



ISSUE # 32

August 1995

FROM BR. SEAN SAMMON ('67): This note is long overdue, For quite some time now I've been meaning to write to thank you for the wonderful work you're doing in publishing Marists All regularly. I appreciate also the gentle way you coax everyone to make a written contribution. I enjoy reading the newsletter; since my move to Rome a little over a year ago, I'm enjoying the stories from folks even more. Each issue brings back so many fond memories of Cold Spring, Tyngsboro, and Lafayette Street, of our "intentional" communities in Riverdale and in East Harlem, and later of St. Agnes, Connecticut, and Massachusetts.

A number of folks have asked me how I came through my surgery for a brain tumor last year. Enclosed is a short article I wrote one evening a month after the procedure was completed. I sent it along to Review for Religious for publication. Surprisingly, I've gotten more reaction to this article than to anything I've written in the last 15 years. I remember well the evening I put it together. Pat McNamara and I had had a final "transfer" meeting regarding his taking up the work as Provincial. Afterwards we headed to lower Manhattan for some supper, after which I caught Metro North back to Pelham some time near one in the morning. Arriving home, I was in a mood to write, so I stayed up most of the early morning hours typing away at the computer. John Nash and Gerry Doherty got up at various times during the night; first, to question my sanity and, then, to serve as editorial advisers on the piece. The article pretty much captures the experience of the surgery and recovery up to April of 1994.

I've just completed a second article entitled "Mid-Life Mortalities" which fills in some of the journey since the first article. I've sent that along to the "About Men" column of the New York Times for consideration. I thought, however, that the enclosed might answer the questions that folks have about my surgery or my state of mind and body. (See "Midlife Tumor, Experience in the Lord" on later page)

GMC PICNIC
MOUNT ST. MICHAEL
SEPTEMBER 16th
Noon to 5: Saturday

GMC PICNIC: Looking forward to seeing many of you at the annual Greater Marist Community picnic to be held again this year at Mt. St. Michael in the Bronx, Nereid and Murdock Avenues, near the Mt. Vernon border. The gathering will be on Saturday, September 16th, from noon to 5 p.m. Indoor facilities are available in case of rain. Come with spouse and children or come alone. Bring your own beverage and a pot-luck dish for a shared meal. All Brothers are most welcome to join in. Thanks to the director and community of the Mount for

welcoming us. We have been having this picnic each year on the second Saturday after labor Day; mark Saturday, September 16th, on your calendar!

FROM BOB (Robert Thomas) TOOLE ('54): Many thanks to Larry Keogh and his wife Jan and to Brothers Hugh Turley and Dennis Dunne for their efforts in planning and executing the first Marist retreat/reunion held at Marist College June 30th to July 2nd, to pray together, worship, share, and also laugh (mostly laugh, I think). The experience renewed the greater Marist spirit in all of us. Thanks also to Brother Len Voegtle for his focused presentation and his comments on Marcellin Champagnat (2778 Wilson Ave., Bellmore, N. Y. 11710)

FROM MICHAEL (Michael Vincent) KELLY ('50): I just received the May issue of Marists All. Thanks for your continuing efforts to bring the "good news" to all of us. We are now in our fourth year in Atlanta, which will soon be a record as we have a reputation for moving every few years. Atlanta and Georgia Tech continue to be exciting places to be. The last I heard there was \$340 million in construction on campus in anticipation of the 1996 Olympics. Construction throughout the city is most evident during rush hours because of all the day and night building.

We have had the good fortune to be in regular contact with Rick Jambor and his wife, who managed to avoid many of the problems that devastated the Kobe area in Japan. They are now neighbors of Pat Gallagher and his wife in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. In the mountains, that means that their respective retreats are separated by no more than 30 miles of pasture!

Since we moved here it has become much easier for us to have family reunions. In fact, in a way we have been running a half-way house. Ten members of our family have joined us, literally. Now most of them have moved into their own places. At this point there are only six of us, including my daughter who is at the University of Hartford. You are welcome to occupy any empty room, but please call to be sure rooms continue to be vacant.

I switched jobs at Georgia Tech. I am working in the School of Management, Public Policy, and International Affairs, where I will teach management courses. I recently did a study for industry on what managers need to know to be effective in the next millennium. Wait until the industry people read what they paid for; it was sent out this week. I selected the period beyond 2010, thinking that I could hardly be wrong in 1995! Actually, it was a great learning experience.

In the report I recommend that among other things they focus on their core values: integrity, honesty, trust, etc. This because future information technology will permit immediate worldwide broadcasting of their "sins" to the detriment of their corporate image. It is interesting to think that the world may actually become a better place to live - for good business reasons. Perhaps the prediction of Arnold Toynbee may come to pass:

"Our age will be remembered not for its terrifying crimes or its astonishing inventions but because it is the first generation since the dawn of history in which mankind dared to believe it practical to make the benefits of civilization available to the whole human race."

Reading Marists All, it is quite evident that the Marist family has been doing its share to make the world a better place to live. Be well and God bless y'all. (575 Mt. Vernon Highway N.W., Atlanta, Georgia, 30327; 404-255-5017)

ESOPUS PROVINCE CHAPTER MEETS:

The Chapter of the Esopus Province met memorial weekend to elect a new Provincial Council. The gathering opened under the direction of Brother John Klein ('66), provincial. The delegates elected Brother Leo Shea ('52) to be the full-time vice provincial. Serving as provincial councilors for the next three years will be Br. Stephen Schlitte ('77), Br. Vincent Damian ('52), Br. John McDonnell ('59), Br. John Venturella ('81), and Br. Robert Clark ('75). With the appointment of Br. Leo Shea, the Province of Poughkeepsie has asked for names of Brothers who might assume the position of president of Our Lady of Lourdes High School, Poughkeepsie, and of the Marist Duchess Educational Park Project. The Poughkeepsie Leadership Team has thanked Br. Leo and his Esopus Province for "charismatic and dedicated leadership through the past two years. Leo has lent a wonderful confidence and direction to the establishment of our project; we know he will be missed both in our ministry and in the Brothers' communities of the area."

(from Newsnotes, June 1995, Poughkeepsie Province leadership Team)

FROM RICHARD (Anthony Dominic) JAMBOR ('50): I envy my children as they leaf through alumni bulletins searching for news about their old classmates. And yet for so long you have been sharing news of our old classmates for all of us. Each time Marists All arrives I open the envelope eagerly to see what my friends, no, my brothers are up to. How can I ever thank you!

In the Brothers' chapel here in Kobe last Sunday, Br. John Bird asked me to do the first reading, and what was that reading but the same one we used to sing on July 26th about how "the Lord is my inheritance, my portion and my cup." It brought back memories, happy ones.

Where to begin? After leaving the Brothers, I taught in Marist Brothers International School here for over ten years. That position I owe to Mattis Callanan who understood me and put up with my doubts and tantrums. Now that he is ill, I think it's time I acknowledge what I owe him! (Matt is taking radiation treatments after his surgery in San Francisco. Br. Charles Filiatrault cared for Matt for one month; now Br. Patrick Tyrell is assisting with travel and treatment. Matt will move to a Miami community in late July.)

During my time in Kobe I met and married my dear Kinuko who gave me her two Japanese children as wedding presents, Noriko our daughter and Takeo our elder son. Then we were blessed with Kenneth, now twenty-two. All three children are living in the States, Noriko employed as a pharmacist; she is married to a wonderful young man. Takeo is working in a Walmart near the home of his sister. Kenneth just graduated from VMI and is now in the Air Force.

For the past twelve years I have been teaching at Kobe Shoin Women's University. I completed a joint translation from the Japanese, a copy of which I sent to Marist College; at present I am earnestly seeking a publisher for another translation.

I must add that the inspired teaching of Brothers Stephen Urban, Giles Keogh, and George Robert opened the door to foreign languages for me. Richie Foy used to compare me to Connally's Mister Blue. I don't know about that, but what with my life in the Brothers and with what has taken place after, I have to say that I've been lucky and I count myself so blessed.

I have been impressed with the work of the Brothers here in Kobe. The international school was started by European monks expelled from Communist China. Those of us who lived with them knew them as men of faith, and they were patient with our youthful foibles. I revere their memory even now. Pat Tyrell has just returned to the States after 38 years, having started and administered the first Marist school for Japanese in Kumamoto. Only those who know the complexities of education here can appreciate what being a foreign principal in a Japanese school entails and what a sterling job Pat did. I am proud to say that we shared laughter, softball games, and friendship.

After the earthquake this year when the Kobe school was literally split in half, I witnessed how the Marist community opened its heart to those who needed shelter as they housed 800 victims at one time. They helped their lay teachers and their neighbors as best they could and were always there to listen to those who needed someone to listen. Gus Landry did his usual superman task of repairing where repairs were possible. Since I was never one of the skilled workers on the Poughkeepsie projects, I put myself under Gus' orders and joined some of the Brothers cleaning their quarters, which looked as if a bomb had struck. My wife Kinuko, who formerly taught Japanese at the Marist school, helped with the phones. How Vincent Moriarty kept smiling through it all, I will never know, for he spent a good two weeks sleeping in his armchair, as aftershocks rocked the school ground day and night for several weeks.

Five months later, the Brothers are living and teaching in pre-fab huts. Any day now the wreckers should come to pull down the shattered school. Then all that will be left will be the goodwill and loyalty that the Brothers and their staff have built up over the years. Yet goodwill and loyalty do not necessarily translate into the money needed. Like everything else in this country construction costs are sky high.

Oh, yes, we Jambors have a home in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, five minutes off milepost 177 on the Blue Ridge Parkway. It's God's little acre. So far, Mike Kelly and his wife have come and while here he woke up all the cows in the next field with his bellowing. And Brother Hugh comes flying. From Marists All we learned that Pat Gallagher lives in nearby Floyd County; Pat and his wife also visited us. We're in Virginia in the summers, so if you are in the neighborhood, our phone number is 703-952-2591. (Route 2, Box 82, Meadows of Dan, Virginia, 24120)

FROM BR. WILLIAM MIELKE ('59): Just a few words to let you know what's up! I became ill the week before Holy Week with what I thought was indigestion, but then my left arm became numb. I went to see a doctor and was rushed by ambulance to the hospital. I underwent open heart surgery and had four by-passes. You feel invincible until illness hits. I guess the Lord didn't want me yet. I have had my share of physical mishaps these 36 years as a monk, but these incidents make one strong in faith. Br. Francis Regis and John Herrman came down to Kentucky to help me the first two weeks back from the hospital. Now I'm back to work and feeling great. Parish ministry has been great. When I got sick, the love and concern of the people was overwhelming. In fact, two people of the parish staff stayed in the waiting room during my six hour operation. However, being 900 miles away from a Marist community has its draw backs. I will return to Archbishop Molloy High School in July and will teach the 9th graders next year. I may try to get to the GMC picnic this fall when

I'm back in New York. (Molloy: 83-53 Manton Street, Jamaica, New York, 11435)

FROM JIM (James Lawrence) KINSELLA ('47): Corrine and I will be living in Sun City West, Arizona, as of June 28th. Thanks for all you do with the Marist newsletter. (23209 North Mirage Lane, Sun City West, Az. 85375)

MIDLIFE TUMOR: Experience in the Lord by Brother Sean Sammon

Its symptoms crept in by night, like those invasion forces that come ashore in early morning hours before dawn. Over time they made themselves at home. Strength sapped, weight gained, mood shifted. I hardly noticed. Were there good reasons for the changes? Of course, All of them rational: too much work, too much travel, the hard coin of midlife. A routine physical examination handed down the diagnosis. Isn't it always that way, mundane, uneventful, startling. A pituitary tumor. "It's extensive," the doctor said, "five centimeters and benign. You will need surgery," Walking in at forty-six and self-reporting good health, you leave diminished, lacking. You pass over from person to patient.

How quickly illness alters life. All those plans, tied tightly in place, become undone. A move is put off, new work postponed, life reorganized. The hardest part, though, is the endless telling of the story. How different the reactions of people! Some become ministers and console; others avoid you, they wonder "what to say?" and, speechless, wander off; still others reverse roles, making you the caretaker. It's disconcerting to be ill and managing others--but it happens.

Years ago a friend said, "The death of one of us will mark our loss of innocence," Believe me, you think about it--wondering if you are going to be the one to mark his loss of innocence. Others wonder that too--they just do not tell you.

"You will need replacement hormones as we start to treat the tumor." Then there is the endless waiting-- for medicine to work, tissue to shrink, some semblance of health to return. You see yourself differently and you need to be seen--to let others know that you are still among the living. And you start to keep secrets too.

After all, you were sick and did not know it, Like a careful researcher you pore over comments passed along in recent years: "You look so tired"; "Why so pale?"; "My, haven't we gained weight!"; "You're working too hard." Was it two years ago that blood pressure began to climb? What about that high cholesterol count, the one that would not budge even when cheese and ice cream were history? "Where was I?" you wonder; "didn't I see what was happening to me?"

I missed the leave-takings, too. Sexuality, that tender brother of mine, was among the first to depart. How well I remember the fear and illusion of our first meeting so long ago; how much I miss the passionate union of our middle age, so hard won these past ten years. Sister sensuality fell victim too; wet wool, crisp cotton, the tender caress of a friend--all lost their power to please.

There's also the indignation, yours and others. Was an early diagnosis missed? What about the joint pain, wounds that would not heal, headaches, and umpteen other complaints of recent years? You flail about, looking for someone to blame; all the while the tumor grows, nestled under your brain, happy and at home.

You become a frequent visitor to the tomb-like MRI. Strapped in place, earphones and Vivaldi masking the incessant banging, you meet the isolation of illness. In that solitary place your demons appear. A perennial slow learner, you begin to realize that no one else can make the journey to health for you.

In all this where is God? Surely not responsible for what has happened, but there nevertheless, in powerful ways -present, listening when others have tired of all the details, a consolation when you wake in the dead of night. There's no magic to God. That realisation helps you understand the purpose of sickness. It forces you to be yourself, You lose that public face of yours and find the one that God sees. The loss of health is a great equalizer; it's the continual shedding of clothes that eventually peels down to the person that you thought you were.

Finally, the surgery comes. How like a journey to another country: the tight embraces, faces tender and frightened at the same time, the reassurances. Departing from this touch of humanity, you are wheeled into a stainless steel and sterile world. Banks of TV monitors, harsh ceiling lights, a narrow table, and the cold. Always the cold, you cannot shake it. You wonder: How close will your time here bring you to the other side? The team arrives. Masked, they struggle to make contact. "I love this surgery," says one; "Good morning," another; still another, "My name is Kay," Somehow the healing will take a giant step in this place, among strangers.

Hours later I struggle with a dreamlike waking from anesthesia. My first thought, "What time is it?" The second, "Where am I?" The reassuring hand of a nurse connects me with the world I left for a while. It is good to be home.

Illness leaves you between lives, the one you knew and another that awaits you. Then, you were in control, enjoyed the upper hand; now, the future is less certain, beyond your power to shape, You realize the importance of patience.

"So, what have you learned?" people ask. That is just the point midlife illness does not teach you anything. Instead, it helps you understand, for the first time, And you know full well that understanding will someday answer the name of wisdom, (Sean is vicar general of the Marist Brothers. His address is: Fratelli Maristi delle Scuole; C.P. 10250, 00144 Rome, Italy)

FROM BR. JOHN MALICH ('55): Thanks so much for the continued mailings of the newsletter Marists All. I really enjoy reading them and catching up on what everyone is doing. So often you wonder where people have gone and what has been their road. I am in the Pelham provincial house until the early part of August, then moving somewhere, still not sure, and will be working at Mount St. Michael. Prayers, best wishes, and blessings on Marists all. (26 First Avenue, Pelham, New York, 10803)

DECEASED: We have word that Brother Edwin Giles Keogh ('41) died after an extended illness and was buried on July 3rd after a Mass of Resurrection in Bayonne, New Jersey, at which Br. John Herrman offered the eulogy.

Henry (Henry Lucian) Morneau (49) died May 9th at age 63, He had lived in San Gabriel, California, with his wife Teodora, whom he had met in Kobe in 1969. At the Memorial Mass, Arthur Tardiff ('49) did a reading and Jerry McCann ('51) paid tribute to Henry in the eulogy.

May all of our deceased rest in peace, we pray.

FROM BR. EMIIE MICHAEL BERNARD ('29): I want to congratulate those who initiated the idea of Marists All as well as those who devote their time and energy to perpetuate the current issues. What impresses me most about Marists All is the fact that the most prevalent comments by most all who came in contact with the Marist Brothers is gratitude to Father Champagnat and to the numerous monks who were instrumental in shaping their formative years, which eventually had a major influence for good in their future lives.

A few years ago at Berchie's invitation to come to Esopus to keep him company, I decided after much reflection to give it a try; but the Good Lord had other plans. Berchie's health deteriorated to such a degree that it was decided to send him to Miami. So here I am for over two years in this beautiful place abounding with so many fond memories and traditions. My favorite nook and corner is the lovely spot where over 170 Brothers rest in peace; most of them I have known and admired. , My health is still fairly good, thank God, and at 84 I manage to make myself useful in my declining years in a place where there are so many odd jobs to do. At the present time the property looks like a well-groomed golf course. (P.O. Box 185, Esopus, New York, 12429

FROM LARRY (Laurence Christopher) KEOGH ('54): Jan and I have just returned from our Marist retreat weekend in Poughkeepsie. Although it is always pleasant to come home we will long have wonderful memories of an event that brought such contentment to both of us. When you live in the mid-western plains of Illinois, the sight of the Hudson highlands and the majestic river leaves you greatly impressed. And if to the scenery you add the wonderful people who shared a weekend of spirituality and renewal, you have the recipe for those unforgettable memories. The quality of our lives was truly enhanced by the people who shared a gift with us, themselves. The combined talents of the retreatants coupled with their good will and genuineness made us realize how blessed we are to have so many people whom we can call our friends.

I know I speak for both Hugh and for Dennis when I extend a sincere thank you to the retreatants for their confidence in us. If I were to claim that we had no doubts about this whole event, I would be skating on the thin side of the truth, but no need to worry. Thanks to the Holy Spirit and to our Marist family background, the event happened, and we were touched. The three of us will be meeting in early August to share our reactions and to make some tentative plans for the future. We would certainly appreciate it if you would forward any suggestions for next year's happening.

I would be remiss if I did not give thanks to several people whose encouragement and hospitality meant so much as this project was being prepared, Br. Patrick Magee extended the hospitality of the Marist community in Chicago as we met there throughout the winter months. Br. James Devine gave me shelter as well as moral support during my trips to the New York City area, Br. Michael Williams was our point man in the Poughkeepsie area, doing yeoman work behind the scenes touching base with the college administration. Br. John Nash offered the facilities of Eden Terrace for our use and even exhibited his skilled culinary talents for me. And Br. John Bentz's hospitality put me back in the "powerhouse" at the Mount in early June, where I had a chance to meet with monks whose lives reflect the qualities so necessary to a successful journey into the later stages of the lifecycle. As you can see, there were many contributors to our successful Marist retreat weekend; to all we owe a great debt of thanks. (17125 West 145th Street, Lockport, IL 60441)

FROM ED (Martin Jude) CASTINE (50): Maureen and I read the May issue of Marists All from beginning to end, as always. We look forward to each issue and enjoy reading all the news it brings. On a number of occasions Maureen has expressed how she marvels at the Marist Spirit and the bond she sees while reading the newsletter. We were saddened to read of Br. Leo Richard's death, yet we rejoice that he has joined the ranks of the HEAVENLY PROVINCE. When Teddy entered from Lawrence, Bill McNamara and I were cooking in the Tyngsboro novitiate. Teddy had known Wiggie, and he would stop in the kitchen occasionally indicating that he was having a difficult time, and that he probably would not remain a full month in the novitiate. That was quite a month; it grew to forty-three years of Marist living!

Maureen and I moved here to Lantana a little over a year ago. I've completed a year teaching for St. Thomas Aquinas in Fort Lauderdale; Maureen comes with me on occasion to work as a substitute. During the year we had a visit from Anne and Charlie Scott, who were visiting family in the area, After that we had a surprise call from Br. Hugh Andrew. One Sunday morning Dennis Proulx stopped by while out bike riding, (He succeeded Wiggie and me in the Tyngsboro kitchen.) We have since had some enjoyable visits with Dennis and his wife Mary and have met some of their family. All of these contacts and getting reacquainted are due, first of all, to the Marist Spirit, and then to Marists All.

The summer recess from teaching has been full of mundane but necessary activities, like landscaping and painting the outside of our house. Next school year I will be teaching again at St. Thomas Aquinas. After that, I think it will be time to put away the chalk and the math books. Then, hopefully, we will be able to travel to the next Marist retreat weekend and to the fall GMC picnic, there to renew some old and much valued acquaintances, (2856 Cambridge Road, Lantana, Fl. 33462; 407-642-0335)

FROM PAT (Patrick Stephen) GALLAGHER ('53): I am so impressed by the causeorientation of all those in the Marist family, for they are still trying to change this world for the better, grappling with its institutions, and sharing their visions of what can be accomplished. The whole topic of values has become a potent force in my conducting training sessions for police. I feel extremely comfortable revisiting a lot of concepts and mentioning names and ideas that I thought would never have a place in executive development for police.

Mary and I have finally settled fifty miles south of Roanoke and renovated a big house with a 220 degree view of the mountains in the distance. We feel so much in touch with nature, the storms which gather on mountain tops, the animals that roam through the woods, and the beautiful privacy and solitude. Mary coordinated the renovation with the sub-contractors, arranged for materials, and made the day-to-day decisions with the crew of carpenters from the Hillbilly Construction Co. Bearded, tobacco-chewing, and bib-overalled, they labored through the winter, and the ugly duckling of a house emerged as a beautiful masterpiece on the mountainside.

We want to share our home and property with our friends, and of course to welcome the Marist family to stop at our b'n'b; we call it the Wild Geese Inn. We are just twenty miles off exit 114 on I-81 close to the junction with I-77. With unseemly speed I always hasten from the airport in Roanoke to get back to this retreat, where we are actually leading a quite spiritual existence, (P.O. Box 60, Indian Valley, Va. 24105; 703-789-4056)

FROM HENRY (Robert Baptist) GOETZE ('44) It works! IT REALLY WORKS! Since my contribution to Marists All in the May 1995 issue, several Marists made contact with me ... and it was great to hear from them. I got a phone call from Michael Kelly, who lives in Atlanta as many of you probably know ... and letters from William Quinn (David Marcellin), George Halpin, Br. Bernard Francis, John Nevin, Br. Hugh Turley, and David Kammer. Also ... and here's a "Biggie" ... Br. Richard (Gene Michel) stopped by for two nights on his way to Chicago. It was a great reunion; he met some of our church friends, and we played nine holes of golf. For an 82-year-old man Gene still has the "Master's Touch." And naturally we did a lot of talking and catching up.

So, yes, it does work. I promised myself to send in some information for the August issue. I'm casting my line again; perhaps I'll get some more responses. I know John Nevin will be going to a family reunion in mid-August in North Carolina and will be stopping by to visit his brother in Atlanta. Hopefully we can get together during the time before he goes back to New York. And perhaps there'll be responses from other areas.

Back in March Dave Kammer sent me the complete backlog of Marists All. I started reading and jotting down ideas that I would like to include in my article. I have about four pages of notes (which I am not going to bore you with). I finally finished reading all the issues in early May. I was overwhelmed with the volume of information about the monks and the world-wide reach of Marist influence.

Just looking over the various occupations is mindboggling: many returned or remained in the teaching profession on many levels and in many capacities (teachers, professors, administrators, youth ministers, counselors, psychotherapists), while others became bankers, lawyers, authors, musicians, State Department officers, lectors, social workers, workers in the AIDS ministry, researchers, environmentalists.

I was particularly interested in the great strides the Philippine community has made, even to the extent of having their OWN mission. I do remember some of the names of those who worked there and with whom I shared many an interesting experience: Brothers Bernard Curtin (with his political discussions), Tommy Edward (with his challenges to others to succeed), Henry Joseph (with his dry humor), Alfred George (with his willingness to be the butt of many jokes), Regis Xavier (with his quiet personality and love of song), Maurus James, Joe Teston, and Herbert Daniel (pioneers in establishing the mission), Reginald Theodore (a workaholic and quiet 'pusher' to get things done) ... and Filipinos Santiago Cabrera, Dominic Bendero, and Isobello Chavez, to mention but a few. I mentioned several others in my letter in May. Br. Gene Michel told me that Lagao is now a university, WONDERFUL!

I was saddened by the number of Brothers who have died in the past ten to fifteen years, Brothers that I had been very close to at one time or another. I was particularly saddened by the death of Al Shurdus. He was a very basic person and a dedicated individual. Those in the Philippines were also very close, sharing unique missionary experiences. During a particularly hot and dry summer, Brother Reginald and I were working in Kidapawan. Water was very scarce. One day we had a tropical downpour. Reggie dropped whatever he was doing and ran out to an over flowing gutter and got instant relief. It did not take me long to join him. Gene Connolly (Kieran Matthew) was the "poet laureate" of our group; I appreciated his tribute to "Trot" (Br. Peter Louis) who had taught me at Mount Saint Michael and with whom I worked in Augusta. Gene's poem

about "Our Cemetery" revived many a nostalgic memory of our training days in Poughkeepsie.

I would like to congratulate all the Jubilarians mentioned in Marists All. Here are some key words and expressions that evoke memories of Marist life: free games ... chapter of faults ... Greystone Gazette.... Jewish cornflakes ... "the blind man cometh" ..., just to mention a few. I'm sure you remember some of these terms and can probably contribute others from your storehouse of Marist memorabilia.

I realize that I have not covered all my random thoughts, but there's always next time. I want to congratulate all the wives who share the Marist way with us and who support us in all we do; especially I thank my wife Lorelee who has been my mainstay for the past fifteen years and who learns more about the Marist Spirit day by day.

So I have cast out my line again. Hopefully someone will take the bait and sit down and pen a few lines. (1334 Shiloh Trail, Kennesaw, Ga. 30144 404-422-9585)

FROM REV. FRANK (Stephen Joachim) GALL0GLY ('52): This summer I will travel in Europe with a priest from our Villanova College. We will fly into Frankfort where we will take an eight-hour train trip to Prague. Our Augustians have three houses in the area, two founded in the 1230's and one in 1604. It is the only place in our order where we have an abbot. Gregor Mondel, O.S.A., was a member of that community, We will also visit Vienna and Salzburg, as well as Munich where we will stay at Konvent Maria von Guten Rat, a very nice place where I visited on my first trip to Europe in 1965. The last time I was in Europe I met with Br. Roy Mooney and three other Marist Brothers. They had just left their Second Novitiate in Fribourg, and I flew over from England where I had been on vacation with my parents, (Augustinian Friars, P.O. Box 308, Mechanicville, New York, 12118)

FROM RICHARD (Gilbert Donateur) CONNELLY ('52): I would like to receive Marists All at my new address. I would hate to miss it! Thanx! (3247 Cocoplum Circle, Coconut Creek, Florida, 33063.)

**GMC PICNIC: Saturday, September 16th, noon to 5;
Mount St. Michael, Bronx**

EDITOR'S NOTE: We know that this newsletter will not go on forever, Yet because Marists All seems to be well received and to have done some good, we try every means possible to keep it going for now. Recently we wrote fourteen hand-written personal letters to friend-recipients of the newsletter, trying to evoke some news for publication (can't figure out why a number of past close associates don't respond). We hope to publish our next issue in early November; will you please help us. We continue to be truly grateful for all the encouragement and support we have had over the last nine years!

Write to Gus Nolan, Marist College, Poughkeepsie, New York 12601, or to David Kammer, (August) Rural Route 2s Box 3300, Oakland, Maine, 04963 (September) 476 LaPlaya, Edgewater, Florida, 32141.

P.S. We have copies of past issues if anyone has missed an issue, or if you know of anyone who has not been on our mailing list.

