



Received the Breath of Life
Lawrence MA, 19 Oct 1932

Called to Accept the Marist Brotherhood
1951, Tyngsboro MA

Was Commended to God
31 Oct 2005
Lawrence MA

Mass of Christian Burial
4 Nov 2005
St. Augustine's Chapel
Lawrence MA

Interment
5 Nov 2005
Marist Brothers Cemetery
Esopus, NY

Obituary Notice circulated from the Provincial Office

BROTHER LOUIS RICHARD, FMS

Brother Louis Richard, FMS, a member of the Marist Brothers of the Schools for 53 years, died suddenly on October 30, 2005 in Lawrence, Massachusetts. He was 73 years old. Born and raised in Lawrence, Massachusetts, he entered the Marist Brothers in 1950 and professed first vows in 1952 and perpetual vows in 1957.

After completing his religious formation and earning a BA in French at Marist College in Poughkeepsie, New York in 1955, Brother Louis served at a number of training houses before beginning his teaching career in the Archdiocese of New York at Holy Trinity School in Poughkeepsie, New York from 1960-1963. From 1963-1983, Brother Louis served on the faculty of Mt. St. Michael Junior High School, a division of Mt. St. Michael Academy in the Bronx.

In 1983, Brother Louis' teaching career moved him to the Archdiocese of Chicago where taught at St. Thomas More School in Chicago from 1983-1990. From 1990 through June 2005, Brother Louis served as an assistant in the computer labs and Academic Resource Center at Marist High School in Chicago.

Brother Louis returned to Lawrence, Massachusetts in June 2005 and began his ministry at Central Catholic High School in Lawrence in September 2005.

Brother Louis is survived by two brothers, Paul of Methuen, Massachusetts, and Father Walter Gaudreau, SM of Brunswick, Maine as well as by his Marist Brothers of the Province of the United States.

A funeral mass was celebrated at St. Augustine's Chapel in Lawrence, Massachusetts on Friday evening, November 4, followed by burial in the Marist Brothers' Cemetery in Esopus, New York on November 5, 2005

1949 – 1950	Marist Juniorate – Tyngsboro, Massachusetts
1950 – 1952	Marist Novitiate – Tyngsboro, Massachusetts
1951	Reception of the Habit – Tyngsboro, Massachusetts
1952	Profession of First Vows – Tyngsboro, Massachusetts
1952 – 1955	Scholasticate – Marist College, Poughkeepsie, New York BA, French
1955 – 1956	Juniorate Staff – Tyngsboro, Massachusetts
1956 – 1958	Novitiate Tailor – Tyngsboro, Massachusetts
1957	Profession of Perpetual Vows – Esopus, New York
1958 – 1960	Scholasticate Tailor – Poughkeepsie, New York
1960 – 1963	Holy Trinity School – Poughkeepsie, New York
1963 – 1983	Mt. St. Michael Academy – Bronx, New York
1969	Profession of Vow of Stability – Bronx, New York
1983 – 1990	St. Thomas More School – Chicago, Illinois
1990 – 2005	Marist High School – Chicago, Illinois
2005	Central Catholic High School – Lawrence, Massachusetts

REMEMBERING
BROTHER LOUIS RICHARD
Reflection by Brother Tim Brady

I lived with Louis longer than with any other Brother in our Province. We spent eight years together at Mt. St. Michael and then lived together in Chicago for another 15 years at our Leavitt Street community. During five of those years at the Mount, Louis and I worked in the junior high school on the same floor and probably saw as much of each other as any two brothers ever have in such a short period of time. I was the Principal and Louis was the Assistant Principal, although he hated that title and all others. Like many young people, I thought I knew everything about the school; I shortly found out that it wasn't me that knew everything about it; it was Louis. I remember one incident very clearly. It was toward January of my first year, and Louis was concerned about something. Never one to cause discomfort to another, he quietly approached me one day and asked, "Have you given any thought to an entrance test for next year?" That was all. Because of Louis, we had a class the following September.

This was something he did all the time --- helping quietly, never intruding, always careful not to hurt. Long before we used the words "least favored" as part of our daily vocabulary, Louis knew who they were. It was his beloved "7-A." We had two classes at the time, and the "A" classes were the "least favored." While other teachers sought to avoid them, Louis asked for them, not only for his regular class, but for his religion class and his homeroom. I saw what he did for them; it was remarkable. He never yelled at them or did anything threatening. Looking back, I can see that he achieved this using the most simple plan possible; he loved them, and they loved him back. Even if they didn't think they could learn, **he** knew that they could and never let them think that they couldn't. He also got the best out of them in other ways. We had a mission drive each year and gave the money to our camp in Esopus. We gave them about \$1,000 each year, and \$800 of that came from 7-A.

But perhaps the biggest tribute came years later from some of the graduates of 7-A. When they came back and spoke to me, they rarely spoke of the teachers who "drove" them, who went through the motions believing that they could learn nothing. On the contrary, they always spoke about "Bro. Louis," asking how he was, and asking to be remembered to him.

Louis was much the same at home. No matter how he felt, no matter what kind of day he was having, he was there for us. And it was a lot of little things. For the 15 years we lived together, he set the table every evening for dinner. We all had jobs around the house; most of us did them pretty faithfully; he did them religiously. He was totally faithful to his work, not because of the dust and dirt, but because he did it for us. There was nothing that anyone ever asked him to do that was too much for him. Louis brought the same quality of faithfulness to everything he did. His prayer life, his work at school, his work around the house, in all these he was like Mary, his model, who went about doing good quietly.

One of my great happinesses was watching Lou's beloved Boston Red Sox win the World Series last year. I was a casual Yankee fan until I met Louis; he made me a fanatic. We used to watch the standings all summer with the Yankees winning out most of the time. But he had the same faith in the Red Sox that he had in 7-A, and I think I was as happy as he was when they finally did it that year.

The Spiritual Testament of our Founder, St. Marcellin Champagnat, is in many ways an amazing document. In one part of it he makes it quite clear what he wanted the Brothers to be known for. Surprisingly it's not for the great education they gave or they excellent schools they ran, although I am certain he was proud of all that. No, what he wanted was quite simple. ***"Have the world say of the Little Brothers of Mary, what they said of the first Christians: See how they love one another."*** The thing that stands out most in my mind, the one thing I will always remember about Louis, is that he exemplified this wish of Fr. Champagnat like few other Brothers I have ever known.

Louis, I wish we all had one more chance to say thank you for what you were to us. Know that the impression you made on us is indelible, and that we will try to pass on your spirit to those we meet during the remainder of our Marist lives.

Thanks Louis!

**REMEMBERING
BROTHER LOUIS RICHARD
Reflection by Bro. Kenneth Robert**

On Monday morning, Vinny Gschlecht, the Assistant Director at Camp Marist sought me out privately to inform me of the shocking news that one of God's most faithful

servants, Bro. Louis Richard, had returned to Him for his just reward. Louie's departure was just as quiet and graceful as every day of his life.

Until 1973, the year Taconic Lodge camp in Cold Spring, NY closed, I had known Louie as a gentle and unassuming person who performed his work wonderfully and efficiently. In Cold Spring, he had served as Prefect as well as Riflery Instructor.

As Director of Camp Marist at that time, I invited all the Brothers who had worked at Taconic to join us at Camp Marist. Louie accepted the invitation and became the Prefect of La Petite Villa, the youngest cabin where the boys ages ranged from five to seven. He was always absolutely and completely dedicated to the welfare and needs of his sixteen to twenty young charges. For fifty-five days each summer, Louie lovingly served in the role of mother and father teaching the little guys how to comb their hair better, tie their shoes, make their beds, say their prayers, and even prepare them for First Holy Communion. Former campers who had been under Louie's guidance relate the story of the imaginary "shingles" for the "house of character" that he was helping them build. "Shingles" were the reward for certain accomplishments.

Many also recount how they still fold their clothing, make their beds and say their morning and evening prayers as he had taught them. This is exactly how St Marcellin Champagnat taught his young Brothers to be of help to young people. Louie was indeed his modern disciple. Occasionally Louis became serious, but he rarely, if ever, became angry. After a stern word of correction or a frown, he always concluded the incident with a smile

After his resignation as prefect in 1995, Louie accepted the position of Canteen Director. Having worked so hard every summer as a prefect, he thoroughly enjoyed the more relaxed atmosphere in the canteen. However, he continued the same remarkable dedication with his work. To make sure he did not run out of supplies, Louie always knew just how many Nutty Buddies, Chips, or Cokes were sold each meal. He was always ready to help a camper who had lost or forgotten his card. The canteen was always as neat as his room - going so far as to not only sweep the porch but to wash it before a rain storm. Taking care of the canteen was not a job, but a service which he did graciously as he did everything else.

Before heading out to the ball fields after evening canteen, he always insisted on a visit to Our Lady of Fatima Chapel to thank God and Our Lady for all the wonderful happenings at camp that day and to pray for the safety of the campers. Then came the soccer, football, softball, etc. games where he enjoyed chatting with the campers and staff members always with a word of commendation or encouragement. After the games came the mound activities where Louie felt the camp really came alive with the many contests, shows, karate expositions, dances, story telling and even movies.

Even if he was exhausted, he always ended his day with an extended visit to the CIT Lodge where he very much enjoyed the ten young junior counselors in making puzzles, watching TV, having a Mass, or just plain talking. Louie loved the CITs, and they had a deep respect for him.

Louie had a profound effect on all of us present here and on so very many others that he touched in a special way during his life. Louie is now physically gone, but his devoted life as a Marist Brother, his love of people, especially young people, his contagious smile, his devotion to God and his dedication to his beloved Camp Marist make up our inherited legacy. Thank you Louie for having been our special friend who will now be our beloved guardian angel.



**REMEMBERING
BROTHER LOUIS RICHARD**
Reflection by Barbara Baumhart, friend from Marist-Chicago

To Brother Louis KINDNESS was inherent.

His helpful nature and sense of always being considerate was evident in all his relationships but shone clearly with the students he nurtured. He anticipated their needs. He was a kind taskmaster as he faithfully worked each day of his life. Whether it be in the school's computer lab or Academic Resource Center, working with the hockey program, selling tickets at Marist home football games or spending his summer with the kids at Camp Marist, his benevolence reigned.

Brother Louis' kindness also extended to the Brothers he lived with and those he worked with daily. He openly greeted everyone with his warm-heartedness. His friendly nature made us all feel as if we were a special friend. He was generous with his greetings and could bring comfort and show understanding by holding your hand or offering a hug.

Remember this kind and gentle soul, O Lord. May his SMILE live in our memory until we meet again.

**REMEMBERING
BROTHER LOUIS RICHARD**

Letter from Brother Seán Sammon, Superior General

Dear Ben,

Thank you for your note of yesterday with the sad news of Louis Richard's death. I *must* say that it took me by surprise since I realize that he just recently moved to Lawrence and was looking forward to catching up with family and friends back there after so many years.

Louie was a great blessing to the former Poughkeepsie Province and I'm sure to our new Province of the United States during the brief time he was a member of the latter. The two qualities I remember most about him were his simplicity and his honesty. He was the kind of person who worked hard to make sure that the relations in any community were good and he always managed to clear the air if he thought that there was some disagreement that lingered between himself and someone else.

I was Provincial when he made the move from Mount to Chicago. It was quite a challenging one for him since he had spent so many years in the Bronx. However, after a short period of adjustment, Chicago became very much his home and he gave more than 20 years of good service to the Church and to so many young people while he was part of the Leavitt Street Community and worked at St. Thomas More School and later at Marist High School.

I shall long remember his many kindnesses to me. There was always a warm welcome and a sense of hospitality in any community in which he was a member. Please do know that we will pray for him here in Rome and celebrate on this Feast of All Saints his joining in the communion of saints. May he rest in God's everlasting peace.

Blessings and affection,
Seán