

FRANCISCO NARGANES ('57): Thank you for sending your newsletter to my husband, Francisco Narganes. However, I must tell you that he was killed in a car crash on May 21, 1997, at 6:10 p.m. on Route 110 in Lowell as he was on his way to his daughter's varsity softball game. I would like to tell you that Francisco was not only a fine educator but especially a wonderful husband and father. The entire Lawrence community came out to pay him tribute. The line for his wake extended for blocks; some people waited more than three hours. At the funeral Mass at Sacred Heart Church in South Lawrence there was not a seat available; chairs were even put in the altar area and in the choir loft. I am not aware if the wider Marist community ever learned of his death and his legacy – for over 40 years in all educating children as a Marist and then educating the immigrant children of Lawrence. And he was the father of four beautiful and wonderful children. I was so fortunate to find such a wonderful man and to share my life with him for 20 years. I will be grateful if you will let other members of the Marist community know about his passing. Francisco had a lot of friends in the Marist community. He was always a Marist in his heart.

Maria Teresa Narganes: 8 Cleveland Street, Lawrence MA 01843.

(Editor: We were so affected by this brief note that we were eager to know more about Francisco, especially since he came from another province to the United States. Maria Teresa was gracious in her response, which follows in summary.)

My husband **Francisco Narganes** was born in Spain on October 31, 1939. Many of his uncles were Marists, teaching throughout the world. Francisco entered the novitiate at an early age and in his twenties was sent to Cuba where he taught in Havana until Castro exiled all religious. He then taught in El Salvador. There he began to think that he would like to leave the congregation. In an attempt to hold him his superiors sent him to the United States where more freedom was allowed. He arrived in Lawrence in 1968 without knowing a word of English. He taught Spanish at CCHS to 1973. Both in El Salvador and the U.S. he was required to renew his teaching credentials, for no documentation had been allowed to leave Cuba. Thus, he obtained a degree from Tufts in 1973, where his extraordinary teaching ability was recognized; he was invited to teach several Spanish courses while at Tufts.

During his time in Lawrence, my family, also from Spain, became his surrogate family. We developed a deep friendship which over the years turned into love. In the fall of 1976, after a time teaching in Europe, Francisco returned to Lawrence to request my hand in marriage. We married on February 19, 1977. Instead of spending our money on a honeymoon, we brought his family over to participate in our marriage. It had been his wish to continue to teach at Central Catholic, but at the time he was told that his leaving the community and his subsequent marriage would send the wrong message to the students. He then began his career in the Lawrence Public Schools, first as a teacher and then as an Assistant Principal.

Francisco was respected, admired, and loved for the wonderful man he was, for the excellent educator he was, and for the compassionate and religious man he was. He had an uncanny knack of knowing exactly how to deal with children, even hardened gang members, and how to gain their respect and the respect of their families. Earlier at Central

he had gained the respect of his students, some of whom became lawyers, teachers, politicians, mayors, etc. We could not go anywhere without meeting someone he knew, someone he had touched in some way. At the funeral an intellectually limited man told me that when he was in junior high, my husband would meet him outside school every evening and bring him something to eat. I never knew that our leftovers were going to such a deserving young man. Francisco went about doing good, always without recognition, without self-concern.

At home Francisco was a wonderful father and husband. Our children were brought up with excellent moral and religious values, and he taught me many values, too. He was also a wonderful son. He tried to go visit his family yearly even though at times that was financially difficult. God has been very good to us.

A few brief comments about us, his family. I am also an educator. I taught bilingual math at Lawrence High School for several years and then became an elementary school principal. I have been with the Lawrence system for 27 years. Our elder son, Francisco Junior, a 1999 graduate from Tufts, is a mechanical engineer working in Texas. Celeste is a senior at Holy Cross, majoring in English and Spanish; she hopes to be a missionary somewhere in Africa or Latin America. Marina has just begun college at Fairfield University. Our younger son is 15 and a sophomore at Central Catholic. He is following in his father's and his brother's footsteps as a great soccer player. Every day he looks more and more like his father. Thank you for taking an interest in my husband. The Marist community was in his heart to the day he died.
(8 Cleveland Street, Lawrence MA 01843; Narganes10@aol.com)

FROM GREG (Gregory Richard) BALLERINO ('57): Over the Labor Day weekend I drove north to Saratoga CA for a weekend workshop/retreat. On the way I stopped off at the San Antonio de Padua mission – one of the few California missions that still are rustic and un-commercialized. There I met a Franciscan friar. We talked about service and ministering to others. I mentioned my 18-year association with the Marist Brothers. He said two Franciscan brothers at that mission were still taking care of the grounds and working with the only other Franciscan on the staff, the Friar. Oh ... I forgot to mention, the brothers were 78 and 82 years old!

I told the friar that over the years I had found new ways to minister to people of all ages, religious beliefs, and other wonderful characteristics that reveal the complexity and diversity of God's human creatures. Each career has led to the next one: religious brother, teacher, music composer/conductor, air pollution control troubleshooter/engineer, psychotherapist, hypnotherapist, international project manager, and finally, my current career as a financial consultant.

I noticed so many of those who write in Marists All have continued in the teaching field or in other service industry (religious/secular). I am so proud of their work and commitment. Often I find no link to their careers. I guess it is the same regarding my career. So be it. I love what I am doing. It is very fulfilling for me to help people plan financial strategies that dramatically change their lives and that of their families. My spirituality is deeper now than it has ever been. Yet, I do not belong to any religious church. I minister by letting the example of my life and work testify to my beliefs. Every day I pray that my whole being is in harmony with the highest consciousness of my soul. And it is. My connection to Marist will always be as a soul-mate. That is the gift that I have received from the Marist Brothers. (3212 Sage Road, Fallbrook CA 92028; gregu@nctimes.net)

FROM BR. FRANCIS KLUG (Michael Urban '45): Following is an article that appeared in the province newsletter. It may explain why several hundred volunteers like myself are attracted to the summer camps of the Marist Brothers in Esopus. Six young men, now in their mid twenties, volunteers since they were in high school, decided to do something to help the camp program. They got sponsors to contribute to a 100-mile bike ride from Long Island to Esopus. Their enthusiasm for the work done at the camps is amazing. A seventh person, a bike enthusiast, asked to be included. It would not surprise me to find a goodly number wanting to be included next year. The word "camp," incidentally, refers to any one of eleven summer sessions that provide a one-week camping experience for nearly 1000 children and "special adults." They are cared for by about 900 mostly teen-agers, assisted and supervised by adults, all of whom volunteer for a week or more.

THE ESOPUS CENTURY RIDE!

On Saturday, August 19th at 6 a.m. the group met at a church parking lot in Rego Park, Queens. They rode their bikes the 100 miles to Esopus arriving at 4 p.m. Seven hearty souls started and seven finished. Why? All have a special place in their hearts for Esopus, for the summer camps, and for the work of the Marist Brothers. The Bike-a-Thon raised over \$35,000.

Reflections of the riders:

Ivan Kamin, chief organizer, Molloy '88, stock broker with Bear Stearns: "The challenge of riding a bike a hundred miles pales in comparison to the many physical and mental challenges faced by our campers every day. The trip was our way of practicing what the Marist Brothers have taught us, reach out to those in need."

Kevin Coughlin, Molloy '84, real estate broker, Manhattan: "This bike event was a way to give back to the Brothers for providing a place for camp to happen and for what they gave me at Molloy."

Ross Wilson, St. Anthony's H.S. '94, Marist College '98, special education teacher, Shrewsbury, MA: "Volunteering at Esopus has been one of the major influences in my life."

Mike O'Keefe, Molloy '98: "The seven of us grew over the miles. I am grateful for the opportunity to support a cause in which I so strongly believe."

Brad Katinas, Molloy '90, J.P. Morgan securities trader: "This ride in many ways exemplifies the Esopus mission: a group of people coming from various walks of life pursuing a common goal. I don't think any of us realized the personal impact the ride would have. It has created a way for us to continue to contribute and to keep camp alive in our hearts."

Damian Sciano, Molloy '85, Con-Ed manager: "I feel privileged to have been part of the ride. The support we received was amazing: those who pledged, the support crew, our friends waiting to greet us at the end. I am reminded of how lucky I am to be part of such a great place."

Richard Hong, researcher at Harlem Hospital, camp Hope volunteer: "Great time. Great cause. Great people. I look forward to the 2nd ANNUAL ESOPUS CENTURY RIDE!!!"

FROM GIL (Gilbert Louis) LEVESQUE ('51): I became a Marist Brother because I was attracted to their friendly demeanor and their approachability. The first Brothers I met were at St. Anne's parochial school in Lawrence when the nuns skipped me over the 5th grade to the Brothers for the 6th grade. Robert Goulet skipped the 5th grade with me. I have seen him since at the Westbury Music Fair Playhouse where we talked of old times; that was truly enjoyable. At St. Anne's I had Brothers in the 6th, 7th and 8th grades, but the one that truly impressed me was Brother Joseph Cerin, of happy memory. Brother "Bee" was the director, I believe; when Richard Lachance and I were the paper drive winners, Bee took us to see the sights in Boston as our reward. I was an altar boy as well, and "Sarge" was the moderator.

After graduation from St. Anne's, I went to Central Catholic High School. Eventually I joined the sodality where Brother Clement Legare was the moderator. I didn't have him as a subject teacher, so my relationship was not that of student/teacher but of member/leader. I was impressed by him and his jovial manner. I was also very impressed by Brother Bernard Aloysius, whom I was much later to have as my director at Mt. St. Michael. However the most memorable Brother at that time was Brother Aidan Flanagan, "Freddy the Holy Roper," who used to twirl his cord and tassels like an airplane propeller.

After meeting with Brother Aidan a few times, having him come to visit my home and family, and talking with some of my friends who were thinking of joining the Marists – Brother Louis Richard being one of them – I decided to take the bold step. All the preparations were made, all the clothing was bought and labeled, the trunk was shipped off somehow, but I know not how or when. With all my relatives supporting me, I was ready to go. We were told that the bus would leave Central Catholic sharply at a certain time and NOT TO BE LATE! The bus would leave without any latecomers. Whatever happened? Even to this day I can't recall all the details. I lived only three blocks from Central Catholic. I walked to the school lugging my full suitcase AND THE BUS WAS GONE. I was in complete panic, but I was determined to get to Esopus. I walked and lugged my suitcase all the way from Central, through Lawrence, across the bridge into South Lawrence, and on to the train station. With the little amount of money I had on my person, I bought a ticket to Poughkeepsie, New York.

What was I to do now? Here I was on my way to a place that was near Esopus (I don't remember how I knew that); how would I get there when the train arrived in Poughkeepsie? I was completely overwrought, as I sat down next to a kindly looking elderly lady (they all looked elderly at my age). I was crying, not knowing what the next step would be. The lady eventually asked what my problem was, and I sobbingly told her of my plight. Miracle of miracles, she had a son, a priest whom she was on her way to visit. She promised that when we arrived at the train station, her son would meet her and they would arrange something for me. That calmed me down somewhat, but I was still very distressed at what I had done. All the time, from the beginning of the trek through Lawrence and throughout the whole ordeal, I kept praying to our Blessed Mother.

At the station the priest heard the story and agreed to take me to Esopus. Believe it or not, I arrived at Marist Prep just as the bus from Central was pulling up to the front of the mansion. Some of the boys from Lawrence saw me from inside the bus window and couldn't believe that I was there. NEITHER COULD I! Of course, there is more to my history. More later. For it all, I will never be able adequately to thank all those with whom I have come in contact through all my years in "the order."

(25 Brookdale Road, Glen Cove NY 11542-1648; 516-671-1428)

BR. MARTIN THOMAS ('51) died September 27th in Miami. Known as "Mendes" to most Marists, Brother Martin had to withdraw from the classroom last January after 26 years at Christopher Columbus. He had cancer of the lungs, which progressed to his bone structure.

Br. Pat McNulty writes, "Mendes would get out every day to see the kids, and he even went up to his old classroom to talk to his students. The monks would take him to the doctors for his treatments. I took him to his first treatment. On the way home he asked to stop at a store; he bought himself a carton of cigarettes. As the cancer progressed, the doctors gave him pain pills, but Mendes kept up courageously, phoning and writing his relatives and friends. We had a big party for his 69th birthday. About twelve of his best friends came. He was very happy and pleased with what the community did for him. On the day Columbus was to play Miami High the coach of the football team told Mendes that the team was dedicating the game to him. We won 14-13; the next day the boys and the coach presented the autographed football to him. On the 20th of September Mendes was out watching the ninth graders' football game. On the 22nd he entered the hospital. He died on the 27th about 4:30 p.m. God rest him."

In the homily for the Mass of the Resurrection Br. Ken Curtin said in part, "In my early years as a teacher Brother Martin counseled me, even as he expressed much affection for students, 'Ken, remember to tame them, train them, and then teach them.' Yesterday in my office students shared their admiration for him with me, 'Brother Martin was always excited about teaching!'"

FROM MARTIN LYDEN ('61): Br. Martin Thomas was my teacher at St. Helena's, 1954-55.

My eighth grade experience was very happy, mainly because of him. It was his first teaching assignment, yet he was a wonderful teacher, as well as a very kind and selfless person. From 1967 when I left the Marists until the early 1990s I had little contact with him. In recent years, however, we have periodically exchanged letters. Brother Martin's continuing deep religious faith, charity, humility, and his love of teaching were very evident. I am sure that many of his former students have been edified by him and have wonderful memories of him. People like Brother Martin make the world a better place.
91807 Ninth Street, Rensselaer NY 12144-1420; 518-449-7965; martylyden@aol.com)

FROM JERRY CALLAHAN ('60): My memory of the ten years I spent as a Marist sometimes fades, but your newsletter helps me remember the good times I had and the many fine friends I made. Who would have guessed that I would have become so involved in history. I am sure you remember how much I loved school! My love for teaching and concern for my students is a product of the Marist Spirit that I received in Esopus. I am Chairperson of the History Department at Miller Place School District, am liaison for the state of New York in teacher training, have attended American History workshops at Columbia and the University of Virginia, and am an Assistant Professor of history at Suffolk Community College.

My wife Jean, with whom I have been married for the past 31 years, is with me at Miller Place and is Pupil Personnel Services Administrator. My son Christopher has just started his first year at the University of North Carolina, Greensboro. We miss him a lot, but the "empty nest" has its advantages.

(58 Soundview Drive, Port Jefferson NY 11777; 516-928-2826; jerry@portjeff.net)

FROM JOHN WARREN ('65): If this were a Chapter of Faults, I would have to start with a confession for not writing before this. I do enjoy reading Marists All and certainly want to continue receiving it on a regular basis.

During our novitiate days Brother Eugene never realized what he was starting when he brought the Marist Brothers, Marist Missionary Sisters, and Marist Priests together. It was in those meetings that I first met Mary, with whom I have now been wonderfully married for 27 years. It was in the same setting that Bob Buckley met his wife Lesley. Thank you, Brother Eugene!

Our daughter Kelly, age 23, graduated from Santa Clara University with a degree in biology and is currently living and working in the rain forest on the Caribbean island of Trinidad. She lives in a small village of 250 people without telephones, electricity, or indoor plumbing. She loves it!

In the second year of our marriage Mary and I worked with the Omaha and Winnebago Indians on their reservations in Nebraska. It was a big change from teaching at St. Agnes in New York City. On the reservation I taught math, and Mary, a nurse, worked in the Indian Health Hospital. The next year we moved to the city of Omaha, and I started working in a Community Mental Health Center, teaching interpersonal communication skills to teachers and parents. After three years in that position I was hired by a local medical center to run their community education center.

In 1976 Kelly was born on a cold December day (26 degrees below zero). When she was four, we moved to Newburyport, Massachusetts, so that she could grow up closer to family – Mary's in Boston and mine in New York. I continued my work in running education programs in health-care; Mary did inpatient psych nursing. At two different hospitals I developed and taught customer service programs, as well as management and supervisory training. Gradually the reputation of my in-house programs spread, and I started to get requests to conduct seminars at other hospitals and associations. Then, in November of 1985 we brought in Dr. Bernie Siegel to speak to our medical staff. Bernie posed what became a life-changing question: "If your doctor told you that you had only one year left to live, how would you live it?"

We started living our answer to that question in June of 1986 – spending a full year as a family touring the United States in a motor home. We home-schooled Kelly through her fifth grade, further strengthening our bond as a family. That led to our settling in California; none of us were into winter sports, and we loved being outside year-round for walking and hiking. Another part of my answer to Bernie's question was to start my own business as a professional speaker and seminar leader. I design and teach customized seminars in creativity, interpersonal communication, team building, and such. You can check out my new web site at www.newtwistwebsite.com (designed by Kelly) I am in touch with scientists and engineers associated with many of the world's top high-tech and biotech companies. It's a very exciting and rewarding business.

Three years ago Mary and I fulfilled a long-term dream of living near the ocean. We bought a condo just a short walk from a fabulous beach. Every day we walk along the beach with our seven-year-old Alaskan Malamute. Over the years I have stayed in touch with Lenny Voegtle who has never missed a card for my birthday or for our anniversary. Surely there is a no more prolific correspondent. I am also regularly in touch with classmates Tom McGovern and Jack Tevlin, and I recently reconnected with Jimmy Smith. Marists All is a great way to keep track of old friends and classmates. (375 Troon Way, Half Moon Bay CA 94019; 650-726-1812; NewTwist@aol.com)

FROM ALLAN PERRONE ('61): I've been receiving news of past and present Marist Brothers and Marist associates over the last couple of years, and I appreciate what you have undertaken to do for all of us. I'll follow up this e-mail with a check to help keep things going.

In 1959 I was recruited by Brother Kevin Dominic, my math teacher, from Cardinal Hayes High School. In Esopus I joined many great teachers and students for the 1959-60 school year. My years of novitiate, 1960-62, were in Tyngsboro. It was there that I met many more great people, and I even learned how to speak some French. Some folks I remember more than others, but I do remember every one of them.

Some of my more vivid memories include the annual big Thanksgiving football game, getting knocked cold by a block in that game, and writing a Tantum Ergo for the choir. I made the mistake of posting my name as the composer of that piece instead of "author unknown." We never did get to sing my version; the resistance to the authorship was too great. "Pride goeth before a fall!" However, having the opportunity to compose it on that wonderful pipe organ was a supreme experience. I am grateful for the opportunity.

I spent 1962-65 in Poughkeepsie where I learned the craft of chemistry under the tutelage of Richard LaPietra and Andrew Molloy, two of the finest men and educators I have ever had the pleasure to meet. I started as a biology major, but Richard convinced me that chemistry was where it was at – and for me it was! Leaving the monks in 1965, I finished my undergraduate work at CCNY, now CUNY. My degree, however, is still from Marist and my Bachelor of Arts diploma is proudly hung in my home office.

I received offers of graduate assistantships from both Fordham University (NYC) and Catholic University (DC). I chose Fordham for two reasons: it was close to home (I lived in the Bronx at the time), and it was my Dad's alma mater. My Mom and Dad had made significant sacrifices so that I could join the Marists, and I didn't want to rely on them to assist me with further education. When Fordham announced an evening program for their graduate school, I decided to continue my education in the evenings while working during the day – and to marry the love of my life. However, the evening program was postponed and so was my aspiration to obtain a Ph.D. Later I did obtain my MS while studying part time.

I worked as a research development and production chemist with one company for 29 years until my "retirement" in 1995. My interview with Geigy Chemical Company was the second of the three I have had in my professional life. The first interview was for a position as a science teacher at Cardinal Hayes High School in the Bronx. However, the industry offer was substantially greater than that in education, so in July of 1966 the choice was for the "big bucks" since soon I needed to support a family.

Terry and I married in January of 1967. We have received many blessings, starting with our children and continuing with reasonably good health. We now live in Alabama – the "Heart of Dixie." That thought reminds me of a Christian Brother we had at Cardinal Hayes. He was from the South and often said: "Save your Dixie cups, the South shall rise again!"

During my last two years at Ciba-Geigy we installed an integrated computer system that replaced our multiple mainframe systems. Living through that experience and moving toward the planning and logistics aspects of the chemical business prepared me for my most recent interview. While attending a national meeting for the computer system we had installed at the chemical company, my name got onto a

list of attendees obtained by a recruiting company. A "head-hunter" call (the first of many) led to the interview which begged for my "retirement" from chemistry and the beginning of my "road-warrior" consulting career. The work of installing software as manager of a consulting team is on an order of magnitude greater than any of my work during my tenure as a chemist. I spend very long hours with clients, but I get to travel and spend lots of time at places I had never, ever planned to visit. Each of these excursions brings an awareness of how great this country is and how wonderful its people are. Experiencing the sights and cultures of non-tourist areas is a welcome dividend on which I had not planned.

So what does this all mean. I learned a lot from grade school and high school, but I learned most from my times in Esopus, Tyngsboro, and Poughkeepsie. I recently visited both Esopus and Poughkeepsie. I have not yet been back to Tyngsboro, but I would dearly like to visit there again. I'll work on remembering details of the names, events, and times spent at those wonderful places, even as I enjoy hearing about some of those names, events, and times in the pages of Marists All.

(11185 Howells Ferry Rd., Semmes AL 36575-6611; 800-611-1582; allanp@ccai.net)

FROM MATTHEW BIANCO ('66): Every time I receive a copy of the newsletter I say I'm going to send a note and let all of my old friends know how my life has been these past 30 odd years. Well, I finally have done it. Since graduating from Marist College I have been teaching Special Education for the Pine Plains School District in northern Dutchess County. After 31 years I am at the stage of my career where I'm teaching children of my former students. Some of my colleagues feel I'm older than dirt. By now I have learned that every "new" idea is just a repackaged formula from previous years and that if you stick around long enough, things come back to the same point. One thing I remember from my student teaching classes, the only thing worth remembering, was a question we were asked about what we were going to teach. Each of us gave our field of interest: math, history, science ... "No," we were told, "You are going to teach students." I have found this to be the most profound educational statement I have ever come across.

I work with learning disabled and emotionally disturbed students, usually providing them with a modified high school curriculum. My job is to find out what they need to learn and to teach it. This usually means eight, nine, or ten different subject areas in the course of a school day. There is not a day that goes by that I do not thank my previous teachers at Molloy, Marist Prep, and Marist College for the fine liberal arts education I received to prepare me for this task.

On a personal note, I have been happily married to a wonderful woman these past 11 years. Marie is a graduate of Lourdes in Poughkeepsie and a former IBMer. She was glad to see the school relocate and expand. We have just moved into a new house outside the village of Red Hook and are enjoying furnishing it. We back up to the woods of Bard College and watch little woodland creatures wander through our yard: deer, turkeys, coyotes, and the occasional skunk. Our two basset hounds usually ignore all of this since their main objective is fitting in their required 16 hours of sleep.

I keep in close contact with Andy Zoccolli and Frank Crimmins. We get together for golf and Giants' games. Frank's wife and I teach Special Ed in the same school. I occasionally stop at the Marist Brothers property in Esopus to say a prayer at the cemetery where many of the fine monks I remember rest.

(75 Kelley Road, Red Hook NY 12571; 914-758-6928; biancom@ulster.net)

COMMEMORATION: Recently the Marist Brothers' provincial administrations, through Br. Robert Clark, vice provincial, asked us to pass along an invitation to a **Commemoration of Deceased Marist Brothers** set for November 5th in Esopus. There was a Mass and a ceremony at the Marist cemetery, followed by a light lunch. Those of you for whom we have correct e-mail addresses received notice of this invitation. We mailed even to those at a distance, that all might know about the invitation and be prayerfully united.

FROM JOHN SUGRUE ('60): *In Memory of James J. Dixon, FMS*

In 1952 as a junior at St. Ann's Academy I had the good fortune of meeting Brother James Gerard. As a young monk assigned to St. Helena's High School eight years later, my good fortune continued, for Brother James was on the faculty there. He was most supportive of me in the classroom and especially in community.

In 1972 when I took a leave of absence and eventually changed vocations, Jay was still most supportive - our friendship didn't change. In 1974 he was my best man when I married Kathleen, and in 1979 he was godfather to our second daughter Kerry.

When our daughters Beth and Kerry were growing up, we spent many a day at Avenue C in Bayonne for a cookout, and at the various residences where Jay and Frank Farrell lived for a visit and dinner. Even when the girls became teenagers, they still enjoyed going to see "Uncle Jay." They were always comfortable with him, as he always had a sincere interest in what they were doing.

Brother James was a religious who taught not so much by words but by his actions. He certainly did good quietly. He also enjoyed the good things in life - going to the opera, a good dinner, travel.

When we got the call from Jay's sister Catherine about his death, one of the hardest things for us was to call Kerry, a sophomore at Marist College, and Beth who was studying in the Marymount program at University College, Galway, Ireland. I told the girls that knowing Jay he was on the best trip of his life. (Over the years as we traveled together, he used to tease me that I should have rented a convertible.) Kerry reminded me that he was probably driving around heaven in his red convertible.

It has been over a year since Jay died; we still miss him. When I pray for special favors, I have a litany of saints that I pray to - my mother and father, my sister Marie, and added to that list as of April 1999 was Brother James Gerard Dixon ('46). He is a true son of Champagnat. Rest in peace, Jay.

(1220 Puritan Avenue, Bronx NY 10461; 718-823-7749; jsugrue@stjohnsprepschool.org)

FROM GENE (Louis Francis) ZIRKEL ('53): In November Pat and I will be speaking at the Marist Fathers' Conference on the Laity in New Orleans about the wonderful experiences we have had at the Marist Family Institute of Spirituality in Poughkeepsie each July. Again this past summer I spent a week in the kitchen in Esopus at the camp for kids with cancer. While there on a walk from the gatehouse to the kitchen I counted 36 large trees uprooted by the twister. There must be hundreds more down in the woods.

(By the way, I miss the cross in *Maris+s All*.)

(6 Brancatelli Court, West Islip NY 11795; 631-669-0273; genezirk@mindspring.com)

FROM CHARLEY (Peter Daniel) KELLY ('51): As I read the latest Marists All, I asked myself "Am I a 'straggler'?" I certainly don't want to miss any issues of the newsletter, so I thought I would drop you a note.

Marilyn and I split our time between Austin and the mountains of Colorado during the "dog days" of the Texas summer. We were sorry to have to miss the spirituality conference at Marist College this past July. The wedding of my cousin's daughter, my godchild, was on the same weekend, and that took priority. Both Marilyn and I plan to be in Poughkeepsie next July. Before that, we will be in the Hudson valley for a visit in late October of this year; I hope to get to the college and look up Jerry, Joe, and Leonard.

My best wishes, congratulations, and prayers to Brother Paul Ambrose on the celebration of his 70 years and to all my friends celebrating their 50th year. Reading the list of names brought back the face of each (as we were many years ago).

All is well with the Kelly Clan which now numbers five sons (Chris, Hugh, John, Dan, and Kevin) and ten grandchildren, the latest, Jonathan, born this spring to John and Suzanne, who live in Blue Point, Long Island. (6905 Jester Boulevard, Austin TX 78750-8343; 512-794-8556)

FROM PATRICK FORSYTH ('64): In January I resigned as Executive Director of the University Council for Educational Administration, a position which I held for 15 years and which took me from Rutgers to Arizona State to Penn State to the University of Missouri. I have returned to Tulsa to take a position at Oklahoma State University as Professor of Education. This was primarily a family move. Tulsa has two Catholic high schools, and my sons Connor and Patrick (13 and 11) are now attending Cascia Hall, an Augustinian Prep School.

Elena, my wife of over 20 years, has taken a position as financial director of the Tulsa Opera, so we are settled in nicely after just six months. And we have lots of friends from when we were here from 1980 to 1985. As for myself, having bloomed late, I'm afraid I've still got 15 more years of hard labor ahead of me – saving for college.

I have read Marists All with great interest over the years, sharing the joys and sorrows of names from the past. Some that I have been in touch with over the 30 years since I left include Jim Norton, Dennis Breslin, Kevin Buckley, Rick Bauer, Tom Nolan, and Ken Hogan. I am hoping to be in the NY area some summer during a Marist reunion. Please keep me on the mailing list and note my new address. (700 North Greenwood Avenue, Tulsa OK 74106-0700; forsytp@okstate.edu)

EDITORS' NOTE: If you are new to e-mail or if you have changed your e-address since responding to our Questionnaire, please send us your updated address. Recently we had occasion to send out an e-message. Of the 130 people on our e-mail list, 21 emissions came back as "undeliverable." We hope to have additional accurate addresses, so that we will be able to share breaking news in the future. Send to:

Gus Nolan: 50 South Randolph Avenue, Poughkeepsie NY 12601; gusnolan@aol.com

David Kammer: 476 LaPlaya, Edgewater FL 32141; kammer@mpinet.net - (new)