



ISSUE # 12

February 1990

FROM GEORGE HOWARD ('70): I've hesitated in writing to Marists All because I really didn't know what I wanted to say. I'm on the faculty of the department of psychology at the University of Notre Dame. I feel like I've died and gone to heaven. It is the most wonderful place I've ever lived or worked (Sorry to have to break that news to Bayonnites everywhere.) Notre Dame would be a first-class university even if it didn't have a football team ... and the team is not bad.

I was attracted to the Marist Brothers because of my love of teaching. I continue following that path in the company of first class students and facilities. Thus, all failures to motivate and learn are mine alone. I often long for the good old days at St. Helena's, where easy excuses for incompetence were all around; but, of course, no one ever gave an excuse. Excuses would have been like fresh meat for sharks like Decky, K0, Willie Maura, Jimmy Maher, Sarge, et al. If a young guy even hinted at a teaching problem, it was like saying "Bless me father ..." in the Vatican. Everyone was all ears. We learned more about teaching and education in one dinner at St. Helena's than some faculty members do in a lifetime. After twenty years of teaching, I still maintain that my best work was done at St. Helena's. And why wouldn't it be? I've never taught in the company of a more interested, knowledgeable, or enthusiastic cheering section of colleagues than I had there. Thanks for the great start, guys.

Research and writing are a big part of any professional life now. Even though they are acquired tastes, I've grown to like them. From time to time I am "encouraged" to do my share of the administrative work here. I've done stints as director of graduate studies and as chair of the department. Since I will never set the world on fire as an administrator, I will always be happy to go back to my first loves, and return to the ranks of the regular faculty.

Nancy Gulanick and I were married sixteen years ago, and we now have two sons: John Gulanick (6 years) and Gregory Howard (4 years). The boys are a handful. As many of you already know, the problem with having children a little later in life (like 35 and up) is that we just don't have the energy we once had. John is no problem in this regard; he is reasonable and mild-mannered., like his mother. But Greg never stops. "A bath? Supper? Quiet time? Be serious, Dad! There's five minutes of daylight left: Soccer balls to be kicked! Worms to be captured! Fences to be climbed! I'm outta here!" Greg's worst offense is that he reminds me of me ... thirty-seven years ago. Every evening at dusk you can see me chasing Greg down the street, losing more ground with each day.

Despite the fact that I'm a terrible correspondent (see, it took me until issue #12 to get this to Gus Nolan), I manage to keep in pretty close touch with Bill Lavigne, Kevin O'Neill, Phil Ouelette, Jimmy Shroeder, and Berkey (through Lou Holtz). But I must thank Gus and Dave for Marists All. Every issue is a fresh crop of memories of good times and good friends. If any Marists ever find

themselves snowbound in South Bend, I hope you know you have an open door at: (17044 Hampton Drive, Granger, In. 46530; 219-272-6645).

Remembering TERRY McMAHON ('56): Excerpts from a eulogy given by Tom Murphy ('51)

He was known familiarly to many as Terry and to others as JJ; and there were two passions in his life: his family and his teaching. Although long gone from the family hearth, Terry remained close to his family through the years of trials and triumphs, sorrows and sweetness, through births and through deaths. Although a bachelor, Terry was a family man; he cared for all the members of his family, and he loved them dearly.

Terry's second passion was his teaching. He took a dead language, Latin, and made it come to life. He loved the classics. He quoted from them, he read and reread them, he believed in them. On one occasion during a particularly long dialog with him, when I inevitably asked what difference the subject made, he ended the dialog with the statement: "I am human and what concerns humanity concerns me." The quote not surprisingly was from a Latin author named Terence.

More than a man of his family, more than a teacher, Terry was a unique individual. He had a singular talent for description and for turning a phrase in his conversations. He could burst the bubble of pretense, and he enjoyed a good laugh, a good party, and good companionship. Like all of us he had his flaws and he suffered; but he was not bitter. He accepted the hand life had dealt him, and he had the capacity to laugh at himself.

In the latter years of his life it became apparent that Terry had chosen to live his life on his own terms. He found his own vision of where it was at. His values were solid and Christian. In the last half dozen years, Terry chose to become a daily communicant. To visit the sick and bury the dead was part of his spiritual repertoire. I find it edifying to reflect that two weeks before his own death, Terry managed to visit Br. Kieran Thomas Brennan, who was dying at Calvary Hospital. Terry's last words to Kieran were that he would remember him at Mass and Communion; he then joined in singing the Salve Regina for Kieran.

I want to make this short and simple, something Terry would appreciate. I am very grateful to have been given this opportunity by Terry's loved ones to say these few words. I am proud to have been able to call Terry my friend, and to be called a friend by him.

FROM BR. TOM PETITTE ('64): Excerpted from a letter to friends: The memory of the beautiful Jubilee Liturgy in St. Ann's Church, Lawrence, on October 22nd will never fade. I could never begin to thank everyone who helped to make the celebration of my 25th anniversary such a memorable one. To see the poor, the middle-class, those successful in business, religious men and women, young and old, all gathered together praising God for His great gift of Jesus to our world was for me a glimpse of what heaven must be. How happy Jesus must have been to see us singing and laughing as we marched through the city with candles to St. Joseph's Community Center. Your generosity to me is very humbling. I thank you for your material gifts, but most importantly I thank you for your prayers, hugs, kisses, and affirmation. It is this Jesus living in you that makes difficult days possible, discouraging times appear filled with hope, and tired times rejuvenated. Your gifts are being used to help the poor in ways

that we do not have funds for at the Lazarus House. In your name I have the great joy of bringing the love of Jesus to those who so often are unloved and forgotten. (Box 408, Lawrence, MA. 01842; 508-689-8575)

FROM BR. LEONARD VOEGTLE: Greetings, once again from Rome, where I returned on the 10th of November after the recent meeting of all provincials in Brazil. The Superior General gave a very powerful keynote address on the challenges facing us between now and the turn of the century. We really got into the subject of which way we should direct our ministry, in the light of the signs of the times and the needs of the poor. En route to the meeting all spent a week in a Third World Country in Latin America; even those from poor countries in Africa and those from devastated countries like Lebanon found their visits an eye opener and a moment of grace.

The weather is chilly, in the 40's some days, and the house has no heating system: fuel is expensive in Brazil! So we experienced a bit of the life of the poor. I kept warm with the translating, both simultaneous and word processed. Yet it wasn't all work and no play. There were bus trips every Sunday to different scenic spots in the area, usually including a big meal in some town where the Brothers have a school. We also visited the Pontifical Catholic University, run by the Marist Brothers, in Porto Alegre. The university has 100 acres, 25 thousand students, a 600 bed hospital attached to the school of medicine, a free clinic that treats 1200 people a day, and a free dental clinic with about fifty chairs occupied all day long.

During my stay in Brazil, I certainly heard much about the problems of the South American continent: the usual mix of extreme wealth in the hands of the few and great poverty as the lot of the poor, the result of years of local mismanagement and corruption, and of dominance by First World business interests and governments protecting their investments. In Brazil more than half the population earn only the equivalent of \$80 per month. The currency has been devaluated twice in the past couple of years. Inflation is about one percent per day. The young man who cut our hair during the meeting charged 7.50 cruzeiros at first; a week later it was Cr 10. There were a lot of familiar faces at the meeting ... James Benedict (Zimbabwe), Cajetan "Cagey Joe" Joseph (Malawi).. Joachim Heng and John Lek (China), Cliff Perera (Sri Lanka), Renato Cruz (Philippines), Pedro Anselmo (master of novices for three provinces in southern Brazil), and of course Charles Bernard, a General Councillor.

I had three good weeks in the States before returning here: caught up with a few friends (including Bill Reger, who was in from Wheeling to run the NY marathon, which he did in a very creditable 3.11); got a clean bill of health; gave a presentation on Champagnat at a Marist College conference; relaxed for a week in Esopus, enjoying the silence, solitude, and fall scenery; and went to Molloy class reunion.

Now I am catching up with the pile of mail on my desk, starting to revise my translation of volume one of Champagnat's letters, and putting the final touches on volume one of our province history. Steve Urban and Sixtus Victor are here and in good shape; John McDonnell will be returning from Africa next Monday, and Phil Robert from the States around mid December. Once Basilio's course for masters of novices begins, Vic will join the staff as contact person with Italian realities and as cooking instructor.

Just got number 11 of Marists All, and it was as enjoyable as all the others. I like the frequent reference to Champagnat and how much his spirit means to all of us. The Marist Family Movement is sinking roots in a number of countries already; lay friends of the monks, and certainly former monks, are finding great inspiration and encouragement for their life and work in Marcellin's spirit and spirituality. Who knows where it may all lead in time. Peace, joy, blessings! (Fratelli Maristi; Piazza M. Champagnat, 2; C.P. 10250; 00144, Rome, Italy)

FROM BR. JOHN MALICH: Assistant Provincial Poughkeepsie Province We are inviting the Brothers to join in a novena to our Blessed Founder to pray for the cure of Celeste Cormier. Celeste is the thirty-two year old niece of Br. Joseph Belanger and the daughter of Joe's sister Rita. Celeste is suffering with cancer and it has come to a critical stage, so she and her family will begin a novena using the following prayer to Father Champagnat:

O Blessed Marcellin Champagnat, who during life met with so many difficulties, and overcame them all by your great confidence in God and in the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary, deign to hear our humble prayer. If what we beg of you conforms to the Will of God and to the salvation of souls, obtain for us the grace of Celeste Cormier's cure.

FROM DONALD GILLESPIE ('65): A number of people have suggested that I write to you to get on the mailing list of Marists All. I attended Marist Prep in Esopus and Cold Spring from 1962 to 1964, and recently have been catching up with a few of the people I knew there. In fact, I've heard that the newsletter is so interesting that I should try to get back copies. I'd appreciate your sending me any back issues that you have. (52 Fremont Street, Harrison, N. Y. 10528)

FROM ED JENNINGS ('65): I've really enjoyed reading Marists All. In 1960 I started out as a freshman at Archbishop Molloy High School, and have come full circle. For the past fourteen years I have taught mathematics at Molloy, and it has been a pleasure to continue working with so many friends and great people. Would you please update my address: (86-15 Broadway, Elmhurst, N. Y. 11373; 718-699-1622).

FROM PAT GALLAGHER ('55): Just finished the latest Marists All and of course I'm moved with nostalgia and memories of "those few good men." Had my first book published: Behind the Uniform in both the United Kingdom and in the United States. It's more a textbook on comparative policing. Things have been going well, and life has been good! (Box 82A, Lincoln, Va. 22078; 703-338-3904)

FROM BR. PETER CHANEL ('37): Many thanks for sending me a copy of Marists All. I read it and pass it on. It's amazing to see how many who have left made out so well, and the word Marist Brothers seems to touch them and bring back good memories. Age is creeping up on us now. Leo Joseph is at Leeds Terrace now; he's 94 years old. Ernest Mary is 89, with poor eyesight. Br. Stephen Emile is in the nursing home; he's 85. I'm 71, and doing fairly well. Danny is 70, and still doing the cooking. (26 Leeds Terrace, Lawrence, Ma. 01843; 508-686-7411)

FROM PAT KIELTY ('65): I love reading Marists All every other month or so. Unfortunately I have no new news since last I wrote, except to request that my

address be changed. Keep up the great work. (10140 Tanfield Court, Ellicott City, Maryland, 21043; 301-461-7435)

FROM JERRY WORRELL ('61): Attached is our annual letter that goes to friends. I thought I'd catch you up on things. It's amazing how present to me are so many things from so long ago. For example, while everyone else has changed to some font available on a word processor, your type reminds me of the pica type that was used in postings at Tyngsboro. Perhaps I'm getting mellow, nostalgic, or just old, but as the ice freezes on the pond and we go out and desperately try to save it with neighborhood snowblowers, I'm reminded of afternoons and evenings at Tyngsboro doing the same thing.

I was never a great skater and admired the older New England monks who could skate so well. Now I find myself in their role. This week I took my kids skating, and I purposely did not wear my school jacket. As a reward for trying to skate I took each of my kids in turn for a ride on my shoulders and skated across the pond for a while. Josh thinks we're quite the circus act and Rachel just squeals. As we did so, some of the high school kids must have recognized me, because they asked, was I not the "English guy" from Sandby. What irked me was that in their voices were the implications that (a) "English guys" and (b) old guys just aren't supposed to be able to skate that well ... And I thought back to the likes of John Berchmans, John Francis, Mike Shurkus, etc. In one sense, I had become them for those kids. I enjoy your mailings and regret that distance does not allow me to be present at such events as the GMIC picnic. Please don't pay any attention to the address on this stationery. My kids use all available paper for water coloring, and I had to rescue this from them. It was my wife's grandmother's letter paper, Either I use this or an old paper bag.

The world rushes by, days tumble in blurred weeks and months and we stand looking over our shoulders wondering about time, ourselves, where we've been and where we'll be. Sometimes we all feel alone and disconnected and look for that thread of significance that makes it all worthwhile. That's when the smile or the laughter or the unprovoked kiss of one of the kids becomes the most significant thing in our days. The touch of two adult hands, the "Mommy, read two chapters of Amela, pleeeeee!" are the things that cement us together. Our joy in our children, each other, in sharing cups of coffee after the kids' baths, and knowing that our friends are there ... are the things that count. The Worrell family has a tradition of lighting a large candle each Christmas. It burns throughout the season for each of our friends. It says that in this house is warmth and light and most especially love. We share them with you now and throughout 1990. (13738 South 83rd Avenue, Orland Park, IL 60462)

FROM CHARLIE KENNEDY ('59): My heart reaches out as I note the passing of Ken Connell. I was with the Brothers for five years: one in Esopus, two in Tyngsboro, and two in Poughkeepsie, and I knew Ken as a happy, outgoing person. He was tall and he could play a good game of basketball. Presenter of plays and actor, He played in "Brother Orchid" in Esopus and put on a Gilbert and Sullivan show in Tyngsboro if I'm not mistaken. He, with Peter Walsh, knew how to make the "machinery" go in a stage production. Kenneth is, I believe, the second of my group to die, the other being Br. Phil Gilmary LaCroix.

I count blessings when I realize that I am 50 on November 20, and have the blessing of a job, a wife, and a wonderful daughter. Our best goes out to all for the coming holiday season and for the new year of 1990. (43-34 42nd Street - Apt 1R, Sunnyside, N. Y. 11104; 718-786-6191)

OUR ROOTS ... reads easily, good summary, pleasant reminder

MARIST BROTHERS IN THE WORLD AND IN THE UNITED STATES

Since the providential day of January 2, 1817, the Marist Brothers have spread throughout the world, carrying the charism of Champagnat to the least favored on our earth. At the death of the Founder in 1840 there were 280 Brothers working in 47 establishments all over France and even in the South Pacific. Four years later the total was 610 teaching in over 100 schools. The Falloux Law of 1850 greatly favored the spread of communities of teaching Brothers and Sisters. The Hermitage no longer sufficed as general headquarters, and a larger property was purchased in St-Genis-Laval in the suburbs of Lyons in 1853. This served as headquarters until the anticlerical laws of 1901 forced a transfer to Grugliasco, Italy. Since 1958 the generalate has been in Rome.

Under Br. Francois, first Superior General, the Institute spread beyond France to Belgium and England. Br. Louis Marie succeeded Br. Francois in 1860; at his death in 1879 the Institute counted some 3700 Brothers and 565 schools caring for over 80,000 children, not only in France but also in South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, The Marist motto, "All to Jesus through Mary," and the Marist greeting "Laudetur Jesus Christus, Et Maria Mater Ejus" were seen and heard the world over. Today the Marist Brothers number some 6000 men, and they work in over 70 countries.

The first foundation in the United States was made in Lewiston, Maine, in 1886. By 1900 there were 60 Brothers teaching in six U.S. schools. The anticlerical laws of France 1901-05 led to mass exodus, and many French Brothers joined their confreres in the Americas. In 1904 the Brothers had four schools in New England and four in New York City,. The most prestigious of the latter was St. Ann's Academy in Manhattan; this school transferred to more spacious quarters on Long Island in 1957 and was renamed Molloy High. Several pioneer French Brothers returned to their homeland to fight in World War I. Nevertheless, the new province of the United States, separated from its Canadian forebears and canonically set up in 1911, continued to grow in personnel and establishments. Mt. St. Michael was founded in 1926 in the Bronx; other schools flourished in Savannah (GA), Haverstraw (NY), Manchester (NH), Lawrence (MA), Wheeling (WV), Lowell and Haverhill (MA). Central Catholic High was opened in 1935 in Lawrence, Mass. Training houses for candidates were established in Poughkeepsie, Tyngsboro, Esopus, and Cold Springs.

After World War II there was greater ethnic and geographical distribution among the Brothers and the schools. Candidates of Franco-American and Irish stock were joined by many of Italian origin, as well as a few Hispanics and Afro-Americans. New schools opened in Florida, Chicago, Texas, and Oregon. Mission fields in the Philippines and in Japan were confided to the American Marists, and several volunteered for work in Oceanica and Zimbabwe. In 1986 three men opened a new mission in Liberia. The work commitment also changed; the Brothers now work primarily in high schools. And some engage in other forms of service to the most abandoned and least favored: drug and alcohol rehabilitation, juvenile delinquency, human rights in Washington (DC) and Pine Ridge (SD); spiritual renewal for adults, CCD; apostolates among the very poorest were opened in Mississippi and inner-city Oakland (CA). A growing number of elderly Brothers continue their apostolate of prayer and suffering. The U.S. province was split in 1958 with headquarters now in Watertown (MA) and Bayonne (NJ). The Brothers in the United States now number 320, and they

work in over 25 schools. (Taken from booklet issued at Champagnat Year conference held at Marist College)

FROM BOB REYNOLDS ('55): Dear Fellow Marists: I'm Bob Reynolds, alias Br. Kevin Robert or Kevin Reynolds. I feel like I'm in a Back-to-the-Future movie as I write this letter. So many things have come and gone in my lifetime both good and bad. After leaving the Brothers in 1967, I taught science at Longwood Junior High in Middle Island, N. Y. My first year of public education was a rude awakening. Then Bob Pita, class of 1951 I think, put in a good word for me in Farmingdale, and the following year I switched to Howitt School where I have been teaching science for the past 21 years. This year I'm a guidance counselor. Would you believe that after 21 years I was the least senior member of the science department, and when the enrollment went down, I lost my job. Thank God I had certification in guidance and someone retired in that department.

I've had a series of part time jobs including Greyhound bus driver, my own lawn mower business, camp counselor, and I even owned my own summer camp ... lost my shirt there! For seven years from 1982-1989 every Saturday I worked for Federal Express delivering packages. At Federal, I met John Quinn, class of 1959 I think. All those jobs I've given up to pursue my "jock" connection. I now coach soccer, basketball, and lacrosse on the seventh grade level.

I'm very happily married to a terrific girl that lived in the Bronx in the same block as I did, and whose sister was in my class at St. Helena's elementary school. My wife Pat is a nurse. We have four beautiful children. Todd (23) has a job in an aerospace company in Bohemia. Gary (21) is in the Air Force in Louisiana. Dean (18) is a senior at St. John the Baptist High, West Islip. And Tracy (14) is a freshman at St. Anthony's High, Huntington, N. Y. My life revolves around my family and my work.

I still stay in touch with Bob Pito, who teaches science at my school, and with Jim Madden who teaches computer science at, C. W. Post. I met Jack Meehan last year at a St. Patrick's dance, St. James New York. I've been to his house twice where I've met Paul Stengel, Jim Friel, Tom Houricane, and Mike Sheridan. There were other ex-brothers there, but I can't remember their names. Many good memories were awakened when I read the letters from John Dunn, Art Lavigne, and Bill Connelly. I hope to see and hear from some of these guys in the near future. The Marist picnic was great! I'm already looking forward to next year's picnic. Stay well, and God bless all. (75 Thomas Street, Brentwood, N. Y. 11717; 516-273-0532)

FROM JIM GORMALLY ('65): I am writing to ask for your help on a reunion effort being planned by myself and Michael Flynn, a fellow Marist. We are interested in convening this summer up in New Hampshire near Mt. Washington. The inevitable question is: Does anyone else in our group of 1965 feel as we do that such a reunion would be a good idea? We have decided to write to everyone who took their vows in 1966, both in the Tyngsboro and in the Esopus groups to find out if there's any interest out there to go further. It would be helpful if you would mention this in your next newsletter; invite the people in our group to write to me.

On a personal note, I am happy with my clinical work and am touched by people's trust. It is a real satisfaction to enter a person's life and spirit in such an intimate way. My family is fine; my children are 10 and 8 and healthy; my wife

recently published her first book. This part vacation at Thanksgiving was the best ever with my family of origin. (806 East Franklin Avenue, Silver Springs, Md. 20901; 301-587-6205)

FROM REV. CHARLES COLLINS ('57): I was in Pat Hogan's class. We entered Tyngsboro together as postulants in July of 1956. I left the scholasticate at Marist College and went to the seminary. I have been ordained 21 years and am attached to the Diocese of Rockville Centre, Long Island. I live in East Hampton because I have terminal cancer. I was supposed to be in heaven by October of 1988. I have pain but keep going when I can. Please continue to send me news. I'd love to know where my classmates are. (64 Dayton Lane, East Hampton, N. Y. 11937; 516-324-7831)

FROM BR. THOMAS KELLY ... Sargodha Update: What was a three acre pasture land two years ago, frequented by lumbering water buffalo and braying donkeys, has now been transformed into another fertile development: one where bricks, concrete and steel rods grow skyward by the day. The long awaited funds that would allow us to start building were received from Misereor, an organization of German Bishops, at the beginning of the summer, and our building crews have been hard at work ever since. Our original projection was that we would have twenty classrooms ready for the start of the new school year in April, but plans have a way of changing. Without any advance notice, the Punjab Government announced that the new school year for 1990 would begin in January. So, we will utilize all available space for classrooms and will begin the new school year with classes 5 to 9. We will put off classes K to 4 till the start of 1991.

When our classroom program is completed, we will start on the construction of a hostel to accommodate about 100 boys, classes 4 to 10. Recently we visited a Catholic boarding school about ten miles from here which caters to 150 boys and girls, classes 1 to 5. The present state of that boarding school is deplorable. As I walked through the place and spoke with the children in my faltering Urdu, I could only think of Charles Dickens' picture of orphanages in London. The dormitories have double-decker beds stacked so close together that there is very little circulation of air. I imagine in the hot weather the children must swelter in the unbearable heat. The dormitories are not very large rooms; I found it difficult to calculate how so many children could fit into such a small space, until I was told that they sleep two to a bed. The children attend classes during the day but the classrooms have inadequate lighting, broken windows, and desks badly in need of repair. There is no playing area for after-school activities, so the children spend their "leisure" hours behind iron grills. We left with the premise that we would take the 4th and 5th grade boys to our school as soon as possible. (Catholic Church, College Road, Sargodha, Pakistan)

FROM JOE HORAN ('50): As always, I enjoyed the latest issue of Marists All. It is a real treat to be kept in contact with all our Marist friends. Even classmates whom we haven't heard from nor seen in many years are still close to us. The bond gets closer as we get older. I am looking forward to the 40th year reunion of our class of 1950; we are joining together with the class of 1951 for the reunion.

My oldest daughter is now a Junior at Hofstra University and is majoring in Psychology, both clinical and educational. She is accelerating her course work, and plans to continue until she has her doctorate, about 21/2 years more. My youngest daughter has also accelerated her studies and at 14 is involved in 10th

grade Regents courses. So I have been blessed. (Box 158, Eldred, N. Y. 12732; 914-557-8755)

FROM BR. PATRICK LONG ('45): I am sorry to be missing all those wonderful GMC picnics. I was back East recently for the March on Washington for the Homeless. We took twenty-five homeless people, so they could voice their feelings to federal government officials about low cost housing. Maybe next year I would be East for the next picnic. I'd like very much to meet you all again.

For the last eight years I've been working mainly with Native Americans and with the homeless. Right now I am going full tilt with the earthquake victims here in Santa Cruz. We were putting out close to 3000 meals per day in the Civic Auditorium. Then a heavy rain came and the roof started to come apart. We had to move all the food, equipment, and people in the pouring rain to another large hall. That shelter has since closed, so now we are serving food out in a field every day of the week. Then at 6 p.m. our vans pick up the homeless and take them to various churches who feed and house them for the night. We have an emergency housing hotline going, placing homeless people in apartments, rooms, motels, etc.

The downtown area of Santa Cruz was devastated by the 7.1 earthquake of October 17th. Twenty-five large buildings collapsed or have been torn down because they were too dangerous to use. Large tents have been erected so that the merchants can have a decent Christmas season. The spirit of the people here is remarkable; they are so determined to rebuild a better and more beautiful downtown.

I'm not much for making appeals, but we do need all kinds of help, especially financial. If you would like to help out, send a check to: Marist Brothers, %Paddy Long, F.M.S., 328-B Union Street, Santa Cruz, Ca. 95060;408-423-9687

FROM BR. HUGH TURLEY ('54): I have some sad news: Br. Leo Vincent Wall died. Wally was 84, still playing tennis a little, still doing guidance a little. Of congestive heart failure, in Florida, November 17th. We buried him in the Esopus cemetery after waking him in Miami and at the Mount where he had spent so many years.

Wally had fewer and fewer answers to life's questions as he grew older. His passing added bold accent to a conversation I recently had with Br. Peter Chanel. Pete was visiting with us here in Chicago from Leeds Terrace in Lawrence. I was sitting at table with him after the rest left, inquiring after the retired men at Leeds Terrace. He ran down the list, smiling, seeing each one in his mind's eye, then paused and said: "You know, Hugh, I took care of the old and sick monks in Tyngsboro night and day, and on Saturdays and Sundays, too. They needed me; there was no one else to take care of them. And I said to myself: "When I retire, I will drive around and tour, and sit around and talk. I looked forward to it: and now I'm retired, and there's no one to talk to, and who can come with me on my trips?" I rested my head on my hand and silently asked myself: "Am I postponing life?" God, it's good to talk with the old monks. They fear nothing, not ever the truth.

I also learned recently of Joe Kelly's death. I knew Joe from the Mount. He began his novitiate in 1948 with Julian Roy, Angus Wilkinson, and Phil Robert Ouellette, among others. A man of many accomplishments and interests, Joe

played a paramount role as principal of St. Joseph's High during our years in Trumbull, Ct. Joe is survived by his wife Pat of 241 Locust Lane, Irvington, N. Y. 10533. Hugh's address: (4200 W. 115th St., Chicago, 60655).

FROM RAYMOND (Paul Wilfred) BLANCHARD ('47): Always wanted to write, but I noticed that today is a Marist feast day, founding of the Institute, so I decided to write before going back to work this new year. Always enjoy reading about the ones that I worked with. Too bad there isn't too much news from those in my age group!!!

I started teaching in the Pittsburgh public schools in 1972 and was in a typical inner city school. Didn't find it too tough, but certainly not the kind of teaching that I was used to! Then in the early eighties the school board decided to retrain all teachers "A la Madeline Hunter." Millions were spent to replace teachers for eight weeks while they went to a center and received supposedly up-to-date modern theory on teaching. From what I see they did not get their money's worth! Most of the older teachers didn't change at all; some of the younger ones did though, as did a few of the "problem teachers." The reason I got a good look at these teachers is that I was one of those chosen to replace people for their eight week stints. In the three years that I did that, I taught all the different high school science classes, in all kinds of schools and labs. One good result was that I found a reasonably good school and applied there. Now I am teaching in what is called a "Traditional Academy," but don't let the name fool you; it is better than the average city school though!

Am now starting my last six months of teaching. Retirement is just around the corner. Since my wife and I both like to travel and camp, we bought an RV last spring so that we can tour the U.S. and Canada. We had done a lot of camping with an El Camino and a tent, but found that the ground is a bit too hard for the old bones! This summer we tried the RV for an extended trip to the Blanchard's family reunion in Canada. Put on about 7000 miles ... and loved it! We haven't planned anything for this summer yet. We do know that we'd like to spend a bit of time in the fall "following the leaves" as they turn in the New England area ... maybe start in Canada and move down! We do want to go back to Europe again ... loved it the last time there. Too bad that when we were in Rome, there weren't any Brothers that I knew at the Mother House. And while driving through Switzerland I tried to show Rosemarie where the second Novitiate was, but would you believe it, I couldn't find the place! I never thought that I would forget how to get back to the house from downtown Fribourg! Things have changed in twenty years. Keep up the good work. Would love to hear from others! (25 Brickyard Road, Mars, Pa. 16046; 412-776-1391)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our newsletter is sent to 39 Marist communities; fifteen Brothers from those communities have written for the newsletter. There are 37 monks on individual apostolates; nineteen of them have written. The newsletter goes out to 380 people who are not canonically attached; 31% of them, 117, have written. Thus, to date we have had responses from 151 different people, 33% of 456 mailings. On occasion my mind wanders to those who were in training with me, to those with whom I taught, to those who were my students, to those I met at meetings, retreats, and celebrations ... and I wonder how things are going with them; yet many are not even on our mailing list. Please do not assume that we have the names and addresses of all your Marist contacts. And if you are one of those who has not yet written, please do so soon! Write to David

Kammer, 107 Woodland Drive, Harwinton, Ct. 06791, or to Gus Nolan, Marist College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12601