



ISSUE # 5

May 1988

FROM BR. THOMAS KELLY: ('53): The Marists All newsletter arrived in Sargodha, Pakistan, just before Christmas, and I could not think of a more welcomed Christmas gift. Reading through the list of names of those who receive the newsletter brought back many fond memories of our days sweating under the lash of Tee Mike on the project, as well as the many years so many of us worked together at our various schools.

How come Pakistan? Let me bring you up to date. After leaving the Mount in 1979, I spent three years teaching at Marcellin College in Auckland, New Zealand. There I had several long talks with Br. Richard Dunleavy, now Assistant General, exploring the possibility of joint ventures among the English speaking provinces. Last April, talk moved to action when I received a call from Rome asking me to attend a meeting in Islamabad with the Bishop of Rawalpindi who is asking the Marist Brothers to start and administer and, to some degree, staff a new school in Sargodha. Thus, we have agreed to conduct an educational complex that will consist of an elementary and secondary school and of a hostel; the school will accommodate 600 boys and the hostel 200. Tuition will be charged to help defray the running expenses of the school, about \$2.80 per student per month; the real cost will be three times that. Until hostel facilities are available, the school will try to finance student transportation; five cents a day will provide a student with a "tonga" ride, horse and cart style, from village to school.

Poverty conditions are so extreme in the villages that our real hope for success can only be achieved if we have the students live at the school. Our site will be a training and resource center for teachers working in surrounding village schools, where the literacy rate is negligible. The diocese of Islamabad-Rawalpindi has provided land, German Bishops will pay construction costs of the classrooms, the Marist Brothers' Generalate in Rome has donated \$5000, and the students of the Marist Brothers School in Kobe, Japan, have adopted our children. The Poughkeepsie province has contributed \$1000, as have the students and faculty of the Mount and CCHS, Lawrence. Family and friends are also helping. We face the immediate problem of finding funds to pay the salaries of two teachers, about \$120 each per month, and we must look for benefactors who will help with the costs of constructing the hostel. Your small help with books or transportation or your larger help with construction may be sent to Br. Pat Magee at the Mount, 4300 Murdock, Bronx, 10466.

Keep us in your prayers, and I hope that many of the "Marists All" community will write; a letter from the States is always a great treat. (Catholic Church, College Rd., Sargodha, Pakistan)

CONGRATULATIONS to Br. Sean Sammon, Br. Ken Hogan, and the Poughkeepsie Province for the fine inaugural issue of the new publication of the province entitled: Today's Marist Brother.

GMC PICNIC: All are invited to the annual Greater Marist Community picnic to be held this year at the Mount at the garth and ball field areas. It is scheduled for Saturday, September 17th, from noon to 5 or 6 p.m. Indoor facilities are available in case of rain. Bring your own beverage and a pot-luck dish for a shared meal. Gus Nolan would like to have a clue of how many to expect. It would be helpful if you dropped him a note at the college; his phone: 914-454-6116.

FROM BR. JOE BELANGER ('43): There are currently six Brothers at Marist College. At 77, Nilus is supposedly retired, but he is daily consulted for this or that infrastructure. He lives at the top of Champagnat Hall, where he keeps busy from morning till the wee hours of the night working with electronic gear and with satellite reception, and writing Memories on his PC. As keen as ever, he has no thought of moving until carried out!

Cornelius Russell ('47), seventy years old on February 29, is teaching three courses. Joe Bell is still going strong with two French and two English courses per semester, running foreign film programs, finding host families for summer residence of children of Spanish friends from Madrid, and doing research in Twelfth Century French literature. He now lives in Champagnat 834 (914-471-6387). Dr. Ziggy Rancourt ('48) is carrying a full load of math, and has turned the Gate House into a model chalet. Donald Kelly ('61) has a full load of math and computer science, and Joe Sacino ('73) a full load of business; Joe is also commuting regularly to St. Peter's for a PhD in business. Connie, Don, and Joe S. all live in Canterbury Gardens, some five miles from campus, where they each have a rent free apartment in exchange for availability to the two hundred odd students who also live there.

Ernie Belanger has been living in Madrid for the past twenty years with his wife Alicia and their two children Amaya, 14, and Diego, 12. Ernie teaches computers at the American School of Madrid and has just co-published a book on LOGO in Spanish. His expertise in Computers in Education is regularly called upon in Casablanca, Vienna, Brussels, and all over Spain. (Sres de Belanger, 240 Castellana 8-D, 28046 Madrid, Spain)

FROM BUD (Kevin Anthony) NOLAN ('51): I just re-read Marists All, #4. I very much appreciate what you have been doing in promoting good communications for all these good people. I have been teaching English at Orangeburg, N. Y., ever since I left the order back in 1969, and I have been living in Orange County for the past sixteen years. My wife, who used to teach, is now a nurse at St. Luke's Hospital in Newburgh, My kids, Christie, 16, and Matt, 14, are also doing well. My daughter is a varsity runner, and my son has more expensive tastes, skiing and tennis. I am in regular contact with Declan, Larry Sullivan, and Jack Redmond, and I enjoy hearing how lots of other people I have known are doing. (RD 4, Box 563, Sycamore Drive, New Windsor, New York, 12550)

FROM BILL CARROLL ('61): After leaving the Brothers in '68, I worked for Catholic Charities while completing an MSW. Next followed four years working for the New York City agency which funded and monitored drug rehabilitation agencies. Frustration with major bureaucracy, coupled with the desire of my wife at the time for living in the country, led to my return to the Hudson Valley. I started in 1976 as assistant to the director of a Poughkeepsie agency providing a variety of services to disabled people. I was in the right place at the right time

when he left in 1978; I have been the Executive Director of Rehabilitation Programs since then.

Part of me hesitated in writing this letter, as I am divorced and felt like an exception in reading past newsletters. However, since that's the way it is and I have been happily involved with another woman for three years, I said the hell with it! Although I have no children, my immediate family includes four cats. Playing "hoop" is still one of my things, and I remember the "Out the Door by Four" boys, and coming late for afternoon office at the College. I see Br. Don Kelly pretty often since he's back at Marist College, and Jack Meehan occasionally. (Box 388, Pleasant Valley, N. Y., 12569; 914-635-3040; better chance, wk: 485-9993)

FROM BOB (Martin Felician) SLATTERY ('50): I was tempted to begin with "Laudetur Jesus Christus," but I suppose that would be an almost forgotten custom, In fact, however, that phrase sums up, with its reply, my daily thoughts. I am in fine health, working full time and hard at Collage Champittet, a mixed Catholic "high school" run by the Canons Regular of the Grand St. Bernard (you know, the dogs), Teaching English and religion in French is quite different from the old days. I have had very little contact with my Brothers since moving to Switzerland (letters from Ken V., a visit to Fribourg, a visit from Rene Roy), although my parish elementary school is run by the Marist Brothers.

So many memories were awakened by the newsletters! (I did not receive #2 so I'm sending a check to cover the postage .. editor's note: for \$200!) Among my memories: Friday night dances at CCHS followed by basketball the next day on a Saturday fast; starting a track team at Lourdes from scratch; the hundreds of cassocks I mended (I have an old Singer still); the miles of cord I made (anyone want a length?); the old hymns: "Oh Mother, I could weep for mirth .." (If anyone could dig up an old Laudate and/or the Marist Hymn Book, I'd love to have them); the skating rink and cranberry bog at Tyngsboro; picnics by the river at Esopus (I took out some old pictures when I received the first Marists All; what memories!); moving day, by truck.

Br. Marie Feliciani and his fresh strawberries (accompanied by impromptu French lessons); old Br. Philip and his Tyngsboro rose garden; Br. Marcel Henry and his "surprise" visits to the classes in Lawrence; Br. Peter Hilary and his "What did you do with the razor blades I gave you last month?"; Br. Leo Camille "Mon frere, prononcez 'phoque, phoque, phoque!"; Br. Paul Ambrose ... always Brother Master for me, And, and, and, ad infinitum. Seeing the names of those I worked with, and former teachers and students, is like stirring up an ant hill of memories.

As after being dispensed from my vows (I prefer that expression to "leaving the Brothers") I taught in Westchester for six years, and then after a summer in Paris, decided to move to Europe. I found a position in Switzerland in a school that closed two years later; the first few summers I returned to the States where I had a summer job as Escort-Interpreter for the Department of State with Operations Crossroads Africa, After several years of part time jobs in several schools and an eventful eight months as head cook (!) in a Swiss restaurant, I settled down in the school where I teach now (twenty-five minutes by bus from home). I have remained single, so my work absorbs almost all my time. I have acquired a third "home country" for my holidays: Crete. If ever anyone passes by in July or August, the little village of Pitsidia in the south central part of Crete (see National Geographic: August, 1986), do stop by; go to the seashore village of

Matala and ask for Bob, the Swiss-American (also known as Papou or Yeros). I have built a house down there for my retirement, half finished. Let me finish by saying, once a Marist always a Marist. My best to all, and pray for me. (rue des Cretes 5, 1018 Lausanne, Suisse; phone: 021-36,34.32)

FROM BR. PAT MAGEE ('43): Your Marists All has been well received by the monks of Champagnat Hall here at the Mount. In fact, it was duplicated so that more would have a chance to read it at their leisure. It has had a meaningful impact on all of us. I have shared it with Tom Morgan who has been with the Brothers at both St. Agnes High and at the Mount for many, many years. He has met many Brothers in the passage of time. He would like to be on your mailing list, (Mount, 4300 Murdock Avenue, Bronx, N. Y., 10466)

FROM BR. LEONARD VOEGTLE ('50): Feel like a professional mourner of late. I returned from settling Dad's affairs in Florida on January 27 to learn that Mike (Jerry, Godwin Anselm) O'Keefe ('42) had finally succumbed to his long illness. A few days after his burial, we got word that Jean Reid, provincial of Iberville, had died in his sleep: massive stroke at 59. He was a good friend, so I was pleased to be asked to represent the Esopus province with Steve Urban; George Fontana and Pat McNamara went for Poughkeepsie. Despite the sadness of the occasion it was good to see many old friends again: some from scholastic days, like Yvon Maurice and Andrew Donatian, and others I'd known in Rome or from my visits to Africa, plus several who'd taught at Molloy, such as Jean Jacques Perreault and Guy de la Sablonniere.

Now I'm starting to catch up with the avalanche of sympathy cards. The support and affirmation of Marist friends is a magnificent testimony to our brotherhood at times like this; many of those expressions of solidarity and prayer were prompted by the notice in Marists All, so thanks. Recently Sarge's brother, Guy, died (Sigibert Leo, '42), as did Gills brother, Larry Joe's sister, Jim Devine's sister, Francis Regis' father, Leo Richard's mother, Martin Thomas' sister ... Edmund Sheehan will be principal in Bayonne next year, Michael Lineen, in Brownsville, Kevin Handibode in Miami .., I'll be in Rome from mid-May to the end of June. (1241 Kennedy Boulevard, Bayonne, N. J., 07002)

FROM JIM (Raymond Patrick) MORRISSEY ('50): Jean and I have had three sons attend Marist College; the youngest is tight walking his way toward graduation this May. So we have spent many pleasant moments at the College and watched it grow. Our youngest daughter has one more year of college after she returns from the American College in Paris, So the undergraduate tuitions are near the end, but our three grandchildren present another opportunity to start over. I decided to take advantage of a retirement incentive and leave the Math Chair at Northport High next June, 1989. I have nothing planned yet, but I have the strongest feeling that something lies ahead that will be very meaningful.

Jean and I celebrate our 30th wedding anniversary this June. We have been members for 22 years in the Teams of Our Lady (Equipe Notre Dame), founded in France after WWII to help married couples advance in spirituality. Groups are formed of five or six couples and a chaplain, and they meet once a month for a shared meal, prayer, meditation, and prepared discussion. Our membership in the Teams has been a great gift in our lives which we would be happy to share through literature and phone calls. (47 Oakledge Drive, East Northport, N. Y., 11731; phone: 516-368-1587)

FROM RICH (Anthony Richard) SCHIAVONE ('55): My history with Marists includes 52-54 Esopus under Joe Damian; 54-56 Tyngsboro ... fond memories of J. P. Luke, John Bosco, Richard Anselm; 56-59 Marist College ... Paul Ambrose; 59-62 Molloy; 62-64 .. first group to start Christ the King, lived at Molloy, commuted to Mater Christi, first coach of track, second place finish in 1963; 64-69 St. Helena ... great days with Willie Maura, Otto Krueger, Mike Sheridan, Pat, Jim Maher, etc. 69-86 Mahopac Junior High; 86-88 Real Estate business in Branford, Ct. on the shoreline. Status: newly engaged, first time; love the shoreline and sailing in thirty foot boat. Love to hear from those I've shared much with. (275 Shortbeach Road, East Haven, Ct., 06512; phone: 203-469-4446)

FROM PAUL MALONEY ('59): Thank you for including me on the Marist mailing list. It is nice hearing from so many people that I haven't seen or heard from in over twenty-five years. As for myself, way back in 1964 in a space of three weeks I graduated from St. John's University, married my lovely wife Rosemarie, and began work as an IRS agent in Manhattan. In 1968 I transferred to IRS national office in Washington, where I am today. I work with new tax law and the effect it has on corporation tax forms.

Rosemarie and I have been blessed with four lovely children: Patricia, 22, graduated from Georgetown University's School of Nursing in 1987, and is a registered nurse at Sibley Hospital in Washington; Paul, 19, is in his second year at Catholic U., and Kristen, 13, and Daniel, 9, are in the eighth and fourth grades respectively at St. Elizabeth's School, Rockville, Maryland. Over the years I have taught CCD and done a lot of coaching. I coached my oldest son for three years in basketball and six years in baseball, and my youngest daughter, two years in basketball and three years so far in softball. Now my main activity is tennis; I play whenever I get a body to join me.

Although I was in Marist religious training for only twenty-seven months, it made a wonderful and lasting impact on me, for which I am very thankful. I would very much like to hear from those who taught me and from those who were with me in training. (11519 LeHavre Dr., Potomac, Md., 20854; 301-983-0905)

FROM MARTY CURTIN ('65): Though I was formally associated with the Marist Brothers for just four years, the Marist family has been part of my life for more than I can remember. My uncle, Bernard, continues as a Marist in the Philippines. He recently celebrated his golden jubilee and I got to see quite a few Marists at the celebration in Bayonne. My grandfather, Michael, for years lived at the gatehouse at Esopus. Our introduction to Marists through my family's visits to him will never be forgotten. It was on those visits that my brothers and I first learned to hit a golf ball, thanks to a Br. John who was cooking there one summer. My father had been in the juniorate for some of his high school when it was in Pksie at St. Ann's Hermitage.

Since I left Marist, I started working for IBM at Endicott, New York. My wife Livy and I were married in 1971 and now are proud parents of six youngsters ranging in age from 13 to 4. This past summer we were driving back from Kingston when we took time to go to Esopus to show the kids where their great grandfather had lived and to see the rest of the grounds. I had stopped in before to see Br. John Berchmans when in the area on business.

Currently my time outside of work is mostly taken up with the children and with serving on the Catholic school board in our county. Livy is actively involved in Birthright in our area, serving as a counselor as well as a speaker to area high school and CCD classes. Hello to all. (206 North Knight Avenue, Endwell, N. Y., 13760)

FROM BR. ANGUS WILKINSON ('49): May I join the many who have sent congratulations for the Marists All venture. Currently I'm in a joint project involving the Marist Fathers and the Marist Missionary Sisters here in Crown Heights, Brooklyn. The work combines soup kitchen, food pantry, and the like, along with such things as immigration. A trifle different from the classroom, but very interesting. Prayers. (St. Francis of Assisi, 319 Maple Street, Brooklyn, New York, 71225).

FROM TONY UANINO ('64): After teaching at Marist in Chicago, 1968-69, and leaving the Brothers, I taught at Chaminade High School in Mineola, long Island, for five years. Then I moved into public education, first at Jericho High and then I taught computers and math at Northport High, where my department head was Jim Morrissey, another former Marist and a great, great mentor to whom I am deeply indebted.

I now live in Florida, having ventured first into a family motel operation and then into managing four motels for a management company. I was fortunate to be offered a position with Bellemead Development Corp. as Director of Operations (sounds impressive, but it's really nitty gritty daily management); life here has been good to me. Cathy and I are blessed (though, Lord knows, we sometimes wonder) with three boys and a girl ranging from 16 to 8 years of age, and we thank the Lord by staying active in our parish. I am on the finance committee; I help on Church social events; and I am a minister of the Eucharist. Living in Florida, we have learned to expect visitors every day, and we love it. Disney bound Marists, here's our current address: (922 Lemon Rd., South Daytona, Fl., 32019; 904-788-0577).

FROM DICK (Stephen Aloysius) BRANNIGAN ('50): I've been in printing and publication advertising work for twenty years at the University of Wisconsin, Oshkosh. Charlie Scott is ninety miles west of here working at what I'm sure he, in his dubious humility, considers our Mother house, UW, Madison. I'm also in touch with Bill Powers, his daughter is my godchild, and with Ken Voegtle whose prodigious efforts to reach out to so many of us is appreciated so much.

I am married with three children, ages 27, 20, and 18. They have fairly good records so far, none on the police blotter. Relatively good health all around ... speech impediment cleared up so well that I can actually go out and order what I want to eat, not just what I am able to pronounce. Things do work out in time. Piano still a hobby ... fun moonlighting from time to time. I feel that my active Marist years gave me a spiritual substance that has carried me further than I ever dreamed it would.

I remember: Saturday morning fasts at Esopus juniorate, then hoeing the dirt away from cobblestone gutters or scrubbing the worn marble stairway in the mansion ... the smell of incense in that exquisite chapel overlooking the Hudson ... Brother Edmund teaching us Gregorian chant, pointing a finger at someone falling asleep in the back row, "Next note, Haggerty!" ... the handball courts ... making Christmas garlands ... dinner time signals for passing certain foods ... singing the plaintive Salve Regina, ice hockey in Tyngsboro ... pouring cement

columns with Brother Nilus for the new chapel in Poughkeepsie ... the first cassock ... and wondering, when about to become "canonically detached," if I would ever hear from any of these swell guys ever again, I wonder no longer. This newsletter is the answer, warm and friendly voices from a never-to-be-forgotten slice of our common past, I would welcome a handshake out of that past. (1814 Fairview Street, Oshkosh, WI., 54091)

FROM JOHN (Arnold Damian) CURRY ('35): You cannot imagine the flood of nostalgia Marists All unleashed in me. Will contribute a few words despite my ailment: procrastination. I don't dare put the pen down or rewrite this rough draft; (110 North 17th St., Prospect Pk, N. J. 07513)

FROM ARTHUR (Jude Thomas) LAVIGNE ('56): As was mentioned in the last issue of the newsletter, Albert (Felix Michael) Shurkus was diagnosed as having cancer in the spring of 1987, and so had been on total disability from his theology teaching position at Riviere College in Nashua, N. H. Now we wish to inform you that on January 20, 1988, Al died quietly and peacefully at his home in the ever present love of his family. Enclosed is the eulogy that was delivered at Al's funeral Mass by Doctor Michael Quigley, Al's colleague and friend. With your permission we'd appreciate being able to share it with Al's extended Marist family in the next issue of the newsletter.

ABOUT ALBERT "Mike" SHURKUS ('43): Excerpts from a eulogy by Michael Quigley:

In the lives of all men and women there are special occasions when we are called upon to give testimony on behalf of our friends. To those of us who have known him in the twenty years he has been at Rivier College Al Shurkus has consistently taught an invaluable lesson of how to find peace in daily living, and how to find in the dark times of life a ray of hope, of humor and joy. To those of us privileged to work closely with this gentle giant, we know the secret from whence his great peace of soul and gentle spirit originated; it lies in his profound Christian faith, his understanding of the ultimate reasons for our earthly existence, and of how life ought to be lived in harmony with others.

His greatest joy throughout the thirty years of his professional career has been to spend time inside and out of the classroom with students young and old, providing them with spiritual insight and understanding essential to living a life of personal fulfillment and happiness. And over the period of his illness Al taught perhaps the most effective lesson in his life, how to accept the devastating loss of health, how to live with intense physical pain and suffering, and how to face one's own approaching death with serenity. No textbook, no dissertation, no teacher other than one of Al's spiritual stature could provide us with such an eloquent lesson. (Mrs. Lucille Shurkus, 4 Mary Vale Lane, Burlington, Mass., 01803)

RECENTLY DECEASED BROTHERS:

Br. Michael "Jerry" O'Keefe ('42), January 1988
 Br. Timothy Mark O'Rourke ('27), March 1988
 Br. Reginald Theodore ('44), March 1988
 Br. Henry Charles ('08), April 1988

Jerry died in Bayonne after a long illness; he had spent many years in the Philippines. Mark had been at a nursing home in Florida the last few years.

Reggie died in the Philippines after serving there many years. Br. Henry Charles died at the age of 95; he had been retired in Esopus for a number of years. Br. Henry had been in the first U.S. novice group; he had been a director and a provincial at a young age, and was master of novices in the early 1940's.

Evelyn Fisher, a well liked art teacher at Marist College, passed away in May of 1987. She was a help to many of the monks over the years. It might be fitting that we inject this belated news note in our next newsletter.

FROM BR. DOMINIC O'BRIEN ('52): I do appreciate getting the news on so many of the men with whom I spent the early years of my Marist life. I have been involved in outside of school religious education since 1971. I was one of the first DRE's in New Jersey, And I spent a year working with the Glenmary Society in Appalachia; while in Kentucky, I found the monks most supportive in every way. Since 1975 I have been in Youth Ministry, the first person hired in the Archdiocese of Newark with that title. From 1980 to 1986, I worked for the Archdiocese of Hartford, primarily involved in a variety of retreat programs for high school and college age youth. The years I spent in that archdiocese were among the most fulfilling in my career.

Now I am back in parish youth ministry in New Jersey, a very frustrating and very difficult job. But these are the people who really are the Church of the future. Right now my biggest project is an archdiocesan rally called Youthfest '88, at which we hope to gather 600 teenagers in March. Although I have not lived in community with the Brothers since 1974, I do try to get to all the major affairs and to an annual retreat. Keep me on the mailing list. (668 Ridgewood Road, Washington Township, N. J., 07675; phone: 201-664-6519)

FROM JOE OLIVET ('64) : Since I left the order from St. Mary's High in 1969, life has been a series of ups and downs. I have been an elementary school teacher in the New York City Public School System since February, 1970. For five years I was stationed at PS 75 in "Fort Apache", two blocks from that famous police station. I taught third grade for one term, then physical education for four years. When the neighborhood burned down in 1975, I was transferred to another school, PS 107, in the Soundview section of the Bronx. I am still there. In eighteen years I have taught second, third, and fourth grades. I like to feel that the motto of Blessed Champagnat "Doing good quietly" has been fulfilled in my career.

My personal life has been somewhat stormy. I have been married three times. Over the years I have moved several times. Currently my wife, Millie, and I have scraped together every dime we had and bought a modest house in Middletown, N. Y, I have a son, Joey, now fifteen, from my first marriage; I have always had custody of him and have raised him by myself. He is now in the ninth grade in Middletown High School. Millie has a daughter, Yvette; she is nine. Over the years I have had my ups and downs with religion, too. However, I feel very comfortable going to Church and being in the fold again. I was quite shocked to hear that Damian Melville ('65) had passed away. Can anyone shed light on the cause? (Br. Damian was killed in an auto accident while working in Appalachia the summer of 1987) (134 Rockwell Avenue, Middletown, N.Y., 10940; phone: 914-363-0607)

FROM JERRY (Stephen Luke) COX ('51): Peg and I look forward to receiving and reading each issue of Marists All. Thank you for keeping us abreast of the many corners of our Marist world. I think you know that, along with Larry

Sullivan, I was honored this past Founder's Day for chalking up twenty years at Marist College.

Last year was not an easy one for Peg and me, since we were both hospitalized within a month of each other. Stephen, Andy, and Anne Marie had to wonder about who was caring for whom in this household. While full recoveries and progress thereto remain top priorities for us, we would like to thank all our brothers and sisters for their support and prayers. A special thank you to the provincials of both provinces for remembering and passing the word.(83 Remsen Avenue, South, Wappingers Falls, N, Y., 12590)

FROM BR. RONALD PASQUARIELLO ('57): Most of you know that I have been appointed Executive Director of the Center for Theology and Public Policy -- a small think tank in Washington, where I have been Senior Fellow for the past six years. That has kept me wretchedly busy because we have been in such a serious financial state.

What most of you do not know is that I've just completed the manuscript of a book: Conversations with Andrew Greeley. Interviewing Andrew was a fascinating experience. I'm thoroughly convinced that his novels are "parables of grace," especially after having seen thousands of letters from his readers who have had religious conversions or have been brought closer to the church after reading them. The book ought to be out in June. It will be distributed through the popular book stores: Dalton, Bretano, etc. I've already published three books and a number of articles. My articles have appeared in America, NCR, Christian Century, and a number of other journals. They have all dealt with some aspect of public policy.

Finally, I've had dinner with Luciano Pavarotti. People have for years been stopping me on the street, asking if I were the singer. There were four hundred other people at the dinner on January 29, but I managed to get him to pose for a picture with me, which is now prominently displayed in my office. I do look a lot like him, though he dyes his hair and beard; I prefer the natural grey look

I have also lost eighteen pounds since the beginning of the new year; eighteen more would make me very happy, And I've joined a gym, so I'm now into pain. Keep healthy and prosperous during the new year. I'm glad so many of you are trying to keep the Marist tradition alive. (3900 Watson Place N.W, Apt G1B, Washington, D. C., 20016)

FROM REV. CHARLIE HARTLING ('59): Issue #4 of Marists All arrived in today's mail, and I have to live up to a promise I made myself when #3 arrived, It has been truly wonderful reading and re-reading about so many familiar names and places over the past several issues. I don't believe that I've ever ceased being Marist even though another call from God entered my life over ten years ago. I can remember telling everyone present at my first Mass that you can take Charlie out of the Marists, but you'll never take Marist out of Charlie. So much of who I am and even what I do today is in great measure due to the Marist Brothers who formed much of my life, from 7th grade in St. Helena's until Roselle Catholic in 1978.

During my years in Roselle from 1963 to 1978, I found myself working with a number of dedicated priests in the county CYO retreat program. I was coordinator of the program, trained spiritual directors and youth rectors, and generally found myself caught up in retreat work, and eventually heard a call to

priesthood. The years since ordination have been blessed and happy ones. I have no regrets about my decision, but I do miss so many of the monks who were friends and support for so many years. At Holy Spirit parish, I continue to do youth work and am still involved as Spiritual Director of the County CYO Office.

My nephew, a freshman at the Mount, keeps me informed of some of the people that I knew. He was quick to call about Br. Joseph Damian's death, He also raves about his math teacher, a classmate and friend, Br. Joe DiBenedetto. By the way, does anyone know of the whereabouts of John "Cookie" Maher? (971 Suburban Road, Union, N, J., 07083; 201-687-3327)

FROM JOE (Gabriel Francis) HORES ('49): Upon leaving the library at Marist College in June of 1970, I took a similar job at Pace University, which I kept till July of 1987. In that time I bought an old brownstone house in Park Slope, one of the wisest things I ever did. It is income producing in my early retirement. Now I'm taking Walt Whitman literally "loafing and inviting my soul to loaf." Hope that quote is accurate, Jerry. My loafing consists of thinking, praying, meditating, reading scripture daily, music mostly Mozart, good movies ... as the spirit moves.

I am a member of the Park Slope Methodist Church now. We were featured in early December on Bill Moyer's "God & Politics" on PBS, and in July of 1986 we became famous when we extended our pulpit to Daniel Ortega of Nicaragua. I hold a title there, Assistant Pastoral Counselor, though I'm not big on titles. The ministry is more important. Through Finley, my pastor, I met Rev. Irene Grumman, a former RC also, who is a Methodist minister, and a chaplain at the local Methodist Hospital. To Irene I explained my desire to work with AIDS patients. She introduced me to Eddy, a 35 year old local man, married with family, none of whom knew he was ill. He'd been a drug addict most of his life. I visited Eddy twice a week for about six weeks. We became friends. I was with Eddy on the afternoon before he died and prayed for him. I am now with my third patient who will shortly be released. I will get an ID card which permits me to have access to the hospital at any time. All I do is listen to them and offer whatever help I can give.

My future is not certain yet. I could sell the house, tired of landlording, and resettle in Florida, but I will decide what to do when the time is ripe. God has been good. So many recollections of those Marist years. Fortunately most are really good; so good that I can say as my beloved Piaf sang, "Je ne regrette rien." (393 10th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., 11215)

GUS SAYS: I see Clem Martin (Luke Anselm '49) from time to time. His condition is not good. A general breakdown because of the diabetes; general strength, eye sight, and general movement all seem to be in decline, but he fights on; he is a first class person. Prayerful remembrance for him, for Secora, and for the rest of the family is fitting.

BUSINESS UP DATE: We are most grateful for all contributions to help defray the costs of this newsletter. We try to make some type of personal acknowledgement to all contributors. We do not by policy quote allusions to contributions in the newsletter. There have been several exceptions to this policy, when reference to contributions affected the tone of the news content of the correspondence. Expenses of the last issue totaled \$194. We now have enough funds for three more issues. We've had more than enough news for this issue;

we've even had to cramp and to hold back some of the more recent correspondence; **BUT WILL THERE BE ENOUGH NEWS FOR THE NEXT ISSUE?** Clearly there is a wealth of personal news out there; and as is evident throughout the newsletter, your friends would be most pleased to hear from you!

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