



**ISSUE # 68**

**June 2002**

A Eulogy for **Brother Roy Mooney** ('52)  
by Br. Sean Sammon  
(delivered at the Mass of Christian Burial, April 7th, 2002)

Roy Mooney left us during the early morning hours of April 3rd 2002. The Gospel for that Easter Wednesday was the story of the two disciples on the road to Emmaus. A simple tale about an extraordinary case of mistaken identity. Yes, a simple but extraordinary tale. And wasn't Roy's life much the same: simple and yet extraordinary. Take for example, the way in which he left us. With many good-byes behind him, he entered hospice care at 9:00 o'clock Tuesday evening; six hours later he was gone. Having borne his cancer long enough, last Wednesday morning Roy simply ceased to bear it, and with the Saints he sat down. So like Roy. Simple and extraordinary.

However, let's be honest; we really loved Roy because he was Roy. No airs, straight talk, a strength of character you could depend on. And, oh yes, he loved life, loved to laugh, to celebrate, to party. Anyone who doubts that description just needs to recall but one of those Christmas-in-July parties that he hosted, complete with angel costumed guests, an air conditioning system pumped up to super cool, spray snow smeared on window glass, and a tree aglow with lights. Being a guest at one, I wondered at first just what the neighbors might think, seeing this annual event unfold. Very quickly I discovered that some of those who lived nearby were among the guests. Roy's deep passion for living was infectious.

There are many, many Roy Mooney stories, tales about this simple and yet extraordinary man whom we mourn today. Each of us, those of us who were privileged to live with him, befriend and love him, be taught by him, each of us -- with just a little effort -- can find a Roy story that swells the heart and speeds the blood, a memory of his life with which to anoint ourselves. These tales will protect us, help us, make us more complete during these days of loss and sadness. They will also remind us about what we had for a brief moment in time. After all, Roy Mooney was the real thing. Perhaps this is the quality that was so memorable in him. With Roy what you saw was what you got. There was a transparency about him that put you at ease immediately.

Francis Xavier Mooney began life in the Bronx on December 10th 1933. He was the last of five children born to William and Mary Mooney. He called University Avenue home. During the years he taught at the Juniorate in Cold Spring he managed to convince at least one class of Juniors that he was a graduate of Evander Childs High School. However, the record shows that Roy completed studies at St. Ann's Academy and then headed off to our Marist Novitiate in Tyngsboro on September 9th 1951. Marist formation took this kid from the Bronx and worked to transform him into a Little Brother of Mary. And while some things did change -- the name Francis Xavier, for example, fell in favor of

Roy -- somehow that kid from the Bronx won out! Roy never lost that skeptical eye that kept him and all of us honest. He did not accept things at face value. No, he asked questions, and gave himself the freedom to think differently. He was a natural at the art of living, and he played best the role of simply being himself.

Roy never lost his love of Las Vegas, and he preferred the shops of Florence to its museums. I remember well boarding a train in that lovely Italian city following a day spent helping him shop, and hearing him say, "Some day we must return here--to see the art!" Yes, he lived this life of ours with an ease and a finesse that made it look easy.

At the same time Roy was a deeply spiritual man. He kept the traditions in the very best sense of that word. He was one of those rare people whom you meet for whom God was very real and always near. And so, he was able to spread an atmosphere of joy over the smallest happening and was profoundly grateful simply to be alive. And while I am sure that he would have jumped at the chance for a few more years of life among us, I have no doubt that he believed that last Wednesday morning was also the beginning of life.

Roy was a teacher. He was a natural here, too. He was one of those of the species, fast disappearing, who would fearlessly take up the text of any until-then-unknown subject and through hard work and more than a little moxie, make the subject come alive. While in Cold Spring he taught me Biology, English Literature, and Religion. And, though in later years I discovered that often enough he was but a few pages ahead of those of us who were his students, back then the thought never crossed my mind that he was anything other than an expert in all three areas. Yes, there was a bit of the actor in Roy Mooney.

Roy was also a student of life, observing and commenting regularly on what he saw, and all the while with a touch of humor. However, the best gift Roy gave to young people -- to many of us grown ups as well -- was only to be discovered later when he started counseling. Roy had a wonderful capacity to listen. He kept confidences, too; you felt as though you could tell him anything. And there was his uncanny ability to tell us the truth about ourselves. We could hear the hard word from him because we knew he loved us. I can never remember him criticizing in anger.

There are so many qualities in this good and gentle man. He was thoughtful, loyal, fun loving. He collected Christmas villages, and God knows what else. He loved his Marist Brothers, too, and the Marist way of life, the 50th anniversary of which he marks this year. When Roy made his vow of stability on the feast of the Annunciation this March 25th, he was but bearing witness to his desire to mirror the fidelity that God had shown to him.

And so, Roy "Francis Xavier" Mooney, it is time to let you fly away. How you loved your family and friends. For many of us who love you, your death is the only grief you have ever caused us. May you stand tall among the Communion of Saints. After all, in becoming over time a Little Brother of Mary, you also became the very best of men. With that said though, please do wait a day or two before shouting out in festive mood, "Let's have a splash!" After all, some people might not understand.

When last I say Roy in the hospital in New Jersey Sunday, March 3rd, I was grateful for the chance we had to talk. I will never forget the words he spoke near the end of our conversation. He looked straight at me and said, "Sean, all I

can do now is to pray for you and the Council" Those words were a great consolation.

(This eulogy has been shortened and adapted with permission for publication.)

OUR DECEASED: May they rest in peace, we pray.

Brother **Roy William Mooney** ('52) died in a hospice care home in New Jersey the early morning hours of April 3rd after suffering from cancer for over a year. He was in his 69th year. Roy had served as provincial of the Poughkeepsie province for two terms, before directing the international programs at Manziana, Italy, for seven years. He returned from Rome to take up counseling at Roselle Catholic in New Jersey, but he soon came down with his sickness.

Brother **James Damian Brady** ('40) died in Florida the morning of April 16th after a long illness mainly with diabetes just four days short of his 79th birthday. He had been in retirement in Augusta for some time before moving to Miami this past autumn. During his seven-year teaching assignment at St. Ann's Academy Jim was responsible for raising funds for the newly established mission in the Philippines by overseeing weekly bingo socials. Later he became both director and principal at St. Helena's, Christ the King, Molloy, and Msgr. Pace High School.

Brother **Christopher Robert Weiss** ('48) died May 7th at the Center for Hope Hospice in Elizabeth, New Jersey. He had retired as a librarian at Roselle Catholic in 1998, but had continued living in the Roselle Marist Community till early in 2002. Chris had studied Library Science at Catholic University in the early 1960s and had devoted himself to library work from '62 to '98 at Molloy, Bayonne, and Roselle, as well as at the Generalate in Rome. A classmate observed that Chris "was a great reader and observer of the human scene."

From **BILL BYRNE** ('52): Every issue of Marists All brings back a flood, nay a river of memories. I'm sure that is as true for everyone as it is for me. Raphael Martin (formerly Jim Zbinden) and I grew up on the same Manhattan block, 164th Street and Broadway. Some of the neighborhood characters we knew were Jacques D'Amboise of the New York Ballet and Tiny Tim. Raph went off to Bishop Dubois High School and I to Cardinal Hayes where I'm fond of telling everyone who'll listen that I walked the halls with Regis Philbin. It was as sophomores that we came under the influence of Brother Aidan Francis whom my mother likened to a spider spinning his Marist web over us impressionable teens. Raph and I trained lock-step through the Juniorate in Esopus, the Novitiate in Tyngsboro, and the Scholasticate in Poughkeepsie. In fact, both of us were even held back from teaching for a year as manual laborers in Poughkeepsie - he in the laundry and I in the print shop. I don't know about Raph, but for me, besides being a disappointment, that certainly tested my mettle.

My first teaching assignment came in 1957 to the newly transplanted St. Ann's Academy, transformed into Archbishop Molloy High School in Jamaica, Long Island. Raph and I joined about 57 other Brothers there. I think I was given a leftover schedule, since I was probably the last name in the alphabetical order - Brother William Martin. My first several years I taught three General Science classes, one Algebra and one Geometry. Not bad for someone armed with a degree in English. Later I taught a full load of French I and could, as one of my students reminded me, spend an entire period trying to get the class to master the pronunciation of "un" and "une." There is much to be said for forced versatility. Finally, in my last two years at Molloy I did teach English. At Molloy, I came to

appreciate the likes of Brother Terence, James Maher, Leo Richard, JP Luke, Norbie and nameless others. Incidentally I have written a remembrance of Teddy Morris (BLR) that involves our adventures with Bishop Sheen and heavyweight boxing champion, Floyd Patterson, available by e-mail upon request. When the dreaded Assignment List came out in the summer of 1964, I found that I was assigned to Roselle Catholic High School. Though it was difficult to leave Molloy, my years at Roselle were years of professional growth for me. I was able to develop several programs for Roselle. I established the very successful Drama Club with the help of Brother Francis (Frank Walsh) and directed some fine productions. I taught in Roselle with Vinny Poisella, Tommy Conlon, Greg Ballerino, Mike McGonigle, Stephen Martin, and others, all of whom put up with me kindly.

My second assignment at Molloy in 1969 proved less successful and so I left the congregation in January of 1970. I very much appreciated the article on Marist Experience by Vinny Poisella in the last issue of Marists All. As one who left in a fit of pique, that article hit home. I now hope that I have moved beyond any negative feelings that clouded my exit.

I took a different path than most who left. I had a wonderful career with Volkswagen of America, mostly in training and development. While most automobile componentry is still a mystery to me, I could nevertheless write a decent sentence, relate to co-workers well, and fake all the rest. One of my bosses was fond of saying that when you feigned sincerity and people bought it, you had it made in the business world. He certainly parlayed that knowledge into a rewarding career.

I've kept a lukewarm hand in education over the years, teaching in a community college and a small business college - "add junk" I think they call it. As recently as a month ago, I had a mild heart attack and now carry this body around with a damaged heart and a strategically placed stent to open a clogged artery. When you are 68 years old, you expect such accommodations. With the help of an artificial lens, the result of a cataract, I am on the lookout for what is next.

My two sons, Andrew and David, both have Masters Degrees in Music and are pursuing their muses. Andrew coaches singing students in New York City, plays the keyboard from time to time in the orchestra for Les Miserables, and performs around the country in cabarets and musicals. David is completing his studies at Michigan University in music composition and is gaining a reputation as a gifted composer - Tanglewood, U of M, etc.

As for me now, I am taking it easy while going through cardiac rehab, caring for my dog, Jimmy, and my two cats, Wax and Wayne. Judy is a big project manager for a media company, working long hours and leaving me with plenty of time for the cardiac rehab and animal husbandry. (154 West Church Street, Clarkston MI 48346; 248-625-6555; [jmhopkins\\_48346@yahoo.com](mailto:jmhopkins_48346@yahoo.com))

**GOMA TENT SCHOOL** Recent reports indicate that the "Tent School" in Goma is now functioning well. There are two sessions each day with the senior students in the morning and the juniors in the afternoon. A large number of books and school supplies are beginning to arrive at the Institute. In total, 1200 students have returned to access these temporary quarters until July 2002. The generosity of Marist schools, communities, provinces, and friends across all continents has enabled this emergency project to be launched after the volcano destroyed most of the school. The project has manifested a global Marist

solidarity. Happiness in returning to classes was tempered by the desolate landscape blanketed with layers of volcanic lava. (This report is taken from two internet Bulletins out of Rome.)

Eulogy *for* Brother **James Damian Brady** ('40)  
by Br. Stephen Urban Minogue

It is always a solemn moment when Marist Brothers gather together here at our Esopus Cemetery to remember a Brother with whom we have shared community, at whose side we have worked, and whom we have come to know as confrere and friend. We have weathered many storms and crises, personally and as members of a Church in crisis. We have laughed together and have been sad together, yet all the while we are assured that we shall rise with the Risen Savior.

When we stop and look back down the years of Brother James Damian Brady's Marist career, it is indeed hard not to be impressed. Jimmy Damian was a man who was very intelligent. He had degrees in education, mathematics, and English. From the year 1943 at Mount St. Michael till 2001, he served the Marist Brothers, the Church, and the United States. He served as teacher, as Dean of Studies and as Director-Principal of Molloy High School, as director and Founding Principal of Christ the King High School, as Principal of Pace High School in Opa Locka, and finally in his retirement as tutor and instructor of RCIA in Augusta, Georgia.

It was always a pleasure for me to be in the company of Jimmy Brady. If Jim was distinguished by one virtue, it is surely generosity of heart. I never heard him say a word in jest that ever cut or hurt another Brother. He was kind, and he was funny with a humor that could reduce life's tensions to their respective importance. Jim Brady was an extraordinary toastmaster, for he was bright, articulate, witty, and loveable. The monks will always be grateful to Jim for the great parties and frequent 'First Vespers' he arranged for the Brothers. It was his way of manifesting his understanding of the dedicated self-giving life of the teacher, and of silently getting the message across that he was grateful.

As the Brother responsible for raising money for our Filipino missions, Jim ran the St. Ann's Bingo. He was organized and governed with heart. He always lead with his shoulders. It was a pleasure to work with him. And the dedicated men, who came week after week and year after year, loved him because he was grateful. He kept in touch with them long after St. Ann's moved out to Queens. Small wonder that those of us who were close to him called him "Diamond Jim."

Brother James Damian and Father Champagnat had much in common. The Lord laid a heavy cross of suffering on Jim's shoulders for a good part of his adult life. The tedious and humiliating calvary of the multiple aspects of sickness, together with the modification of life's daily ways and dependence on others, was nothing short of the dark night of the soul. Yet, as much as Jim could talk about his sickness when prompted, I never heard him complain or grow angry. It takes a valiant soul, one who lives prayerfully in the presence of God, not only NOT to let suffering embitter him, but to allow life's pains to sweeten him and make him ever more gentle of heart ... and Jim was already gentle of heart.

So, as we become aware of all the good that Brother James Damian Brady has done, humbly, simply, and with gentle modesty, we are grateful to the Lord and to Mary, our Good and Loving Mother, for the gift of Jimmy Damian to us. May

we, too, find the inspiration to believe in the Marist way of life and to be true to what it promises and to ultimate fidelity to our vocation. It is time now, not so much to mourn Jimmy Brady, as to invoke him. He is truly alive, at peace, and where he can intercede for us. Jim Brady, and all ye hosts of Marists, remember us and be with us till we all are united and rejoice together in a happy eternity. Amen. (This eulogy has been shortened and adapted with permission for publication.)

#### TRIBUTES TO BR. JAMES DAMIAN BRADY

From **Dan St. Jacques** ('52): We all have lost a great person in Brother James Damian Brady. I can remember him as one of my teachers, who whilst professing a gruff exterior, was always willing to help. He was an overall fine person and an example of charity in action. Fondly, we young monks referred to him as "JD."

From **Brendan Haggerty** ('50): Thanks for the news on Jim Brady. He is in my prayers. He taught me in Esopus in 1948 (advanced algebra). I still remember the man, the monk, and also  $x = -b \pm \sqrt{b^2 - 4ac} / 2a$ . Prayers for another of Mary's men.

From **John Sugrue** ('60): Thanks for the info on Jimmy Damian. I remember him not only as my Senior home room teacher at St. Ann's but also as a great math teacher. I was lucky to be in his classroom but even luckier to have him as my first Superior as a young monk at St. Helena's. May he rest in peace. Another Marist to pray to.

From **GENE ZIRKEL** ('53): In April Pat and I experienced a wonderful Marist Pilgrimage. Led by two Marist Fathers, we toured Paris, Lyon, and Rome. We visited Marcellin's home in La Rosey/La Roizey and the nearby chapel built by Marist alumni. We stopped in his first parish in La Valla. We visited the Hermitage, the original chapter room, and Marcellin's bedroom where he died.

In Rome Brother Gerry Brereton showed us around the Brothers' Generalate. They have the original altar which the founder used. A highlight of our visit to St Peter's was finding the statue of St. Marcellin. It is on the outside of the left transept. I approached two Swiss Guards who were blocking access to the statue and showed them the picture of the statue which Hugh Turley had printed in his newsletter. They very nicely allowed us to enter the courtyard, telling us to go under two arches where we would see a policeman who would show us the where the statue was. The policeman asked to see my pass, and I showed him the clipping that I had showed the Guard. He too was friendly and let us go.

In Le Puy we visited the chapel where Courveille had the inspiration to found the Marists, and at Fourviere, situated above Lyons, we visited the chapel where Marcellin, Colin and the others signed the pledge to create the Marists. We saw Colin's first parish in Cerdon. In St. Bonnet, where Colin was raised, we entered the home of his uncle who cared for him when his parents left him orphaned. It is just opposite the church. It had once been the rectory but is now a museum devoted to Colin and all four Marist congregations. We were also warmly welcomed at the Marist Fathers' General House in Rome. All in all the trip was a very moving experience. I am glad I went even if I am one of three in our group of sixteen who had pockets picked in Paris.

After three weeks in Europe, we returned home for three days (to do our laundry), and then we were off to New Orleans for a meeting of the Marist Family Laity Service Committee, followed by a retreat for Marist laity. It was a perfect follow-up for the emotional trip, putting into perspective much of what we had just experienced. Before leaving New Orleans we had a few days to tour the city. Now it is good to be home, until our July trip to Poughkeepsie anyway. (Six Brancatelli, West Islip NY 11795-2502; 631-669-0273; [genezirk@optonline.net](mailto:genezirk@optonline.net))

From **JOHN WARREN** ('66): In August, 2001, our daughter returned to the Caribbean Island of Trinidad to make that her permanent home. Soon after, my wife Mary said that she longed to return to New England. Mary grew up outside of Boston and has often thought about returning to one of the New England states. This time the message had more "juice." We both felt a calling to be in New England, and by November we had bought a wonderful home in Cape Elizabeth, Maine, just south of Portland, right across the street from Fort William's Park and the Portland Head Lighthouse. We were here in time for a New England winter, which was very different from the last 14 we spent in California. Fortunately this past winter was really mild with no snow storm greater than six inches. It made the transition much easier. Now spring is coming to Maine, and we are feeling renewed by the change in seasons. The call to relocate to Maine is filled with the workings of the Spirit - even stronger than my call to join the Marists Brothers back in 1965 - and again we have said YES! (30 Littlejohn Road, Cape Elizabeth, ME 04107; 207-767-2695; [NewTwist@aol.com](mailto:NewTwist@aol.com))

## **MARIST BROTHERS CALLED TO EAST TIMOR**

After the referendum for independence in East Timor in August 1999 the Indonesian army, together with local militia groups, looted and destroyed many homes, schools, and public buildings as they withdrew from the new nation. The Timorese people were left to launch their independence with the country's infrastructure in ruins.

The United Nations is currently engaged in helping to rebuild the country's political, social and economic structures. However, it has been left to the Catholic Church to replace/restore and operate much of the property it used for education. Bishop do Nascimento has asked the Marist Brothers to address two priorities in education. This new project in East Timor is staffed by an international group of Marists from Australia, Brazil, New Zealand, and Portugal. The first task is to take responsibility for a center in Baucau for the training of local Timorese teachers. The Brothers have received some financial aid from donors and dioceses in Australia for this project.

The second project has been far more challenging to plan and fund. The Bishop has asked the Marist Brothers to restore and develop a school in the remote town of Laclubar. The region is mountainous, roads unpaved, and travel difficult. The Brothers are now living with the people there and planning the restoration of existing school buildings and the construction of a new vocational and agricultural unit to train young people, equipping them to return to their outlying villages with the education and skills they need to assist their people.

The Brothers hope their goals can become a reality in the year 2002. It would result in making Saint Marcellin's dream of providing children and young

people, those most in need in rural areas, with a new start in life. (Adapted from the Bulletin #15, 3-28-02)

From **LEO FORREST** ('51): Greetings from Cape Cod. The other day I was cleaning through things and I asked myself about Marists All. Could I somehow get on the list. I believe that what you do is very important to many. I am still active in Esopus for part of the summer time ... Cancer Camp, Retarded Adults, plus.(31 Daybreak Lane, Hyannis MA 02602; 508-771-6227; [leocinf@aol.com](mailto:leocinf@aol.com))

From **GERRY MILLER** ('64): My year 2000 Lenten resolve was to contact people from my past who had made an unshakable impact on my spiritual development. Of course, Marist Brothers and former Marists were on my list . It was at that time that I discovered Marists All. What a great discovery indeed! It helped me locate and rekindle many bygone but significant relationships. Now, here I am in the middle of 2002, sending a "thank you" for two years of Marists All in my life.

Because of Marists All, I was able to reconnect with Brother Timothy Brady ('64) in Chicago. My consulting practice has taken me to Chicago twice. There Tim and I, over scrumptious food and drinks at the famous Harry Caray's Restaurant (named after the infamous Cubs' announcer), have twice shared stories and pictures of the good old days, as well as the wonders of our present lives. Tim and I go back to the Marist Hall Juniorate in Cold Spring, so there were years of stories to tell. Cherished moments to relive! Also, Tim's parents adopted me while I was at Marist Hall! Being from a poor Wheeling, WV, family, my parents did not have a car nor could they even afford to come to New York to visit. So the Brady's took me under their wings. They would take me out to lunch with them when they visited Tim. I have always been so thankful to them for such kind treatment. I was never good in sports, but Tim taught me to play softball. In many games I was the catcher and he the speed ball pitcher. He also taught me to skate and play hockey. Tim and I now stay in e-mail contact. I look forward to my next visit with him when I return to Chicago. So thanks Marists All for helping me connect with Brother Timothy!

Marists All also brought me back in contact with Brother Francis "Ziggy" Zaglauer ('63) who is in New York. Brother Francis and I have talked by phone, and we now e-mail each other regularly. Recently we had the opportunity to connect in Baltimore while he was attending a religious studies convention. Ziggy was a year ahead of me in the Juniorate and Novitiate. He was always looking out for me and was my mentor throughout my formation. I still carry in my Bible a card he gave me before he went off to the Novitiate. It contains "wonder-working words" of encouragement. To this day I go to it whenever I feel I need a spiritual booster shot. During our reunion we started right where we had left off some thirty years ago. We had lunch in a local Marriott and continued chatting until the waiter had to ask us to leave! Both of us talk a mile a minute trying to relive treasured moments and to update each other on career activities and spiritual adventures. So thanks Marists All for helping me connect with Brother Francis!

I have also been in e-mail contact with Gerard Donnellan ('63) who was of such enormous help to me during my first year at Marist College. We hope to be able to meet in person one of these days. I am so grateful for the opportunity to reconnect with such dear friends. I look forward to hearing from others in the Marists All community in 2002. (218 M Street, SW, Washington DC 20024-3602; 202-554-8334; [gvm@radix.net](mailto:gvm@radix.net))



From **PAT KEILTY** ('65): I've moved again, hopefully for good, until the nursing home or the crematorium. We bought a new Centex home in Sarasota, complete with pool, preserve, and nearby golf course. We're well, though I am not enjoying teaching math to ninth graders at Lakewood Ranch High School in Bradenton. After 34 years of teaching, it's time to do something different. I'm certified in guidance, so I plan to seek a job in Manatee, Sarasota, Hillsborough, or Pinellas Counties for next school year. (7837 Kavanagh Court, Sarasota FL 33240; 941-342-9748; [k54paddy@aol.com](mailto:k54paddy@aol.com))

NOTICE from GUS NOLAN ('48, Marist College '52)

On the annual **Homecoming Weekend** in October the group of '48 will be honored as the 50th Anniversary Class graduating from Marist College. Members of the group - with spouses - are invited to a special Luncheon on October 12th at 1 p.m. -- no matter when the diploma was actually obtained. There will be a TV group interview for the Marist Archive Project

From **PAT GALLAGHER** ('53): Recently I had occasion to spend an evening and part of a day visiting with the monks at Marist High in Bayonne: John Dunning, Paul Meuten, Steve Kappes, Bob Warren, and Kevin O'Neill; Kevin arrived at Marist Prep the same day that I did, September 2, 1950. Many a laugh around dinner with Francis Farrell, Hugh Andrew, and Leo Shea. It was a wonderful experience roaming the corridors of Marist High and soaking up the atmosphere of the school, sensing some of its spirit.

You will remember the story of the raping and killing of the four Maryknoll nuns in El Salvador in 1979. One of them was Ita Ford. Well, her brother Bill, the attorney who fought hard to get the government to investigate and hold parties responsible for the atrocities, was my best buddy in grammar school at St. Ann's Academy. We were in the same class, both of us boarded there, and we were both in the St. Patrick's Cathedral Boys' Choir. My sister's girlfriend and classmate in high school was Ita Ford.

The story of the atrocity in El Salvador came back to mind recently when I viewed a depiction of it on a TV documentary; that show led me to track Bill down. After that evening at Marist High I met Mary after her work at the Jersey State Police Academy in Sea Girt, and we went out to Bill's house in Montclair, met his wife, had dinner, and went over the last 50 or so years. The 1949 Blue and White came out, and there were the pictures of the two of us, almost side-by-side in each picture. I was on an old, fond memory overload!

Glad to see that Vinny Poisella is now involved with the newsletter, and of course thinking of Vinny brought back memories of having been closely involved with him in our Roselle and LaPorte years. Just by chance as we drove through western New Jersey toward my sister's place in Bethlehem last summer, we called Vinny and stopped in to see him and Jane. Enjoyed the couple of hours visiting with them. I'm used to some steep driveways here in the mountains, but Vinny's driveway requires a sherpa to navigate it.

Recently I read that we are on this earth for four purposes: to live, love, learn, and leave a legacy. From my perspective, my life with the Marists and my life with Mary have allowed me to attain goodly portions of all four. I am very grateful. Once again we extend an invitation to stop and visit as you go up or down I-81 near. There's always plenty of room and a welcome mat out. (Box 60, Indian Valley VA 24105; 540-789-4056; [gpatrick@swva.net](mailto:gpatrick@swva.net))

FMS Update The Marist Provinces of **Quebec** and **Iberville** have combined to form the new Administrative Unit of Canada. By the summer of 2003 the work of restructuring the two American provinces will be complete. Restructuring is occurring in many other parts of the Institute, most of which involves the union of two or three provinces. Belgium/Holland, Germany, Great Britain and Ireland are now united as the province of Western Central Europe.

NEW EDITOR: We are very pleased to announce that with the next issue of Marists All **Vincent Poisella** ('58) will take over organizing and editing this newsletter. For now David and Judy will continue to prepare envelopes. Gus, Liz, and company will continue to oversee the printing and mailing of the newsletter, and Gus will perhaps continue to be chief advisor. Richard Foy will continue to care for the Marists All web site, keeping it updated with each new issue and occasionally refreshing the lists of postal and e-mail addresses, as well as other pages.

From **JOHN WILCOX** ('57): Sue and I will not be able to attend the Marist Family Institute of Spirituality this summer. I will be at St. Mary's College in Moraga, California, attending a three-year program for teachers at schools and colleges of the Christian Brothers. The focus is on the history, spirituality, and pedagogy of John Baptist de LaSalle. There are about 70 persons in the three-year cycle. The LaSalle schools fund the program which runs from June 23 to July 14. Sue will be joining me on July 3. Then she will be going to the Benedictine Experience run by the Camaldolese Benedictines at Healsburg, California. On the 14th we will head down to Big Sur where the New Camaldolese Monastery is located, returning home on the 17th of July.

I am finishing my second term as chair of religious studies at Manhattan College and beginning a new job on June 1. The President, Tom Scanlan, FSC, asked if I would consider being Vice President for Mission at the college. It is the thing I am most interested in. How effective are we in achieving our mission as a Catholic and Lasallian College? We are also involved at the college in writing a Lilly Grant on "Theological Exploration of Vocation." Wish us luck. (101 Logging Trail Road, Danbury CT 06811-22627; 860-730-9172; [jwtwilcox@manhattan.edu](mailto:jwtwilcox@manhattan.edu))

**GMC PICNIC** -- Saturday, September 14th, Mount St. Michael:

The annual Greater Marist Community picnic will be held again this year at Mt. St. Michael in the Bronx near the Mount Vernon border at Nereid and Murdock Avenues. The picnic will be on Saturday, September 14th, from noon to 5 p.m. Bring your own beverage and a potluck dish for a shared lunch. All Brothers are most welcome to join in. Thanks to the Mount for their annual welcome. We have been having this picnic each year on the second Saturday after Labor Day.

EDITORS' NOTE:

In the last issue of this newsletter the mention of our shrinking financial balance led to seven of our people sending us donations totaling \$285, which extends our horizons one more issue. Of course, we are most grateful. Please be sure to encourage our new editor with a fresh flow of written material for use in future issues. Write to:

Vincent Poisella, 24 Brooklyn Mt. Rd., Hopatcong NJ 07843;  
[vtpoisella@yahoo.com](mailto:vtpoisella@yahoo.com)

Gus Nolan, 50 South Randolph Ave., Poughkeepsie NY 12601;  
[gusnolan@aol.com](mailto:gusnolan@aol.com)

Richard Foy, 717 Washington Ave., Chappaqua NY 10514-3309;  
[Richard.Foy@marist.edu](mailto:Richard.Foy@marist.edu)

David Kammer, 499 East Pond Rd., Smithfield Me 04978;  
[kammer@tds.net](mailto:kammer@tds.net) (new)