

FROM GUS NOLAN & DAVID KAMMER: This past March 7th we drove over to Central Florida from Edgewater to pick up Paul Bruneau (Damian Andrew '51) and took off for Miami to visit the retired Brothers. In Miami we first stopped at Chanel Lambert's place at SW 154th Terrace, where in visiting one of the retirement homes we met Paul Ambrose and Tommy Edward. Chanel showed us the way to the home on SW 89th Avenue where we had dinner with Gus's brother Bernie, Cornelius, Mike Brady, Chanel, and Manuel, a young monk from Brazil who is on the preparatory commission for the 20th General Chapter; he's in the U.S. improving his English. We slept there at Bernie's place Wednesday and Thursday nights, and went to Mass with the monks.

Thursday we visited Christopher Columbus High where we got the royal treatment from Bernie Ruth, who was extremely generous in showing us every corner of the school. Very interesting setup. We saw the school in action, the change of periods, the hustle to the next class. Impressive student body. The visit was a good reminder: Marist Brothers run great schools. Surely, Columbus is one of them. Our tour included a visit to the monks' quarters where the garden work of Brother Eugene is fit to be pictured in Home and Gardens. Sorry we were not able to see some of the monks who were professionally occupied.

We asked Chanel and Paul Ambrose to accompany us to lunch on Thursday. That afternoon Chanel led us to Charlie Filiatrault's place on SW 136th Street, where we had a great time reminiscing with Charlie, Bob Ryan, Damian Galligan, Simeon, and Fabian. We were sorry to miss Pete Chanel who is now in a local nursing home. Larry Joe and Louis Dubois were in a hospital at the time. Next year there will be greater numbers in the three retirement communities, what with the Marist house in Augusta closing in May.

Friday morning we drove back 350 miles dropping off Paul on the way. All of us are glad we decided to do the trip; it was a wonderful experience. All of the monks were most kind and welcoming. The recurring theme from each of the house directors was the same: "It is just great to see you." Clearly the retirees were pleased with the change the visit made for them; they do welcome and appreciate visitors. For our part, it was wonderful to see such vitality, humor, and joy among this group of Marists living in the Miami area.

Now for a word from **PAUL BRUNEAU**, our traveling companion: "I had the best Marists All experience of a lifetime March 7 through 9th. David and Gus and I spent some quality time with both active and retired Brothers in Miami. On the first day we enjoyed the warm welcome of Bernie Xavier, Mike Brady, Cornelius, and Manuel. Shared memories, double Manhattans, and a wonderfully prepared steak dinner reminiscent of the old "cremaillieres." Great Marist hospitality! Brady, you're a great chef! At Chanel's place Paul Ambrose and I sat by the pool and talked about old times, as Gus and David napped! Our late afternoon visit with Charlie Filiatrault, Damian Victor, Bobby Ryan, Fabian, and Simeon was so warm, nostalgic, and genuine.

"By the time we left Miami I was on emotional overload: Bobby Ryan is in my group of '51 ... back came the days at Dubois with Charlie, the Mount days with Simeon, the great days in Lawrence with Chanel, and the wonderful days as a scholastic with Paul Ambrose at the helm. We truly are Marists All! My thanks to all."

FROM CORRINE and JIM KINSELLA ('47): After forty-four years teaching math, Jim was able to retire in June of 1995. During the years between 1970 & 95 not only did we continue to teach, but we also became hospice volunteers at Mercy Hospital in Rockville Centre, Long Island, for five years. Our next venture for a few years was parish outreach. And for fifteen years Jim played guitar in a group that included another fellow and four ladies, including myself; we played and sang for the 8 p.m. Saturday night Mass until we left Long Island in June of 1995.

Being able to come west has been more of a blessing than we could have ever imagined. Sun City West in our eyes is the vestibule to heaven. It is the most wonderful place in the world to live at this time in our lives. Jim has been on the square dance board for the past four years, and I have just become president of the line dance club. Our time is also taken up with ballroom dancing, and Jim's time with golf. When we think of ministry, we try to show others how delighted we are to be with them. Hopefully this will give our dear friends the joy of knowing how good and loveable they are. We have discovered that ministry comes in as many flavors as Baskin & Robbins ice cream

. Over a three-year period we had a prayer group for healing; it gathered monthly in our home. The people of the group had met through our parish church and through square dancing. We became dear friends. At the end of the three years it seemed as though whatever had to be accomplished was accomplished. It was time for all of us to move on. Meeting people in a social environment leads to walking with them and they with us when the challenges of life hit. Our hospice experience of the past has been a tremendous help to us in being with others during these difficult times. We were even asked to prepare and lead a memorial service at Luke Air Force Base. This we were able to do thanks to the many years of Marist life. Each and every day we thank our dear Father for all the blessings due to our being connected with the Marist Brothers. (23209 No. Mirage Lane, Sun City West AZ 85375-2132; 623-214-8600; lizandjimk@juno.com)

FROM JOHN "Okee" O'CONNELL ('58): Since September 15th I am living in Maine and serving as superintendent for the Wiscasset Schools. I retired from a Maryland system as of October 1st. Wiscasset is called "The Prettiest Village in Maine." All the lakes and "ponds" remind me of my canoeing day of some 35 years ago with fellow "paddlers" on life's journey: Joe DiBenedetto, Bill Maloney (with whom I'm still in regular contact), Dave Murphy, Russ Therreault, and of course Tim Dooley and Bob Englert; may the latter two rest in peace. Past issues have reached me through postal forwarding. Thanks! (15 High Street, Boothbay Harbor ME 05438; John_Oconnell@wiscasset.k12.me.us)

FROM THOMAS NG ('62): I have just read the latest issue of the newsletter and am very impressed with the new format and web style. Three cheers for the editorial team! Every time I read Marists All there has been some new discovery. This time I have been rewarded with the letter from Joe Kung from Hong Kong. I met him about ten years ago when he came to Singapore. He was as jovial as he was in Tyngsboro. I wish to express my joy at the new expansion of the

Greater Marist Community! Thank you for the work you devote to the Marist newsletter.(Blk 564, #13-428, Hougang Street 51, Singapore 530564; ngsoonlee@hotmail)

DECEASED *Brother Leonard Alphonse Voegtle* ('50) died Saturday, March 31st, at 6 p.m. at Benedictine Hospital in Kingston, New York. Leonard had been suffering from various complications from a blood disease for several years. The wake and Mass of Resurrection were held in Bayonne, New Jersey, on Wednesday, April 4th. Because of winter freezing at the Marist Brothers' cemetery in Esopus, burial will be delayed till late April. A eulogy for Leonard by Brother Philip Robert is a supplement to this issue of the newsletter.

Brother Patrick Tyrell ('49) died February 2nd at Calvary Hospital in the Bronx after an extended illness with lung cancer. He was 69. Pat went to Japan in 1957. After learning the Japanese language, he established Marist High School in Kumamoto. He was its principal from 1961 to 1995, when he returned to the States. Before leaving Japan, Pat was given an award by Emperor Akihito, the Outstanding Educator Award. After returning to this country Pat did development work for the provincial office in Pelham.

John McAleer (James Austin '42) died peacefully at home on Tuesday evening, March 13th, at 10 p.m. shortly after the family had read the Prayers for the Dying. His memorial Mass was celebrated on Saturday, March 17th, at Holy Cross Church in Overland Park, Kansas. John's wife Ruth tells us, "It was a long, grace-filled journey for John and for all our family. We ask for the prayers of the brethren. Marists All meant a lot to John." At the time of the death of Larry Hanshumaker, John wrote to us saying: "Without being too melodramatic, I think it's clear that I'll see Larry pretty soon! Getting real tired. Love. John."

Ruth's address: 8700 Metcalf (102-E), Overland Park KS 66212; 913-381- 6548.

A tribute to John by Bill Murphy appears further in this issue of the newsletter.

Frank Moran (Peter Michael '50) died Friday morning, March 23rd, of a heart problem. He was also bothered by a serious asthmatic condition. Frank and his wife Maureen have three sons, Robert, Michael, and Brian, and they have a young daughter, Yvonne, who is in first year high school. Frank and Maureen and Yvonne have been regulars at the annual September GMC picnic at the Mount. Maureen lives at: 53 Hillview Avenue, Port Washington NY 11050-2826. A tribute to Frank by Richard LaPietra appears further in this issue.

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

FROM JOHN BRADY ('57): A bit of news: Ray Waters (I think he took the habit in '55) has passed away recently. He lived in Tinton Falls and had been a school board member a number of years back. Last year he retired as a school counselor in the Old Bridge, New Jersey, school system. He lived with his wife Judith at 62 Leland Terrace, Tinton Falls, New Jersey, 07724.

I'm enjoying my 12th year as school counselor at Tinton Falls Middle School in Monmouth County, New Jersey. This year for the first time the thought of retiring has come into my mind. Who knows, perhaps in a few more years. With my wife Joan and son John I went to Esopus this past fall for the memorial celebration for deceased Marist Brothers. That was a memorable highlight. The Mass, the procession to the cemetery, and the chance to reflect at the cemetery

were very moving. It was wonderful seeing friends taking part that day, some whom I haven't seen in over thirty years. Time really does fly.(3 Brookside Avenue, Hazlet, New Jersey, 07730-2224; 732-739-3911; jbrady@tfs.k12.nj.us)

FROM BILL (Kevin William) SHANNON ('58): Like many another member of this fraternity, through a strong injection of the guilts I have finally overcome the procrastination virus. Marists All from its inception has been a truly meaningful addition to my life. It has been delightful to read of the lives of so many friends from my Marist years - classmates from my training years, men I worked with and admired, as well as some of those Marist giants who played a role in forming so many of us. So, it is certainly time for me to get off my duff and share some of my post-community life.

After leaving the congregation from Christ the King High School in 1969, I finished a degree I was pursuing at Columbia; there I met Diane, a Canadian gal down for a couple of summer courses. We were married two years later and now have two wonderful children. Patrick is in his junior year at Colorado College, very much involved as captain of his cross country and track teams. Kerry is a freshman at Kenyon College in Ohio and is part of their diving team, after a successful high school gymnastics career. Both are excellent students, and even more important, they are caring people. So, we have been most fortunate. The entire family is involved in numerous outdoor activities and competes in the sport of orienteering - cross-country navigating with map and compass.

Professionally, like many of you I have remained in education. As a teacher, counselor, and then administrator I spent twenty-five years in New York public schools in Port Washington, Locust Valley, Greenburgh, and Brewster, where I retired as Principal of the Middle School in 1994. At that time I moved to New Jersey and tried retirement on for size - it didn't fit. So, I became the founding Principal for a public alternative high school for Somerset County. With that up and running I did the same as administrator for a Middlesex County school for severely emotionally disturbed youngsters - a very challenging endeavor. During the past two years I have been Director of Student Personnel Services for the city of Asbury Park. In this position I have been part of an administrative team focused on turning around a corrupt system in an inner city environment. The problems have been numerous, but we are making progress. It was a shock last May when my Superintendent had a serious heart attack, and I found myself Acting Superintendent. Doing both jobs for two months was a taxing situation, one that con-vinced me that the Superintendent's position is not where I want to be. My boss returned during the summer, and I am now able to spend most of my time working on the improvement of the many special education programs in our district.

Some of you, a few years younger, were in the class with my brother Jim. He married Sylvia and lived with her in Bogota, Columbia, for many years. However, with the increasing violence there, Jim and Sylvia moved to Florida recently. His address there is as follows: Jim & Sylvia Shannon, 4400 NW 73rd Way, Coral Springs FL 33065; 954-255-3175; jamiejoses Shannon@aol.com. I'm sure he would love to hear from some old friends, and to be added to the Marists All mailing list. The ministry of Marists All continues to fill an important place in my life. Keep up the great work.(167 Monroe Avenue, Belle Mead NJ 08502; 908-281-6438; pinewoods77@yahoo.com)

FROM JERRY CALLAHAN ('62): I enjoyed seeing all in Esopus at the commemoration of the deceased Marist Brothers. I visited the new web site for

Marists All and was quite impressed. I am in the group of '62, with John Allen and John Broderick, just to name a few.(58 Soundview Dr., Port Jefferson NY 11777;jerry@portjeff.net)

New Orleans -- **MARIST LAITY CONFERENCE** -- a report by Gene Zirkel ('53)

Last November Pat and I participated in the First National Marist Laity Conference hosted by the Marist Fathers in New Orleans. In attendance were over 150 people reflecting the five major branches of the greater Marist family: Marist Fathers and coadjutor Brothers, Marist Sisters, Marist Missionary Sisters, Marist Teaching Brothers, and many Lay Marists. I was a Lay Marist and didn't even know it! And there were others whose deep Marist relationship I did not know about: members of a third order, teachers in our schools, and volunteers of college age, a group that may soon include retirees. And beside the groups there were "anonymous Marists" living the spirit of Mary quietly bringing Jesus to the world.

As various presenters spoke, I could see that there is truly one Marist spirit, a desire to think, feel, judge, and act as Mary did - with a special predilection for the poor, the vulnerable, the disenfranchised, turning away from domination, prestige, and wealth.

Pat and I were invited to describe our Marist Family Institute of Spirituality held each July at Marist College. The response of many of the attendees over the next two days was overwhelming. Our presentation of our Institute touched a chord in the hearts of a lot of people who apparently want what we have been enjoying. Many of them went out of their way to speak to us about it and to ask when the next one would be held (Thursday July 5th to Sunday July 8th).

I have attended many, many conferences in my time, but New Orleans was different in that I was enthralled by each and every session. From the opening talk about the "healthy independence" of the Marist groups to the presentations about each of the Marist branches, my eyes and heart were continually being opened. I left with a challenge to my own spiritual growth and apostolic endeavors.

Ahead I see lots of good things: more interaction among the various Marist branches, greater use of the talents of the laity in the apostolates of professed Marists (a goal that Larry Keogh has been urging for some time), the possibility of joining retreats of Marists and laity. For me a quote from the Superior General of the Marist Brothers sums up the conference: "Are you collaborating as much as you can with the laity with whom you work?" There are so many more persons with whom professed Marists could be working: alumni, former religious, people in parishes ... from active participation such as tutoring or mentoring to quiet prayer partnering, connecting Brothers or Marist schools with people dedicated to praying for ministries. The ways we might collaborate are limited only by our lack of vision. As our Holy Father challenged recently: Dream and think BIG!

Many books on Marist spirituality were available. They were by and about the Brothers, the Priests, and both congregations of Sisters. They had no price, just suggested donations! We were told that the books had no value unless someone was reading them. In addition, tapes of the presentations at the conference were available. I have a set, which I will gladly share.

We met many people from all over the USA and from Australia, Ireland, England, Canada, and Hawaii. These included Brothers Leo Shea, Don Neary, Hank Hammer, and Sumner Herrick. A special grace for Pat and me was spending a lot of time with Larry Keogh and getting to know him so much better. The conference was not all work, however. Many of us took a wonderful bus tour of the area. Some nights we went to dine at the French Quarter, and on the last evening we held our own, out of season, Mardi Gras. (6 Brancatelli Court, West Islip NY 11795; genezirk@mindspring.com)

FROM JACK DUGGAN ('52): Joe Woods & Jack Duggan have initiated a steering committee to organize a college reunion of grads of their time for October 12, 13, and 14 of 2001. The committee includes Jim Friel, Jim Madden, Harry Henky, and Joe McKiernan. Individual invitations and further information will be forwarded to the group within the next two months. The steering committee hopes to have a great turnout. (P.O. Box 758, Westbury NY 11590; 516-997-6547)

FROM JIM (Paul Francis) FRIEL ('52): Thanks to Marists All, I have heard from friends from many years ago. Gerry Donnellan e-mailed me to thank me for recruiting him in the old days; he found the Marist experience great. We were able to recruit a lot of students down at St. Agnes from '59 to '62. From St. Agnes I went off to Lawrence, and in the summers of '61 and '63 I taught at Marist College. After that I left the congregation.

The adjustment on leaving was tough because I only had \$200 and had to get a job quickly. George McGuire was a major help. I got a job in Syosset in the junior high, finished my Master's in Philosophy at Fordham, and then got a job at SUNY Farmingdale. I've been there ever since. Joe McMahon spent a few years in administration there. Over at Nassau I did some adjunct work. Bill Buckley was at Nassau then. He was a bio professor. Gene Zirkel was there, too. In fact, the current President of Nassau taught with Joe (Bernie) Woods, and goes to church where Jack and Ann Duggan go. So that's quite a bit of "All Marist."

I would like to share a great experience I had while teaching. At the beginning of a semester I usually check students' names, and I often ask, "Are you related to so-and-so?" Usually the answer is no. One time recently I asked a young man, Bob Kane, are you related to Bill Kane and family. Well, he was quite surprised: "That was my father!" he exclaimed. Bill Kane was Br. William Benedict. He passed away a few years ago.

Bill Kane was one of the founders of Metro-Mac, the first alumni organization outside of Poughkeepsie. Our group was one of the biggest in the early history of Marian/Marist College. It was formed by George McGuire, myself, Bill Rowley, Jack Duggan, and others. We had some major events on Long Island and in New York City. One of the first events was a very successful dinner-dance attended by about 75 people. It was held at Adelphi College where George McGuire was teaching at the time. George helped us get a beautiful hall there. These events weren't documented much, except in the Metro-Mac Newsletter. Terry McMahon was part of the group, as was Tom Murphy, Pat Murphy, Jim Gargan - the list is endless.

Around that time I ran for President of the Marist Alumni, and served three years. Jim Gargan was on the board, I believe. It was an important time for Marist College because it was getting evaluated. Linus Foy mentioned to me that

re-identifying the older informal group with the college alumni was important for how various agencies viewed the college. That showed the vitality of the college, and showed how it was able to bridge the major change in its mission from religious training college. Being able to bridge the old and new alumni was important, and we helped do that. Today I'm sure there are still bridges to span. I think the influence of the Marist Brothers was and is quite important. I trust the current leadership at Marist College will figure out how to span the ages between the Marist Brothers and new traditions, otherwise the college could become a "Brand X" college without tradition, history or personality.(20 Vail Street, Northport NY 11768-3038; 516-757-7506; frielkelly@aol.com)

FROM LARRY WHARTENBY ('57): Thanks for the news about Ray Waters. During my first year in Esopus, Ray was kind to me, a lonely sophomore. Things like that are not forgotten with impunity.

I am still teaching, a total of 40 years daytime teaching, I figure, and 15 years of college teaching. At college in Poughkeepsie Brother Joe Belanger was my main language mentor, although memories of Brother Leo Camille and Brother Hyacinthe still remain clearly with me. Right now I spend the most time with Spanish. At SUNY Westchester I work with immigrants whose English needs upgrading. I figure that in 15 years there I must have had nearly four to five thousand students.

I have been teaching adjunct status at SUNY since my older daughter was in high school. The motivation was to make money to be able to put our children through college. Christine went on a nearly full scholarship to Iona. Kevin went to Penn State on a ROTC scholarship, but dumped it when they told him he had an eye problem which would obviate his being a pilot. And then there's Lizzy who is now plowing through her junior year at Villanova. It is interesting that all three kids started out with a scientific bent, but only the youngest is seeing it all the way through. Lizzy came along 12 years after our oldest; I always refer to her as God's child. She is a child with a heart of gold; in school her nickname has consistently been Sunshine.

I did dabble in Chinese for a while, but they brought in a native teacher to our high school. I still remember bits and pieces, but it is hard to give adequate attention to all the languages that I deal with at the same time. So Chinese suffers. Earlier when I was teaching at Hayes, I wanted to experience what the new ALM method was like, so I picked up Russian as a fluke. Shortly after I latched on to a state grant, and the rest is history. The biggest problem is the lack of opportunity to speak the Russian. My high school teaching career has afforded Lois and me a lot of travel opportunities, the most memorable of which involved an exchange program with Russia. We will be returning there this summer as part of our celebration of my retirement from the high school job; it's time. I'll stay with the college job.

Lois and I will celebrate our 33rd anniversary in June. Our two oldest children are married. Each of them has presented us with one granddaughter, and our son has just informed us that we are "expecting" another "still-too-early-to-tell" come September. Our oldest is an accountant, married to one of the same. Our middle child is a computer security expert, married to a physical therapist. Our wallets are still battling their way through the bills that accompany our youngest's presence at Villanova. Only one year to go. Then we will have to start putting money aside for her wedding, or so it seems at this time.(11 Galloway Lane, Valhalla NY 10595-1309; russkिलarry@juno.com)

FROM DON EDWARDS ('57): To say the web site is a communal treasure may sound a little bombastic, but I don't think so, and that's all that matters to me. It's really quite a gift to be able to have at one's fingertips, at one stroke, communication with the past, present, and future. Past with memories that don't fade, present with the hope of renewal of old friendships, and future belief that there is nothing lost that cannot be found. I ask for the prayers of friends, as Elaine and I celebrate our 30th anniversary this July; we hope to have it crowned with the birth of our first grandchild in late July or early August. And we wish "all Marists" prayerfully the blessings and peace of the faithful steward.(84 Bayberry Road, Cheshire CT 06410-3615; 203-272-7397; donald.j.edwards@snet.net)

FROM MARIA TERESA NARGANES: Now that you reach many more people than I ever could, I would like to ask another favor. The school department in Lawrence is putting up two new school buildings, and they have launched a campaign to name them. They would like to name them for someone who has for many years given to the community and the youth of Lawrence. My husband Francisco meets their criteria perfectly. To name a school after him would be a fitting tribute to this wonderful man and to the city of Lawrence also since he was the first Hispanic administrator to be hired in the city. It would help tremendously if some of your members would call the number below or send letters to the Lawrence Public Schools. Many thanks for publishing this note in your newsletter and on your web site. Attention: Office of the Superintendent, 205 Essex Street, Lawrence MA 01840. The telephone number is: 978-975-5905.

FROM JOE HORAN ('50): It's great being able to stay in touch with everyone through the internet. As for myself and family, we are enjoying a wonderful life here in Florida. Everyone asks where San Antonio, Florida, is. Well, it's about 30 miles north of Tampa, off I-75 at exit 59. We live in a very active gated retired community where one of any couple has to be 55 years of age. We're always busy doing things. We have learned to paint, weave, do crafts, golf, swim, attend off-Broadway shows, travel, etc. We have made many friends, several from the NYC area.

My wife Dolores and I have just returned from a vacation that included all the wonders of Peru. We rafted on the Urubamba River. In Chinchero we attended a weaving session. We spent time with a medicine man, as he performed his healing ceremony. We spent five days in the Amazon jungle at campsites that had no updated facilities. We walked beyond the tree tops, witnessed blow gun demonstrations. It was a great experience. In Lima we visited the Gold Museum. And we went into Champagnat Park there. The people of Lima are well aware of St. Champagnat; several schools are named after him. Now we have decided to rest up for our next adventure.

It seems like yesterday that our group of '50 had its 50th anniversary reunion; hopefully we'll all be around to celebrate our 60th. It was great seeing all of the guys. If any of you are in our area, do feel free to contact us.(10930 Collar Drive, San Antonio FL 33576; 352-588-0179; jhoran@aol.com)

FROM SR. VIRGINIA CONNORS, SSS: Received Marists All this morning and, of course, against all of my better judgment and the four things on this local treasurer's desk and the three major things waiting for me on the provincial's desk, I sat down and read the entire issue through. WHAT is there about this

communiqué that makes us do that? So many others are doing the same thing, I see.

Good issue again. What a surprise for me to recognize a name from the past (in addition to the name of Lenny Voegtle). That name is Joseph Kung. Joe was a friend of my brother Tom ('64); he visited my mother in Richmond Hill with Tom.

Thanks for keeping me "in the loop." I hope you do get more and more of those human interest contributions that keeps a person reading on and on. Just reading your list of "TO" people above the e-mail is a lesson in human relations!(101 Silver Street, Waterville ME 04901; 207-873-5923; connors@mint.net)

THE MARIST FAMILY INSTITUTE OF SPIRITUALITY

The seventh annual meeting of the MFIS will be held at Marist College from Thursday, July 5th (4:30 p.m. registration) to Sunday, July 8th (lunch around noon). Those who have participated in this weekend have enjoyed it and have profited greatly from it. They enthusiastically encourage others to take advantage of it. Contact Brother Charles Marcellin, the primary coordinator this year, at Archbishop Molloy High School, 83-85 Manton Street, Jamaica, New York, 11435; 718-441-2100 or 718-441-0205 or 718-463-6763.

A Tribute to FRANK MORAN by Richard LaPietra

I have been deeply affected by the death of Frank Moran, Brother Peter Michael, with whom I, along with forty-five others, took the habit on July 26, 1950.

I knew Frank during the Novitiate and Scholasticate as well as I knew most. We were both assigned to St. Helena's for our first teaching assignment in the fall of 1954. Frank's official class was 1D, mine 1E. His quarters were next door to mine in Friendship House where most of the monks without the cross were housed under the baleful eye of Brother Director. In a community of twenty-nine monks there were fifteen of us without the cross. Oh those halcyon days!

Evenings in the fall before winter set in and in the spring as soon as the sun had taken the edge off winter we would take a walk after supper talking over the events of the day, the kids, our latest adventures with Brother Director, sometimes playing a game of animal, vegetable or mineral, always enjoying the simple joys of shared friendship. In the spring when a sufficient number of water pistols had been duly confiscated from the kids he and I stoutly defended our quarter of the first floor of Friendship House against all comers on Wednesday evenings during employments when Brother Director was over in the school interviewing the unfortunate parents of miscreant students. A smile crosses my face every time I recall the occasion when Otto, who had confiscated a water machine gun that was fully capable of drowning an opponent, cornered Pete in his room. Climbing up on a chair, Otto got Pete through the transom!

Then after two years I was sent to Catholic University to begin graduate studies and another chapter in my life. I lost track of Frank, only to catch up again many years later at the GMC picnics at the Mount, and at our class reunion in the summer of 1990 on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of our taking the habit. It felt like coming home again. Barbara, my wife, thoroughly enjoyed spending time with Maureen, Frank's wife. We both delighted in seeing their youngest, Yvonne, grow up to become the lovely high school freshman she is

today. Frank missed our fiftieth reunion in 2000 because he had to go to Nebraska where his son, Bob, was undergoing treatment for cancer. I know he sorely missed being with the gang, and very much appreciated Mo Bibeau's sending him the group pictures taken on that occasion. Fortunately Frank, Maureen and Yvonne made it to the GMC picnic this past September. I could see at that time that Frank was not well, but his spirits were as always good. I didn't know then that that occasion would be the last time I would see him. He was a great guy and it was a gift to me to have known him.

A tribute to **JOHN McALEER** by Bill Murphy

I came to know John Joseph McAleer mostly from the golf courses where he shone and I was a dim lit bulb. In earlier days John had been part of a rollicking community with such great monks as Alex and Terry Jones leading the way, but John could rollick with the best of them. He co-authored "This is the monkery, Brother dear." He could play the role of a slightly neurotic provincial seeing Brothers everywhere. He tried to get Big Gil Barry to supervise cheerleaders for the cross-country team!

There was a time when John and I sat around in a very Hemingway and Parisian manner discussing life, the second novitiate, and where we saw ourselves going. John was into new thinking in the Church and for the Church. It was significant for him and became so for those with whom he came in contact. He was extraordinary in that he functioned on several different levels compressing different missions. His life impacted on mine in many ways, and I believe, mine on his.

And there was another significant aspect of John's life that came to the fore. John was a loving person because he knew how to love. There were his strong family ties, and later in life there was his marriage to Ruth. Would that I had the word power to express the depth and meaning of their love. To my knowledge John never asked for a cure for his illness; he found joy as he was facing God. His death was peaceful. He still has the love advantage. He was not late for the forever Laetare Sunday, the big bash for triumphant Christians.

FROM TONY FRAGALE ('67): I have been receiving Marists All for the past few years and have enjoyed reading about the Brothers I knew during my five years. Since you can now send the newsletter via e-mail, save the postage. I'll give you my e-address.

I continue to work as a counselor at Edgewater High School in Orlando. My job duties seem endless: director of guidance, chief master scheduler on the computer, coordinator of the Engineering-Science-Technology Magnet Program, and counselor to 625 students this year - a co-worker died in October and I have inherited her students and duties until we hire another counselor next summer. I look after my mother and sister -- they live in Orlando, too. Mom still works a full schedule at 77. My son is 24 years old now and still lives at home; he works full-time. Thus, you can see that my life is full.

I was director of Religious Ed at a parish for ten years, but I ended that three years ago. It was hectic working full time days at the high school and handling the evenings and weekends at the Church. I must say that I enjoy having a few hours to myself now for a change.(4674 Pheasant Run Drive, Orlando FL 32808-2044; 407-292-0170; afragale@cfl.rr.com)

EDITORS' NOTE: We still need you all! New e-mail address? Share it with us.
Write to:

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