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[Bill Deschene '53](#)

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Invitation

**Eleventh Annual Greater Marist Family Spirituality Weekend
Marcellin's 'Beatitudes' and His Happy Gang
Marist College July 8 – 10, 2005**

Prayers and talks will focus on themes emphasized by Father
Champagnat. In the evenings we will celebrate our friendship and

camaraderie – in memory of the good times Marcellin and his classmates had while in the seminary. Speakers for the weekend include: Br. Brice Byczynski, Dr. Martin Lang, Br. Vito Arresto, and Br. Joseph Belanger. Meals, insurance and fees: \$120 per person; housing: single occupancy, two nights with linens: \$75 per person; double occupancy, two nights with linens: \$135 per couple. To reserve a place, send a \$25 deposit to Maurice Bibeau (4 Van Wert Place, Hyde Park, NY 12538; 845-229-0879). Make the check payable to the Marist Brothers.

Registration begins on Friday, July 8th at 4:00 pm in the Rotunda, Student Center at Marist College. Dinner is at 6:00. The weekend ends Sunday, July 10th at noon. Participants are encouraged to attend the celebration for Br. Joseph Belanger's 80th birthday until 3:30 pm. Please come and renew the Marist Spirit with us.

* * * * *

The **GMC Picnic at Mount St. Michael** will be held on Saturday, September 10th. Mark your calendars. As is our custom, bring your own beverage and a potluck dish for a shared meal. People generally arrive around noon and stay until about five pm. As in other years, the picnic will be held rain or shine. Continue the tradition!

From **WILLIAM QUINN '44** (*David Marcellin*): It was with heavy heart that I read of the passing of Br. Patrick Eugene and Br. Simeon Gerald. Br. Patrick and I were in the Novitiate in 1943-44. He was a novice and I, a postulant. Whenever we met all the years after I left, he always took time to talk and inquire about my well-being. As for myself, I am doing well. I was in Rome in 1999 for Father Champagnat's big day and had a wonderful time. In 2001 I spent eighteen days in Russia and went back again in 2003. What a beautiful country! On March 21st I retired after twenty-four years of government service. To all the monks of the United States Province: "Many years." (143-15 26th Avenue, Apt 6C; Flushing, NY 11354-1759; 718-353-5304)

From **BILL DESCHENE '53**: Just felt a hankering to get in touch with Marists All: cabin fever, I guess. We occasionally return to what is referred to as the "real world" participating in peace demonstrations and vigils with the Eastern Maine Peace and Justice Committee in Bangor. They are a fine group of the most unlikely people you would expect to be standing against the tide. You get the feeling that they know that someday the tide will be reversed and there will be peace and justice in the world. We like their spirit. I have enclosed a few fond recollections of some of the old Brothers. I always liked the old people. Somehow, I feel related to them. Maybe that's why I'm so anti-modern.

I remember vaguely a course given on the lives of the early Brothers as part of the training we received in our novitiate years. The modeling that was supposed to be given by these biographies was concretely enhanced by the living models of the older Brothers who made up the bulk of the novitiate staff. Sometimes, without any forethought, their words and example help me get grounded when upset or stay grounded when at peace.

Recently, when I spilled half the juice needed to make five gallons of

banana wine, I let out a scream that would have made any Penobscot or Passamaquoddy take notice. The mess that had to be cleaned up, plus the several bottles of really fine wine that would not be made – aargh! As Margie helped calm me down, Br. Paul Acyndinus came to mind. That little Brother, who looked like the original Sleepy of the Seven Dwarfs, stood there in my mind, with his arms folded and his hands tucked into his sleeves, his droopy eyes resigned to his “imperfections” – a little “poof” came to his lips: “If you don’t do anything, you won’t do anything wrong.”

Br. Paul had told us to fill as many pots of water that we would need for supper as he was going to fix the pumps that brought us delicious well water during that Saturday’s work period. No problem. Trouble was, he forgot to turn on the pump when he finished his work. Scullery was delayed and the regularity of the schedule was disrupted. Horrors! Hence, Br. Paul was duly reprimanded, and we received those words of wisdom. (184 Bryant Ridge Rd, Grand Falls Plantation, ME 04417)

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In Memoriam

Rene Lozada '58: died 27 December 2004

From the **EDITOR**: *Rene came to the Novitiate in Tyngsboro along with Bernardo Ortuoste and Felipe Cruz from the Philippines. Despite the fact that cultural adaptation was difficult for him, his classmates remember him for his hearty laugh and a heart that went along with it.*

Eugene Connolly (Kieran Matthew '44): died 3 March 2005

From **BR. KEVIN O'NEILL '53**: My niece had Dr. Connolly at Northern Essex Community College in Haverhill (MA). She sent me this note: “Hi, Uncle. I just read in the paper that Dr. Eugene Connolly died on March 3rd. I remember writing you about him and that you knew him. I had him for only one semester and have to say he was the best instructor of all that I’ve had. He had such a wonderful way of teaching. Sue.”
(mhsbko@juno.com)

([Click here](#) to view obituary page for Gene Connolly.)

Br. James Redunski '68: died 11 March 2005

From **TOM POTENZA '73**: Jim had spent his entire religious life in the diocese of Newark, working in a number of the Catholic high schools as a teacher, counselor, and administrator, as well as in the superintendent of education’s office. He was a Bayonne boy who never wandered far from home and suffered from various ailments in recent years. Jim had a witty personality and wry humor that was not lost on his Brothers – especially during the years of great change in religious life and Marist life. (Tompo47@aol.com)

Br. John Cherry '59: died 28 March 2005

From **BR. JOHN MC DONNELL '59**: Bigger than life – one of a kind – a gentle giant. John Cherry marched to the beat of a different drummer. Surprised smiles would always fill a room as John entered, shouting your name, enveloping you in a hearty, heartfelt bear hug. John Cherry made me laugh. Not polite giggles but rib-tickling, side-splitting, breath-taking belly laughs that got both of us through our comps at the University of Notre Dame. How I loved you, John Cherry! (johnmcdonnell58@hotmail.com)

From **BR. JOHN DUNNING '63**: John blazed a trail with the Lay Volunteer Program, expanding Marist community and our understanding of collaboration. His optimism was often indomitable. If he was dismissed as naïve or as a Pollyanna, he wasn't discouraged. He knew his heart early on in life and followed it steadfastly. As a pastoral minister, his own back problems helped further sensitize his understanding of suffering and made him an even more compassionate person. He accompanied our friend, Br. Ronald Marcellin, at the end of his long journey with cancer. John lightened the load for countless others in his years as a guidance counselor and pastoral care minister. Through it all, his love of life, people, laughter and music was contagious. When John sang "The Impossible Dream," he shook the room. The world is a better place because of you, John. You've reached your star; may you rest in peace with the Lord.

From **BR. MICHAEL SHEERIN '74**: John was always a pleasure to be with, and I'm grateful I was able to grow through these past thirty-five years with a mentor and friend like him. John was always there to listen to my impossible dreams. I miss him. May he rest in peace. (sheerinm@stjohns.edu)

(The above three comments were excerpted from the April-May newsletter of the United States province of the Marist Brothers. Editor)

From **JOHN O'CONNELL '58**: In our less mature days in Tyngsboro we referred to John as "Modesty-of-the-eyes Cherry." However, John did have a significant influence on us, and he was destined to be a helpful and affirming influence on the many whose lives he touched.

From **TOM FAHEY '58**: I remember Br. John Cherry from 1956; a tall string bean, always smiling and so gentle. May he rest in peace. I look forward to his welcome one day, not too far down the road, along with Vinnie Hall, Bill Reffelt, and so many wonderful humans...saints we have known! (faheyj@aol.com)

Special Remembrance: *Some of us found out about the effect of a tragedy on the Marist community in McMechen, West Virginia, through an article appearing in the New York Times (written by Alan Feuer) on Wednesday, May 25, 2005. We offer our prayers*

and deepest sympathy for the families and friends.

There were two empty chairs among the rows of seniors graduating from Bishop Donahue High School on Tuesday night. Instead of being occupied by two young women in polyester robes, they were draped with white cloth.

The graduates who should have sat there, Danielle Block and Jo Beth Marie Gross, both 18, died on Saturday in Brooklyn when their single-engine sightseeing plane dropped from the sky above Coney Island and crashed on the beach....

"This is no doubt a night of mixed feeling for you, for all of us," Brother Rene Roy, the principal, told the graduating class. "We are attempting to make the sun break through the clouds of sorrow. We will all rise again as a family stronger than ever in the values that really matter."

Bishop Donahue had only 80 students, and before graduation many gathered in the rain, drawn to the makeshift shrine that had grown in the last few days. There were teddy bears and flowers, candles and some hand-written cards. There were a basketball and a baseball bat attesting to the young women's athletic prowess. There were a pen and a dog-eared notebook alluding to their love for classes at the school.

"The school itself is paying for the funeral arrangements," Brother (Dan) O'Riordan said... Brother O'Riordan took the podium at one point to announce that Ms. Gross had just won the Bob Shaw Memorial Service Award and Ms. Block, the Father Raymond Jablinske Memorial Scholarship.

"It's their graduation," he had said that morning. "It's more important to celebrate their lives than their deaths."

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From **PATRICK GALLAGHER '53**: To the many who never knew Bill Sears (Msgr. Sears and formerly Br. William Mary '52) they missed a unique experience, for his rather gruff exterior hid a great heart. While I spent four years combined in the juniorate, novitiate and college following him, after being out of touch for close to thirty-five years, he walked back into my life in typical Bill Sears fashion. I had written to Marists All about having the "B and B" in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, and it happened that I drove up to the old general store that now served as a post office. (The gas pumps outside, long unused, registered 28 cents per gallon.) I started to enter the store, when a bearded guy standing there, in sharp tones said: "Where in the hell is the damn Wild Geese Inn?" Startled, I turned toward him and noticed something familiar in the eyes. He then slapped me on the back and said: "Bill Sears, remember?"

Well, he came back to the place, and along with another couple, friends from Texas, decided to stay the night. Just before dinner, he asked whether he could say Mass at the dining room table. He asked Les's wife if she were Catholic, and she said no. "Do you love God? Do you love Jesus? Do you love your neighbor?" Positive answers were enough for Bill to give her First Holy Communion. Her husband, raised a Catholic, had some problems and to Bill, they were minor. Just the five of us participated in this wonderful Mass, and then dinner. Afterwards Mary, my wife, and Bill spoke to Les for close to two hours, sparking Les to say later that it was

one of the most moving and intimate times in his life.

When they left, Bill talked more about himself: his ordination in 1962 and his work in the Brooklyn diocese. Vietnam was the issue at the time; we were sending more and more troops over there, and Bill wanted to join as a chaplain. The diocese balked at this, so Bill's answer was that if they didn't let him join as a Navy chaplain, he was going to enlist as a "grunt." The diocese relented and Bill spent two tours in Nam. His time there came to a halt one afternoon when a number of Marines were critically wounded in the jungle. When a call went out for a minister, a Presbyterian chaplain started getting ready. Since the other chaplain was married and had a family, Bill offered to go in his place. They reached the Marines and started transporting them back on an Armored Personnel Carrier. A mine destroyed the vehicle, killed the Marines and seriously wounded Bill. One of the medics reaching the scene examined Bill and said to his companion: "Get a body bag for this one!" Another medic intervened and saved Bill's life.

We stopped a couple of times in Englewood (FL) where Bill spent the last ten or so years of his life, on a street named for him: "Padre Lane." On one occasion, Bill, knowing that because Mary's first husband was still alive when we were married in 1980 in a civil ceremony, decided to give us a "church wedding." So, at his kitchen table, Bill went through the Catholic marriage ceremony for us, and we went out to a local restaurant for our reception where everyone seemed to greet him with, "Hi, Padre!"

Mary and I regarded him as a unique person who cared so much for others, who was impatient with anything or anyone that stood in the way of helping others. He was a good, caring priest, a warm and committed person, and a remarkably true Marist in his spirit through all the experiences of Nam, the military, high school teaching in Florida, parish work and the loving attitude he had toward all in his community. (P.O. Box 310, Springtown, PA 18081; 610-346-7463; marycaroline@verizon.net)

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From **ROBERT SCHMID**: It is with great sadness that we note the passing of Br. John Murray. In September of 1967, five scared young men began a lifetime of commitment at 4821 South Ellis Street in Chicago. Four graduates of the charter class of Marist High School – Brice Byczynski, Mark Hirschman, John Murray, and Robert Schmid – were joined by recent Marist College graduate, John Scileppi, for an adventure in inner-city religious formation. The house on Ellis Street was owned by the Archdiocese of Chicago and had once been the residence of Chicago mayor Edward Kelly. The house was located in the Hyde Park/Kenwood area of Chicago, the home of the University of Chicago. The Black Muslim headquarters was two blocks away on Woodlawn Avenue. Our local parish of St. Ambrose was home to Father Andrew Greeley. Our neighborhood was one of the few integrated in

Chicago in the mid 1960's. We had no idea the effect our religious formation and this haven for free thinkers, communists, and other undesirables would have on our personal development.

To guide us on this adventure were Br. Patrick (Martin) Harte, Br. Lawrence Keogh, and Australian Br. Ronald Fogarty. Later in the year Matthew Snowden joined us. We made note of the fact that Martin Harte, Matthew Snowden, and Pius Xavier (first principal at Marist High School) were all members of the same group. We "affectionately" referred to them as Matty, Patty and Pi.

John Murray was the theatrical member of the group. Brice was the jock. Scileppi was our intellectual and pharmacist. Mark saw the world through the lens of his camera, and my role was to keep Pat Harte busy at the Scrabble board. He slaughtered me almost every time that we played.

During our Christmas break in 1967 we drove east to visit our confreres in Tyngsboro. We stopped at Mount St. Michael en route and had a free day to tour Manhattan. Murray was dying to see a Broadway play, but some of the more obstinate members of the group, including me, did all we could to thwart his wishes. Now, thirty-eight years later, we wonder why we didn't each go our own way.

The spring of 1968 saw the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King and a period of heightened tension in our integrated neighborhood and the surrounding ghetto through which we needed to travel to commute to school. That summer we worked in the recreation program at St., Ambrose. Murray put on a mini Hello Dolly production while Brice, Mark, and I played ball with the kids on 47th Street.

These things all come to mind now that Murray has left us. Mark, John Scileppi, and I had left religious life. But those years did leave a lasting mark on us. Murray's passing reminded us all that we are still brothers. John Scileppi is on the faculty at Marist College and very active in the Marist community. Mark is engaged in the counseling profession and on the faculty at a nursing school in Milwaukee. I "help" people as an auditor for the IRS but continue to do my spiritual reading by teaching CCD classes. With these early formation stories in mind, we remember Murray and offer thanks for his presence in our lives. (RJDB@comcast.net)

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(From the **EDITOR**: *You may have been following John O'Connell's efforts to bring together those who were in the juniorate and the novitiate back in the late '50's. He initiated the new terminology of "big B" and "little b" B/brothers and set up a specific e-mail address for the large volume of correspondence: OBBWAT@aol.com. The acronym stands for Oh, B/brother, Where Art Thou? The following communiqués concern some recent meetings on the West Coast as well as at Esopus. After the California trip, Oke sent a short message: "Stupendous California*

"gatherings": in memoriam, Vinnie Hall and Bill Reffelt.")

From **RON PASQUARIELLO '57**: If observed by the Cotati (CA) police, the following incident would have been reported as follows: Thursday, March 10, 2005, 6 pm, a tan pick-up truck with Arizona license plates pulled up in front of the residence of Ronald Pasquariello. Four senior males jumped out of the truck, wrapped their arms around Mr. Pasquariello, and forced him into his house. Later that evening, neighbors reported a loud bang emanating from said residence, along with sounds of shattering glass. Pasquariello was held captive for two days. No ransom demand was made.

"A good time was had by all," is the way it would have been reported in *The Angelus*, erstwhile juniorate newsletter. The "all" in this case were: Oke O'Connell, George Conboy, Bernie Ortuoste, Richie Shaw, and I. And the good time was a day and a half of eating, touring, and reminiscing at Pasquariello's house in Cotati (CA) just south of Santa Rosa in Sonoma County.

They had driven seven hours north along California's superhighways. Pasquariello spent the day blowing up air mattresses, baking bread, brewing tomato sauce, defrosting meatballs, assembling dessert. Immediately on their arrival, we began to recollect. Charles Schultz (native of Sonoma County) once said: "Just remember, once you are over the hill, you begin to pick up speed." We proofed that statement. Who knew reminiscing could be such a wonderful experience? It expands one's being and brings out dimensions of one's self that have been submerged for years by one's own personal selective amnesia.

It was forty-six years or more since Pasquariello had seen these folks. And they were a sight to behold. But his dog Chipper loved them anyway. One of the first things Richie Shaw (who grew up within a few blocks of Pasquariello in the Bronx) offered is that he had his first bagel at Ron's house on a visit from the juniorate and has been eating them ever since. Ron cried a little, finally realizing that he had made a difference in someone's life.

We chit-chatted into the wee hours of the morning, piggy-backing on each other's memories, riding herd on the long-winded, batting stories around, eventually going off to count sheep after we got dog-tired. Most of the stories were humorous and reminded us how much fun our lives were together. Some memories were momentous. All made an impact. One of the many observations: the high degree of marital longevity among, not only those present, but also all former Marists in general. Someone ought to take a survey. Another: the aptness of Champagnat's perspective for guiding one's life: humility, simplicity, modesty – very Buddhist!

And we had, literally, a shattering experience. At the beginning of the first evening, Ron had a fairly large coffee table in his living room, with twelve pieces of ceramic on it. He had dusted off a bottle of champagne to celebrate the reunion. Busy listening and

jabbering, he let the bottle of bubbly slip from his hand. He immediately found out that the tabletop was made of safety glass. It shattered into a thousand small pieces (which Ron is still busily gluing back together). Ron now has a whole batch of chipped ceramics to dispose of as Christmas presents!

On Friday Richie woke everyone with a *Laudetur, Jesus Christus*. Oke intoned the Salve Regina. George intoned the solemn *Salve*. After breakfast we toured wine country and took in the captivating Sonoma Coast. Upon returning we continued to eat and drink and walk the talk. The four mighty Marist marauders took off on Saturday morning to repeat the road show at Kevin Finn's, south of San Diego.

Just think, if it weren't for reunions like these, we would go through life thinking we were perfect young gentlemen; that we had not made a difference. We would go through life forgetting how much we owe to one French priest and his followers. (8550 Larch Avenue, Cotati, CA 94931-4455; 1ron1@sbcglobal.net)

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From **GREG BALLERINO '57**: Time Travel! Round trip! March 13, 2005. All in one day: what an experience! Newport Beach, CA to Esopus, to Tyngsboro, to Poughkeepsie: a non-stop adventure with delayed action episodes revisited and re-lived. Never did I think I would or could find my way back there. But today I did!

"Oke" O'Connell, George Conboy, Bernie Ortuoste, Richie Shaw and Kevin Finn created a safe place so that I could return to visit Richard Ballerino (Dickie Bal, as some called me). It was safe enough to look at and experience feelings still rooted in the teenage years at Marist Prep.

I could not go back forty plus years and judge my possible relationships at this gathering through the eyes of an adolescent. So I let the memory be just that: a memory. Today I could relate to these men as I am, accepting them as they are. No checklist, no remarks, no faults, and no hidden agenda. What a relief: each of us seeing the other as if for the first time. Each of us authentic.... We no longer had to project the "image" of a Brother. Rather, we are once again brothers on a cellular level that grew from the Marist Prep experience.

Long ago, it seems in reflection, it was so important to adopt the "image" of a Marist Brother. That meant a deliberate, careful deconstruction of each one's personality to become the larger-than-life historical "image" of Marist Brother. For those of us experiencing adolescent crisis of self-esteem and weak self-image, adopting a new Marist image – one valued for its spiritual personality and not its human personality – offered hope, escape, and a future with purpose.

But back to the journey of that day: The truck had just pulled into the garage at Kevin's waterfront home. When I stopped in front of

the garage George and Richie turned, smiled and came to the car window to greet me. Wow! Who were these men? I remember them as mere teenagers. The sound of each voice connected me with the teenage image I remembered. Now I saw and heard that voice come from a man in his sixties. Time travel – forty plus years – in an instant!

It didn't take long to realize that we all connected on such a deep level. Not even forty years absence could have broken that link. What was happening to me, to us? Oke had called me out of the blue, sent me an e-mail to announce his West Coast trip with George and the planned meeting with Richie, Bernie, and Kevin. I was invited to join them. Why did they want to see me? During those early years I felt unknown, unrecognized and tried so hard to fit in. Why reach out now? All my mind-chatter judgments didn't matter to these men. We were all there together on Kevin's boat and they wanted to hear what I had to say. Not only did I want to speak, but I also wanted to hear their voices and their stories. And so it happened. I relived highlights of the past forty years. And they did too. Pauses, questions, laughter, more stories, anecdotes, more laughter, sober truth of loss, failures and successes: the more we talked, the more I felt loved, accepted, and respected "as is."

Long ago, each of us silently slipped away to an unknown adventure. Usual social courtesies like, "Good-bye, good luck...I'll miss you...take care...keep in touch if you need anything" didn't happen. It was never part of the Marist training. As each of us spoke, I felt more proud to know these men today, more concerned about them, more willing to be a friend and adopted brother. What a gift I received!

For dinner we met at Kevin and his wife Madeline's home. They treated us royally in the most elegant home I have ever visited. Kevin and Madeline opened their hearts to us and gave us a safe place to be, to talk, to eat, to laugh, to ask questions, and to be heard.

At one point in the evening, Madeline asked what prompted us to join the Brothers and not become priests? As for me, I never wanted to become a priest. From my initial experience at St. Ann's Academy, it was the model of a young man, energetic, intelligent, friendly, caring, teaching, belonging, living life with a purpose and career – that's what I wanted to become. In time, I learned that there was more to the model of Marist Brother. The other parts of discipline, denial, religious life, giving up ownership of anything material, sublimating the feelings of anything sexual, accepting and blindly following authority, would now shape my most vulnerable adolescent formative years. And I survived it!

Late in the evening I said goodbye. Not wanting to leave, not knowing if and when I would see any of them again, I promised to renew contact. I experienced both closure and a beginning. On the two hour drive home my mind couldn't leave the safe place of love, friendship, caring, acceptance, and mutual respect that I

lived the past ten hours with Oke, George, Bernie, Richie, Kevin, and Madeline. I traveled back in time to Esopus, to Tyngsboro, to Poughkeepsie, and found the adolescent Richie Ballerino. Now I can embrace and love that young adolescent, forgive the adult Greg that made so many assumptions and had judged him critically. In these final years, I will live with the fullness of who I was, who I am, and who I will become. Thank you, my brothers. (gregoryr38@earthlink.net)

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From **JOHN O'CONNELL '58**: The Third Annual "Oh, B/brother, Where Art Thou" gathering was held in Esopus, April 8/9/10 dedicated to the memory of Br. John Cherry '59, RIP, who was to be among us that weekend, but not "just" in spirit, and of b. Vinny Hall '58 RIP (whose "anonymous passing stimulated our search for those once pre-screened for us to join with in friendship, now a friendship of over four decades, and of b. Bill Reffelt '58, RIP (whose last months among us prompted so many of us to re-connect and acknowledge this special bond of friendship as the gift it most certainly was, and still is. The "OB/bWAT" grouping is primarily composed of those of us who actually lived together, especially during our formative years in "training," but also "out" in community, excluding no one who shares our interest in re-connecting these many years later, a most amazing transcendence of 40+ years. Anyone interested in obtaining an updated "directory" of the high school grades of '56, '57, '58, and '59, who either became, or almost became Marists, e-mail OBbWAT@aol.com.

Gathering together in April were: b. George Bagnell '58 (NY); b. John Brady '57 (NJ); b. Jerry Byrne '59 (NJ), B. Nick Caffrey '57 (NY); b. George Conboy '58 (AZ); B. Joe DiBenedetto '59 (Esopus); b. Don Edwards '57 (CT); b. George Farrell '59 (NY); b. Jim Friel '54 (NY); b. Jim Gargan '59 (NY); B. John Herrmann '59 (NY); b. Pete Kuveke '58 (FL); b. John McGalagly '59 (NY); b. Paul Maloney '59 (MD); b. Pat Murphy '58 (MD); b. Jim Murray '55 (NY); B. John Nash '59 (Poughkeepsie); B. Don Nugent '59 (Esopus); b. John O'Connell '58 (ME); b. Bernie Ortuoste '58 (CA); b. Joe Picciano '59 (NY); b. Vin Poisella '58 (NJ); b. Bob St. Amand '58 (NJ); b. Bill Shannon '58 (NJ); B. Jim Stevens '59 (Poughkeepsie); b. Russ Therriault '58 (FL); and b. John Wilcox '57 (CT); brothers all! (15 High Street, Boothbay Harbor, ME 04538)

From **JOHN BRADY '57**: A word about the April 9th OB/bWAT gathering in Esopus: The whole atmosphere was one of respect and appreciation of each other. Everyone was caring, supportive, and genuinely comfortable with each other. That said so much about us as individuals then and now, and about our common experience and training as Marists over forty years ago. (3 Brookside Avenue, Hazlet, NJ 07730-2224; 732-739-3911; jejpbrady@aol.com)

From **GEORGE BAGNELL '58**: When first meeting some of my B/brothers, only a few were recognizable to me. After all, it has

been forty years of receding hairlines and expanding waistlines. But as soon as I heard the voices, saw the smiles and the look in their eyes, old acquaintances were instantly renewed. The weekend was filled with the sharing of one's life history over our separated years – stories of school assignments, jobs we've had, families we raised. There were many reminiscences of our shared times in the past, mixed with a lot of laughter and some tears. We all shared a sense of revival, a renewed bond of togetherness, friendship, and ONE BROTHERHOOD. I truly mean it when I say that it is really great to be back with you guys once again.
(gbagnell@optonline.net)

From **DON EDWARDS '57**: The OB/bWAT "gathering" in Esopus over the April 9th weekend was very special, and our lives are richer for it. The mutual friendship of the little b's and big B's is a gift of the Lord Himself. I still get teary-eyed thinking of some of the life stories. We never know what people carry in their hearts and souls. The command of the Lord that we don't judge one another becomes more meaningful each day. My life is richer now because I walked away from our gathering feeling affirmed, realizing how hard we all are on ourselves: and yet we live deeply spiritual lives. This is the Spirit that binds "Marists All," even when some don't know it yet. I can't continue right now because of the depth to which I have been moved by the weekend's celebration of lives and friendships. (Donald.j.Edwards@snet.net)

From **BR. HANK HAMMER '75**: I was reading the February *Marists All* recently (I'm a bit behind!) and read about David Kammer's Christmas message and the e-mail he received from "Doris" to "Carmel." "Doris" is Doris Reischach, the secretary in the Province Office, and Carmel is her friend. Doris is a wonderful lady to work with. She was very impressed with the Christmas message. (hankhammer@hotmail.com)

(Continue to remember in your thoughts and prayers: Br. Denis Hever. Barney Sheridan, Don Schmidt, and all those who are called to share in the Passion. And thanks to all those who made written contributions to this issue of Marists All and to those who sent a check to cover expenses: Bill Deschene and Pat Keilty. The next issue should appear in early September. Please write! Editor)

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