



ISSUE # 7

November 1988

GMC PICNIC ... was held at the Mount in September; it was a most enjoyable reunion. Many more from the New York City area attended this year. All promised to write something for Marists All! Thanks especially to Gus and Liz Nolan for organizing. And thanks to Br. John Francis and the Mount community for making us feel so welcomed. Joining in from the Mount were Br. Daniel Andrew, Br. Kieran Brennan, Br. Adolph Leo, Br. Robert Leclerc, Br. Chris Shannon, Br. James Stephens ... Over from New Jersey were Br. Richard Shea, Br. Stephen Martin, Br. Martin Healey, and Br. Leonard Voegtle; and from Manhasset, Br. Declan Murray and Br. Pat Tally. Bill Reger ('61) came all the way from Wheeling; and Frank Moran ('50) was visiting from Dublin, Ireland.

FROM BERNIE (Bernard Francis) WOODS ('52): Over the years Marist gatherings like the annual picnic have allowed me to share again the presence of friends, all shaped by our special set of experiences. And the newsletter provides a new and welcomed means of maintaining those bonds. Marists All has conveyed responses that echo my own. It was also clear from the comments in previous issues that Len Voegtle has been a one man committee of correspondence keeping so many of us aware of things Marist. A special thanks to him.

The major events of my life since leaving in 1965 have fallen into a not unusual pattern, but one that can hide the options, decisions, worries and joys attendant to each moment, Within a year I met and married Mary, my wife of twenty-two years. We have three wonderful children. Dan, a freshman at SUNY is majoring in video production. Jennifer, a junior at the School of the Holy Child in Rye, is now an exchange student in Killiney, County Dublin, Ireland. Mark, our eight year old, is in the third grade. The marriage and family courses that I've taught for seventeen years or so, and Mary's masters degree in Parent and Child Nursing, reflect the focus of our professional lives.

After teaching a year at a New Jersey Catholic high school, I joined the faculty of Westchester Community College, SUNY. The community college movement had begun to develop rapidly at that time, and though I taught at other area colleges part time, my career has been linked to the on going changes in the community college field. A full professor for thirteen years, along the way I established a department of Human Services, served in a variety of functions within the Social Sciences Department, and for the last eight years served as vice-president of the faculty union. I take a great deal of satisfaction in this latter role, since it impacts so directly in shaping the character of the college, and on the lives of hundreds of faculty and their families.

For the last ten years we have lived in Pound Ridge, New York, part of the triangle of northeastern Westchester county that pokes into Connecticut. While Pound Ridge is a very rural, wooded area, dotted with ponds, ravines, towering hemlocks, and awash in deer, it is only minutes away from the very modern Stamford, Connecticut. This proximity to Connecticut has created a duality to

our lives. Both Dan and Jenny attended Greenwich Catholic Elementary School; we belong to St. Michael parish in Greenwich, where I serve as a lector; and Mary works in the neo-natal unit at Stamford Hospital.

I see Joe and Marie McKiernan and their children regularly, John and Betty Roche less so. I hope that the newsletter will encourage others of the early fifties to reach out. If any should find themselves passing through this neck of the woods, give us a call and come on over. (Indian Hill Road, Pound Ridge, N. Y. 10576; 914-764-8224)

FROM JAMES HEANEY ('60): I was very interested to receive the newsletter, forwarded from Philadelphia. By some odd quirk of fate our area, though demographically quite thin, seems to support a relatively high Marist population. Rich Keenan and I are both at the University of Idaho, he at the department of foreign languages and literature (Spanish) and I as the director of the University of Idaho Press. Just over the mountains from us in Helena, Montana, John Hart is at Carroll College (theology/ethics). We all got together last Thanksgiving, and we hope to have an opportunity to do so again.

As news, I suppose I should say that Elfriede and I have been married for eighteen years, and we have two girls, Cordelia and Stephanie, who are ten and six years of age. Both are predictably tall for their ages. I completed a PhD at Yale (religious studies) in 1973, and have both taught (St. Mary's, Stanford, Bowdoin) and published (Yale, Westminster Press, University of Idaho Press) through the past decade and a half of lean academic times.

Has anyone heard from "Murph the Surf" (Dave Murphy)? =See Barney Sheridan's letter. I look forward to getting more news of the group as a whole. In the meantime, thanks for the idea of the newsletter. (226 Circle Drive, Moscow, Idaho, 83843)

FROM BR. HENRY HAMMER ('75): I have been wanting to write to say how much I've enjoyed reading all the issues of Marists All. The testimony of so many people has been a tremendous source of encouragement to me. Some names are more familiar to me than others, but all have helped to shape what the Marist Brothers are today. Marists All is truly an appropriate name for the newsletter.

I owe my Marist vocation to the wonderful witness of men like Richard LaPietra, Jerry Cox, Linus Foy, Joe Belanger, Jerry Weiss, Maurice Bibeau, John Sullivan, Gus Nolan, Larry Sullivan, John Malich, Peter Ostrowski, Vinny Benedict... to name a few! In the turbulent early seventies these men stood out as shining examples of gospel values. Marist College saw a number of vocations in the early seventies because of these men.

I am glad that a link between the past and the present has been established. May God bless Marists All and unite us in mutual prayerful support. (Marist Brothers, 10114 So. Leavitt St., Chicago, Il. 60643)

A TRIBUTE TO BR. WILFRED MARY:

From Charlie Kennedy ('59)

Recently a Brother died. Today only I heard the news. Many years ago Mary's Brothers came from France, from Canada, to establish a pilot school in honor of St. Ann in this now Big Apple. More than thirty-two years ago I entered into this

school not for school but for life. Bro. Wilfred Mary, F.M.S., who is the Brother recently deceased, was Principal of St. Ann's Academy when this freshman entered from a city public junior high school.

After years in education and religion, Bro. Wilfred at 94 years young went on to his vision of Our Lord, Our Lady, and Our heavenly Father. And I continue to learn of this world's tossing and turning grateful for the foundation laid by this Brother and this Order the Marist Brothers of the Schools.

FROM JACK LEHMAN ('66): Haven't seen anyone in the Marist world in many years although I did bump into Brenden Kenny in a sushi bar here in Sante Fe about a year ago.

In November of last year my fiancée discovered that she had ovarian cancer. A week prior she'd climbed a local 14,000 foot mountain. Had an operation, complete hysterectomy; unfortunately the surgeon had to leave a bunch of tumor inside. I nursed her until she died in February ... heaviest experience of my life, With hindsight I regret not having spent more time in looking at death and preparing for it. We focused too much on beating the cancer and living, and were both surprised at the moment of death. Live and learn, die and learn; may she travel in the light.

Three years spent in Europe seem real far away. Ten years in Asia not quite so remote and most cherished. Oregon started sweet but I felt run down when I left. Been trying to adjust to a very different world since then. Decided to sink some roots here in this high desert town. Have a small jewelry business doing mostly inlay, using lapis lazuli, turquoise, sugilite, coral, and some precious stones, gold and silver.

The newsletter is a great idea, and I'm thankful for receiving it and appreciate the work that goes into it. Send this letter to Gus Nolan for inclusion. Anybody ever hear from Kevin O'Donnell? (102 West San Francisco Street, Sante Fe, N. M. 9754)

FROM BR. LAWRENCE JOSEPH POIRIER ('23): Congratulations and gratitude for what you and your associates have done in creating Marists All. A great idea: Although I don't know many of those who write to the newsletter, I enjoy learning how they continue the Marist tradition in their own way.

While I was stationed in Wheeling in the late thirties and early forties, I had the pleasure of teaching you, David, as well as Larry Hanshumaker ('42) among others. In 1978, when I was 71, I retired here in Miami and have enjoyed my stay ever since. In recent years, when all the other Brothers from here spend their summers in the North, I take care of the house, lawn, pool, garden, and fruit trees. Because I'm without wheels in the summer, I depend on Brothers from Columbus High and from other retirement communities on 89th Avenue, as well as on neighbors and parishioners. Daily I pray for All Marists. (8230 S.W. 136th Street, Miami, Fla. 33156; 305-251-6484)

FROM REV. WILLIAM (William Mary) SEARS ('52): Again many thanks for the "news," It even beats the old Bronx Home News that I delivered as a kid. It's great reading of all the wonderful things that have transpired to my Brothers, Marists All.

Still going, though falling apart slowly; but after 27 years in the priesthood (twenty in the same parish) and having a Polish Pope and an Irish bishop and boss, it is to be expected. I correspond with Br. Leonard regularly; he keeps me well informed.

Any one of my brothers who may be in the Sarasota area of Florida, give me a call. Got lots of time off. No more teaching in high school and the boss is deaf, dumb, and blind as well as Irish, and I have eleven years and eighty pounds at least on him. The "Ir-Rev" Willie Sears, P.S. I don't remember my name as a monk but everyone else will, P.P.S. Just heard from Larry Halsey ('51) in Oregon. He's thinking of migrating to Florida with family to teach. (Our Lady Queen of Martyrs, 833 Magellan Drive, Sarasota, Fla. 34243; 758-7576)

FROM BR. LEONARD VOEGTLE ('50): It is August 20th, and I've been here in Bellport, Long Island, since late June working around the house and property, both of which look magnificent, thanks to the tireless efforts of Jogues (Br. Jogues Mary Cormier, '43) and the lady who lives here during the school year and takes excellent care of the place; it is a far cry from the early days in the sixties, and the Smith Point beach has remained unpolluted all summer!

Spent three weeks around Easter time at the Desert House of Prayer near Cortaro, Arizona. Lots of interesting folks pass through there; clergy, religious, lay persons, Catholic and otherwise. Next stop was Oakland to visit the monks there. Five of them teach in a parish high school in a black/hispanic neighborhood with many drug problems; Br. Richard Sharpe ('66), Brs. James Halliday, Don Bisson, Peter Guadalupe, all of the group of '68, and Br. Ken Curley ('85). And there are two Brothers who are full-time chaplains in a nursing/retirement complex: Michael Laratonda ('62) and Frank Zaglauer ('63); they are also involved in AIDS ministry.

Had a week back in Bayonne, to catch up with the mail and help celebrate the jubilees. Steve Urban's brother was the main concelebrant, along with Father Matczak from Molloy, and Tom Burke, SJ, from St. , Peter's College, who had given the novitiate retreat to Steve's group in 1938:

I was in Rome in May and June, doing some ghost-writing for the General ... fun to be back among old friends and familiar sights ... and the work was enjoyable, too. Found Italy decidedly more prosperous: new construction on all sides, folks better dressed and driving bigger cars ... but everything now is as expensive as in the States, if not more so! Looks like I may be returning there after the turn of the year, perhaps for two or three years, to translate the Founder's letters into English (a definitive edition with explanatory notes has already appeared in French). Before that, though, gotta get the first volume of the province history wrapped up; it's all done in rough draft, and I'm presently putting it into final form, I must make a run to Iberville to pick up the best photos of the early days; the monks there have a fabulous collection of photos in their archives.

Just got the latest issue of Marists All. It gets better every time, and folks are obviously responding to it very positively, which is the best sign that it's what's needed right now to draw us gradually together again, from all our geographic and perhaps emotional distances. Kieran Brennan looks great after his cancer colon surgery; didn't even need radiation therapy. Spud Carroll also had surgery, for a tumor in his chest; no malignancy apparently, thank God. Everyone in Wheeling seems very happy with Bernard Schmitt's appointment as the new auxiliary bishop; another Marist Central Catholic alumnus makes good.

September 19th: Enjoyed the picnic at the Mount last Saturday. It was a magnificent occasion for meeting people I'd not seen in decades, reminiscing about the past with all its tears and laughter, catching up with present doings and future hopes, and renewing and strengthening the bonds of brotherhood across the years and miles. Wonder if the time is coming when regional gatherings might help the men too far from the New York metropolitan area to do the same. Must be plenty in New England, and not a few in the Miami area.

Not much news at the moment: Leo Forrest was married in August ... Dot Armstrong/Fiola, mother of Ray ('63) and Bruce ('67), provincial secretary for many years, is recovering from major surgery ... Agnes Allen, mother of John ('62, Laredo), suffered a mild stroke this summer ... Delia Mulligan, mother of John ('64, Watertown) died suddenly earlier in September ... the investiture of three new Esopus novices on the 8th of September brought together about 75 monks from both provinces; a good family gathering to underline a moment of hope in the future.

FROM BR. JAMES ADAMS ('55): Two weeks or so ago, I visited the Marist High School community in Chicago and found your latest newsletter on their bulletin board. Needless to say, I read it avidly and copied into my address book, for future reference, data on people from my group in the novitiate (Tyngsboro '54-'55) whom I have not seen or heard from in more than twenty-five years ... John Dunn, Bill Connelly, Fred Horn.

I would greatly appreciate it if you could add my name to your mailing list for this newsletter. Could I possibly get hold of the back issues? I'll send a more extended letter for your next issue. I will be here in California at the Franciscan Renewal Center in Santa Barbara until mid-November, and then I move to the Marist St. Agnes Community in New York till the end of February of 1989. By March 1989 I hope to be back at Notre Dame College, Marbel, Koronadal Town, province of South Cotabato, Philippines.

FROM JOE (Eugene Michael) HORAN ('50): There is no doubt that these letters are an inspiration to all of us. Just knowing what's happening has brought back many memories. Marist was a world that had special meaning for us and friendships that have grown over the years.

I thought I would update some information about me and thought my family with the hope that it will reach those that I have lost contact with. Twenty-one years ago today, August 15, 1967, I married my wife, Dolores. Presently she is a middle school principal in upstate New York. We have two wonderful daughters: Courtney, who is a sophomore in college, and Joelle, who will enter eighth grade this September. Both are very active in school functions and athletics.

I just retired from education in June of 1988. I spent the last eleven years as Superintendent of Schools at Eldred, New York. Prior to that assignment, I was the assistant superintendent at Sable Valley Central School. I have held many administrative positions in education over the past thirty years ranging from elementary education to college level. At present I am doing educational consulting work in various fields. Education still remains high on our family's priority list.

God and Mary have definitely blessed my family and me. We keep close to our faith; its strength has fortified us over the years. Since my wife's position is

about three hours from Eldred, this year has been particularly difficult for us. We are presently trying to sell our home and move closer to the Albany area.

Dolores and I attended my 25th class reunion at Marist College. It was great to see everyone then. Would like to hear from other classmates; please write: (P.O. Box 158, Eldred, N. Y. 12732; 914-557-8755)

BR. SEAN SAMMON ('66) Provincial of the Poughkeepsie Province The NCR reported that in August "the Conference of Major Superiors of Men (CMSM) elected a 40-year old Brother as its president, the first Brother to be elected in the organization's 32-year history. Samon's career as a clinical psychologist played a role in his selection. He led one of six workshops at the CMSM meeting,"

BR. CYPRIAN ROWE has been appointed a member of the Board of Directors of the National Catholic Reporter.

FROM GENE (Louis Francis) ZIRKEL ('53): From the first lines my heart resonated; I too feel that I have never left the Marists. It was clear that many others feel the same way. I have met some former religious who unfortunately are resentful and bitter. The tone of the last newsletter indicates that many of us are proud to be associated with the great Marist family. Perhaps the title should have been Ever Forever. You can tell from the excerpts that the newsletter is accomplishing a lot of good.

As a result of a previous issue, Harry (Francis Luke) Henky ('52) called me. He is Vice Principal in Fairhaven, New Jersey, and is bucking for Principal. I also received a phone call from John McGuire. It seems that his wife teaches math in West Islip High School and has my son George in her class. John also said that Tom Dottinger runs the local Yamaha motorcycle shop in Babylon. Thanks to Lenny for answering my question: Our Ordinary Resource in Spanish is "Nuestro Recurso Ordinario."

Are the dates given in Marists All the year of the cassock or of graduation? A few of them seem out of whack. Perhaps it is just my memory that is giving out. (Editor's note: We usually try to help identify names by associating a year; that year is meant to be the year of the person's taking the cassock, since that is what is usually used by the monks in identifying groups and in celebrating anniversaries; let us know if we are inaccurate!) (Six Brancatelli, West Islip, N. Y. 11795; 516-669-0273)

By BR. CYPRIAN ROWE ('53): Excerpted and adapted from the Brooklyn Tablet ... Racism is the greatest threat to the American vision of freedom and respect for differences, according to Marist Brother Cyprian Rowe, the keynote speaker at a Tablet Forum held June 16, 1988. The forum was cosponsored by the Diocesan Office of Black Ministry. Racism is not a simplistic issue, according to Br. Cyprian. It exists on personal and cultural levels. Most people consciously reject the notion that they have the right to make others change to what they think is correct, but they often do just that unconsciously. Cultural racism in this country is insisting that what is Euro-American is right and that those whose culture is not "right" must conform; life which is European is valuable, that which is not European is not valuable.

Br. Cyprian said that the only way we will ever be fully human is to believe that the Lord made each of us great, and gave us genius. Each of us must look at

him/herself and determine what it is that prevents him/her from walking up to another and saying brother, sister. Racism is fear that if I say that indeed you are brother and sister, entitled to the same things that I am entitled to, then I will be annihilated. We will never believe that, if we are fully human, fully Catholic. An educator and social worker, Br. Cyprian has degrees from Marist College, Hunter College, Howard University, and Catholic University. (Thanks to Bob Buckley ('66) for the clipping on this report.)

FROM MANNY LOPEZ ('63): It was nice to receive the recent newsletter with so much good news of those who are doing such fine work in so many areas. I was particularly inspired by the example of Br. Tom Petite and his response to what he saw in Calcutta. I'm a youth minister in my local parish. Not long ago I took on a new boy who has Aids Related Complex; I think he'll be fine to work with. Ad multos annos to all the monks in my group who celebrated their silver jubilee. It is wonderful to know men who have made such a success of commitment and twenty-five years of religious life. I recognize every name. (New address: 1493 Shore Parkway, Apt 3B, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11214; 718-363-3482)

FROM PAUL LEVENDUSKY ('65): I was greatly pleased to see the success of the newsletter and to learn of the Marist family net. While not as honored as Joe McMorro who lives in the far North of Canada. I and my wife Elyse live in the warmer South, outside of Vancouver. Have just returned from the People's Republic of China, studying acupuncture and Chinese medicine. Hope to return there in the future, After fourteen years as a critical care nurse and five years of medical studies, I now have a family health practice using acupuncture and naturopathic medicine. In looking back on the religious life, I have always appreciated its abiding influence and the fine people who crossed my path. I wish all you readers well and look forward to more of the newsletters. (2743 Gordon Ave., Surrey, B.C., Canada; or; %504 North 39th St. Seattle, Wa, 98103)

FROM GREG (Gregory Richard) BALLERINO ('57): A phrase from Lucille Shurkus in the #6 issue brought about the "AHA!" insight which prompts me to write to you. "... to start putting a closure to our relationship ..." were the words she used to describe their process (hers and Alts) in the final stage of growth, the experience of death. They learned how to experience being "alive" together; they learned how to experience "dying." From the first Marists All newsletter I felt a yearning, a longing within, looking for a window to provide a way in or out. And now I realize that I did not "put closure" to many of my Marist relationships from the fifties and the sixties. They were aborted. I did not complete the "dying" process of separation, loss, anger, mourning, and transition. Thanks for providing that opportunity now. Marists all, for those years we knew each other, I acknowledge you and I thank you for the contribution you made to my life. Goodbye to then, welcome to now!

As I remember events, I remember the feelings, the faces, the fun, the pain, the confusion, the fantasy, and the reality, Marist for me was the experience of fraternal and spiritual love ... a blend of compassion, idealism, denial, repression, growth, adventure, failure and success. Interestingly this inner-outer process is still going on. I have come to notice that my life is not following the straight arrow, subject-verb-object path. It's a spiral journey. lots of things going around and coming around, like the emergence of Marists All, Now I understand that the paradoxical balance of learning how to live and learning how to die is what it is all about.

For the past nine years I have been an applications engineer in the air pollution control industry, Southern California, where I live, is fertile ground for this industry. Three evenings a week I work as a psychotherapist, teaching individuals and groups the tools of personal empowerment, imagery, intuition, expressing the truth of feelings in the moment they are experienced. It is my intention to develop a full-time career as a psychotherapist.

My work as a Music Director (Composer/Conductor) ended in 1979 when my family and I moved to California. Six years ago my wife Martha and I ended our married relationship. Celeste, our daughter 15 will come to live with me this fall. A wonderful opportunity for both of us! And so the adventure continues ... LOVING! (130 Brooks Ave., Claremont, Ca. 91711; 714-625-5947)

FROM BERNIE ORTUOSTE ('58): Many thanks for the copies of the Marist newsletter. I'll write my contribution to the newsletter later. Kindly use my new address: Charleston Catholic High School, Broad & Virginia Sts. Charleston, W. Va. 25301.

FROM JACK KELLY ('64): I really enjoy receiving the Marists All newsletter. It has brought back many fond memories. I'd like to hear from John Bosco; anyone have any news about him?

I got married in 1972 and divorced in 1981; remarried in 1983. From my first marriage I have three children: Tamara, 14, Corey who is 13, and Alena, 8. Laura, my ex-wife, is Mike Marotti's sister. She and the children live about 25 miles from me, and I see them on a regular basis. We get along very well, which makes things a lot easier for everyone.

My wife, Ruth, is currently undergoing treatment for cancer; so far she seems to be winning the battle.

When I left the Marist Brothers, I left the church and spent years wandering through a spiritual maze that included some drugs and lots of alcohol. I found AA in 1975, or perhaps it found me, That served as a basis for a new way of life. I don't live a monk's life, but many of the values I acquired while in the monks are again part of my life. I didn't marry in the church the first time, so Ruth and I were married in the Catholic church in 1983. Jim Shroeder was in the wedding party. He was a year ahead of me and in the "other" province.

I spent two years working on the enclosed Financial Profile. If all goes well, it may develop into a book. I would like to sell the Financial Profile to raise money for my brother Tom's school in Pakistan.

FROM PAT (Patrick Stephen) GALLAGHER ('55): Again there's another issue of the newsletter on my desk. It always has the same effect on me, a groping for names and faces, and then a dawning and smiles about what is now so close but yet so distant,

When I started my own business in 1983s I had a feeling of stepping off a ladder in the dark and not knowing what was waiting for me, (I had the same feeling when I left the order in 1970-72). The intervening years were quite difficult; cash did not come in with the regularity it does when you're employed by others, and we're still not out of debt, but I was convinced that I had a good niche in the marketplace working on liability management for police departments. After a good solid year of working with municipal insurance pools and their police

departments, I was approached by a major insurance service company about a merger, and in four short months that took place. So as of July 1, 1988, there are regular pay checks for the first time in five years, and we see light at the end of the tunnel. I will continue as director and vice-president of the firm, A further irony: the Christian Brothers established a pool for their schools and then opened up to others; a good number of the Marist schools are provided insurance and services by our parent company.

I have to say that Mary and I are mellowing to our lifestyle out here in the country, Lincoln, Virginia, just fifty miles from DC. We'll be into flower and vegetable gardens come spring, There is a grasping for the good life as we perceive it, and even faint glimmers of getting involved with the local Catholic church, something that both of us for the last ten years or so we have not been active, or even present. It will take a while to become more active, but I do think that it will happen, Reading Marists All, I've been - to use an old word - edified by all the work and involvement that goes on in church activities. It shows something about the goodness, commitment, talent, and charity of the monks. Thanks again for your work on MA. I'm sure I echo the gratitude of the Marist network around the country. (New address: Box 82A, Lincoln, Va. 22078; 703-338--3904)

FROM FRANCIS X. "Barney" SHERIDAN ('55): Depending on when and where we met, I'm Bernard Maura, Barney, Poncho, or Frank Sheridan. Lots of kudos to those who set up the GMC picnic at Mount St. Michael last month. Such a profound experience reminds me that much of "who I am" can be celebrated as Marist. Br. Pat Lally updated me on the others in our class. Good to hear from other people through their contributions to Marists All.

In 1971 I married Anne Corrigan, an ex-Blauvelt Dominican who now is a Bilingual Education Evaluator for the Committee on Special Education in the Bronx. Our children, Robert (16) and Rosemary (14) are students at Bronx High School of Science. They all make me feel blessed, humble ... and proud. Some years ago, Anne and I had a group home for St. Dominic's, and we count some of the kids from there as extended family even today. This month we're celebrating the wedding of a "grandson" from that experience. Party time;

In going for another degree in the late seventies, an MSW, I did part of my fieldwork at Marist College. Back to roots; men all of you builders go back to Marist, do you have the same reaction I did: "This is my pillar; this, my staircase." Even now, isn't it strange to hear the Marist survey quoted on national television during the political campaign! You can feel proud of it, even though the name Marist has a lot more spiritual transference for me than politics. Thank God our monks are still there; they make a great presence. Otherwise, how would anyone know from whence ...

At present, I work at Impartial Hearings for the Division of Special Education, New York City Board of Education. For "recreation" I'm a Boy Scout leader and an EMT on the local Volunteer Ambulance Corps. Every year a small group of us get together with our families at Joe Lederer's home. The regulars are: Bill Ford, Tony Miserandino, John Wilcox, and Mike Kelly (down from New Hampshire). This year it was Mike's turn to chase a toddler, as the "elders" watched and remembered! At supper we played Trivia by trying to recall all the hand signs for meals-in-silence. We got them all!!!

Dave Murphy ('61) came to town this summer and his family invited us to celebrate his upcoming nuptials. On August 13, 1988, Dave married Elaine Budreau, and they are going to continue to work with the monks at the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. Ad multos annos. Dave's address: P.O. Box 742, Pine Ridge, S. D. 57770. Heartfelt thanks to those who publish this powerful newsletter.(1506 Plymouth Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 10461)

DECEASED: We have no details at all, but we know that Jeremiah Deane (Kenneth Jude, group of '56) died suddenly October 21, 1987, in Tampa, Florida; and John Penteck (Christopher Jude '51) died in the summer of 1987. Our newsletter, addressed to Chris in the Bronx, came back marked deceased. If anyone has information on these people, or others who may have passed away, please let us know. We pray that all our departed friends may rest in peace,

BILL KANE (William Benedict '47) died this past July. Shortly before, he had taken part in a class reunion at Marist College, reminiscing with Joe Bell, Cornelius, Jephtha, and Brian Lonergan. He had retired to Carolina from public school teaching; his four boys were grown and had scattered. Though he said he had "terminal diabetes," and in fact did appear thin and aged, and had to get around with a cane, Bill was quite jovial and cheerful. He had been with the monks at least till 1963. Bill was one of several who in the early seventies were instrumental in organizing reunions of ex-monks on Long Island. The group was called Metro Mac, we understand, Marist Association

FROM BRIAN (Kevin Justin) LONERGAN ('47): The recent notice that BILL KANE had passed away prompts me to write this note, I went to Marist College for a class reunion last June, and met Bill there. He had mellowed over the years, and I was fascinated by his effervescent personality, somewhat of a cross between a cracker-barrel philosopher and a retired sea captain full of good natured yarns. At the dinner-dance he leaned over in a Wallace Berry tone and maintained that "It was worth the trip from Carolina to see my old friend, Brian," When I said goodbye the next morning, as we shook hands, I noticed a plaintive look on his face. Bill had had a serious operation, and he knew that time was running out. I cannot believe the time was a matter of weeks. May he and our friends Mike Shurkus, Clem Martin, Pete Ginnity, Henry Charles, and all the recently departed rest in peace.

I have been a history buff since high school, and along with my work with the customs and narcotics unit at JFK. I keep busy writing articles, giving talks, and even have a book in the offing. Recently I had a letter from Ed Cashin, responding to some history items I had offered him. And not too long ago I had a nice note from Br. Vincent, the Wall, in Florida. My five children are grown up now, so now I can give more time to outside activities such as the K of C, Hibernians, etc. I am deeply. grateful for my Marist training; it has helped in the difficult days of raising a family and facing the problems inherent in my type of work.

It was great to see George Lang, Marty Harte, Marty Healy, Tom O'Connor, Gus Nolan, John Colbert, and Art Molloy from the juniorate gang, along with a dozen other Marists from the teaching years, at the recent picnic at Mt. St. Michael. Regards to all Marists, Marists All, (3 Van Roo Avenue, Merrick, N, Y. 11566; 516-541-8556)

BUSINESS UP-DATE: This newsletter is the product of many fine people who have twice shared their lives with us, once elbow to elbow and more recently pen to paper. Thanks to all, for all you have given; we are enriched. We look forward to hearing from many others; now's the time, right this minute; you're really not going to put it off any longer, are you? Mail to David Kammer 107 Woodland Drive, Harwinton, Ct. 06791, or to Gus Nolan, Marist College, Pksie 12601