



May 2010

Our one hundredth issue!

<http://academic2.marist.edu/foy/maristsall/>

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*Inspired by the humility, simplicity, and modesty of Champagnat, we find no need for any special fanfare in the celebration of the 100th issue of Marists All. In other words, instead of this editor expounding on the wonders of this miracle, allow the many voices that follow herein to speak to you. Read and enjoy this kaleidoscope of ever-changing patterns of Marist Spirit.*

Writers who contributed to  
this issue:

Click on any writer's name or  
any topic to move directly to

	that contribution
<a href="#">Br Kevin Blyth</a>	
<a href="#">Joan and John Brady 1957</a>	<a href="#">Joseph Horan 1950</a>
<a href="#">Dick Brannigan 1950</a>	<a href="#">Judy Kammer</a>
<a href="#">Bob Buckley 1966</a>	<a href="#">J David Kammer 1942</a>
<a href="#">Bill Byrne 1952</a>	<a href="#">Don Mulcare 1957</a>
<a href="#">Jerry Byrne 1960 about George Kopper</a>	<a href="#">Gus Nolan 1948 on the Kammers</a>
<a href="#">Kevin Carolan 1950</a>	<a href="#">Gus Nolan 1948 about Richard Lapietra 1950</a>
<a href="#">Bill Deschene 1953</a>	<a href="#">Allan Perrone 1961</a>
<a href="#">Gene Donnelly 1946</a>	<a href="#">Br. Albert Phillipp 1951</a>
<a href="#">Rev Ed Doran 1960 about George Kopper</a>	<a href="#">Vince Poisella 58</a>
<a href="#">Pat Gallagher 1953</a>	<a href="#">Bill Reger Nash 1961</a>
<a href="#">Jim Guldner 1966</a>	<a href="#">Rev Joseph Roth 1956</a>
<a href="#">Br Hank Hammer 1975</a>	<a href="#">Rich Shaw 1958</a>
<a href="#">Bro Joseph Belanger obit 1943</a>	<a href="#">Larry Whartenby 1957 about John Miller 1957</a>

**Marist Spirituality Weekend**  
 Marist College July 9-11, 2010  
 All are invited!

From JOAN AND JOHN BRADY (1957): The annual Marist Spirituality Weekend will be held at Marist College from Friday, July 9, through Sunday, July 11, 2010. The weekend will be a time to reflect on our lives and mutually explore what lies ahead. Our theme, Companions on the Journey, reflects the vision of the XXI General Chapter of Marist Brothers concluded in 2009.

We are grateful that Br. Sean Sammon, past Superior General, has agreed to join us and give the presentation on Friday evening. After sixteen years in key leadership roles, Sean is, without doubt, the perfect person to set the theme for the weekend ahead. Br. Hank Hammer will be with us on Saturday to share his thoughts on renewal of the Marist spirit and help us reflect on our role on this journey. On Sunday morning we will be pleased to welcome Alice Miesnik, Assistant Principal for Academics, Marist High School, Bayonne, who has been closely involved in activities related to the Marist laity.

Send a deposit of \$25 to Maurice Bibeau, 4 Van Wert Place, Hyde Park, NY, 12538 by June 15, 2010, to reserve your place for this very special weekend. Checks should be payable to The Marist Brothers. The remaining balance is due upon arrival at Marist College. The cost of the weekend, including six meals and lodging at Marist College, is \$185.00 per person or \$330.00 per couple. Any questions may be directed to John Brady at (732) 739-3911 or at [jejpbrady@aol.com](mailto:jejpbrady@aol.com).

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From GUS NOLAN (1948): As I approach the one-hundredth issue of Marists All, I would like to submit a short piece focusing on David and Judy Kammer and what had once been started through their efforts. Surely, David is the originator of the idea, but he could not have persevered without the support of Judy.

Several influences joined together to establish Marists All. Three emerge quite clearly among a host of others. Marists All is a publication that has linked hundreds of friendships that

might have remained forever separated. It has revealed a special Marist spirit and has washed away a wall of separation between canonical and non-canonical brethren. A few words about each:

For a number of years, many young men who studied, played, and worked together in Marist training centers and in various types of communities developed a great bond of friendship. In the course of the years, a number of these young men separated themselves from the Marist Brothers by choosing other ways of life. The bond developed in those years now lay dormant. The creation of Marists All served as a vehicle for reuniting old friendships and linking together hundreds of former and current Brothers to form the GMC -- the Greater Marist Community.

Marists All revealed a factor not really grasped in earlier years; namely, once a Marist, always a Marist. Like Baptism, becoming a Marist marks one with a special indelible character, hard to define, but reflecting a certain humility, modesty, and charity special to the Marist character. There still remained a special care and concern for anyone in the group. Time and real support of all kinds are generously given. The Marist Brothers' concern for their former colleagues is equally widespread.

Lastly, I believe that Marists All has played a significant role in helping to bring about a unity in the U.S. Marist world. Perhaps the greatest display of this common concern and unity takes place each year at Mt. St. Michael Academy. Through the efforts of Marists All and the community at the Mount, there is an annual GMC picnic where the Marist Brothers invite their former colleagues into their home. It is an occasion for sharing news, talking of earlier days, and experiencing much laughter. Perhaps most significantly, each one sees that the life once shared is still cherished, and the ideals of St. Champagnat are still very much alive.

Thanks, Dave and Judy, for all the countless hours of seeking material and editing and revising many forms of correspondence in the early years. Creating the mailing list

was also an awesome job. There were many trips to Poughkeepsie from Connecticut to pick up the four hundred printed copies that had to be folded, stuffed, and mailed. There was no email at that time. We thank you, David, for your own articles on the Eucharist and the Mass. We can never thank you enough for what you have established. I pray for blessings on you both.

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From JUDY KAMMER: Congratulations on the publication of the one- hundredth issue of Marists All! I extend many thanks to all who have contributed to this successful endeavor. I remember the early, tentatively hopeful attempts of establishing a newsletter that would maintain contact among the Marist Brothers and former Marists. I believe that the newsletter has been a great blessing for many. It has served as a catalyst in re-connecting long-time companions and friends. It has helped forge many long-lasting friendships. It has been a vehicle for sharing life stories that admirably show that the spirit of St. Marcellin lives on. Ad Multos Annos!

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From DAVID KAMMER (1942): Can you believe that Marists All has come to its one-hundredth issue? It has continued quarterly for over twenty-three years. Our Marist friends from around the country and even beyond have seen a value in maintaining contact with one another. Many have been willing to share stories of their lives. And it seems that all have been eager to read the thoughts of people they have known. So many of the stories are stories of generosity that give evidence of enduring Marist spirit. In gratitude for the blessings of Marists All, we acknowledge those who have supported the newsletter by taking the time to write and by helping with expenses.

There is also need to recognize the influences of people and

events that affected the beginnings of Marists All. There was the newsletter of the Marist provinces. There was the encouragement of Marist provincials. There was the Poughkeepsie GMC -- the group that held together for enduring mutual support. There was the annual GMC picnic. In particular, there was the September 1986 picnic that was held at the FDR State Park off Taconic Parkway where Gus Nolan was kind enough to listen to an idea. Gus has been generous enough to embrace the idea for close to twenty-five years. And there is, of course, need to recognize that a gracious divine Spirit influences the kindness of good people and the flow of good events.

There is one more recognition: with the turn into the new millennium, the endurance of the newsletter has been maintained by the talents and devotion of Vince Poisella, Rich Foy, and Rob Schmidt. They are doing fine work.

(The following "off the cuff" email comments from David to Gus Nolan give more particulars of David's reaction to reaching issue #100. Editor) I certainly never expected the newsletter to get to #100. In fact, when I was more directly involved and concerned about the next issue, I never knew if there would be enough for that issue and never knew if there would be a following issue. Even though we celebrate #1 as May of 1987, I consider the beginning of Marists All the day at the GMC picnic in September of 1986 at the FDR State Park when you said, "Fiat! Yes, let's do it! I'm with you!" And you have been with us ever since. Thank you beaucoup! So, from my perspective, we're now into our 24th year! And we have to thank the three collaborators who have come on board. From the middle of the year 2000, Rich Foy has given our newsletter access to and maintenance on the web. With this coming issue Vince Poisella will have edited thirty-two issues. Rob Schmidt has been handling the Marists All address book and the announcements for the past two years. Furthermore, the newsletter would not have happened if we did not have the good will, encouragement, letters, and financial help from all our confreres in the wide Marist world. And when I express the

following conviction, it is not a "politically correct" customary footnote: I really believe that Marists All was meant to be, that it is a gift of community that the good Lord had a hand in.

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From DON MULCARE (1957): Ad multos annos! I offer many thanks to Marists All's founders, sustainers, and contributors. What an idea! The very first edition came as a complete surprise, and since then, the echoes of Marists All continue to reverberate: the September picnics at the Mount, the July spirituality weekends at Marist College, the OB/bwat Easter (August 2010 in Methuen) gatherings, the opportunities to experience "Embracing Our Call" and "Sharing Our Call," and most importantly, the gift of reconnecting to Brothers and brothers for visits, long-distance conversations; and sometimes, the chance to say goodbye before it is too late. Marists All has made my life better and happier. How can I thank all of you enough?

So, thanks to Gus, Dave, Vinny, Richard, Judy, Rob, and everyone else who has given birth to and nurtured Marists All and to all of you who read and contribute to this opportunity for grace. (7 Staffon Road, Fairhaven, MA 02719; 508-994-8605; dmulcare@comcast.net)

From BR. HUGH TURLEY (1954): I continue to read each issue of Marists All with pointed interest and am awed by how keenly our early Marist training and experience has contributed to our values and spirituality throughout life. It is a tribute to the older men whose shoulders we stand upon and to St. Marcellin Champagnat who inspired it all. (4200 W. 115TH Street, Chicago, IL 60655-4397; hugh1001@hotmail.com)

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From JIM GULDNER (196): On March 19, eleven B/brothers got together for a small reunion at Donovan's in Bayside. All of us

attended Marist Prep and graduated from the Prep in Cold Spring in '64 or '65. Our history teacher and fellow hockey player, Br. Dan Grogan, joined us. Those who met were Bob Joyce, Ed Gerrity, Tom Murphy, Ed Jennings, and Pat Blaser from the graduating class of '64; Jerry Woods, Br. Sean Sammon, Joe Wilson, and me from the class of '65. Richie Rodgers was also planning on attending but had to drop out at the last minute.

Since we all graduated high school in '64 and '65, that would make our "Marist dates" '65 and '66. From my experience in reading the issues of Marists All since 1987, this article is somewhat "rare." The large majority of the articles seemed to come from B/brothers ten to fifteen years older than we are. So, hopefully, there are some classmates reading this with a lot more familiarity than they might have had from past issues. The idea for this small reunion stemmed from a chance meeting between Ed G. and Tom. Ed has been golfing with Bob over the past few years while Bob and I have stayed in touch since our days at the Prep. After Ed and Tom met, the idea became reality. We heard that Br. Dan was going to be in Queens in mid-March. So the evening was planned to coincide with his stay up North, and it worked. Incredibly, Jerry flew in from the West Coast, and Joe flew in from Georgia to join us. I was really impressed with that type of commitment for such a small reunion. It says something about our closeness we each had to the Marists and to the group.

Obviously, Br. Dan and Br. Sean have stayed in the congregation. Ed Jennings stayed as a Brother the longest of the rest of us; Ed left when he was twenty-seven or so. He is now married, living in Queens, and teaching at Molloy. All but Br. Sean and Br. Dan have been married. Many of us spoke about the joys of grandparenthood. Some of us spent time in one of the two Novitiates, Esopus or Tyngsboro, while some others did not return after high school. We were certainly a mixed group, but all of us graduated from Marist Prep.

The stories about our times forty-five years ago were probably "mostly accurate." Who, at our age, could dispute any of them



anyway? Army-Navy games were a big topic as were our basketball games against other seminaries. Other topics were any and all trips "off-property" and our experiences at Camp Marist. We also discussed our teachers with a lot of laughs. For the night, Br. Dan was unanimously chosen as our favorite teacher. We also warmly recalled our days with JL, PJ, Br. Dennis, Br. Gregory, Br. Roy, Br. Vincent, and, of course, Berky. Br. Sean gave us an update on some of the things going on among the Brothers, mostly overseas.

Dinner and drinks were a definite afterthought, and we played musical chairs all night. Some of us brought old photos with us. It was like a game of "who is that?" Ed J was the best at recognizing our classmates in the year ahead of him and our two years. I did notice at the end of the evening that the five guys from the year ahead of me were at one end of the table while my classmates and I were at the other end with Br. Daniel. I guess that is exactly how this night of musical chairs should have ended. I'm guessing that God was in the middle of the table smiling at all of us. (15 Stanley Place, Budd Lake NJ 07828; 973-347-9061; jguldner@mtac.com)

From JOE STRANG (1953): I am in good health and have been teaching a variety of communication courses at Heald College in Salinas, California, for the past twelve years. I am currently taking a quarter off so that I can travel to Japan in mid-May. (PO Box 857, Pacific Grove, CA 93950; 831-375-8672; strangjoe@yahoo.com)

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From ANTHONY MISERANDINO (1966): I have enjoyed a terrific career with many varied paths over the years, both as a teacher and as an administrator. Currently, I serve as the President of Mount Saint Michael Academy and adjunct at the Graduate School of Education at Fordham University. My wife of thirty-seven years works at the Nightingale-Bamford School in NYC, and our daughter lives and works in DC. Like so many

former monks, I, too, find the reading of the many stories in Marists All life-giving and spiritually nourishing. The simple faith and trust that Champagnat's life reflects is alive and well as embodied in the cohort of Marists All and here at the Mount today. All the students get to know the man and his message, and all are encouraged to live with "a heart that knows no bounds." It is a "divine curiosity" that I find myself here at the Mount since this is where I first started teaching as a monk after Marist College. The kids are great, and we do terrific work with them through a variety of academic programs, retreats, and co-curricular activities. I have been able to enjoy friendships with Marists and former Marists over these many years. No doubts – I have had a very blessed life story – and I am very grateful. We have a great legacy with this publication of the newsletter. I offer a special word of thanks to the editors who have sustained this effort over so many years. (60 East 96th Street, NY, NY 10128; anthony@miserandino.com)

From KEVIN CAROLAN (1950): Congratulations on issue #100, and many thanks to the editors for their dedication and devotion to such a worthwhile project.

After forty-four years in Poughkeepsie, Donna and I moved to southwest Florida in 2006. Although we are no longer in the seat of the GMC, we have been able to renew and strengthen many Marist friendships. We hope that we will be able to continue to do so in the future and would love to hear from anyone who happens to be in the area. (9020 Spring Run Blvd #601, Bonita Springs, FL 34135; 239-949-4376)

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From BR. ALBERT PHILLIPP (1951): I have just completed twelve years as Director of Religious Education and Administrator at San Felipe de Jesus Parish in Cameron Park, Brownsville, Texas. It is the poorest community in the United States according to the 2000 census report. Fr. Mike SM and I were the founders of the parish. We had over a hundred First

Communion per year and close to forty for Confirmation per year and close to thirty Baptisms per month. Several small Christian communities were founded and were the center of the parish family. We organized the greater community with them and others. We were able to raise the number of people voting from 250 to 1000. The streets got paved, street lighting installed, public parks built, and a sheriff's station built in the neighborhood. The church was expanded, classrooms built, parking lots built, multipurpose center created, and an after-school program initiated. A parish rectory was built, and we left the parish with no debt and a good-sized bank account. The support and encouragement we received from the Marist family certainly is appreciated and helped immensely to get through so many difficult times.

At this time I am now assisting Br. Jim Adams with a feasibility study in Albuquerque for a Christo Rey High School for low-income students. It is a Jesuit model where the students work in a white-collar job one day a week to help pay their tuition. They also pay what they can afford. Fund raising is also a big part of the administrative tasks. A deadline of March 2011 has been set to make a decision on the feasibility of the school. We need your prayers. (1818 Coal Place, SE, Albuquerque, NM 87106; alabert1934@juno.com)

From MARTIN LANG (1947): The name of Br. Joseph Cadroes has been long off the radar (even our obit list), probably because he was such a self-effacing person. I remember his "old world" ways, sitting under a tree in Esopus tending a small flock of sheep, feeding them slices of left-over bread, and actually calling them by name, something I always questioned until I saw him doing it. In the classroom he called each of us by name up to his desk for the recitez, to answer in French what he had asked. Then he would enter our grade in his cahier. Most of his first-year French students passed the French II Regents that year. I always thought of him as a saint, but then there was that pitched battle, snowball war, just in front of the Mansion. Two groups were heaving at each other with

the juiciest ice balls. I let one fly with all my might just as Br. Joseph stepped out to serve as prefect. It hit him flat in the face, knocking off his glasses. He took out his handkerchief and dried his face. There was a hushed pause in the battle as we waited for the victim's reaction. He said nothing. With passions high, the fight picked up where it left off. It was then that I was convinced that the man must be a saint. During the following year he died in the Infirmary in Poughkeepie. (10 Palmer Bridge, Fairfield, CT 06824; malangj5@sbcglobal.net)

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From ALLAN PERRONE (1961): (In a response to Rob Schmidt...) Thanks for the photos of Tyngsboro and Cardinal Hayes. They brought back many memories. My wife and I visited Esopus this past fall, and I was able to show her the "Great Lawn." We also got a guided tour of the juniorate. When we last visited Hayes (about eight or nine years ago), it was like being in a time warp. School was in session, and when class change came around, it was silent as usual and took only two minutes. All the students were dressed like gentlemen – jackets and ties – just like 1955-1960! Everyone and everything was clean and neat, unusual for the south Bronx. Esopus was essentially unchanged as well. The dorm, however, was divided into two – girls come there now! Interestingly enough, the ladies' half of the lavatory retained the urinals that I cleaned for many months. My wife Terry and her mom Thelma really enjoyed seeing where I spent my senior high school year. Terry and I hope to go back there this summer if my work schedule permits and spend a week helping with whatever needs to be done. We'll bring "the bus," a '94 motor home, so we'll not need accommodations. Maybe we'll even be able to take a dip in the Hudson. Our class was the last allowed to do that. The class of 1960 built the pool. Thanks again for the memories....(11185 Howells Fry Rd, Semmes, AL 36575; 334-645-2476 or 251-753-7000)

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From JOSEPH HORAN (BR. EUGENE MICHAEL) (1950): To my Marist Family: I recently wrote some news about my daily ventures and how my life is now revolved around grandchildren. Since our youngest daughter was recently divorced and her employment is such that she needs babysitting assistance, my wife Dolores and I have taken over this responsibility. Because of the distance between our present home and our daughter's, we decided to purchase a condo in the Ft. Lauderdale area. We will be selling our present home and moving into the condo. We have been involved in this practice for several months and actually are enjoying this new responsibility. Being involved in the grandchildren's lives -- ages 6 and 10 -- is one that keeps us, as they say, "on our toes." It also brings back many memories.

In early February we joined our other daughter and her family on a cruise that took us to many European countries. We toured Spain, Rome, Greece, and Turkey and spent several days in Egypt. We ended our tour in Malta. There was so much to see and so many wonderful opportunities for our grandchildren.

Reading about the recent deaths of our Marist Brothers brings back more than a few memories. It rekindles the personal love and friendship we had for each other and the devotion of those who taught us, not only about Our Lady and our community, but also more importantly, about ourselves. From all this experience, I know I have grown spiritually and have been able to fulfill the needs of my family. On my visits to Esopus viewing the many gravesites of my Brothers, it isn't a difficult task to put together the impact that was made upon me as I reviewed my memories of them. It was so genuine and given so freely that the bond that grew from these men of God has had a lasting impression. I was more than fortunate to be chosen and spend so many years in the Marist family. So, as I read about the recent deaths, my thoughts are always the same: family is family and will always be family. My bonding with my Marist

family is everlasting.

(10456 NW 24 Place, Sunrise, FL 33322, 954-682-5344;  
jhoran6@tampabay.rr.com)

From DICK BRANIGAN (BR. STEPHEN ALOYSIUS) (1950):  
Every issue of Marists All bolsters my faith in the spiritual thread that remains woven inside "lucky us" who were fortunate enough to have Providence steer us to a place where we got the foundation of a lifetime. It was Esopus for me, Tyngsboro later. Being green to the spiritual life, we did not realize that the long-lasting effect of this training would hold us in good stead later in life. It is during the lazy times when moral slippage knocks and the agnostic gets comfortable that that kind of guidance has a long reach.

When I read these pages, even though I do not personally know so many of the contributors, I feel close to them because they are of my thinking as well. Their words strengthen my faith simply because I think, "Here are all these folks, intelligent busy people who take the time to stay connected. There must be something to this." The communion of saints comes to mind.

Outside of Marists All, I have kept in happy touch with some of my Marist class of 1950. Charlie Scott lives just a drive away in Madison, and we are close friends. I talk with Bill Powers, Larry Haggerty, Ed Castine, Br. Hugh Andrew, and others. It keeps the Marist friendships moist. We lost a dear pal recently in Joe La Pietra, and, of course, others have slipped on. Some years ago I walked in the Esopus cemetery and found them.

The Esopus estate has changed since we scrubbed those hallways and hoed the dirt from between the stones in the rain gutters down to the boathouse. It is being put to good use today with another focus. Life moves on. I am retired ten years now from a publications and teaching position at the University of Wisconsin, Oshkosh. I am active in an educational/fun outreach organization. My wife of fifty years, Pat, is involved in teaching religion to the handicapped. Again, my early time with

the Marists has left its good mark. (1814 Fairview St., Oshkosh, WI 54901; branigan@uwosh.edu)

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From BILL REGER-NASH (1961): Greetings from Morgantown, WV!

Reading Marists All has been a wonderful source of inspiration and satisfaction. Thanks to the many who have generously contributed their time and energy. I cannot count the number of Marists that have moved back into my life because of your work. Bravo!

Life is good here in West Virginia. My wife and I have good health and a loving family. We make spirituality a priority in our lives. I continue to teach in our undergraduate health education and graduate public health programs. My research focuses on social marketing of regular physical activity and a good diet. I attempt to bring holistic wellness to the medical student education program. My wife and I team-teach a Foundations of Wellness course in the summers, with a focus on body, mind, and spirit.

I have the good fortune of bicycling to work daily even though the severity of this past winter was a mitigating factor. The twenty-eight-mile round trip commute gives me a bit of fitness.

My main life challenge remains "over-committing." Meditation is a solid antidote but not always as effective as I might like. I am looking forward to ongoing communication. 304 Dream Catcher Circle Morgantown, WV 26508, 304-598-5935; wreger@hsc.wvu.edu)

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From MSGR. PATRICK ROTH (BR. PATRICK KIERAN) (1956): I remember my days as a Marist Brother all the way from the juniorate in Poughkeepsie with Br. Joseph Damian as Master of Juniors through novitiate at St. Joseph's in Tyngsboro, MA;

from my taking of the habit and my first vows to my days at Marian (Marist) College in Poughkeepsie, NY; my tenure with Bro. Tarcisius in the Marist Press to my teaching days with Br. Conan Vincent at Holy Trinity in Poughkeepsie; and then my many years as a Brother at Marist High School in Kobe, Japan, followed by my going to the seminary at Pope John XXIII National Seminary in Weston, MA, interrupted by two years in the work force with Metropolitan Life in computers in NYC and then on to the priesthood; ordination for the Roman Catholic Diocese of Charleston (the entire State of South Carolina) and my trip from parochial vicar to Vicar General of the diocese and now as pastor of St. Andrew Catholic Church in Myrtle Beach. What a journey! At 73, I am still going full steam, and I thank God every single day for all I have received from Him. I must say it is difficult to hear of the passing of many of my classmates, but I am able to remember them in my Holy Masses, and that gives me great consolation. (120 Broad Street, Charleston, SC 29401; 843-448-5930; jrr@catholic-doc.org)

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From RICH SHAW (1958): I went to St Helena's in the Bronx -- September '53 to June '54. The person who had the biggest impact on me was my homeroom teacher, Br. Peter Mary. He was a young teacher. I think he is deceased.

I was also fortunate to have a young General Science teacher, Br. Philip Richard (Degagne), who recently celebrated his sixtieth year as a Brother. He is in Laredo, Texas, and has been for many years. He became a family friend, and my Mom (1917-1988) admired him greatly.

When Br. Aidan Francis made his presentation about the Marist Brothers, with Peter Mary smiling on, I was hooked. I was in the first group to arrive in Esopus on August 24, 1954, by car from St. Ann's Academy. Two of those with me left within a week. The fourth was Joe Roth, who is now a Monsignor and pastor in Myrtle Beach, SC. My brother Vin, who lives in



Greensboro and is a deacon and police chaplain, knows Joe. The Brothers in Esopus, especially Br. Joseph Damian and Br. Leonard Alphonse, greatly impacted me and still do for that matter! To this day, I believe the greatest event in my life was meeting the Marist Brothers! I believe many or most of the Marists I know feel similarly! (3015 Conner Way, San Diego CA 91227-4306, 858-274-6299; richshaw2@hotmail.com)

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From BILL BYRNE (1952): One of the elaborate practical jokes played on Br. Joseph Abel during his tenure as Director of Camp Marist involved a series of circumstances that come together only once in a New Hampshire blue moon. It took the heirs to the Ron Rico rum empire, a Sunday supplement for JAWA motorcycles, and a casual remark from Br. Lawrence Michael, Brattleboro's only Marist monk, to have Joe "fall" for what follows.

The Background:

On a Sunday morning at the Marist community room in Roselle, Larry was reading the New York Times, and offhandedly, he asked me to take a look at the advertising supplement for a little known Czech motorcycle brand trying to generate some United States awareness. In the centerfold spread for the ad, which I still own (and treasure by the way), is a handsome young man seated on the JAWA Wanderer with an equally handsome young lady on the bike's back. What was compelling about that picture was the setting – a tropical backdrop of lush green carpeting and palm trees. Larry's remark to me was something to the effect that the "handsome young man" in the ad looked very much like me in my then young Marist days.

That previous summer, one of the tasks Joe Abe asked me to do was accompany two young boys to JFK airport at the end of the camping season and make sure they made their return flight to San Juan, Puerto Rico. It so happened that both these preteens were heirs to the Ron Rico rum fortune. Kiddingly, I

later told Joe that after I saw them safely on the plane, the boys invited me to visit them in their San Juan estate at some future date.

The Sting:

Armed with the JAWA ad piece and an old typing book with practice letters complete with rudimentary company letterheads – now remember all this copy predates computers and cut-and-paste logos -- I fudged and copied a letter from the ACME Advertising Agency. The letter did not identify me, only referenced one of “Mr. Joseph Abel’s staff” who modeled in that JAWA ad in Puerto Rico and received some \$400 for the gig. The problem I noted in the correspondence was that ACME failed to collect the income tax due from the payout. In effect, “Mr. Abel” was being held responsible for the monies owed the government.

The Resolution:

Into the U.S. mail went the correspondence – my threatening letter and a copy of the supplement – and no reference as to who the “model” in the ad was. Larry was in on this every step of the way, so we waited anxiously for the outcome.

Several days later when both Larry and I were in the common room, Joe approached me and literally flung the letter at me. Now those of you who remember or ever noticed, Joe Abe had a “chuff” whenever he spoke, a sort of mild snort. “If you think (chuff) I’m going to pay this (chuff), you have another guess coming, young man (chuff, chuff)!” Pretending to be shocked at the outcome, I stammered that I spent the money on my Puerto Rican vacation and had no way of paying the government. Joe stormed off with the remark that “You’d better (chuff) find a way.”

Larry and I laughed a lot about Joe’s reaction since the ruse had worked so perfectly. I later heard that he checked with Norbie, then Roselle community’s “boss,” before confronting me about my perceived indiscretion. I never learned what Norbie thought, probably because he didn’t buy the whole thing, or like Joe, he, too, believed me capable of such a thing.

The “Mark”:

Now Joe Abel could best be described as "frugal." He once confided to me that he saved empty scotch and rye whiskey bottles and refilled them with Mr. Boston brands, remarking that "The monks can't tell the difference." So, I never expected him to step up and pay what I pretended he owed. The curious thing is that he believed I was capable of doing something this outrageous and "un-monkly." But what I've learned over the years is that every good practical joke plays to a "mark's" weakness, and Joe's was tightness.

Epilogue:

To his last days, I believe that he was convinced that I took advantage of the Ron Rico boys' largesse and that I modeled in and was paid for my look-alike's role in the JAWA ad.

"Joe, I'm sure that you now know the truth. We were only having a little fun at your expense. No Ron Rico Caribbean vacation, no modeling fees, and I've never driven a motorcycle, much less had a beautiful model draped around me while sitting on one." (154 West Church St., Clarkston, M 48346, 248-625-6555; davbakou@yahoo.com)

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From PAT GALLAGHER (1953). I have just celebrated my 74th birthday, and I realized I have been associated with the Marist Brothers for sixty-six years going back to those dark days for both the country and for our family in the early 1940s during World War II.

I still don't know all the reasons, although recently in searching through the available records and letters that I have, I think I have the major part of the answer for all our familial turmoil. On December 23, 1941, just after Pearl Harbor, my father, a Wall Street stockbroker, packed a small bag and walked out, took the train (we later found out) to Boston where he had grown up, changed his name, and spent the rest of his life working as a maitre d' and bartender until he died of a heart attack at work. (In 1965 at Molloy I found out that he had died in 1958. Only in the last two years has my research surfaced

the legal and probable criminal difficulties he was enmeshed in that led to his flight to another life and cover.) The effect on my mother and us was cataclysmic. A stay-at-home mom, she sold everything she could, rented a smaller place, and went back to work on Wall Street as a secretary after fourteen years' absence.

We moved from one place to another and one boarding school to another until in 1944, I entered St. Ann's (my fourth grammar school) in the fourth grade meeting the Marist Brothers for the first time. Entrance into St. Ann's was preceded by the lowest point in my mother's struggles to keep us together, for in '43 she had somehow found out where my father was, had hoped for a reconciliation, had given up the apartment in Queens and her job, had moved our furniture to Boston, and had even looked at new rental houses when he disappeared again. No place to stay, no job, and no furniture. We couldn't come home even for weekends from the Catholic boarding school on Staten Island.

But St. Ann's and the Brothers were something different. I found there any number of kind father figures: Br. Michael Kenny in the 4th, Br. Dave Kammer in the 5th, and then the prefects for the boarders, Brs. Daniel Emilan and Denis Coleman. I first met B. Sergius (Sarge) Gerard, little thinking that I would teach alongside him at St. Helena's. There was B. Sixtus Victor, who would later be my boss for a while in Roselle. I experienced the ongoing kindness from Brs. Stephen Regis and Leo Hyacinth, had Br. Gerry Weiss and Br. Paul Stokes in class. They were all good men.

I will always be grateful for all of them and many others, who sheltered the then-shy kid at that stage when I had been through a lot, who showed a happiness in their teaching and work with young men, who exemplified a life with meaning and purpose, and who lit the same enthusiasm in me so that at the end of freshman year, I wanted to "join up" to become a Marist Brother. They were father figures and big B/brothers. They were athletic, intelligent, funny, and caring. They were fantastic role models, and they got me started in my

adolescence in the Order, for I wanted to "be like them." So in 1950 I went off to Esopus, then on to Tyngsboro and Marist and out teaching. I took the road because of their example, "less traveled by and that made all the difference." I will be eternally grateful to all of them, past, present and future, and to the organization. Sure, I am no longer in the Marists; but the Marists will always be in me.

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return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From CHARLES SCOTT (1950): So, the 100th issue of Marists All is now out and about in the broad family of Marists old and young. What a wonderful tribute to the efforts of Gus and David these many years to bring this linchpin of Marist community to this point! I have enjoyed reading it since its inception, and I continue to be mightily impressed by the achievements of so many current and former Brothers, particularly by the depth and vigor of their spiritual lives. I am often humbled by what I learn from the contributions of those who continue their Marist attachment in the secular world. I believe the very first contribution posted in the first issue of Marists All was from me. But now it has been a very long time since I last wrote, and the number of those who will remember me is getting smaller and smaller. Joe LaPietra was the most recent of my classmates who have gone ahead of us. Sometimes I try to remember by name all those in the class of 1950 who are no longer with us. I tried it out on Dick Branigan once, and he thought I had the full roster. No matter: I keep all of my Marist brothers in my prayers, and I hope they do the same for me. As I write this, it is a beautiful sunlit day in Madison, Wisconsin, the kind of special day that spring brings when the grass greens, the trees and bushes bud out, daffodils and tulips abound in front yards, and the cardinals set up an excited chorus in the early mornings. Madison is not exactly

around the corner from the Marist hub in the Poughkeepsie area, so I am very grateful for the wonders of emailing, my best means of keeping in touch with some of my classmates. Dick Branigan is about a two-hour drive from Madison, and we do occasionally meet for lunch and a chance to catch up on each other, but we are mainly in touch by email; so too, with Larry Sullivan, Larry Haggerty, Ed Castine, and Brothers Bill Lavigne and Hugh Crowe. Because Bill Powers is not yet comfortable with emailing, I resort to real letters once in a while to stay in touch with him. I wrote a long email letter to John Carolan about a year ago, then learned that he had moved to Florida and so assumed that that was why I had not heard from him. That was too bad. I wanted to tell him that I had met Carolyn Howley, a friend of his sister and the widow of a grade school classmate of mine. Joe Kelly is good about the Christmas card connection, our once-a-year tradition of trying to keep in one another's orbit.

When spring comes, the baseball season also comes, and that always sets me to resurrecting memories of the ballfields at Esopus and Tyngsboro and my futile efforts to drain a field at Marian College so that we could create a baseball diamond. I am now retired ten years from my post as professor of English, University of Wisconsin-Madison, and it scares me to realize how quickly those ten years have gone by. I lunch several times a week with other retired colleagues, but all of us feel the ties to the department and to the campus weakening as the years pass. So we often turn to more personal projects to occupy our restless minds. I am presently engaged in finishing a memoir of the years (1958-60) that Anne and I lived and worked in Afghanistan, wishing I had kept notes of our days in that time of peace in that battered land. The memoir will serve as an introduction to the letters my wife wrote to her parents, all of which they saved, during those two years, and the whole of which I hope to give our children as a Christmas present sometime soon.

After that is finished, there are several other writing projects I have in mind. But time's a-wasting, and I hope it all doesn't

end in wishful thinking!

So, hello to all of you out there who might still remember me from juniorate, novitiate, and scholasticate -- Esopus, Tyngsboro, Poughkeepsie. Keep me in your prayers as I do you. And, again, thanks to all who have kept this wonderful Marists All newsletter going. (4737 Lafayette Drive, Madison, WI 53705; 608-233-3995; ctscott@wisc.edu)

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From BOB BUCKLEY (1966): I was in Connecticut when I received word of Joe Bel's death, and I was able to drive to Esopus for his internment. Although I didn't know Joe well, he was around the college campus when I was in the scholasticate. I felt drawn to join the Brothers at Joe's committal. Being at Esopus roiled myriad thoughts and feelings associated with my tenure as a Marist. It was good to have been back. It was very good to be among the Brothers again. I had arrived early and walked the path to the cemetery. The value of shared ritual was vividly evident -- flashing back to the daily walks after meals. Most striking was the number of Brothers' markers of those I had known personally in contrast to the few markers in 1966. It was good to pray the rosary with the community accompanying Joe Bel to the cemetery. I greatly enjoyed my conversation with Phil Robert. It was good to pause at Esopus after these forty-three years.

Lesley and I are living in The Villages, near Ocala, FL. Should anyone sojourn this way, do call. (352-259-1992)

From JOHN WARREN (1966): When I checked my files, I was embarrassed to see how long it has been since my last posting for Marists All. A lot has happened in those years. Here is a quick summary.

After fourteen years in California, Mary and I moved to Cape Elizabeth, Maine (just outside of Portland) for five years. During that time we had our daughter Kelly, husband Carl,

(from Trinidad), and son Kahlil live with us for two years while Kahlil grew from one to three. Then they went back to their home in the rain forest of northern Trinidad, a fantastic place for vacations and hikes that specialize in birds, butterflies, waterfalls, or just "limning" in scenic beauty. Check out their website at [www.brassosecoparia.com](http://www.brassosecoparia.com).

We left Maine when Mary was recruited to be the nurse admissions coordinator for Crossroads Centre, a drug and alcohol residential treatment facility founded by Eric Clapton on the island of Antigua. (If you know anyone who needs such a service, visit [www.crossroadscentreantigua.org](http://www.crossroadscentreantigua.org).) We lived on this beautiful island for two and a half years, making frequent visits to our daughter and family in Trinidad (just a few islands away). Now they have two children, (Kahlil is 7 and Kamala is 4), and being grandparents is one of our greatest joys.

During those years I continued to be a lead trainer and presentation skills coach for PowerSpeaking, Inc., a company I've been teaching for since 1988. ([www.powerspeaking.com](http://www.powerspeaking.com)) Much of my work was bringing me to Europe. So, when Mary finished her contract at Crossroads, we decided to move to Europe. After deciding against Ireland (where I have both family and friends) because of the weather and high cost of living, we found the region of Italy called Abruzzo. It is straight east of Rome (about two-and-a-half hour drive) on the Adriatic. From the balcony of our apartment we can see the Adriatic Sea, the Maiella and Gran Sasso mountains of the Apennine range -- endless rolling hills of olive groves and vineyards. We are in a small city called Città Sant'Angelo in the province of Pescara. We are learning Italian slowly. (How I wish I could remember any of the three years of Latin I took at Molloy!) We love the hospitality and generosity of the Abruzzi people, the quality of the food and wine, and the slow and peaceful lifestyle.

My work with PowerSpeaking is now split between live training programs for companies in Europe and virtual programs taught over the Internet. Mary retired from psychiatric and chemical dependency nursing and is enjoying reading, writing, and



traveling with me. We both view this as a wonderful time to explore the many wonders of Italy and the rest of Europe. Our only regret is now being so far from our daughter and her family. But we spent a month with them at Christmas, and they will spend the month of August with us. Now, if they could just get a high-speed Internet connection in their village, then staying in touch by using Skype would be so much easier.

My religious studies have taken me quite far afield from what I learned in Esopus or Poughkeepsie. I completed a two-year program in Celtic Shamanism while we were living in Maine. It was under the guidance of Tom Cowan, a fantastic teacher and author. Our moves from California to Maine, to Antigua, and now to Italy, have all been guided by a strong spiritual force in our lives. Each move opened up new worlds to us. We are still adjusting to our new lives in Italy (We've been here just one year.) and are both open and eager to the spiritual and life lessons that await us here.

Thanks to all who write, edit, and contribute to Marists All. It's a great way to keep both memories and friendships alive. I am looking forward to this 100th issue. (Via Dell'Annunziata 46/B, Città Sant'Angelo, Pescara, 65013 Italy;

<john@powerspeaking.com>

home: (+39) 085-969-9076; cell: (+39) 345-414-4705.)

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From GENE DONNELLY (1946): Congratulations on the great work that has been accomplished by Marists All. This newsletter continues to remind us of the tremendous value of a Marist education. The Champagnat miracle lives on stronger than ever. It continues in the Marist schools throughout the world and in the daily lives of the men and women who have been touched by it. (43 Harbor Drive #305, Stamford, CT 06902)

From BILL DESCHENE (1953): Congratulations and thanks to the editors of Marists All. The very first letter we ever sent to

Marists All in 1989 was a description of our lives as Indians living on the north shore of the Merrimac River in Methuen. We were part of a federation of five tribes, four of which actually lived in the region long ago. The Pawtuckets were upstream from the rapids in what is now known as Lowell. The Shawsheen lived across the river from us in present day Andover. Teddy Morris collected many arrowheads and other artifacts on the property of Shattuck farm now occupied by Hewlett-Packard. The Pentuckets lived downstream beyond the rapids in Haverhill, and the Penacooks lived in North Derry near the archaeological site known as America's Stonehenge. We called ourselves the "Tribe with No Chiefs." The purpose of this fantasy was to help us live out the Dream of the Earth as outlined by geologist Thomas Berry in a book of that name. In the book, the author describes four stages of creation: Genesis I, the actual creation; Genesis II, the evolution of various beings up to the first humans; Genesis III, the attempt of humans to "master" the earth; and Genesis IV, the realization that humans are part of the Earth community and not its "masters." In the words of Chief Seattle, "We are part of the earth. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the children of the earth." To this end, we grew our own food organically, tapped our maples for syrup, got honey from our bees, and shared our bounty with our many animal friends. Any "dominion" we might have had was more in the form of "noblesse oblige." We used our gifts to serve our little tribe.

Alas, the Boston sprawl engulfed our little village, and it soon became too "pricey," tax-wise, to continue our dream here, or maybe it was a movement of the spirit, a call of the wild, so to speak; but here we are in the woods of central Maine, well off the grid, doing most of what we did in Methuen, but now with deer, moose, eagles, foxes, and coyotes as animal friends; and oh, yeah, mosquitoes and black flies. There are two Indian tribes still in the area: the Penobscot and the Passamaquoddy. I'll close with a story told us by Fredda Paul, a Passamaquoddy medicine man and friend, which I think may point to Genesis V:

"At this time, there was lots of fighting among the tribes. Many chiefs from different tribes came together to hold council to try to bring peace so that future generations would be stronger in spirit. The children were asked to come, too. During this gathering there was a tremendous thunderstorm. The Grandfathers were very angry, and in their anger, they threw lightning to the earth.

"A huge white pine was lifted out of the ground. When it fell over, none of the roots were broken; even the smallest fragments were intact. At the large hole where the tree had been, the Grand Chief threw in his weapons and asked the others to throw in theirs. They held back, but the children pushed them closer. Then all the chiefs threw in their weapons. The evil leapt out of the hole, making a sound like a terrifying scary laugh.

"When it was all over, the Grand Chief thanked the Creator, then looked at the children and smiled gratefully. A wind came and lifted the tree on its end and settled it into the hole as if it had never been touched. That is how the white pine became known as the peace tree."

Peace, beauty, shade, windsong, and maple syrup: gifts from the trees to you all. (Marge (Laughs Like a Mountain Stream) and Bill (Talks with the Animals) Deschene (Of the Oaks); 184 Bryant Ridge Rd, Grand Falls, Plt., Maine 04417)

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

Concerning those who have died...

From GUS NOLAN (1948): Richard LaPietra's death on February 19, 2010, came suddenly, even though Richard had been seriously ill for some time. (The Marists All website contains Dennis Murray's obituary for Richard.)

A number of relatives and friends spoke about Richard at the end of the Mass of Christian Burial at Our Lady Sea of Wisdom Chapel – the construction of which Richard played a part -- including Richard's brother Frank, Barbara's brother Bill, Dennis

Murray, Marty Lang, Marc vanderHeyden, and Bob Lewis. Rev. Richard LaMorte gave the homily weaving through it the Gospel and elements from Richard's life. The ceremony concluded with the Marist Choir and the congregation singing of "The Holy City." Tears flowed freely. May Richard rest in peace.

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From LARRY WHARTENBY (1957): Unfortunately, I haven't had many links to things Marist over the years. I was at Esopus three years, Tyngsboro and Poughkeepsie, two each. I guess you could say that things then sort of fell apart. Many reasons. Lois and I will have been married forty-two years this coming June. We have three great children, equally great in-law children, and ten grandchildren who are really the treasure of my life

I would like to take a moment to remark on the recent passing of John Miller (David Joseph). I had the good fortune to meet and befriend John at Tyngsboro in the fall of 1956. John's bright smile and resilient sense of humor helped all around him brave the choppy waters of Tyngsboro, which we all remember, including such wonderful tasks as stripping and refinishing chairs, and then again peeling somewhat unpleasant versions of potatoes down in the basement, and scrubbing cows in the barn. John had an innate ability to skim the dross of whatever life threw at him and radiate inner peace to fellow postulants and novices. His approach to friends was always inclusive rather than exclusive. At some point during Poughkeepsie, John found himself on the persona non grata list and was soon on his way back to West Virginia. How ironic that he went on to become an excellent teacher, principal of a school, and teacher of theology both in the Methodist and Catholic communions. Obviously, his spine was stronger than some realized.

I lost contact with John for many years, but somehow we reconnected through Marists All. About six years ago, I had traveled to Pittsburgh to visit my son and his family. At this

point, John and I spent many hours over a very long lunch, laughing and reminiscing as though we had never been separated by time, space, and administrative decisions. We shared details about our families and problems. What meant the most to me about John was the fact that we could share anything with each other. At this time, John shared with me the "C" word. He had contracted a form of cancer that was attacking his system through the nasal passages. As the months progressed, we kept in contact by email, supporting each other. John didn't do much contact via phone because of his health problem. The cancer caused unpleasant echoing in his hearing. John put up a brave fight, suffering through many surgeries, gradually succumbing to the difficulty of breathing and the difficulty of moving around. Aside from his family, hundreds of friends both from the Methodist and Catholic persuasions attended his funeral. John's life was a blessing to all who knew him. All mourn him and miss him. Our loss is the Lord's gain. (lwhartenby@gmail.com)

From BR. HANK HAMMER (1975): (The following excerpt from Br. Hank's homily for Br. Vito Aresto serves as a tribute to all those Brothers who have died in their service to God, to the church, and to humanity. Editor) In 1997 and again last spring, I had the opportunity to visit what Marists around the world call "Champagnat country" in France. Both times I was thrilled to walk where Marcellin walked and to see the first Marist house in LaValla. Just a few miles north of LaValla stands Notre Dame de l'Hermitage -- "the Hermitage" as we call it -- the huge training house that Marcellin and the first brothers built in the 1820's. The countryside around the LaValla and the Hermitage is incredibly rugged and mountainous, and it was probably more so in the time of Marcellin Champagnat. What struck me on my first visit in 1997 was that Marcellin's calling to found the Marist Brothers and to educate young children in need had to be something based deeply in his heart and in his relationship with Jesus and Mary. He faced many obstacles as he tried to bring about his vision of education for

poor and illiterate children. As always there was the challenge of funding; and in addition, he faced the obstacles of local and church politics. An equally significant obstacle was the terrain itself. With no modern modes of transportation, and a region too treacherous for horses, Marcellin literally "walked the talk" in his efforts to visit the communities of brothers scattered throughout the region. It is said that in one instance, he walked sixty-six miles in two days, just to visit a sick Brother. This past spring, Vince Andiorio and I had the opportunity to visit the Hermitage again at a gathering of lay Marists and Marist Brothers from around the world. Again, I was impressed by Marcellin's sheer determination to respond to the urgent needs of young people. Marcellin was tenacious; he kept moving forward even when others told him he was a fool. His deep trust in Jesus and Mary motivated him and gave him a confidence that helped him overcome the obstacles he encountered.

It has dawned on me many times since my first visit to the Hermitage, and again since my visit last spring, that our beloved Vito shares many characteristics with Marcellin. Both lived lives deeply rooted in their relationships with Jesus and Mary. With the faith and confidence that grew out of those relationships, both were tenacious, a word that our principal Larry Tucker has often lovingly used to describe Vito.

For Marcellin and for Vito, it was always about the mission. It was never about them. There was no ego involved. Perhaps that is why both of them were so successful at what they did. It was simply about the mission of "making Jesus Christ known and loved." (10114 South Leavitt, Chicago, IL 60643; 773-239-4116; hankhammer@hotmail.com)

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From Lawrence, MA, Eagle-Tribune obituary: (Eulogies and statements appear on the Marists All website.) Br. Joseph Belanger (1925-2010), as a Marist Brother, filled his life with prayer and work. His was a long academic journey through

classrooms as a teacher in Marist Brother schools along the eastern coast of the United States. As a reflection of his search for peace in the world, he spent a year teaching English to students in Lujiang University in Xiamen, China. His dedication and service to Marist College as a professor of French and a resident were well-known and appreciated by the college administration, colleagues, and students.

Family, friends, students, and indeed, all with whom he came into contact, will remember Br. Joseph for his optimism and joy of life. Memorial contributions may be made to the Br. Joseph Belanger Scholarship Fund, c/o Marist College, Poughkeepsie, NY 12601.

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From JERRY BYRNE (1960): Marists All and the annual Esopus Gatherings have afforded us the chance to keep in touch with a very special part of our lives. It is like going to a high school class reunion every year and even quarterly.

I recently attended my wife's fiftieth high school class reunion in north Jersey, at Union Hill High School, class of 1960. What a wonderful time she had seeing old friends for the first time in fifty years. I too enjoyed the reunion. It made me think of all the Marist gatherings we've been to and the countless articles that have kept us all in touch through a hundred issues of Marists All. This is awesome!

(Jerry sent the following to his classmates since he felt he did not know Br. George Kopper well enough to write about him. Editor) Greetings, former classmates, class of 1959 at Marist Prep. I recently read of the deaths of two of our "prep-mates" from that year: Ron Mulholland and Br. George Kopper. Several small articles appeared in February '10 Marists All concerning Ron but only a little information concerning George. We all lived together in Holy Rosary that senior year. 1959 was the last time I saw George. He went to Tyngsboro, and I went to the mansion. I left for good in July 1960, not donning the habit.

If you would share some thoughts concerning George, please do so. It would be nice to remember him. None of us should ever be forgotten. I found a picture of our graduating class, and there was George in the front row right in front of me. He was next to Ron Guirdanella. We were placed by size, and George was short like me. There were forty-six of us in that class, and George was one of the very few who persevered in the religious life.

(After receiving Ed Doran's response....) It seems George Kopper liked to keep things simple. Thanks to Ed Doran for his warm insight into the lives of both George and Ron. I didn't realize until recently that about fifty years ago, I was living with some future saints. May they both rest in peace.  
(jerryb89@verizon.net)

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From REV. ED DORAN (1960): George Kopper was a rather "low key" type of man who was deeply committed to the Marist life of prayer and dedicated service to those in need.

His main early influence was his father, an active member of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society. Every summer he and his dad would work together sending "inner city kids off to camp." George, in his uncanny sense of humility, never "advertised" this side of his life, but rather served quietly and typically, like a disciple of Marcellin Champagnat, and simply went about doing good for those in need.

George and Ron were two men who dedicated their lives to service. My thoughts and prayers are with them, and I can truly say that I look forward to greeting them when my final day arrives!

(St. Charles Borromeo, Brooklyn, NY; Edoran5096@aol.com)

return to ==>> [list of contributors](#) or [top of page](#) or [home page](#)

From BR. KEVIN BLYTH: Marist Brothers' Sydney Province  
(Australia) Hermitage Pilgrimage and Study Tour  
Every second year the Ministries Office of the Sydney Province



offers this one-month-long opportunity to members of the forty or so Marist schools and colleges in our network. Occasionally, special groups are organized. Last year, Heads of our schools made up such a group. Those applying usually pay their own way, but it may happen that the school will help with some part payment. The pilgrimage usually begins at the time of the Easter school holidays, but the final two weeks need to be supported by the school providing a replacement teacher/staff member. In Australian dollars the cost is in the vicinity of \$9,000.00. We are able to claim a tax rebate on some of this (about 40%). An arrangement with a couple of Universities enables participants to claim three points toward their degree. The Pilgrimage begins in Paris where all meet at a particular hotel on Easter Sunday afternoon. This is to give an opportunity to appreciate the difficulties Fr. Champagnat had in walking the streets endeavouring to seek approbation for his fledgling Community. All the places we know he visited are located and walked to (with some assistance from the Paris Metro!). This section usually takes about six days (with time for the ladies to do the shops!). As we take a chaplain, Mass is available most days -- often privately or in one of the great Paris churches.

Then follows a trip to Lyon and visits to, and explanations of, the places of Champagnat interest - Fourviere, the Cathedral, the old town, and so on. Plenty of occasions for sampling the culinary and shopping delights before moving off to Notre Dame de L'Hermitage. This last group of Pilgrims was the first to use the new and renovated facilities at L'Hermitage that we found to be excellent. All the places of interest to Marists were visited: Le Rosey, La Valla, the Montagne and Lost in the Snow incidents, Marlies, and so on. While in residence, we had daily lectures on a variety of subjects. One set came from our chaplain on our Catholic identity; another set from Br. Michael Green on Father Champagnat's letters and the lives of the early Brothers; then from Br. Jim Jolly (FMSI in Geneva - he works from the General House with a USA Brother) on the rights of children; and also from Br. Neville Solomon (a Sydney

Brother) on the history of the foundation of the Institute, and so on. The hospitality of the newly formed International Community was great as were the accommodations and the food and beverages.

After about nine days of these highlights, we were bussed to Florence, via Avignon, Nice (where we spent one night), and Monaco. Following a few days of accompanied tour of this beautiful city and its delights, we set out for Assisi for a taste of additional spirituality. We experienced three days before the short bus journey to Rome where we stayed with the De La Salle Brothers at Casa La Sale in Cornelia. Rome presents its own delights with all sorts of walking tours (aided again by the Metro) and an audience with the Pope - with tens of thousands of other pilgrims. The highlight of the Roman sector is a visit to our General House and meeting with Brother Emilie and many of the General Council with tours of the house and all the various offices associated with the complex work of administering the vast Marist network around the world. Our own particular pilgrimage and the organization of it maintained the pilgrim attitude with plenty of time for prayer and reflection, great liturgies, and a great deal of sharing our own insights. Our group numbered about thirty -- seen to be about the optimum number. We commenced in Paris on Sunday, April 4, and concluded with a marvelous 'end of pilgrimage' dinner at Frascati (in the hills of Rome) on Wednesday, 28th. We flew off to our various locations on the next day.

(Should your group ever be interested in mounting a Pilgrimage, Tony Clarke from our Ministries Office would be only too happy to help wherever he can. I would be happy to introduce you to Tony, naturally. blythkfb@tpg.com.au)

*Thanks in abundance to those who have made our 100th issue of Marists All so special. Those who have missed the opportunity to share their lives with us in this issue have another opportunity in the 101st issue. Please send your note to poisellavincen@yaho.com by August 15. Thanks to those*

*who support us with the monetary help that allows us to continue this very special project. Most recently, thanks to Bill Deschene.*

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