



## ISSUE # 26

### February 1994

FROM BR. LEONARD VOEGTLE ('50): Thanks for the most recent issue of Marists All, which reached me in Rome, with the hint that I write something about the chapter. This was my fourth participation in chapter since '67, as you know, and by far it was the best in every respect. To begin with, the Generalate itself is a much more livable place: new paint job, new heating system, new windows, new kitchen, better and more abundant food served cafeteria style from steam tables, real table cloths, several 24-hour-a-day "coffee bars" with everything from espresso and cappuccino to soft drinks, fruit juices, and beer on tap ... and in the chapter hall, carpeting, comfortable chairs, and rented state-of-the-art translation and voting equipment.

The main corridor, where the portraits of the superiors general are hung, was devoted to a series of displays. The first was of photos and other information about our houses, schools, and other apostolates; the next was of Marist publications and art work (including T-shirts and baseball caps) from around the world.

Dress was very casual. Only two monks wore cassocks all the time, and neither wore it as a "statement" or as "battle flag.." A few wore cassocks or suits to our papal audience, but standard dress at home was sport shirts and slacks or shorts depending on the weather. I guess the only uniformity in dress occurred the day the U.S. provinces gave every capitulant a blue baseball cap with "MARIST" embroidered on it in red and white! The sheafs of statistics we were given show that most of us are still in schools; that more than half the monks live in communities of fewer than ten; that our average age worldwide is 55.5 (Venezuela is youngest at 38.5, Switzerland oldest at 66.3); that Esopus averages at 56.4, Poughkeepsie at 57.8; and that since '78 each U.S. province has diminished by an average of four monks per year.

Spirit among the capitulants was the best I've ever seen. The overt or hidden tensions and suspicions of past chapters had vanished, in large part I think, because now we've all lived through the same cultural and religious upheaval, and we're all facing the same challenges, as was evident from the strong convergence of responses to the questions that arose in discussion groups and in the assembly. A great help was that so many use English now as a second language, and that so many of the "anglophones" also spoke Spanish and/or French. Incidentally, there were twenty Marist College grads among the capitulants, secretaries, translators, and permanent community.

On October 7th we elected our new superior general, a man from Spain named Benito Arbues; he had been vicar. Our new vicar general is Sean Sammon, provincial of Poughkeepsie. Ceremonies following the elections were very moving, because of their solemnity and because of their symbolic links with the past ... like the ringing of the big bell from our former mother house in Grugliasco, which has announced the election of every new superior general since 1907 ... like the procession from the chapter hall to the chapel with the

relic of Marcellin and his favorite statue of "the Good Mother" being carried ahead of us, followed immediately by Benito, Charles, and Basilio.

A week later, we elected eight councillors, two from the Spanish-speaking group, one each from among the French, Portuguese, and English speakers, and three more "at large." The end result was a young and well-balanced council. The oldest is 56, the youngest is 42, their average age is 49.5. Only two were in the previous administration. Three are from Europe (France, Britain, and Spain), three from Latin America (Central America, Peru, and Brazil), two from North America (Canada and the United States), one from Africa (a Spaniard from Zambia and Kenya), and one from Oceania (an Australian who has also worked in India). Only Claudino, the Brazilian, doesn't speak English; only Sean doesn't speak French.

A Brother from inside China was able to get a passport and visa to be with us as an observer. He told us some of his story (see later page of this newsletter). We also listened to the superior of our Brothers in Angola, telling of the horrible conditions there (see later page of this issue).

On a happier note, the first Haitian Marist Brother made first profession last September. You already know that the first Liberian Marist made his profession last June; two others from Liberia are presently in the inter-provincial novitiate in Ghana. Recently the Brothers who returned to Hungary two years ago were finally able to open a school in Gyor. And next September seven Brothers will refound our work in Cuba; as you recall Castro put all 120 Marist Brothers working in that country on two planes one day in 1959 and sent them off to Miami! Cuba's loss was others' gain; those men eventually opened schools in nearly every country in Central America.

Joining us on September 12th for evening prayer and a picnic supper in the central courtyard was a Marist family gathering of about 300 strong: the whole chapter of the Marist Fathers, the general councils of the Marist Sisters and of the Marist Missionary Sisters, and a few Sisters of Our Lady of the Missions (one of the forerunners of the Marist Missionary Sisters).

A group of men and women from a dozen or so countries spent a week with us, sharing their impressions of the Brothers and their hopes for what we can offer them, especially through the Champagnat Movement: spirituality, vision, leadership, and collaboration in ministry. Many found them a real challenge and inspiration.

Our papal audience this time was the best yet: no speeches! Papa shook hands with each of us, gave us a simple blessing, and was off to his next group: the bishops from New York State, whom we met on our way in. Ed Head and Pat Ahern are graduates of our schools, and others know us from meetings and other official contacts, so we Americans chatted with them for a time.

Meanwhile, the chapter commissions worked along, experiencing the usual problems and tensions involved in trying to express common ideas in words that suit our various cultures and languages. We agreed from the outset that we wanted no more long documents, just one brief message to the whole congregation and another to our lay associates and friends, accompanied by equally brief "orientation papers" from each commission presenting their vision of what we should be and what we should do for the next eight years.

We completed our work on the 23rd of October, and I flew back on the 25th. Since then I have been recovering from jet-lag and catching up with mail and translating the Formation Guide, approved in draft form in 1985 and finalized at this chapter. After spending the past weekend in Bellport, I'm back to the tribunal tomorrow!

Thought you'd appreciate the enclosed memorial card pertaining to Berky, our new intercessor in heaven ... and Notre Dame's also; no wonder the Irish are on a winning streak!. (1241 Kennedy Boulevard, Bayonne, New Jersey, 07002; 201-437-4115)

FROM DAN (Daniel Augustine) HANLEY ('57): About a month ago I was invited to the home of Russell and Shirley Therriault. I enjoyed the evening talking about what had happened to each of us during the last 33 years. Russell's personality has not changed. He looks a little older, but he is still the confident, humble person I remember from the Novitiate and the Scholasticate. His address is: 814 Fleming Way, Pensacola, Florida, 32514. Little did we know, but our sons had known each other for the last eight years. They are both into music and have a mutual friend.

After he taught at Central Catholic High in Wheeling, West Virginia, Russell joined the Marines and flew as a navigator in the reconnaissance version of the F-4. He arrived in Vietnam about three months after I rotated back. During his tour in the Marines, he did test out the F-4's Martin Baker ejection seat twice. Russell said he had met another former Brother, a person in the Air Force, at the Da Nang club.

Since the military, Russell has been teaching the 8th grade at a middle school in Pensacola. In the beginning of 1993 he was hospitalized for five months with a ruptured gall bladder. He dropped about fifty pounds, but is gradually regaining his weight. He said he expects to start teaching again in January.

Russell told me that in the early 1980's Christopher Columbus High School came to Pensacola to play a Class 5A football game. Our little Pensacola Catholic High School is usually Class 2A and does not get to play any of the big schools. It is the only Catholic high school in the Pensacola Tallahassee missionary diocese in northwest Florida. (2731 Semoran Drive, Pensacola, Florida, 32503)

FROM ROBERT (Joseph Kevin) COLLINS ('53): Three years since my first blurb to Marists All when I promised a post Tyngsboro bio-sketch: First job out of the monks was at the Port Authority of New York/New Jersey with studies at Fordham at night. A cocktail or two before classes; in a year's time it was cocktails any time ... and no more Port job or Fordham! The disease of alcoholism that was killing my parents was beginning its work on me. Work in construction seemed to be a wise move, as the money was good and drinking was condoned.

Married a beautiful Yorkville "narrowback" in '63, Anne Kearns, and we were blessed with Robert, Kevin, and Kathleen. By '74 the drinking was totally out of control, and I was incapable of being either husband or father. Re-enter God ... through that marvelous fellowship, Alcoholics Anonymous ... in August of 1974: Both Anne and I have been sober, active members since, and life has been beyond my wildest dreams.

Anne is an alcoholism and drug counselor and a Eucharistic minister. I completed college at Adelphi University and work as a steamfitter. I was an EAP in my union for a time. For the last 14 years I've taught classes part time in the state DWI program at Stony Brook University, and I love it. I am a lector in our parish. Anne and I are the happy grandparents of Kiera, daughter of Kevin.

Through Marists All, I was re-connected with Br. Luke Driscoll, my teacher, my mentor, my friend. Last May, Anne and I attended Brother Luke's 60th Marist anniversary at Roselle Catholic. What a gift of a day! Seeing Brothers Richie Shea, Dan Grogam, Tom Delaney ... flooded me with memories of my Marist past. Thank you all, for you are, indeed, the finest men I have ever met. "He who sustains us is the God of strength."  
(1 Kimberly Avenue, Farmingville, N. Y. 11738)

FROM BR. JOE BELANGER ('43): Truly a very eventful year, a blessed year, was 1993. The Brothers celebrated us as Jubilarians on the first of May in Roselle, and Cardinal O'Connor hosted us at Dunwoodie the following Saturday. We had a big celebration at Marist College on May 15th with Mass and dinner starting at 4 p.m. with over 150 relatives, alums, and friends joining in the festivities.

On June 1st, I left for a trip to broaden my perspectives for my World Cultures course. The Brothers in Kobe, Japan, were in finals, but I managed on my own to see Shinsendo temple and garden in Kyoto and Himeji Castle south of Kobe. My three days in Seoul, Korea, were the most revealing of the trip, because I knew so little about Korea. With Br. Gerry Brereton guiding me everywhere, I learned about the hundreds of Korean martyrs of the last century at Chol Tu San hill, next to the Brothers' residence. No wonder the Korean people are so religious. The Brothers have no schools in Korea, but they run retreat houses and work in several leprosaria. I particularly enjoyed talking with all the Brothers. The welcome everywhere was so warm. So many good people everywhere doing so much good. A great feeling of solidarity.

My next stop was in New Zealand where I spent one week with Xavier Ryan, former professor at Marist College, now working ecologically a 120-acre compound with cattle, hundreds of trees, and a vegetable garden, and hosting retreatants and lecturing periodically at colleges and parishes. Six wonderful days of peace and dialogue. Before and after Onerahi, I spent several days with the Brothers in Auckland. New Zealand is, indeed, paradise on earth. Beautiful virgin country, now being bought up by Japanese and others. It was winter down under, but fortunately temperatures in New Zealand and in Sydney, Australia, were mild, about 50-60F. St. Joseph's College in Sydney is a showcase of secondary education in Australia. It puts many a university college in the USA to shame with its outstanding academic, cultural, and athletic facilities.

The flight from Sydney to Bangkok to Athens took some 19 hours, followed by an eight hour layover in Athens and very tight security before boarding for Tel Aviv. The only stop where there were no Marist Brothers was Jerusalem. At the Franciscan hostel at New Gate/Jaffa Gate I made good friends, but I wanted primarily to see Jerusalem and Bethlehem and to pray and meditate; and that is what I did. And I visited Vad Yashem, where the Marist Brothers have their tree and plaque for having helped several dozen Jews in Hungary escape the Holocaust.

On June 29th, I flew to Paris where I spent six days catching up with friends and alums and with shopping for books and realia. Then I was off to Madrid on July 5th for a week with my brother Ernie and his wife Alicia; their children Amaya and Diego were off with friends backpacking through Eastern and Western Europe for the month. We had a superb dinner to celebrate birthdays and wedding anniversary. That capped a great cool week in Madrid. Yes, cool in July in Madrid. Unbelievable!

Back in the USA, in Lawrence, there was an August 1st family celebration of my Golden Jubilee, where all the nephews and nieces and boyhood friends gathered for another very good time.

A bright spot in our life at Marist College these days is the weekly dinners in my apartment with the Brothers on campus: Brothers Paul Ambrose, Richard Rancourt, Don Kelly in math, Greg DelaNoy in English, Joe Sacino in Management Studies, and Tom Delaney, mentor. Joining us on occasion are Br. MichaelWilliams, Campus Ministry, and Br. John Nash, Counseling Services. (Marist College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12601; 911--575-3040)

MARIST FROM MAINLAND CHINA AT CHAPTER:  
Thanks to Br. Leonard Voegtle

A Brother from inside China was able to get a passport and visa to be with us as an observer at the recent chapter. He is the youngest Brother left there. He told us some of his story: "My name is Norbert. I am a Marist Brother from communist China. No amount of words can adequately recount the situation of the Brothers in China. I shall thus confine myself to relating my own experiences and feelings.

"In 1958 I was forced to join a factory as an electrician. I remained there until my retirement last December on reaching my 60th birthday. During the Cultural Revolution in 1966 I was persecuted because I was falsely accused of having a radio transmitter and a gun to carry out anti-communist activities. My fellow worker had me arrested and locked in the latrine which was covered with a makeshift board. During the day I had to reflect and write reports about my life history, my association with the Brothers, and the wrongdoings I had committed against "the people."

At night I was subjected to interrogations and was not allowed to sleep. I only managed to catch an occasional cat-nap. At times I was beaten.

"Life was uncertain and horrifying, as there was every possibility of being executed. There were people who were summarily put to death without any offense or accusation. My only support was Our Lord Jesus, his own false accusations and his crucifixion. My religious faith enabled me to face false witnesses and imminent death without fear.

"Unable to uncover any evidence against me, they released me after two months. I was then put under house arrest. Every one of my activities was monitored and was controlled. I was housed in a room nine feet by fifteen, with seven other people. I could only say a few short prayers lying in bed at night. This lasted ten years. At times I had to hang around my neck a two foot square wooden board with the inscription "Reactionary Catholic Brother," and then to parade through the streets. People jeered and hurled false accusations and insults at me.

"My sufferings, however, were light in comparison to those that other Brothers went through. Some were found hung upside down by their feet at night in warehouses. Others were starved to death, and others had to scrounge for leaves and roots to keep alive. Words cannot really express what they have gone through. It is they who deserve our respect and admiration, not I."

Leonard's follow-up: I'm sure the members of every other religious order in China, as well as many dedicated Christian lay people, have similar stories to tell. Our Brothers went to China from France in 1890. About a dozen French and Chinese Brothers were killed during the Boxer Rebellion. By 1950 there were some 259 men in the Chinese province, most of them were locals. The Europeans were expelled. Many of the Chinese who could, fled the country. Some abandoned religious life, but about 60 remained, and all of them eventually wound up in prison for up to 30 years. Eleven are still alive, all are retired, living with their families or in small communities. We had no contact with them for over 30 years, but Charles Howard managed to see them all last year. Now the Brothers from outside go home regularly to visit.

FROM JOHN WESP ('65): Thanks for including my name on your mailing list. I have lost touch with most of the Marist family. I do see Bill White about once a year. I saw Bob Joyce until the last ten years. I have not seen Bill Parker for five years or Jim Guldner for 14. years or Brian Levens for eight years or Ron Gillespie for four years. Anyway the letters are great (82 Main Avenue, Centereach, N. Y. 11720)

BR. RONALD MARCELLIN POCHINTESTA ('57) R.I.P.  
from Br. James Maher ('53)

As you know Br. Ronald Marcellin passed away last June. He had become a legend with our students at Molloy and was highly esteemed by the members of the faculty. Ron asked that I speak at his Mass. I'm enclosing the memories I shared with his friends in a standing room only church. Perhaps you can select a few excerpts for the newsletter. "Ronald Marcellin was always full of energy, full of life. There was even a special rhythm and bounce in his walk. One would think musical tunes constantly played in his head; periodically he would burst into song, snapping his fingers to the tempo. He was always on the move, singing, enjoying life, enjoying people.

Ron attributed the tiredness that was plaguing him for several weeks to a bug. He had not seen a doctor for close to 40 years. Later Dr. DeAngelis told me, "I had never seen him before, but I took one look at him in the waiting room and I knew that this was a very sick man." The dreaded C word; cancer had started to spread through his entire system. From that point on, his most reliable friend, Br. John Raeihle, took care of his every need. Should you be looking for an intercessor on the other side of life, one who really enjoys helping others, pray to Ron Marcellin. I can picture him standing before God last Saturday morning saying, "Let's not waste time reviewing my life, put me to work."

Ron first came to Molloy in 1959, the year after I did. The tone of my math and English classes was, as it still is, no nonsense, we're here to work. The tone of Ron's language class was, we're going to have a great experience together. I envied him and wanted to be more like him. One day I spied on his class from the hallway and watched him sitting on top of Molloy's four foot high teacher's desk, dangling his feet, and laughing and enjoying himself, The students were

orderly and obviously enjoying themselves, too. When I tried to adjust my style, it was like putting on a suit five sizes too big. It just didn't fit.

Ron had a wonderful gift. Some of the alumni I spoke with put it so well. "He was one who could really translate love into a classroom." Ron never had a problem student. Teachers who replaced him couldn't believe their eyes. John Raeihle said, "Kids sensed that Ron respected them, that he always saw the good in them. He connected with them in so many ways ... their music, their clothes, their grooming, their movies, their lingo. Even at 59 he was expert on every facet of adolescence.

When Ron returned to Molloy in 1977 he asked if he could have the janitor's room in the basement so that his classroom activities would not intrude upon other classes. Last Saturday night I decided to visit this venerable shrine known as "the Cave." God, what an ugly place! Unsightly grey heating ducts crisscross the ceiling. The walls are a sick pistachio green. There is still a slop sink in the corner. Two old worn out couches and twenty-four plastic chairs are strewn about in this 12 by 12 windowless room. Depressing! but not for the students who experienced Ronald Marcellin in this room.

One time, as my duty required, I decided to visit and to evaluate the learning atmosphere in "the Cave." Ron promptly introduced me to the class and invited me to explain to the students the role and experiences of an administrator at Molloy. After, he laughed that I wouldn't be able to give him a bad evaluation without criticizing my own presentation. That was my last visit to "the Cave" ... until Saturday. No amount of money can replace a Ron Marcellin in a school. As one student put it, "He made me realize what "Non Scholae Sed vitae" really means. He was unique. Truly God's channel of love to us.(Molloy, 83-53 Manton St., Jamaica, N. Y. 11435; 718-441-2100)

#### BROTHER FROM ANGOLA (AT CHAPTER):

Thanks to Br. Leonard Voegtle

One day at the recent chapter we listened to the superior of our Brothers in Angola, where the civil war, like those in so many other countries, has nearly come to a halt any number of times, and then resumed again in full fury because one warlord or another thinks that the peace settlement isn't giving him a big enough slice of the pie! The story of the sufferings and incredible resilience of the Brothers (several of whom are hostages of one of the rebel factions) and of the whole Angolan people was moving enough, but the video he had was gut wrenching. Filmed during the battle for one of the major towns, it would certainly never have played on commercial TV in the States; the scenes of violence, death, mutilation and other forms of human agony were horrible, all the more so for being "the real thing" and not some Hollywood fantasy.

FROM MIKE (Michael Vincent) KELLY ('50): Thanks for your continuing efforts to keep us all together through Marists All. I thought you might be interested in hearing that I met with one of our far-off members recently. During a trip to Japan in early October I had the pleasure of meeting with Rick Jambor (Anthony Dominic '50) and his charming wife, Kimiko. We only had time for a short visit regrettably. We met in the Onaka railway station, where we feasted on Italian food, Japanese style. It was a big improvement over other meals which included raw fish livers, cod scales, shrimp eaten from head to tail. However, there was always the "American breakfast" to keep us from going completely

native. For that, all you needed was \$42, and you could leave the table happy, but much poorer.

It was great seeing Rick again after so many years. As he said, it was like the good old days, "as if not a day had passed since our last meeting." For the benefit of those who do not know, Rick is teaching at a women's college and appears to be doing a marvelous job joining two cultures that increasingly must learn to survive together in the global market place.

My trip to Japan was sponsored by the U.S. Government which requested an evaluation of the status of high-volume, low-cost electronic technology in Japan. I headed a committee of twelve people who visited about fifteen Japanese companies over eight days. When you see a Sony factory building camcorders, with almost no people present, you have a much better appreciation of why Japan is dominating the consumer electronic business. The United States has a major challenge to face if it is to compete in future electronic based industries.

I have been trying to convince the academic community at Georgia Tech that the value systems of yesterday just don't cut the mustard when preparing students for tomorrow's work environment. It may not surprise you to hear that nobody wants to change ... except the President of Tech, and he expects to be fired within the next few months. So much for change!

Keep up the good work. (575 Mt. Vernon Highway, Atlanta, Ga. 30327)

FROM BOB FALISEY ('65): Approximately a week ago, my mother had the opportunity to meet Brother Godfrey Robertson at the New York Opera. The discussion came onto the Marist Brothers, and she was informed by Br. Godfrey that you were involved with coordinating the organization of former Marists. I would be very much interested in getting involved with old friends and would be pleased to have you put me on your mailing list. I was in the Marist Tyngsboro Novitiate in 1964-66. That experience had a very positive effect on my life. (529 Washington Boulevard, #595, Marina del Rey, Ca. 90292; 310-305-1015)

JUBILARIANS: 1994

50th: Br. John Francis Colbert, 4300 Murdock Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 10466

50th: Br. Alphonse Louis Dubois, 3000 SW 87th Avenue, Miami, Fl. 33165

50th: Br. Adolph Leo, Box 197, Esopus, New York, 12429

50th: Br. Edward Francis Vollmer, Box 95, Bellport, New York, 11713

55th: Br. Conan Vincent Dineen, Box 428, Lawrence, Ma. 01841

55th: Br. Stephen Urban Minogue, 101-40 92nd Street, Ozone Park, New York, 11416

55th: Br. Joseph Teston, 1920 Highland Avenue, Augusta, Ga. 30904

60th: Br. Clement Legare, 4200 West 115th Street, Chicago, Il. 60655

60th: Br. Philip McEnaney, 4200 West 115th Street, Chicago, Il. 60655

65th: Br. Emile Michael Bernard, 26 Leeds Terrace, Lawrence, Ma. 01843

FROM ED JENNINGS ('65): A photograph and a Christmas card are two treasured mementos that I have of Br. John Berchmans. In the photo I am standing with Brother John in front of the Esopus Rec Hall fireplace. The aging snapshot reveals the fact that I was extremely pleased to be photographed with my juniorate prefect. Indeed., among his many talents Brother John was an expert at making kids feel special.



In later years, as an adult, I was again fortunate to spend time with Brother John. For ten summers Br. Mike Driscoll and I volunteered, along with others, to work with Berky on the Esopus property. Although we were nearing forty years of age, we were still known as his boys, or more often as his slaves: He worked us hard, but there was always much fun and good natured kidding in both directions. Berky enjoyed "passing remarks" about the fact that Mike and I liked to read during our free time. He would often cajole or inspire us into accomplishing challenging tasks by telling us that there was "no danger," or with a twinkle in his eye, asking us if we had the faith of the mustard seed. Mike and I discontinued our volunteering around 1985 when we finally realized that we were not kids any more and that we could no longer keep up with Brother John!

On the misty Saturday morning of September 18, 1993, my friend Rosemary and I drove up to Esopus to attend Brother John's funeral service. The day was most memorable:

Br. Stephen Urban delivered a masterful and heartfelt eulogy, and near the end of the service a number of individuals shared humorous anecdotes about Berky. It was a fitting tribute to a wonderful man.

I often think about Brother John, not only about the many ways he has influenced me but perhaps more importantly about the ways he cheered and encouraged me. The Christmas card from him contains a handwritten note: "Ed, I miss your cheerful company. You are always welcome in Esopus even if you read your damn book. Don't fail to come if you have a chance. Your close friend, Br. John." Clearly, Berky had a way of making adults, too, feel special. (86-15 Broadway, Elmhurst, New York, 11373)

DECEASED:

Two Marist Brothers died this past November.

BR. STEPHEN EMILE FORGUES ('28) died in Lawrence of age and of complications from pneumonia. "Bee" was nearly 88 years of age; he had celebrated his 65th anniversary of profession in 1993.

BR. VICTOR EUGENE MENARD ('36) died in Miami several weeks after sustaining a stroke.

"Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord, ..."

FROM DONALD (Brian Dennis) MULCARE ('57): Marists All's issue 23 was one powerful piece of motivational material. The "pre-Mount reunion" issue and the one that arrived today are outpourings of affirmation for the tremendous value of this newsletter. It is always appreciated, especially when there are items from or about friends.

Although I never had the opportunity to spend much time with Br. John Berchmans, he was known to me through the frequent stories told by those who revered him. Marists All has included some recent references. Sharing such stories is important, for it may lead to the incorporation of these memories in a biography of Brother John. His life should be recorded for future Marist family members and for the world.

I am not sure of all that is involved with the connection of Brother John with Notre Dame. His burial coincided with a remarkable performance by the team he cheered. Brother John now has one of the best seats at all future Notre Dame games and is no doubt helping in every way he can.

This has been a very "Marist" week for me. A member of my St. Agnes High School class of 1956 called to stir up interest in the Alumni Association. He gave me the phone number of another alumnus, whom I have not seen in more than 37 years, I called and was happy to hear how well that person was doing as a Professor of Philosophy and Religion in a community college in Florida. He has written a book and is looking for a publisher. There are surprisingly few members of that class known to the alumni association. If anyone out there has information on any St. Agnes alumni, the information could be passed to the association at the new St. Agnes address: 555 West End Avenue, New York, 10024.

In one of the issues distributed in 1990 there was a note from Father Charles Collins. He said that he was dying of cancer. If there was a subsequent story, I missed it.

Can you add anything at this time? (Editors' note: We too have wondered about Charlie's health, He is still on our mailing list, and there has been no "return to sender.") Don Mulcare, 105 Long Road, Fairhaven, Ma. 02719)

FROM MARTHA "Judy" KAMMER: For some time I have wanted to say how I have enjoyed the GMC picnics at the Mount. I have attended many of them, and have met there many fine men and women. I have been particularly impressed how most have continued in service-oriented fields. Especially deserving of great admiration are some who have been lovingly heroic in caring for elderly, incapacitated parents in their homes over extended periods of time. I remember their stories, those of Marty Lang and Jack Duggan and Bob Reynolds and those of their wives.

And I also want to say that there is something special about the many fine Marist Brothers I have met. Over the past 25 years it has been my good fortune to experience Marist simplicity, charity, and warm hospitality in all my Marist encounters. I will never forget Jude Driscoll and Berky and Minn and Joe Abe and the retired monks who were in Tyngsboro and Cold Springs in earlier years. I have been welcomed by the Brothers in Poughkeepsie, in Esopus, in Lawrence, in Bayonne, in Chicago, in Wheeling, in Augusta, as well as in Spain, in Belgium, at the Generalate in Rome, and especially at the Hermitage in France. I am sure that I could speak for the feminine element associated with the Greater Marist Community in saying that we are grateful to the Brothers for their pleasant acceptance of us and for their genuine kindness toward us, (476 La Playa, Edgewater, Florida, 32141)

NEWS NOTES: The provincial office of the Poughkeepsie province has been moved to 26 First Avenue, Pelham, N. Y. 10803; 914-738-0740. Br. John Malich is acting provincial. The Esopus office continues at 1241 Kennedy Boulevard, Bayonne, N. J. 07002; 201-823-1115. Br. John Klein is provincial.

David Cooney ('62) suffered an attack of cerebral malaria while in Ivory Coast awaiting his plane to the States for his family visit. Once he was released from the hospital, Br. Marty Ruane ('50) accompanied him home on December 23rd. Both will remain in the States until the political situation is more stable in Liberia.

Br. Leonard Voegtle informs us that by a 4-1 vote the Vatican medical experts decided that the cure of Br. Heriberto Weber in Uruguay was not miraculous, "so we're back to square one in that department, with no other potential miracles in the wings," for the canonization process of Blessed Champagnat.

Presently in Mary Immaculate Nursing Home in Lawrence are: Br. Wallace (Charles Raymond) Hamel ('27), Br. Philip Bernard Gilbert ('31), and Br. Alcide Ouellette. Ed (Edward Finian) Canavan ('50) is in Westchester Medical with advanced diabetes.

#### JUBILARIANS: 1994

##### **30th**

Br. Timothy Brady  
 Br. Kevin Brogan  
 Br. Anthony Ciccolella  
 Br. Emil Denworth  
 Br. Michael Driscoll  
 Br. Michael Fisher  
 Br. Denis Hever  
 Br. Kenneth Hogan  
 Br. James Norton  
 Br. Thomas Petite  
 Br. Frederick Sambor  
 Br. Henry Sawicki  
 Br. Joseph Scanlon

##### **35th**

Br. John Banz  
 Br. Ronald David  
 Br. Gerard Brereton  
 Br. John Cherry  
 Br. Robert Conley  
 Br. Joseph DiBenedetto  
 Br. Francis Garza  
 Br. John Herrmann  
 Br. Richard LaRose  
 Br. Benedict LoBalbo

##### **35th**

Br. John McDonagh  
 Br. John McDonnell  
 Br. William Mielike  
 Br. Raoul Molnar  
 Br. Michael Mullin  
 Br. John Nash  
 Br. Donald Nugent  
 Br. Edmund Sheehan  
 Br. James Stevens  
 Br. Michael Williams

##### **40th**

Br. Paul Bernard  
 Br. Dennis Dunne  
 Br. Charles Marcellin  
 Br. Joseph Maura  
 Br. Richard Shea  
 Br. Hugh Turley

##### **45th**

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

EDITORS' NOTE: Much of what is in this issue of Marists All came to us shortly after issue #25 was mailed in early November of 1993. Then all of a sudden our mails dried up. However., as you see, with some difficulty we have been able to come up with a full ten-page edition. We trust you will not allow this drought to continue! We hope we can come out with an issue in May. Please mail to David Kammer, 476 LaPlaya, Edgewater, Florida, 32141; 904-426-6349; or to Gus Nolan % Marist College, Poughkeepsie, New York, 12601.