

FROM JEPHTHA LANNING ('49) - our "reporter on assignment!"  
Rome, Sunday, April 18, 1999

### **THE CANONIZATION OF SAINT MARCELLIN CHAMPAGNAT**

Joan and I awoke to uncertain weather at Hotel Pisana Palace on the outskirts of Rome. Clouds were moving rapidly across the sun on a cool spring morning giving little clue if the day were to be rainy or sunny. We hustled down to breakfast and then called a taxi for our journey into the city. After a fast twenty minute ride we joined many thousands of pilgrims slowly moving into St. Peter's Square, many bedecked in different colored scarves in honor of Saint Marcellin, Saint John Calabria, founder of the Poor Servants of Divine Providence who died in 1954, and Saint Agostina Livia Pietrantoni, a Sister of Charity, murdered in 1894 by one of her hospital patients.

Clutching our yellow tickets of invitation, we found seats in the last row of Section 1. We were some fifty yards in front of the obelisk. Before us on the front of the Basilica were large pictures of the saints: St. Marcellin in the middle, flanked by St. John on the left and St. Agostina on the right. As we looked about, we noticed a number of people from Brazil, many from Mexico, some from Italy, and right behind us in Section 3 delegations from Puerto Rico and Cuba. What a thrill to hear these groups chanting MAR-SAY-LEE-NO! MAR-SAY-LEE-NO! An atmosphere of joy, laughter and good fellowship prevailed.

About 10 a.m. to loud applause the Holy Father took his place upon a white, throne-like chair under a large, red canopy. Mass began with the choir singing Jubilate Deo, followed by the Pope acknowledging the new saints. Then came the rite of canonization with the Prefect of the Congregation of the Saints asking the Holy Father to enroll Saints Marcellin, John, and Agostina in the catalogue of the Saints. The choir chanted the litany of the Saints, with the assembled thousands replying "Ora pro nobis." The Holy Father solemnly pronounced the formula of Canonization, replying to the request of the Prefect with the word: "Decernimus. "

The chant of the Mass of the Angels brought back so many memories to this reporter of High Masses long past and of so many of our deceased brothers now celebrating this momentous occasion in heaven. Our eyes were wet and it was an effort to swallow as we stood, Joan and I, in that square surrounded by those thousands of people representing the church universal celebrating this day so often prayed for. Joan, a former Daughter of Wisdom, fully appreciated my feelings on this Marian Day. Like the disciples on the road to Emmaus, the gospel of the day, our hearts were burning within. During the solemn part of the Mass we prayed for all Marists, living and dead, near and far.

The Zenit News Agency, in its edited version of the Pope's homily, noted that "St. Marcellin announced the Gospel with an ardent heart. He was sensitive to

the spiritual and educational needs of his time, especially the prevailing religious ignorance and abandonment that youth were experiencing." The Pope proposed St. Marcellin as "a model for all parents and educators to help them look upon youth with hope, to encourage them with total love, which will make a true human, moral, and spiritual formation possible."

From time to time some rain fell. However, we will never forget the kiss of peace, exchanging smiles and handshakes and greetings with so many people in different languages. Close upon noon the service was near an end. The choir sang the Regina Coeli and the Holy Father gave the final blessing. The Mass of Canonization was over.

Swiss Guards appeared at our barricade. A crush of people engulfed us and pushed us against the railing. Soon a small jeep-like car made its way between Sections 1 and 3. And there he was, Pope John Paul II, for an instant a few feet away.

As we made our way out of St. Peter's Square we met Brothers Adolph Leo and Joseph Belanger. The sun was now shining brightly, the clouds were gone as we made our way down Via Della Conciliazione. We stopped at Ristorante Pierdonati for a Roman lunch, accompanied by a bottle of Frascati.

And so, in spite of our two-day delay at the start of our journey from Miami. to Rome, with the attendant postponements, cancellation of flights, and the late arriving luggage, the trip was all worth it. Now tucked away in our memory banks, we truly have a "Day to Remember." (2200 South Ocean Blvd., Delray Beach, 33483)

#### LIBERIA :

taken from correspondence from Br. Martin Ruane and Br. Denis Hever

The mission in Liberia was started in 1986 by Leo Shea, Lucian Duguay, and Dave Cooney. Civil war broke out in 1989 and continued until 1996. During the war several young Liberians requested to become Marist Brothers; six are now professed. In 1996 due to illness and political instability the Brothers left the country.

Leo Shea, now Esopus provincial, Marty Ruane, Denis Hever, and Alfred George returned to Morovia February 24th to begin the re-foundation. of the mission. What they noticed first was the general devastation, not much reconstruction, and a general serious attitude of the people who in an earlier day were happy, smiling, and always willing to greet. The following day the Brothers met with three of the young Liberian Brothers who had returned home from South Africa. Their lives and experiences over the past ten years had matured them significantly. They were eager to help their people. Their first concern was prayer life, which greatly enheartened those from the U.S.

The Archbishop of Morovia had kept his bargain with the Brothers. Their house is fully repaired, completely painted, bright and spacious. It is just off a main road in a busy area, but likely to be hot and noisy. It is not far from the local parish. In the attached school the three young Brothers - Augustine Martin, Alfred Gipli, and George Werner - will eventually be assigned to teach religion.

Over the course of four or five days the Brothers met with many other missionaries to get a read on the situation in Morovia. Marty Ruane and Alfred

George remain in Liberia working with the three young Brothers to furnish the house, from scratch - no small task in view of the need to purchase vehicle and generator as well as furniture, dishes, utensils, and supplies. In time a little chapel will be furnished. Steve Minogue and John McDonnell will be on hand for several months this summer and fall to help out.

The Brothers return to Liberia with great hopes and an awareness of the very fragile nature of the political situation. Knowing that they are supported with prayer is a great encouragement.

There is no reliable postal system in or out of the country at present; whatever mail is sent is opened in pursuit of cash. However, Denis Hever is back in the states until the end of August. He is at 3705 Eoff Street, Wheeling, Wv. 26003; 304-232-3618.

FROM JOHN (James Austin) McALEER ('42): I left the order in October, 1957, after 16 years as a Marist. This is my first message to Marists All, due only to my ignorance of its existence until a few weeks ago. The November 1995 issue was mailed to me by my sister-in-law, Marge McAleer, who happens to be the sister of Steve (Hugh Ephrem) Sheridan ('42). My brother Pat met Marge on a fateful visiting Sunday at the Pksie novitiate in the early forties. My phone call to David Kammer of my group resulted in a flow of 45 previous issues, approximately 300,000 words! Those amazing chronicles have been absorbing my attention. (Vaguely I hear: "Yoo-hoo, it's me. Yoo-hoo., it's your wife, dear' Yoo-hoo, the house is on fire!"

I am deeply moved by the honesty and openness evident in the GMC-FMS communications. It's a far cry from the attitudes that seemed to exist when I got my dispensation in the fall of 1957. It is heartwarming to see in Marists All a real-life demonstration of the phrase about the first Brothers: "See how they love one another." The lists of deaths, anniversaries, and celebrations, and the letters themselves, bring back so many fond memories. There are few communities of my time that I did not call home: Pksie novitiate and scholasticate '41-'44; Lawrence '44-'48; St. Agnes '48-'50 (student '35-'39); Cardinal Hayes '50-'52; Wheeling '52-'53; St. Ann is '53-'55; Marist, Bayonne '55-'56; St. Paul-Trois-Chateaux '56-'57; Juniorate, Esopus '57, plus occasional summers at Camp Marist and Tyngsboro.

When I left at age 35, I accepted a job as associate editor at the Catholic University of America Press publishing scholarly books and textbooks. In 1955 I met Ruth an R.N. at a St. Patrick's Day dance sponsored by the Knights of Columbus. We were married in October of that year. In the next two years Ruth gave birth to Mary Catherine and then Sean. Time to head for a more generous employer in the Big Apple! I got a job at Doubleday for a short stay, then settled in at Harcourt Brace from '61 to '65. While there, three special things occurred: Our youngest Thom was born; I was promoted from a textbook editor to managing editor of the textbook division; I received the grace at the age of 40 to accept the fact that I was an alcoholic and needed AA.

There were no dramatic losses, financial or otherwise, but I was dying inside. I was a hollow man. Looking back, I could see that the process of this negative spiritual illness had begun long before I left the order. I thank God for the gift of AA every day of my life.

On January 15th I celebrated 36 years off the sauce. I still go to AA meetings and currently sponsor (mentor) several young men. If I had paid half as much attention to the Rule in the old days as I've paid to the 12 steps and 12 traditions of AA, I might have become the first canonized American brother!

In 1966, still trying to play catch-up in the marketplace, I moved to Chicagoland and worked in editorial management for Harper and Row and then in 1965 for Scott Foresman. The latter firm made me an officer of the company one year and fired me the next, 1971. It was all very civilized and the severance settlement was generous. I was 49 years old and was ready to lower the curtain on 30 years of education and educational publishing. After serious consideration of stock brokerage, insurance, and other kinds of employment, I chose the real estate business. No more corporate perks, no paid medical insurance, no taxes deducted, no pension plan, no paid vacation. It was scary at first, but I worked hard, things fell into place, and God provided. I did well in that business for 14 years.

In 1954 I was 62. My children had as much education as they thought they wanted or needed and were financially on their own. Ruth gave me a green light to do something I had wanted to do for a long time. I entered a year-long program at Grant Hospital in Chicago to be one certified as an alcohol and drug therapist. I did internship at St. Francis Hospital in Evanston; then they hired me as a full-time counselor in their outpatient program. A year later I joined the inpatient staff of the substance abuse program at a hospital in Waukegan. Being a case manager for up to six patients over a three or four week stay was the hardest and most demanding work I've ever done, but I think it was the most satisfying work of my life. After eight years at that work and following my second open-heart surgery I retired in 1993 at the age of 71.

Meanwhile, Ruth had been on her own journey. Back in the sixties she was one of the pioneers introducing Lamaze childbirth education to the North Shore of Chicagoland. She went back to school to complete her BA and then got an MA in psychology. She resumed her nursing career and founded the first hospice at Lake Forest Hospital. In 1984 her reception into the Episcopal Church triggered quite a noticeable deepening of her spirituality. Her work with the dying, with their families, and with her hospice volunteers developed into a real ministry. Eventually she felt a call to the priesthood that wouldn't go away. With encouragement from me and others she submitted herself to the rather formidable discernment process and ultimately went to Seabury Western Theology Seminary in Evanston, was ordained a priest in December of 1992, and set about to look for a job. (The Episcopal system requires priests to apply and compete for positions and to be "called" by the vestry of the particular parish.)

Ruth's work took us to Detroit in 1993, just as I retired. I went along as Ruth's spear-carrier. After all, she had followed me around the country earlier; now it was my turn. Ruth founded yet another hospice in Detroit and did a lot of parish work. When the hospice was up and running, we decided to move to the Kansas City area to be near our children: son Thom (36), daughter Mary (39) and her husband John, grandchildren Hannah (6) and Matthew (9). Our son Sean (38) lives in Chicago with his wife Teresa.

Ruth is currently rector of Grace Episcopal Church in nearby Ottawa, Kansas. I have supported her at every step of her journey. It has been a marvelous and gracefilled experience for me. Even though my laundry list of disagreements

with the Vatican seems to get longer each year, I'm very much in communion with the Roman church and get much joy from the practice of my faith. The NCR is an important fixture in my life. I belong to Pax Christi and to Call to Action.

I've had a fair amount of parish involvement. I worked RCIA for a number of years. I've been part of Remembering Church. In recent years I've been more interested in justice and peace activities. I've organized workshops on non-violence and welfare reform from a Gospel point of view. I've also marched against Desert Storm and protested against missile makers and gun dealers. A lot of my colleagues have gone to jail.

It would be foolish for me to try to deny the influence of my 16 years as a Marist on my present spirituality. That humility, simplicity, and modesty still loom as highly desirable traits. The spirit of poverty and the concept of detachment from material things cling like Velcro and seem to interfere with serious pursuit of sybaritic pleasure. If you add 12 step spirituality, a measure of creation theology out of Meister Eckhart and Matthew Fox, and a lot of directed Jesuit retreats, you have some of the stuff that has been fueling my own engine for a long time.

I developed cancer two years ago, a lymphoma affecting some vertebrae and ribs. The chemotherapy was worse than the cancer, but it did the job. I've had clear CT scans for a year and a half. Thank God. They tell me I have a 50/50 chance of no recurrence. Thanks for letting me be a part of Marists All. Is life a magnificent mystery or what!

Thanks for sending the proposed copy of my letter for Marists All. I understand the need to trim the content, like with Sergeant Friday, "It's only the facts, Mam!" After all my years of editing, it's only fair that some of my prose should be trimmed. I think what you guys are doing is a fantastic ministry. I am grateful for it. (8700 Metcalf #102, Overland Park, Ks. 66212-2040)

FROM PAT KIELTY ('65): I'm finishing off the third and last hour of Saturday school and am ready to scream. It seems like a perfect time to write to Marists All. Numbers, numbers: 52 years old, 31 years teaching (15 English, 16 math , 3 years of math at new school in Clarksville, Maryland, 25 years of wedded bliss, 2 children 19 & 22, 3 years from "working retirement," 8 year old Corgi, 22 years in Maryland, 244 pounds, and \$0.00 in savings.

My oldest daughter Justine is finishing her bachelor's and will graduate from, Frostburg State University in western Maryland this May. Her degree is in mass communications, but I haven't a clue what she plans to do besides move back home. I'm braced for the return and hope it will be short. Do they really get jobs and move out?

Erin, my younger daughter, also attends Frostburg - theatre major. Erin will attend Mary Immaculate College in Limerick, Ireland, next semester. This is a great opportunity. I've become a bit more Irish in the years since St. Helena's. Two trips to the Emerald Isle, Irish folk music collection, many great Irish films. When I was younger I saw only the worst of the Irish drunkenness and meanness. I have a better perspective on things now with a lot of pride in my ancestry. Anne and I are planning to visit Erin in Ireland over the spring vacation. We're renting a car and staying with families (B & B) in the northern part of Ireland, perhaps even into Northern Ireland.

Anne has been an eighthgrade English teacher in Ellicott City since 1977. Additionally, she is the team leader for an inter-disciplinary team. She loves her job after 33 years, twentyone at the same school. Though Anne and I have some health problems (diabetes, high blood pressure), we feel fine.

Me? Anxious to retire. After 30 plus years anything gets old. In fact, I've never left school since I ran off to Miss Kenny and her kindergarten class at George Washington School in West Hempstead 48 years ago. I figure that we'll retire from the Howard County Public School System around the time Erin finishes college. The day we retire is the day we're planning to move to Florida, Tampa perhaps. Wherever the jobs are. Our Maryland early retirement benefit sucks, so we'll have to work. That's appealing - new place, new job. I'd love to hear from others who have retired from teaching and have changed to new occupations. The process is a bit daunting, so I'm open to advice.

I have read the letters sent by others to this newsletter and what does impress me most is each person's spirituality. Are there any pagans like me out there? Pagan is too strong, but uninvolved might be better. Occasionally I do rally, but for the most part I'm one of those "fallen away" Catholics. I feel that I should be a more spiritual person, but ... Any thoughts?

Regards to all the folks I met in Esopus, Poughkeepsie, and the Bronx during the sixties. I'd love to hear from each of you either personally or through Marists All. (10140 Tanfield Court, Ellicott City, Maryland, 21042; 410-461-7435)

## ANNUAL

### GMC PICNIC:

September 18th

FROM BR. DENIS BUCKLEY ('36): I want to thank you and anyone else who has been sending Marists All to me. I must confess that the greater majority of the names are unknown to me, for I left the country in 1950 for my missionary work in the Philippines. However, I find each copy very interesting to read, and I am happy when at times I recognize a name that I know. Be assured that I pass the newsletter on to the men living here. They certainly enjoy it as I do.

Incidentally, this house in Miami was a gift from the former owner and resident, Mr. Henri Jubinville, who died more than a year ago. I was sent here to make the house livable for the Brothers. I've been here for a year come April, when I shall be re-assigned to Mt. St. Michael. Again, I wish to express my warm thanks and want you to be assured that you and your work on Marists All will be daily remembered in my prayers. Yours in Mary. 8850 S.W. 154th Terrace, Miami, Fl. 33157; 305-232-1264)

FROM BRIAN HENRY DESILETS ('45): We are getting ready to attend the first vows ceremony of our son with the CFR (Community of the Franciscans of the Renewal). His novitiate was at their Friary in Harlem. He seems to be happy with them. He will be coming home for a two week vacation and will then go to his first assignment which we will find out on the day of his profession.

Our middle daughter Kathleen is a CPA and is assigned by Arthur Anderson as an accountant at the corporate headquarters of the Avon Corporation. She is

living with us and is putting money aside to buy a condo in Hoboken where the jupees are going these days.

GUS, I didn't know that you had purchased a second home in Florida. More power to you! We might visit you some day. Just now we can't get away from home very easily. Kay's mother is getting older and she requires a lot of attention, so we can't leave her without inconveniencing Kay's sister who would have to take our place.

Thanks for all you have done to keep Marists All going. It has really generated links with the past. (6 lake Oniad Drive, Wappingers Falls, New York, 12590)

FROM REV. BILL SEARS ('52): Living in my retirement years I don't do anything exciting, so I haven't much to write about. I do enjoy relatively good health in spite of heart problems that I developed in 1982. As I tell my Doc: "I 'm ready but the 'Boss' ain't!"

I offer Mass on a private island in an "all-faiths" chapel on Sunday. On the way over from the mainland recently we ran out of gas, and wouldn't you know I forgot my Jesus shoes. Then I prayed to St. Marcellin and a tow showed up. Most exciting thing that has happened recently. All's well that ...I'm rejoicing that my "former boss" is being raised to the honors of the altar. I pray to him regularly and never forget my Marist roots. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered on Saturday, February 6th, for the intentions of all the staff of Marists All. I really do enjoy reading every issue. Keep it rolling.

Ain't life great in Florida? One of these days when I get my --- in gear I'll get over to the east coast of this paradise to see all "yeuse guys." Padre Bill Sears. (1745 Padre Land #62, Englewood, Fl. 34223; 941-474-5217)

## **SENIOR" JUBILARIANS: 1999**

### **50th:**

Br. James Gaffney  
Br. James Kearney  
Br. Thomas Lee  
Br. Bernard Nolan  
Br. Francis Ryan  
Br. Francis Thomas  
Br. Patrick Tyrell

### **55th:**

Br. John Francis Colbert  
Br. Alphonse Louis Dubois  
Br. Adolph Leo  
Br. Edward Francis Vollmer

### **60th:**

Br. Conan Vincent Dineen  
Br. Joseph Teston

### **65th:**

Br. Clement Legare  
Br. Philip McEnaney

**70th:**

Br. E. Michael Bernard

FROM TOM HOURICAN ('61): I am writing to let you know that Tim Dooley died of cancer on December 9th, 1998. Tim and I were in the group of 1961, he making his novitiate in Tyngsboro and I in Esopus; we graduated together from the juniorate in June of 1959 and from Marist College in June of 1964.

Tim has lived in England since January of 1974. He was diagnosed with cancer in late August. By the time the cancer was discovered it was inoperable. It had spread from his stomach to his lungs and into his esophagus. I found out about Tim's illness in late September and I went over to England to see him. I was surprised to see that Tim had a book about the life of Marcellin Champagnat and a copy of the Office. You see, Tim had met an elderly Marist Brother in England a number of years earlier. When that Brother Wilfred found out about Tim's illness, he went to see Tim and brought him the two books. I think the name of the book about Champagnat was Strong Mind, Gentle Heart. It seemed so strange to me to thumb through the old prayer book. I had not seen one in over 30 years; Tim said he used it frequently.

Tim seemed to be at peace with his situation. He was resigned to accepting the will of God, yet he was determined to beat the cancer by prayer and will power. The last day I saw him he tried to explain to me how the mind could overcome the physical and how he was going to beat the cancer. He asked me to unite with him, because he felt that it would be more effective if more than one mind was acting as one. I told him that I would try, but I also had to tell him that I didn't understand a lot of what he tried to explain to me. I talked to Tim three or four times from early October until he died, and I got to appreciate the deep spirituality that he had, some thing that was always there but that I never really noticed. Tim died at home with his family. He is survived by his wife Susan and four children: Glenn, Laurie, Jenna, and Luke.

Tim's daughter, Laurie, said that he had suffered a lot at the end, but yet she said that he had a beautiful death. He was cremated on December 17th. His family would like to hold a ceremony in his honor in Esopus on August 15th. Those interested in taking part in the ceremony are more than welcome to come. I am sure that some of your readers are interested in this information. Susan's address is: 103 Friern Barnet Lane, Whetstone N20 0x2 London, England.... (23 Thompson Place, Lynbrook, N. Y. 11563)

FROM BILL DESCHENE ('53): To celebrate the fact that we were finally able to obtain a new ribbon for our ancient Olympia, I thought I'd baptize it with a few thoughts that I had jotted down when I learned that Pete Cassidy had crossed over to the other side. The kids at Staples took upon the task of locating the ribbon the way young archeologists might go at a new dig. One fellow commented on how he once saw his mother use a typewriter. Where did they go to school anyway? Oh well, here's my take on Pete.

There is an inherent honesty in any person, whoever she or he may be, who can fall asleep during a talk, a conversation, or better still, a homily. This is even more endearing if such a one is wearing a rumpled clergy suit with a roman collar stretched out in the manner of those of us who are not comfortable wearing a tie. If the scene is accompanied by audible snoring, it's icing on the cake. I was privileged to be part of such a phenomenon while attending Mass at St. Theresa's Church in Methuen with my mother and Brother Peter Cassidy. Of



course, the snoring didn't last long as I was quickly jolted from my own wide eyed reverie by my mother's elbow, and the alarm in her whisper, "Bill ... Brother Peter ...?" I hated to do it but I gently nudged Pete, who responded to this frantic state of affairs by smiling and running his hand back through his grey-flecked red hair, the way I suspect he always combed it, and went back to where he had just come from for what was left of the homily.

Pete made me feel good that day (as he often did) in the sense that I was no more attentive than he, but like many in that quaint little church, I had mastered the art of the reverent trance. Peter took us all off the hook.

Pete Cassidy was the kind of person who had a way of being a Brother that was achievable for those of us who felt comfortable with aiming low. I mean this with no disrespect. If any of you feel compelled to present me with figures pointing to his greater spiritual achievements, I don't want to hear them. I need to remember him as someone I was at ease with. (11 North Lowell Street, Methuen, Massachusetts, 01844)

FROM BOB FALISEY ('65): I just received the February issue of Marists All, and as always I stopped what I was doing to soak in the joy and spirit of old friends and a past life filled with fond memories.

This Friday I will be the keynote speaker for a large insurance company in Los Angeles. In past speeches I have often made reference to being a former Marist Brother and to the great stories that have come out of Tyngsboro and life at Marist College. As I read Marists All I was particularly fascinated to read Br. John Colbert's story about Br. Louis Viateur. By coincidence a Brother Louie story will take up at least fifteen minutes of my presentation this Friday. Looking back on my life, I realize how blessed it has been and how much I owe the training from places like Tyngsboro and Marist College.

This summer my wife and I, along with crew, will be racing our yacht in the Transpac from Los Angeles to Hawaii. As we prepare for this life long dream, I read a story of Br. Denis Hever, an old friend from years back, preparing to cross the sea to Liberia. I can't help think of Robert Frost's poem of two paths in the woods.

Recently it was my joy to be called by another former Monk of Mary. He was downsized; at this writing I believe I have been instrumental in getting him a new and significantly improved job. It's not missionary work in Africa, but it is my small contribution. (529 Washington Blvd., Marino del Rey, Ca. 90292; 800-965-7574, ex 108)

## THE MARIST FAMILY INSTITUTE OF SPIRITUALITY

July 8, 9, 10, 11 - Marist College

Luke 24:13-32 "On the Christian Journey"

The Marist Family Institute of Spirituality invites all members of the Marist family to its fifth gathering. This extended weekend of community experience, prayer, presentation, seminar, and liturgy strives to bring together all those who wish to explore a Catholic Christian spirituality steeped in Marist tradition.

In this year of Marcellin Champagnat's rise to sainthood we offer the opportunity for all in the Marist family to share insights concerning our Christian Journey in

the light of the story of Emmaus as recorded in Luke's version of the Good News.

The planning team has sought to bring together several very special people to share their gifts with the participants. Rev. Owen Lafferty will be the celebrant for our liturgy. Presentations by Martin Lang, Larry Keogh, Owen Lafferty, Francis Sheridan, Catherine Cherry, and Sue Callahan will offer insights on our theme. Small group seminars will be led by team members. Participants at the canonization of the Founder will share their experiences.

Consider making your own journey to Marist College in early July. Your reason for coming may be to renew old acquaintances, or to complete some unfinished business, or to flee everyday routine and seek solace in retreat, or to explore intimately and personally the meaning of your own spirituality. Whatever the reason, you will feel welcome as you join others on the Journey. Room and board for the weekend is \$200 a person. Registration begins at 4:30 p.m. on Thursday, July 8th, followed by dinner. The program ends Sunday, July 11th, after lunch. To make a commitment, contact VINCE POISELLA at 24 BROOKLYN MOUNTAIN ROAD, HOPATCONG, NEW JERSEY, 07843, or phone: 973-398-5477 BY JUNE 15TH (vtpoisella@yahoo.com)

Those who have participated over the last four years, as well as others who indicate their interest in joining us, will receive a mailing with further details and an agenda.

Feel free to contact planning team members for questions or comments: Larry and Jan Keogh: 815-838-1570....Ray Landry: 978-664-2248....Barney and Anne Sheridan: 212-529-2257.... Br. Charles Marcellin: 718-441-2100....Jack and Anne Duggan: 516-997-6547 Helen Tobin: 973-335-3758...David and Judy Kammer: 207-362-5495..... Br. Hugh Turley: 773-881-5343

FROM BR. DENIS HEVER ('64): The Brothers in Wheeling are planning to celebrate the canonization of Father Champagnat on Sunday, June 13th, at 3 p.m. at the Cathedral with Mass and reception. We will invite alumni from the Brothers' earlier teaching days here, as well as the surviving Brothers who were here. We would also like to invite as many former Brothers who live close by. We have a list of every Brother who ever taught at Central Catholic. The list needs to be updated to see where those surviving now live. We need plenty of help to get the word out. Could you please send addresses. (3705 Eoff Street, Wheeling, Wv. 26003; maristwv@aol.com; 304-242-3618)

#### DECEASED:

Br. Athanasius Norbert Cote ('30) died at the age of 87 in a nursing home in Miami on January 8th.

Br. Rudolph Eugene (Alcide) Ouellette died February 26th in a nursing home in Lawrence at the age of 77.

Br. Michael Driscoll ('64) died of a massive heart attack on February 17th while on winter break with friends in Boynton Beach, Florida; he was 52.

We also have word of the deaths of Tom O'Donnell ('48), Ed Miles ('55), and Tim Dooley ('60). There is word about the latter two elsewhere in this issue of the newsletter.

Late word: Br. Denis Buckley died April 29th at the Mount following a stroke. Prayer.

FROM BR. HUGH TURLEY ('54): I received news of the March 7th death of Edward Miles (George Abel '54). Ed's wife Andrina requested that notice be given to Marists All readers. Ed declined extensive chemotherapy in favor of a higher quality of life with his wife and three children. He designed his own requiem liturgy. In lieu of flowers Andrina told me that Ed wanted any memorial gifts to be made to the Marist Brothers Retirement Fund.

FROM ANDRINA MILES: Edward James Miles was born August 26, 1935 and was raised in the Parkchester area of the Bronx. He attended Cardinal Hayes High and Marist preparatory schools, completing Marist College around 1957. He has many humorous tales of helping with the "farming" chores (quite an experience for a city boy) and tales of working on the construction of some of the new buildings. He has many fond memories of his fellow "brothers" and has continued friendships with a number of them.

Ed found that the religious life was not to be a long-term commitment for him and left the brothers in 1959. In 1960 he took a position teaching at Lincoln Hall in Somers, New York. He married Andrina Logan in 1961. Ed obtained his Masters Degree from Syracuse University. From 1962 to 1988 he taught biology at Ardsley High in Ardsley, New York. During that time his family grew to include three children: twins Edward and Brendan and a daughter Lyn. When Ed retired in 1988, the family moved to San Diego. Ed loved living in the land of sunshine and volunteered teaching at one of the Indian schools.

After a number of doctor visits last October it was determined that Ed had cancer involving the esophagus and liver. The prognosis was not good, but Ed stayed optimistic for everyone's sake, worrying more about those he might be leaving than he did about himself. His spiritual life - always good - was even more so. He cherished the gift of time to prepare for his death. While the ultimate miracle was not to be, Ed truly appreciated what he called the "little miracles" - things would just work out "coincidentally" - calls from friends of long ago - wonderful people from our new parish who helped during the last days. As one friend put it, "Ed was a lesson in courage and class; he will long be remembered for his consideration and devotion to others." (3921 Lorenzo Court, Oceanside, California, 92057)

EDITOR'S NOTE: After expenses of the present issue we will have a balance for two more issues. When you send financial help, please make the checks payable to one of the editors shown below, not to the name of the newsletter. Of the 510 addresses on our mailing list 290 people have given of themselves by sharing their thoughts and stories of their lives. We look forward to reconnecting with many other fondly remembered friends. Write to ...

GUS Nolan, 50 South Randolph Ave., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12601-5152;  
gusnolan@aol.com

David Kammer, R.R. 1 - Box 3300, Smithfield, Me. 04978-9517 (May thru mid-September)