 Churchill Road, McLean VA 22101; 703-790-4990)

From **JOHN (John David) DUNN** ('55): I taught school as a Brother for two years, 1959 to 1961, followed by teaching one year as a lay teacher. Now I am sales manager for a division of Lilly Industries; I have been in this sales business for 35 years. In September I will celebrate 34 years of marriage. My wife and I have three children: Nancy is a Marist grad, Mary Ellen a graduate of Misericordia, and James a grad from Villanova. (26 Quaker Ridge Road, Westtown NY 10998; 914-726-3531)

From **JOE CONKLIN** ('64): It certainly was an ingenious idea to send out the questionnaire. It caused me to move from a passive reader to an active responder. I have been meaning to write ever since I received my first copy of Marists All which was issue #3. How to start this story has been one of my major deterrents from writing in the past. My college composition prof, Gus Nolan, would probably say, "Start from the beginning."

My involvement with the Marist Brothers started at Marist School in Bayonne in 1956. After two years there I decided I wanted to be a Brother, and I went to the Juniorate in Esopus. I graduated and entered the Novitiate but only stayed for two months. I spent the next three years working and going to college. In 1963 I asked Brother Leo Sylvius if I could try the novitiate again. I completed the novitiate and one year at the scholasticate at Marist College when I discerned that religious life was not for me. It is amazing how my brief on-again, off-again relationship with the Marists has left a permanent mark within me. I continue to feel that bond thirty-three years later. As for many, Brother Leonard was my main and sometimes only contact with the community before Marists All. Though I have had little contact with others from the Marist family, the Marist spirit has stayed with me.

After graduating from Marist College in 1966, I joined the Teacher Corps, a federal anti-poverty program bringing teachers into needy school districts. With that group I taught high school social studies in Gary, Indiana, for five years. From there I took a teaching position in a rural junior/senior high school in Douglas, Wyoming, where I continued to teach for eight more years. I met my wife Leslie there. She was the French and Spanish teacher. We have been married 26 years and have two children: a son Michael, who is a tax accountant, married and with a son of his own, and a daughter Erica, who is a sophomore pre-physical therapy major at Northern Illinois University.

In 1980 I decided to change my career. I went back to the University of Wyoming and earned an accounting degree. I got my CPA and joined Arthur Andersen Consulting's corporate training center in St. Charles, Illinois, where I am now the controller.

I have taught sixth grade religious education for fifteen years at my local parish, but I retired from that last year. My parish is very active in social ministry; I volunteer at a homeless shelter once a month. I belong to a hiking club; I hike 10/12 miles each weekend. Spoiling our grandson Sean has become a major focus for Leslie and me these last two years. We love to travel; two years ago I went hiking in the Andes. My first night in Quito I stayed at a hotel across the

street from a high school. What a surprise I had the next morning when I saw that the name of the school was Colegio Mariste.

I want to thank Gus and David for putting this communication vehicle together. I also want to thank all those men who affected my life in its formative years by imparting that Marist spirit which has nurtured me all these years. (727 Fellows Street, St. Charles IL 60174; 630-377-6479; jconklin41@aol.com)

From **PETER SEDLMEIR** ('61): Thanks for the obvious work you put into Marists All. It is inspiring to see how the spirit of Champagnat has spread through the actions of men who have lived that spirit for some portion of their lives.

My wife Margaret and I are celebrating our 20th wedding anniversary this October; we took a tour to the Grand Canyon. I've never been there before, and I have never experienced such overwhelming size and beauty. It's truly an experience that helped me recognize a bit more my relationship with God.

As a deacon I have recently been involved in organizing our Renew 2000 parish mission which was conducted entirely by the laity. It was much work, but I believe that the Spirit of God was most definitely at work. I continue my job as a substance abuse counselor in several schools in Greene county. Dealing with these kids whom "society considers God's least favored" certainly makes one recognize one's own powerlessness and fosters increased recognition of God's power. Thanks again. 2 Pearson Road, Preston Hollow NY 12469; 518-239-6282)

From **BILL KARGES** ('74): I moved south in 1995 after many years in NYC at the Mount, at St. Agnes, and finally at the Collegiate School over a long stretch. The primary reason for the move was my parents' health. I know that many of you have met them over the years. My mom is now in a nursing home with terminal Alzheimers, and Dad is undergoing an experimental cancer treatment. I'm happy that I made the move when I did.

My life in education continues much as before. I'm now the Assistant Head at a small independent school in North Carolina, Gaston Day School in Gastonia. I have been recruiting some of my friends from New York to come down and help get the place stirred up. I've very much enjoyed the quality of life here. I'm paying less on the mortgage for a three-bedroom brick ranch than I did for rent of a studio apartment in New York. However, I do miss friends and, of course, the restaurants of the Big Apple. Thanks for Marists All. 2616 Redbud Drive, Gastonia NC 28056; 704-868-2289; wek@gastonday,pvt.k12.nc.us)

From **JOE OLIVET** ('64): In September I began my 30th year teaching elementary school in the Bronx for the public school system. Most of those years have been spent teaching physical education, but for the past four years I have been teaching science in grades 3 to 6.

When I remarried, my wife brought four children to the marriage. At first that was tough, but after 15 years we have come together as a group. My son from a previous marriage is in the Air Force and is married. My wife's children have grown into wonderful professionals: one is a chef, one is doing payroll, one is graduated from college after struggling for six years. The youngest I have raised since she was three years old; she is now a college junior at SUNY Albany, and is continuing to amaze me with her competence as she grapples with coming of

age and taking her place in society as a productive member. I am really pleased that she considers me her “dad” and only father. No grandchildren yet, and I am in no hurry.

This year will be my last in teaching. I am looking forward to retiring in December of 2000. After retirement I will probably continue working the part time job I have now, as a bus driver or supervisor for Shortline Bus Company. I will cross that bridge when I come to it. Recently we bought a used motor home and are fixing it up. So travel will definitely be in our plans. Thanks for this sharing opportunity. (134 Rockwell Avenue, Middletown NY 10940; 914-343-2981)

From **CHARLIE (James Martin) SCOTT** ('50): It's been several years since I wrote last. Although I evidently misplaced the August issue of Marists All and have just now discovered it, I usually read each issue from first to last page eagerly and avidly. Marists All, from its inception to its present issue #50, is a remarkable record of the Marist influence in the lives of many men, both those who have remained in the religious community and those many others who have found their way outside the community. I am so impressed by the accomplishments of my Marist brothers and the depth and extent of commitment in their everyday lives that I have come to regard Marists All as a kind of “spiritual reading.”

I am in my thirty-seventh and final year of my teaching in the English Department at the University of Wisconsin. I plan to retire at the end of this academic year, though I have already agreed that, if need be, I would teach next fall. Apart from being somewhat hobbled by a bone spur in my left heel, I am in good health and, so far as I know, still have my wits about me; teaching another semester or two should not be a problem. On the other hand, retirement as a new state in life looks to be very attractive, financially and emotionally, and thus seems the right next step. If returning to the pitcher's mound is no longer a realistic option, catching up with reading and writing, my next great loves, will fill my days very nicely.

Anne will retire from her position as Ticket Office Manager of the Civic Center the following year. Then, she says, we will clean out the closets! We will continue to live in Madison, one of the nation's most “livable” cities, but will spend more time at our lakeshore cabin in the Nicolet National Forest. We will also find more time to visit Rob in New York, Mike and granddaughter Hannah in Savannah, Liz and Grant in Jacksonville, and Sheila in Los Angeles.

In recent years I have visited Northern Ireland twice, once with Anne, once with Rob, where the last member of my grandmother's family (Shannons) still lives just off the Ormeau Road in Belfast, a tough place to be during the “marching season” in June and July each year. In spite of the British checkpoints and frequent street patrols, we were able to drive back and forth across the border with the Republic and so managed to visit not only in the North but also most of the west country from Donegal down to the Dingle, then back to Belfast through Enniskillen, County Monaghan, and Armagh.

A few years ago Anne and I had a wonderful 2000 mile drive in England and Scotland, from the Salisbury Plain in the south of England to Inverness in Scotland, with a wonderful side trip to the western isles of Mull and Iona.

More recently, my ongoing project for Japanese teachers of English, funded through the Council on International Educational Exchange, has sent me to professional meetings in Washington, New Orleans, London, San Francisco, and next February, Tokyo. My profession has been good to me in this respect: the opportunity to visit, and to live and work, in places I never thought I would get to: Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Japan, Taiwan, and China, as well as Germany and Poland. I don't foresee travels of this sort in my retirement, but we will be trying hard to visit many of the wonderful places in our own country that have so far eluded us.

Several of my classmates--Joe Horan, Brendan Haggerty-- have mentioned a 50th reunion. I hope it happens. Though I have been fortunate to see Dick Branigan and Bill Powers on occasion, and have stayed in touch with Len Voegtle, Hugh Crowe, Dick Jambor, and Bill Lavigne, it would be quite wonderful to see the whole class once again. Meantime, I hope you all noticed that the Wisconsin Badgers won the Rose Bowl last January, that the "Pack" has been back for a few years now, and that the Brewers are going to get themselves out of the dust bin one of these years. All best wishes! (4737 Lafayette Drive, Madison WI 53705; 608-233-3995)

From **JIM CARGER** ('64): I am delighted to see each arrival of Marists All. It is a wonderful link to people and times that have shaped my life and that continue to enrich my spirit. I am a clinical psychologist in private practice outside Chicago. My wife Chris is a Marist College graduate of 1974. She teaches Children's Literature/Bilingual Education at Northern Illinois University. We have two wonderful daughters; Mary is entering 9th grade at St. Ignatus High School and Elizabeth is a sophomore at the University of Chicago.

After a long hiatus I am back playing the guitar and am teaching my older daughter to play. I don't see anyone from my days at Marist any more but I do relish every word in Marists All that revives memories long cherished. Thank you so much. I am sure there are many people on your list whom I would love to contact but have not seen their names in print. Have you ever thought of putting out a directory? (408 Nuptial Road, Riverside IL 60506; 708-442-0093; jcarger@gateway.net)

From **BR. THOMAS DELANEY** ('55): I am starting my 10th year at Marist College. I am living in Leo Hall as a resident mentor. My "extra hobby" is teaching Spanish. Summer vacation takes me to Dublin, Ireland, where I teach English as a second language to Brothers and students from Portugal, Spain, and Italy. Life is quite interesting here at Marist College. We have been blessed with a great community of faculty, students, and staff. (P.O. Box 10-957, Poughkeepsie NY 12601; 914-575-3725; Thomas.Delaney@marist.edu)

From **JOE (Joel Gilmary) STRANG** ('53): I am still on the faculty of Central Texas College as a part-time English instructor in their program of teaching aboard U.S. navy warships at sea. However, I have spent the past eighteen months teaching English and computer full time for Herald Business College in Salinas. In my spare time I teach a composition course to the national guard for Vincennes University. My college students enjoy my tales of life as a Marist Brother.

I have lived on the beautiful Monterey Peninsula for almost two decades. I am single and live with my Boston terrier. I spent two weeks in July visiting friends and relatives on the east coast. At that time I visited the widow of Dan (Robert

Fidelis) Nolan. I am currently considering an offer to run a retreat house on Cape Cod, owned by a lady I met 35 years ago when I coached debate at Archbishop Molloy. I look forward to each issue of Marists All, but have not been able to attend any Marist functions for many years due to work and distance. Thanks for keeping me in touch. (P.O. Box 857, Pacific Grove CA 93950; 831-375-8672; joestran09@pacbell.net)

From **BILLDOHERTY** ('62): I am presently a teacher/administrator for the MTA/NY transit. I work with a software package called People Soft-tracking; it is an authority-wide project for human resources. My wife Jody is Director of Human Resources for the Eastern Paralyzed Veterans Association. Our daughter Kate, 25, is working for an investment banking firm, and our son Andrew, 23, is with KTV-103.5 FM.

We recently traveled to Fort Kent Mills in Maine for vacation. Last year we were in London. We are planning a trip to Ireland in May/June of 2000. We hope this will be a family trip if all can coordinate their busy schedules. Many thanks for Marists All. (124-16 84th Road (Apt 1-L), Kew Gardens NY 11415; 718-849-2335)

From **JOE McGRATH** ('52): Marists All has been a wonderful tie to a former world, one that is remembered warmly as the pictures of many "heroes" of my growing-up years float past my internal monitor. As you have many times heard, the first note to Marists All is proving very difficult to write. 'Tis strange for an Irishman to be tongue-tied!

Sue and I are splitting the seasons between Savannah, Georgia, and Warren, Vermont. We spent the summer in Vermont working on our house. So many times I had to smile as I remembered the monks at Tyngsboro who tried to teach this New York raised city boy how to weed, hay, fell trees, lay maple floors, feed cows, split rocks, woodworking, canning, silo filling, etc., etc. Would you believe that I used most of those basic skills this summer?

I have many happy memories of Henry, Paul, Aloysius, Peter, Monsieur Ouellette, and most of all John B. Lots of renewed praise for these special human beings and lots of wishes that they be remembered by all of us who benefited so much from knowing them.

In Vermont Sue and I spend a good bit of time at Sugarbush Ski area. No doubt Foy is responsible for that move. Whenever I come down one of the trails, I get a flashback to the time he introduced me to skiing at Beacon Mountain, er, hill. If you have a yen to strap on some boards, Foy, hope you'll drop into Warren.

To my contemporaries, best of wishes; be assured of continued prayers for your continued good graces. Now that I am retired (Ernst & Young LLP) I hope to have the opportunity to write a little more. In the meantime, to Hopi, McGuire, McSweeney, Stafford, McNulty, Duggan, Gil D, Luke, Madden, Lozeau, et all, a great big "hey" from Savanaah. To monks who taught here, the priests and brothers of Benedictine send their best. Cheers! (14 Seawatch Drive, Savannah GA 31411; 912-598-7053; joemvt@accessvt.com)

From **CHARLES MAHON** ('66): In preparing to help our son get set up for grad school at Virginia Tech, Dolores and I spent a day at the Wild Geese Inn, visiting with Mary and Pat Gallagher. We had a wonderful time with two

wonderful people. Pat was my high school English teacher who helped me chose novitiate over college.

I am still taking the bus from Union, New Jersey, to NYC each day. It's been a hectic year at work, building a new program system while maintaining an old minicomputer system in the midst of company changes.

Dolores and I did manage last year to take a cruise to Portugal on the Rotterdam. We saw Fatima and other places on day trips from Lisbon. Last winter we flew to London and had a great week as we met with friends from Tampa.

Our son Patrick is a year away from his certification exams in Civil Engineering. Daughter Andres is into her sophomore year at the University of Maryland. We've made numerous trips to visit and to bring supplies to her! On the way we were introduced to the Inner Harbor at Baltimore, a lovely place to visit.

Dolores started a new job last week. She is the assistant to the director of "The Center for Hope Hospice." This organization took care of her father when he died last year. The job offer came to Dolores quite inadvertently when she went to volunteer to help an organization whose purpose met a need for her family and did it in such a wonderful, Christian way. Now Dolores is employed full time and is doing something she loves! 1352 Vauxhall Road, Union NJ 07083-7027; 908-964-0846)

From **BOB HOLM** ('60): It's been forty years, Gus, since you gave me that 100% on the religion final. Berky was a generous marker, too - in deducting points! I am completing my 35th year with the NYPD, presently a Lieutenant in the Mounted Unit where I have been assigned for the past fifteen years. A recent shoulder reconstruction (yes, you do have mishaps on those steeds now and then) will lead to my filing for retirement this October. I finally heard the alarm clock!

Nevertheless, one of the most cherished windows of any day is when the mailbox reveals an issue of Marists All. I then set aside some quiet moments and follow the developments of the congregation and of so many lives, often of fellow students and teachers, who have had such an important impact on my life. It is a very special return to a time when I learned my first conversations with God, a time that prepared me for the bobbing and weaving that waited me in life. Knowing myself, I doubt if I could have slipped many punches without the foundation I received from my Marist experience.

I have four grown daughters, two of whom are high school teachers, in some way carrying out the direction I was seeking. I've also walked two of them down the aisle in the past two years, two more and Spencer Tracy will have nothing on me.

I stay in touch with Br. Leonard Voegtle. I know I'm one of the legions who have sought counsel and friendship from him. With due respect for Gus and Dave, Brother Leonard in some ways was an early version of Marists All. Like that energizer bunny he does keep turning out his own personal warmth and news to those so fortunate to be on his mailing list. As a former provincial, historian of St. Champagnat, and now designated archivist, he is definitely a Marist giant. If he reads this, his modesty will look to give me a good swat.

Following my retirement I hope to be exploring South Carolina for those golden years, assuming I can work these new shoulder parts into some semblance of a golf swing. Thanks to Gus and Dave for Marists All, for the hard work and for the perseverance. The questionnaire was a great idea; it got us off the mark. Looking to future issues. (245 Cook street, Huntington Station NY 11746; 516-673-8419)

RE: GERARD BRUNELLE ('47): Gerry wrote to Marists All in the spring of '97. He told us about his Marist education from 1943 to 1950, his 33 years as a music teacher in the Lowell public school system, and his living after retirement in 1992 at his hermitage off the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee at the Weirs in New Hampshire. He concluded with "My works - canes and walking sticks, poetry and music composition - are all little bridges, even if toil bridges, from the island of my hermitage to the mainland of society."

Inspired now by the canonization of the Founder, Gerry writes about his attachment to all things Marist in extended poetic correspondence. He has great respect for Saint Marcellin Champagnat and the Marist history, charisma, and influence on his life. Brother Henry Charles and Brother Paul Ambrose come in for deep gratitude, the former who "was everywhere and knew everything" and the latter who impressed with "All we take with us to heaven is the good that we do." And there is the memory of Brother Abelus: "What a magnificent man he was!"

Gerry sees Marists All as a charismatic way of learning of others and maintaining the solidarity of brotherhood. He encourages us to be involved in the field of life rather than in the bleachers; he especially encourages us to second the work of the Marist Brothers. (664 Scenic Road (Box 5157), Weirs NH 03246; 603-366-4168)

From **JOHN (James Austin) McALEER ('42):** When I read Donald Ryan's (Joel Matthew '42) short entry in the August issue of M.A., I called him in New Jersey. I discovered for the first time that he left the order in 1958, the year after I did. Donald had to fill me in on 41 years of stuff. He promises to write to M.A. at greater length soon.

In early August Ruth and I flew to Chicagoland for nine days. We stayed in the city for a few days with our son Sean who is teaching philosophy courses at Elmhurst College and at National Lewis University - also painting houses - while finishing his dissertation for a PhD from Syracuse. While in the windy city I had a long chat on the phone with Br. Alfred George who was at the Marist High residence. I taught with him at CCHS in Wheeling in 1952-53. Same pleasant voice, same easy laugh! He was in town for a short time preaching in churches (!) raising money for the missions.

Ruth and I spent the bulk of our short vacation with friends in Lake Bluff about 30 miles north of the Loop where we raised our family. From there we drove up to Milwaukee one evening and had dinner at the home of Bill Murphy (Joseph William '40) and his wife Sandy. I hadn't seen Bill for about 25 years; we had a lot to catch up on. While admiring the art in Bill's home, I spotted a plaque on the wall. I would like to share the content with you: "1999 Impact Award given to William J. Murphy, whose wisdom and leadership has dramatically affected the greater Milwaukee community." Bill did not like the idea, but I copied the wording in spite of him. I continue to enjoy correspondence with a number of

GMC people who responded to my initial entry in Marists All. (8700 Metcalf, #102, Overland Park KS 66212; jjmcaleer@earthlink.net)

From **WILLIAM (David Marcellin) QUINN** ('44): April 15th was one of those days in my lifetime that I will never forget, leaving JFK for Rome for the canonization of Father Champagnat with a great group of people. The next few days flew by so quickly, over too soon. The account by Joan and Jephtha Lanning tells the story very well. The most moving day was the day of the Mass at St. Paul's. To see, hear, and be with all four of the branches of the Marist Family. That was it for me.

I sold my house about for years ago and bought a two-bedroom co-op. All my windows look to NYC, what a view. I still do sacristy work in our parish church five days a week. (142-15 26th Avenue (#6C), Flushing NY 11354-1759; 718-353-5304)

From **BOB (Joseph Kevin) COLLINS** ('56): Overdue greetings from Farmingville, Long Island. Congratulations to my Tyngsboro classmates on the 45th celebration of their Marist vocations. You have stood the test of time well, Brothers. God bless you all!

I retired fifteen months ago after 27 years as a steamfitter. I developed asbestosis; my doctor's advice was to "get out and enjoy living." I remain very active in Alcoholics Anonymous and in the Matt Talbot retreat movement. Being a "beach bum" since my early days at Rockaway Beach, I'm almost a daily walker along the beaches of Fire Island. At the moment I'm coordinating an October/November A.A. state convention in Hawaii (more beach time!); there are about 100 registered from Suffolk County. Sobriety has been a marvelous adventure! I recently celebrated 25 years in recovery. God has led me on an awesome journey that has been beyond my wildest dreams. Thank you for your dedication to Marists All.(1 Kimberly Avenue, Farmingville NY 11738; 516-736-1724

From **BR. DOMINIC O'BRIEN** ('52): I've enjoyed getting Marists All, and I read it ASAP from cover to cover. Many of the names are not familiar to me since I've been somewhat out on my own for the past 30 years. I moved into full time parish ministry in '69 and have worked in youth ministry in the Archdioceses of Newark and Hartford and in the dioceses in Kentucky and in Oklahoma. And then God blessed me with my present position as Director of Christian Formation at St. Catherine's in Orange Park, Florida.

The parish is quite ahead of its time. There are more than 3400 families. Talk about size! Think of 150 in first Eucharist, 110 in Confirmation, almost 1000 children in religious education programs. Think of hundreds of adults in other education programs and of 50 young adults meeting weekly for spiritual nourishment. Think of a parish mission with over 1000 people in attendance two years in a row. This year we'll have two parish missions.

All of this is my responsibility. I have a full time secretary, a principal who handles the elementary and junior high programs, and a small faith community coordinator, all of whom are on salary. I have a volunteer director of the pre-school program also. Our professional staff includes a director of social ministry, a director of liturgy, a director of stewardship, and a parish administrator. We co-sponsor an elementary school with two other parishes.

I cover the religious education programs of the youth ministry 10th through 12th. My favorite activity is RCIA, a program that has had about 40 people come into the Church each of the past two years. I think that says something about the vitality of the parish. On our registration form a person can sign for any of 100 different activities. We are trying to become a full stewardship parish, as the director of stewardship makes sure the find something for everyone to do. Some of our doctors and dentists go to Haiti and to the Dominican Republic. We encourage tithing; 15% of our Sunday collection goes to charity.

We have two diocesan priests, one is part-time Navy; the others are Italian, Indian, and Irish - five in all. The parish makeup is quite ethnically mixed. One Sunday Mass is in Spanish. There is a monthly Mass in French and another in Italian. About 50% of the parish is active or retired military.

I have never been so happy in ministry. I have wonderful community here, but I do miss Marist community. Unfortunately most Marist Brothers' activities conflict with regular parish activity. I hope to have someone to look after things next June so that I can get up to Marist College. P.S. The idea of a GMC picnic in Florida has appeal.(1649 Kingsley Avenue, Orange Park FL 32073; 904-264-0577 ex 322; 904-317-5070)

EDITORS' NOTE:

Would you believe, we still have in hand, waiting for publication, correspondence from nineteen people; most of that material consists of short notes, only one item exceeding a half page. We promise to get all of this into our next issue. Sorry for the unavoidable delay.

Please do not think that no one could possibly be interested in your more extended stories. There is much evidence to the contrary. We still look to every mail delivery for the thoughts, news, and stories you have to share with all of us.

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