



ISSUE # 14

August 1990

GMC PICNIC: Looking forward to seeing many of you at the annual Greater Marist Community picnic to be held again this year at Mt. St. Michael in the Bronx. The gathering will be in the garth area on Saturday, September 15th, from noon to 5 p.m. Indoor facilities are available in case of rain. Last year rain did not interfere with our having a great time! Come with spouse and children or come alone. Bring your own beverage and a pot-luck dish for a shared meal. All Brothers are most welcome. Thanks to Br. John Francis and the Mount community for opening the doors to us again this year. Do put this reunion on your calendar now! If you need directions to the Mount, call Mt. St. Michael at 212-5156400 or at 212-994-4227 or call Gus Nolan at 914-454-6116.

OUR MONKS IN LIBERIA: Recently news broadcasts have highlighted internal conflict in Liberia. The State Department advised Americans to leave that country and even sent ships into the area in case of emergency. A small community of American Marist Brothers has been in Liberia for three years. The Brothers are fortunate to be some 300 miles from the violence and are only ten miles from the border to the country of Ivory Coast. If conditions should become dangerous, the Brothers plan simply to cross the border. At present they have to travel 125 miles into Ivory Coast to get supplies. And as a precaution they have left two of their three vehicles in Ivory Coast. Br. Leo Shea ('52), the director and principal there, will be back to the USA in August for a visit home ... with more details. Other Brothers in Liberia now are: Brothers Adolph Leo ('44), Michael Ruane ('50), Pat McNulty ('52), Joe Madsen '62), and David Cooney ('67).

FROM DON GILLESPIE ('65): Thanks for sending Marists All. I was in the junior ate at Esopus and Cold Spring from '62 to '64. I have had relatively little contact with the world of Marists and ex-Marists since then. Yet, the juniorate was a wonderful experience for me. It profoundly shaped my values and.. along with a Jesuit education at Fordham, gave direction to my life. Consequently, it has been very interesting for me to read in the pages of the newsletter how the Marist experience has shaped the lives of others.

I have fond memories of virtually everyone I met at the juniorate. I will mention two people, with the hope that the many who go unmentioned will not feel slighted. First, I was saddened to learn that Brother Denis Damian had died. Much of what I learned about Marist life and spirituality came from his evening talks in the chapel. I recall how he spiced them with great humor and pithy aphorisms, some of which have provided a cadence to which I have since tried to march. Second, for many years I have felt great appreciation for James Kinsella, Br. James Lawrence. His gentleness, compassion, and modesty have been an inspiration to me. In addition, the combination of his gentleness and remarkably lucid teaching gave me enough self assurance about math to eventually take some challenging courses in econometrics and operations research in graduate school.

Shortly after leaving the juniorate I went to college at Fordham and majored in Political Science. After graduation I got a job at Fordham developing admissions programs for low income, minority, and handicapped students. After almost eight years in admissions I went to the Stanford Business School and completed an MBA with a concentration in public policy analysis. I then did public policy research in Washington, D. C.

For the better part of the time mentioned above, I was married. The relationship ended amicably in 1984. I took stock of a number of things at the time, and decided to get out of policy analysis. As a line of work it did not fit well with things that had become important to me at the juniorate and at Fordham. In addition, I wasn't having half the fun I had had when working in admissions. So I enrolled in a PhD program in Clinical and Community Psychology at the University of Maryland. I am currently finishing an internship at the Harlem Valley Psychiatric Center, and will begin my dissertation shortly.

I note that relatively few of the members of my cohort in the juniorate have appeared in the newsletter. I hope that more of them will provide news, and I certainly would be happy to hear from them personally. I live at 52 Fremont Street, Harrison, New York, 10528, and I can be reached at 914-835-6589.

FROM ED (Edward Finian) CANAVAN (50): I am approaching twenty years as a Senior Job Interviewer with the New York State Department of Labor. And I am the founder of a Catholic Action group called Conviviality of St. Joseph the Worker. We assist professionals in planning and bettering their careers. Our motto is "Ite ad Joseph." Would enjoy corresponding with any and all. Thanks for your work with the newsletter. (3052 Kingsbridge Avenue, Bronx, New York, 10463; 212-543-4711)

FROM TOM O' DONNELL ('48): I don't have time to write now, but I shall soon. Keep the newsletter coming:: (53-62 64th Street, Maspeth, New York, 11378)

FROM JOHN WILCOX ('58): When I arrived home yesterday, there was an urgent note from Dave Kammer asking me to write for Marists All. It was the third Marist contact in two hours: In the Dean of Students' Office of Manhattan College that afternoon the father of an incoming freshman came up to me to ask if I were the John Wilcox who taught him as a freshman at the Mount back in 1963; indeed I was. Then as I left the college an hour later, I met Henry Sammon at the entrance of Manhattan College. Besides, within the next 18 hours there were two more reminders of an important part of who I am. Last night I dreamt about Cyprian, and this morning while I was eating breakfast, the local radio station played "Today's the day the teddy bears have their picnic." For those of you who were in Tyngsboro in the 1950s, especially 1956-58, you may well remember those lyrics! With all these reminders, especially the one from Dave, who is still the Master of Novices, I could do little but write this morning. It is not that I have been unwilling in the past; there is just so much to say.

As with all those who have read Marists All I have given much reflection to the Marist formative and transformative part of our lives. I am sure this is as true for those in the community as it is for those who have moved to other communities. I may have left the brothers in a canonical sense, but who I am and how I see the world is still deeply Marist. God has fashioned us in a given way. Our sense of identity goes far beyond bureaucratic distinctions. Thank God.

Having thus gotten some of the philosophy and theology out, after all this is what I do and who I am, let me now say a few words about myself. In the spring of 1968 I received a fellowship to study in Holland for the coming academic year. Kieran gave me the green light, since he had already agreed that I could go on to graduate school the next year. What momentous year, both personally and globally. As the Rotterdam left New York harbor, I looked back at the foundations of the World Trade Center and realized that I was alone for the first time in my life. I had a deep sense that I was embarking on a personal journey, and not just going to school.

By chance or by fate, take your pick, I had all of my meals with a group of students from the University of Tennessee. At the age of twenty-nine I became part of this college group and became "close" to one of the students. As I write, I still can't believe it: coming straight from teaching in Tyngsboro for eighteen months and having my first romance! But that was 1968; it was the beginning of another novitiate, one that was somewhat more "existential" than the first.

To make a long story short and perhaps to disappoint some of you, I will move ahead to the fall of 1973. After much soul searching, I left the brothers, signing out at a Greater Marist Community picnic at Esopus, where it all had begun for me in the fall of 1953. While studying at Union Theological Seminary on the upper West Side, I met Suzanne Dale, a religious of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. In Suzanne, God revealed herself to me most clearly; of that I have no doubts. We married at Union in January of 1974 with many FMSs and RSCJs in the wedding party and at the reception. Neither of us had jobs, the foolishness of the young, but as with so many of you, it all worked out.

Sue and I have three adopted children, all of whom are growing in wisdom, age, and grace - one day at a time. Ken, who came to us in 1978 at the age of 5 from the New York Foundling, is Canadian by birth (French and Indian). Chris, who came to us in 1984 at the age of 4 from the Catholic Guardian Society, is biracial (African/American, Dutch/Italian) with a birth name of Vandervoert, too good to let go, so we kept it as his middle name. Lillian came to us in 1985 at the age of 7 from Westchester County Social Services; she is Welsh by heritage. In these children God has become most powerfully present in ways neither of us could have imagined. Both Suzanne and I have grown a great deal. Speaking for myself, I am not sure this would have been the case for me if I had remained in community. It was too easy for me to escape God's presence in the Brothers. It is much harder to do that in the family. Suzanne and I have been helped a great deal by a providential contact with a family therapist who has both biological and adoptive children.

Suzanne is the director of sponsored projects at the University of Bridgeport, and I teach professional ethics at Manhattan College and direct the Center for Professional Ethics there. We live in Cross River, New York, near the Connecticut border. Ken goes to John Jay High School nearby; he is a sports enthusiast. Chris and Lil attend Our Lady of Fatima elementary school in Wilton, Connecticut. Andrew Greeley and James Coleman are right about Catholic schools. The community, the values, the respect and love, the vision, the hard work and the homework ... they are all there.

Suzanne and I both continue our relationships with the RSCJ and FMS communities. That has been a source of great strength and support for both of us, especially in helping us with the children, through discussion and prayer. Bernie Woods and family live nearby, and we see Ed and Barbara McElroy at Mass in

Ridgefield. I have been in fairly regular contact with the monks at Watertown. Last July I attended John Mulligan's surprise party there and stayed the weekend ... fond memories. In August Suzanne and I spent two weeks in France, and we journeyed to Lyons and to Notre Dame de Fourviere. What a thrill to enter that chapel as Champagnat did, to see plaques commemorating his visit and that of John Francis Regis, among many others. On our way to Arles we tried in vain to find the Hermitage. I should have gotten directions from Pat McNamara, as Sean Sammon had suggested.

Suzanne and I have also become involved in SOAR (Support Our Aging Religious), a lay organization which raises money to help religious communities in need of funds for immediate projects. SOAR came about as a result of a Wall Street Journal article in which John Fialka detailed the poverty of some communities. We are planning a fund raiser in New York City on October 3rd, an evening dinner cruise in New York Bay; maybe we can get a group together. At last year's event Rich Rancourt provided music, helping to make the cocktail party a very special time.

I realize now why it has taken me so long to write for Marists All. I was fearful that I would never finish. I have much more to say but have to stop. The memories are there, and I cherish the confreres and their families. To go through all the names that come to mind is for another time. Thanks for the prod, Dave! How's the writing style, Jep? Has it improved since sophomore year at the Prep? (Box 575, Hunts Lane, Cross River, N. Y. 10518; 914-763-5953)

G M C P I C N I C

the Mount,

Saturday, SEPTEMBER 15,

noon to 5 p.m.

MARISTS IN LEBANON- Newspapers, radio, and television all bring us tragic news from Lebanon. And Brother Antoine Jarjour, the Visitor, wrote us on the 4th of March: "On Saturday, February 3rd, from 4 a.m. to 4 p.m. more than a thousand shells fell on our school in Campville. Thank God that no one was hurt, neither the Brothers nor the 250 refugees there. The Blessed Virgin and Father Champagnat protected us. In spite of the damage and the tremendous losses, we continue to have confidence and to pray even more insistently." On February 5th, Brother Charles, Superior General, sent the following telex to the Brothers of Lebanon: "Very aware of the events which afflict you and keep us separated from you; we are especially united to you in affection and prayer. Very fraternally." A visit by the Superior General has had to be postponed indefinitely. (Taken from FMS Echo, Rome, May 1990)

MARISTS IN HUNGARY- Recent events in eastern Europe call to mind some noble times in our history that many Brothers may not be familiar with. Following the suppression of religious orders in France in 1903, a community was established in Turkey in 1904. They joined Brothers in Greece and Bulgaria to form the Province of Constantinople. As recruiting was practically impossible in these Muslim and Orthodox countries, the Brothers decided in 1909 to establish a juniorate in Hungary, a country noted for its deep faith and warm devotion to Mary. By 1912 there were twenty-two juniors. Unfortunately the

outbreak of World War I brought about the dispersal of the juniors, most returning to their families; several of the juniors and two of the Brothers escaped the country, but were interned in a concentration camp in Sardinia until 1919.

The Brothers returned to Hungary in 1923 and undertook the care of children who had been orphaned by the war. By 1926 the juniorate was re-opened nearby, and once more began to thrive. In 1928 the Brothers founded Ecole Champagnat in Budapest. This foundation flourished, too; a boarding department was added in 1940. In 1942 the community welcomed two French Brothers who had escaped from a prisoner of war camp; soon the school became a gathering place for other French prisoners of war. In 1944 Hungary's neutrality was shattered by a Nazi invasion. During the pogrom against the Jewish people, the Brothers saved a number of Jewish children. However, the Brothers were betrayed by a person whom they had sheltered; they were all imprisoned and endured interrogation by torture. With the advance of the Russian army the Nazi jailers disappeared, and the Brothers escaped in February of 1946. They were considered heroes, and Brother Albert was honored as a Member of the Comite de Gaulle.

In 1947 the communist government nationalized all schools. Ecole Champagnat courageously resisted this act, but was compelled to close in 1949. The French Brothers were expelled; the four Hungarian Brothers crossed into France the following year, and were granted citizenship by the French government in gratitude for their services to French prisoners of war. Today the Marist presence in Budapest is maintained by a former Brother and by a loyal group of old boys of Ecole Champagnat who are proud of the education they received from the Brothers.

You will be pleased to know that the General Council has taken the decision, in principle, to re-found our mission in Hungary. A preliminary report was drawn up nine months ago, and now a more detailed plan is being prepared jointly by Brothers from France and Switzerland. (Taken from FMS Echo, Rome, May 1990)

MARISTS IN ANGOLA- For a time the Brothers in Angola had not thought of any effective way of recruiting in that country. However, in 1970 with the help of the General Council a juniorate was built, and in 1975 there were 24 young Angolans under the direction of the Provincial of Portugal. At the time of Angolan independence the juniorate was confiscated by the government of Agostino Neto, and the juniors had to return to their homes. Recruiting began again around 1986 in the face of myriad obstacles. Now there is one Angolan Brother, and there are 18 juniors and three postulants. Conditions are tenuous in the houses of formation. The young men follow a lifestyle very close to that of their people. (Taken from FMS Echo, Rome, May 1990)

MARISTS IN INDIA- Recently the buildings for the first Marist High School in India were completed. It is a regional school situated in the state of Tamil Nadu. This is a momentous step for the small community of seven Indian Brothers, together with the sector superior, Br. Gregory Ryan, and his assistant, Br. Aidan Smith. Our prayers and best wishes go out to all these Brothers for many years of fruitful Marist apostolate. May this be the first of many such centers of Catholic education and formation. (From FMS Echo, May 1990)

MARISTS IN EL SALVADOR- "Brother Victor and I were in the school office. We heard bursts of machine gun fire nearby, and then a grenade destroyed part of

the ceiling of the corridor. The explosion knocked Victor to the floor; at first I was frightened, thinking he had been wounded. As we left the office we could hear shouts from the street. It was one of our neighbors, whose leg had been shattered and who was being transported in a wheelbarrow. While Victor went for the car and put the wounded man into it, I went to ask the guerrillas for permission to transport the man in our car. Since they had scattered nails in the street, we drove along the sidewalk. With white flags flying and doors opened, and after several checks by soldiers and police, we finally met a Red Cross nurse who took charge of the wounded man. On our way home we met another wounded man, whom we took to the hospital.

Another day Jose, Vere, and I were chatting by the staircase near the bedrooms when someone began firing at us. We hid under the stairs and stayed very still; then a grenade exploded next to the wall, filling the corridor and the chapel with dirt. In frightening moments like that, one feels his own littleness. I kept praying, 'The Lord is my Shepherd ...'. In the middle of the street there was a dead guerrilla lying across a tire rim. The leader gave me permission to go out, but told me to get back right away. 'If you're too slow you'll get blown away Later he asked me, 'Father, what do you think of all this?' I told him, 'It's inhuman; that dead guerrilla is a Salvadoran just like you, he's our brother ...' At that moment heavy firing began again; I ran to the other side of the street." (Taken from FMS Echo, Rome, May 1990)

MARIST SOLIDARITY- Again taken from FMS Echo: "We invite Brothers everywhere to support in prayer and by any other means open to them our Brothers in Lebanon, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Haiti, Pakistan, Liberia, Panama, Sri Lanka, Philippines, Angola, Mozambique, Papua-New Guinea & Solomons, South Africa, and Samoa, The General Council sent a donation to aid the people of Samoa after their recent destructive hurricane. The miraculous changes taking place in Eastern Europe and in South Africa nourish our prayer and our hope."

FROM WILLIAM "Otto" KRUEGER ('51) : My thanks to Gus and Dave for making Marists All happen, and especially to Dave for the persistence in getting me to write something.

In 1968, after fourteen years at St. Helena and six years as treasurer at Camp Marist, I entered a doctoral psychology program at the University of Miami and lived for two years in the Christopher Columbus community in Miami. I left the order in 1970 and completed my studies in 1972. During that period I married a classmate, an Egyptian Jew.

It was a tumultuous relationship full of culture shock, but it provided a great opportunity for me to learn a lot about myself. The union lasted two years. I stayed in South Florida and began a career in management and delivery of health care, mostly to lower socioeconomic populations in underserved areas. For seven years I was involved in a unique project which provided the first coordinated system of physical and mental health care sponsored by federal funding.

I liked the South and would probably still be there except for the fact that I married again and my wife Susan, a native Floridian, did not want to spend the rest of her days there. So began a job search along the east coast which ended in Lawrence, Massachusetts, where I am Director of an outpatient psychiatric clinic, about ten blocks from Central Catholic High. We live in North Andover, a bucolic suburban town; we have three children and a variety of pets.

I do not have regular contact with any of my former confreres, but in the last year I attended the Greater Marist picnic at the Mount, and also a reunion of the St. Helena class of '59 where some great old friendships were rekindled. Although the turnout of former faculty was disappointing, it was heartening to see what a great group of successful young men that school produced, all now not so young.

As I read each issue of Marists All, I continue to be inspired and humbled at the dedication to the Lord's work which is evident in so many of those in the extended Marist family. We were well prepared for a life of service to others by our experience of the Marist way of life, and I remain profoundly grateful for having had the opportunity to experience and share in it. (204 Sutton Hill Rd., No. Andover, Ma. 01845; 617-689-:819)

FROM BRIAN LONERGAN ('47): Life has many turns. I marched in the St. Patrick's Day Parade in New York City with the Ancient Order of Hibernians and later with the U. S. Customs Service. Little did I know that two days later I would get a warning sign that my inner plumbing was faulty. Guided by previous advice from my doctor, I immediately entered the hospital where after a successful operation I entered a recuperative work schedule. A seven-inch zipper and a follow-up monitoring therapy hopefully will be the last reminders of the hospital visit.

It was nice to read about all the jubilarians in the newsletter. What a great bunch of guys they were when I was among them. And perhaps the likes of same I've rarely seen in the ranks of various work, social, and church groups of which I am a member. I lift my Guinness to all the sons of Champagnat now basking in the serenity of a well deserved retirement. (3 Van Roo Avenue, Merrick, New York, 11566; 516-223-3701)

FROM JOE McMORROW ('63): I would like to remain on the Marist newsletter mailing list. It would be easiest to send it to my work address: 9808 Main Street, Fort McMurray, Alberta, Canada, T9H-1T7; 403-743-3325. I hope to write at greater length later. All is well.

FROM BILL (Joseph William) MURPHY ('40): I have left the Growth Design Corporation where I worked for five years as Vice President, more recently as "retired" Vice President. Now I have been asked by Archbishop Rembert Weakland to come out of semi-retirement to head up a new department in the archdiocese. This department is entitled Communications and Development. It is responsible for fundraising in the Archdiocese of Milwaukee, i.e. fundraising for the archdiocese and not for Marquette, for example. It is also responsible for marketing, media relations, publications, management information systems, etc. This may be an interim position. At present we are pulling the new department together and planning for maximum fundraising and communication efforts. It is very exciting, first because I am working for a man whom I greatly respect, and secondly because it is quite a challenge. This may very well be real trail blazing. Hope all is well with everyone. (1321 North Franklin St., Milwaukee, Wi. 53202; w: 414-769-3330)

FROM J. DAVID (David Ottmar) KAMMER ('42): After cooking one year in Esopus, teaching for ten years at St. Ann's Academy in New York, studying nine months at the second novitiate in France, serving ten years in Tyngsboro, and having the privilege of participating in the 1967-68 General Chapter in Rome, I

wound up directing the Marist Institute of Theology in Poughkeepsie during the summers of 1969 and 1970. Then on a leave of absence, there was a year teaching at Union Catholic in Scotch Plains, thanks to Br. Vincent Damian, followed by marriage to Mary Martha "Judy" Poulin.

Both Judy and I taught in the Litchfield (Ct) Public School system for twelve years, she in languages and I in math. That led to month long studies of French in Paris in 1972 and of Spanish in Madrid in 1975; both occasions were followed by extensive travels in Europe. During the Litchfield years both of us served two parishes in CCD work, and I was one of the first Eucharistic ministers in Bantam. On purchasing our own home in Harwinton, we decided that it was time to save our energies and to leave the inspiration of youth in younger hands, and so we withdrew from CCD. I took an early retirement incentive from public school teaching when I turned 60 in 1981, and Judy and I joined the staff of the Holy Cross Brothers High School in Waterbury (1500 boys and girls), where Judy taught religion and I taught math for five more years. Since then we have continued to work seasonally at a tax preparation office in Torrington, and I have taught a tax preparation course during the fall semesters. However, tax preparation also will pass after this season. Too much preoccupying pressure; not enough time to smell the roses, to ponder the wonders of life and the glories of God!

We spend a lot of time on the road visiting family and friends. We have maintained contact with monks, visiting many communities over the years including the generalate in Rome. We saw Jude Driscoll frequently when he was sick. Living near us are Paul (Damian Andrew) Bruneau and John Gonya; we see them socially on occasion. Since retiring from teaching we have revisited Europe twice. In the summer of 1988 we joined a tour of the Rockies. This coming September we will again visit France, this time hitting more of the smaller villages and towns, hopefully including Lavalla, Hermitage, Marlies ... When we are home we manage to get to frequent weekday Masses. Then there is this newsletter that occupies us; thanks to Judy for proof-reading, stuffing envelopes, licking, and stamping: (107 Woodland Drive, Harwinton, Ct. 06791; 203-485-1652)

FROM PATRICK (Joseph Andrew) DONAGHY ('50): I left the Marist Brothers in the summer of '57 and, quite by accident, found myself in publishing that same year. Three years later I managed to get the only magazine interviews given by Nixon and Kennedy during the 1960 presidential campaign. In 1962 I went into textbook publishing, having been hired at Harcourt by John McAleer, another ex-Marist ('42). After working for several textbook publishers, I became Editor-in-Chief of Merrill's school division in 1972, and was promoted to General Manager the following year.

In 1981 I joined Silver Burdett as President, and continued in that capacity in 1986 when Silver Burdett and Ginn were bought out by Simon & Schuster, the publishing arm of Gulf + Western, now Paramount Communications. The Simon & Schuster school group also includes Prentice-Hall's school division and Globe Book Company. In late 1989 I was again promoted, this time to Executive Vice President of Simon & Schuster and President of the Education Group, which consists of over a dozen companies, including Allyn & Bacon, Modern Curriculum Press, and Coronet Films, all of which publish for the Elementary, secondary, and college markets. We have since added a major acquisition, Computer Curriculum Corporation, the largest and most profitable of the

companies now involved in computer-based integrated learning systems. These companies, with total revenues of about \$800 million, comprise the third largest book publisher in the country. Only our parent company, Simon & Schuster, and Time Warner are larger.

I also serve on the Board of Directors of Business Executives for National Security (BENS), a nationwide organization with thousands of business members, including the CEO's of some of our largest corporations. BENS is designed to promote true international security and a more rational and cost effective defense and to prevent the use of even a single nuclear weapon. We have an effective voice in Washington, both with Congress and with the Pentagon. I am also on the Leadership Council of the Better World Society, founded by Ted Turner. It is designed to develop and broadcast/cablecast television programs aimed at developing better understanding of our planet's problems. The problems addressed include nuclear proliferation, destruction of the environment, overpopulation, etc.

On the personal side, I live with my wife Mary Ann, who owns the Bookworm Bookstore in Bernardsville, New Jersey, and with son Patrick in Morristown, N. J. Full address is: 11 Harter Road, Morristown, N. J, 07960; home: 201-285-1229; New Jersey office: 201-285-7930; New York office: 212-698-7130. I have fond memories of my days with the monks. And I'm looking forward to seeing many of you again at the upcoming gathering of our class.

DECEASED: Br. Peter Adrian ('13) died at the generalate in Rome on February 12th at the age of ninety-five; he was a Marist Brother for seventy-seven years. After his formative years at the international novitiate, Brother Peter served some 45 years in the American province. He was affectionately known to many in this country as "Pete the Greek." In 1960 Peter returned to his native Italy to become receptionist at the new generalate in Rome. He had been confined to a wheel-chair since 1973.

Br. Ignatius Dooley ('57) of the Archbishop Molloy community died April 18th at the age of 78; Ignatius was in his forties when he entered the novitiate.

Br. Bruce Borelli ('75) died suddenly June 27th in Pasadena, California, Bruce had taught in Lawrence, Chicago, Mississippi, and California.

FROM BERT (Adrian Benedict) CHASSE ('43): It's a tremendous satisfaction to read Marists All, and I now find myself in a position to drop a line about my meanderings since I left in the summer of 1955. My wife Doris and I spent last winter in Florida, trailering to various points on the east and west coasts there. We stopped at the Marist Retirement Communities in Miami. Saw Brothers Alcide, Charles Raymond, Giles Keogh, Thomas Edward, Norbert. Also saw Aidan Flanagan, John Berchmans, Gabe Vincent. Very rewarding day, indeed! It was great ! Great!

After leaving the order I settled down for a 25 year stay at East Windsor, Connecticut, certified in social studies and in math; Doris taught P.E. until our first was born in 1962. To my great surprise and delight, Ed Michaud ('43), who taught at the Mount in the late forties and early fifties, became superintendent in East Windsor in 1968. He was very open-minded about sabbatical leave, which I had been begging the school board to adopt for years. Ed not only warmly received my position paper on sabbatical leave, but pushed the school board to accept it.

Four years later 1972-73 as a family we were able to take advantage of a year's leave by going to Wyoming to teach at St. Stephens Indian School. Doris taught P.E. and home economics to the girls in grades 5-8. I taught the 7th and 8th grade math and social studies. We took our son out of the fifth grade and put him into the local Catholic School. He would have loved to stay at the Indian school; they were two years behind in work. Our daughter, Chris, stayed in the third grade, however, because it was a federally sponsored program which offered considerable one-on-one teaching. St. Stephens was staffed by Jesuit priests and brothers and by Franciscan nuns and by many, many volunteers like ourselves. We didn't get rich on \$17/wk plus room and board, but it was very rewarding!

In 1980 I retired from Connecticut public school teaching and went to teach in a local Catholic high school for eight years. Doris taught P.E. part time in a Catholic elementary school for nine years. We both retired for keeps in 1988 and have been enjoying each and every day. Time seems too short for our many, many projects. In a year or two we plan on full-timing it by trailering twelve months of the year: winters in Florida or wherever, and summers in New England. Doris' dream is to trailer up to Alaska for six or eight weeks; most assuredly she will not go alone! For now we spend a portion of the day babysitting our grandson, Thomas 21/2, because my son Joe just started his own lawn care business and needs all the help we can give him. We look forward to the fall picnic at the Mount. Due to our numerous Pro Life meetings, we missed last year's get-together. This year we'll make it. (11 Cote Road, Monson, Ma. 01057; 413-267-4014)

EDITOR'S NOTE: On the last page of each issue we usually have an "editor's note," requesting, urging, cajoling people to write something for publication in Marists All. This method does not seem to help us much lately. Most of the write-ups in this issue are in response to urgent phone calls and urgent mailed notes. It is clear that so many want to write, plan to write, but ... We appreciate the fantastic encouragement we have had over the last three and a half years.

Do write soon to share your news with us. The deadline for our next issue is October 15th; it will be mailed the first of November. Write to David Kammer, 107 Woodland Drive, Harwinton, Ct. 06791, or to Gus Nolan, % Marist College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12601.