



**ISSUE # 25**  
**November 1993**

FROM BR. KEVIN O'NEILL ('53): The August issue of Marists All reached me here in Brownsville by way of the Philippines, Notre Dame of Dadiangas College. Like so many others I do enjoy reading about friends who over the years have been part of my many faceted life. I returned from the Philippines last fall and spent a good part of the past school year recuperating in Roselle, as well as Bayonne, from a hip replacement operation.

In late January John Klein, Provincial, took me out to lunch and asked me to go to Brownsville to replace Br. John McNamara. When we arrived back at the monks' house in Roselle, Alfred George met us and informed us that Bob "Fido" Nolan was dead. And that evening the community was having a Memorial Mass for John McNamara. Needless to say, I had a lot to think and pray about during that Mass.

In the Philippines my main job was Business Manager at Notre Dame of Dadiangas College. The last year or so I doubled up as Project Director for the completion of the USAID funded Science and Engineering Complex at Notre Dame of Marbel University. I am happy to announce that all you tax-payers out there gave us \$1,850,000 over a four year period. We used \$1,550,000 for construction and \$300,000 for equipment. It was the largest such grant in the Philippines under what they call the American Schools and Hospitals Abroad program. We built three buildings. Two four-storey lab and classroom buildings with a combined total of over forty classrooms plus offices.

We also have a small auditorium building called Champagnat Hall. The chemistry and biology building is called Omer Hall after Br. Louis Omer, and the physics, computer, engineering building is called Teston Hall after Br. Joe Teston, the first president of Marbel. Joe was also responsible for setting up the Regional Science Teaching Center in Marbel, which became the prototype for the rest of the country.

In addition to the monks of the Philippine province I have crossed paths with a number of former monks who were trained in the States, Gus Cabrere ('53) is the Dean of the Graduate School at the Jesuit-run Xavier University, Cagayan de Oro. Santiago Cabrera ('53) is Dean of the Polytechnic Institute in General Santos City; his oldest daughter graduated from our college in Dadiangas with her Bachelors in Nursing. Dominic Bendero ('53) is a Vice-President at the Vincentian-run Adamson University in Manila. I also met Jaime Posadas ('54), a lawyer in Manila, and Isabello Chavez ('55), President of Notre Dame of Manila, Nick Conta ('55) was working for Dole Pineapple on the outskirts of General Santos City, but he has returned to the central Philippines where he had worked for many years with the De la Salle monks at their college in Bacolod. In Marbel we have Mariano Benavides ('55) working at our University, and "Bong" de Dios ('55) is the Monager of Cocobank.

As the Group of '53 celebrates forty years, I am grateful to all at Marists All for keeping me in touch with many members of the group. In the last issue alone we had news of the deaths of John and Fido, along with news about Bill Deschene, Joe Strang, and Des Kelly. Declan and I were delighted to be present when Bill and Margie had their "valid but illicit" experience on "sacred ground" under the trees at their home in Methuen. (Bill, I have had more laughs rereading your letter!). Through these pages I have heard about Pat Gallagher, Donny Schmidt, Gene Zirkel, and others. Last May Lenny Voegtle and I attended Gene's 25th wedding anniversary celebration. To them and to all of the other members of the group I send my best wishes and thanks for a lot of happy memories. Do you remember that thirty day retreat? For twenty years there has been a wild and inconclusive discussion on whether Jim Maher or this writer has "grown more." The reality is that I have definitely traveled more.

Before I finish, I do have to send regards to old buddy Dan Waters ('66) who visited me twice in Malaybalay, Bukidnon, Philippines. Even Des Kelly made it when Dan was there. Dan and I have been in contact over the years, and it can be said that he has definitely traveled more than I. Last but not least is our own "Indiana Jones," Dr. George Howard ('67) at the "Mother of all Catholic Universities" at South Bend.

Now, as the Class of 1970, St. Helena's High School, wrote on the bathroom walls my very first day as Assistant Principal in '69, "KO MUST GO ! The signs on South Padre Island say, "We are Texas Friendly!" so drop in if you are in the neighborhood. And as Leo Shea would say, "We can have Manhattans at Midnight in Matamoros!" Peace, prayers, and every best wish to one and all. If this letter made you laugh, that is what it was intended to do. (St. Joseph Academy, 101 St. Joseph Dr., Brownsville, Tx. 78520)

FROM RICHARD (Gilbert Donateur) CONNELLY ('52): Two years ago while living alone in Belle Harbor, Queens, my dog died. My three daughters had all moved to Florida, and my wife had passed away 18 years ago. I said to myself, "What the hell am I doing here alone?" And so I moved to Florida. I live in a penthouse apartment in Hollywood, Florida, and I love it. It's a small parcel of paradise. One of my daughters lives with me, and I see her about once every ten days, what with her job and social life. The other two daughters are within a half hour of my locale. The oldest is about to make herself a mother and me a grandfather. I look forward to my granddaughter (we do know that). After raising three daughters alone for sixteen years, grandfathering sounds like fun. I pray both mother and child are healthy.

I am Vice-Principal/ Dean of Students at Archbishop Curley-Notre Dame High School in Miami. It is a diocesan coed high school of approximately 450 students. I've been at this education ministry for almost 40 years, and I must say I've been an Assistant Principal in some tough places. Curley is as good as it gets. There is a caring and a sense of community between teachers, students, and staff that hits you right between the eyes early on. It's truly amazing and somewhat inexplicable but very apparent.

We are about a half hour from Marist's Columbus High School. I was fortunate to be on the visiting team for their ten year SACS evaluation. Great school! I had the privilege and pleasure of staying with the monks in community for the three days, and it brought back many, many happy memories and a few regrets. Mendez took good care of me. It was great seeing Norby, my principal in 1954 when as a young monk of 20, I was teaching at MSM. It was also great seeing

Berky, my prefect and a father to this 14 year old in Tyngsboro in 1948. The stay at Columbus was just wonderful. I was so pleased to be on the Philosophy Committee and to be assigned to write it up. I saw the spirit of Marcellin Champagnat permeating the classrooms and the school's spirit, and was flattered to be able to say so.

If I can be of service networking employment openings in Florida, I would be happy to do so. If you're in need of sun and surf, come on down to 3901 South Ocean Drive, Hollywood, Florida, 33019; 305-437-1908. (Note: This is part of the letter Rich wrote for issue #24)

DECEASED Brother John Berchmans ('27) died in Florida in the middle of the month of September and was buried in Esopus on Saturday, September 18th, the day of the scheduled GMC picnic. A good number of our people went to Esopus and then to the Mount.

FROM Mike (Michael Gerard) KRAEMER ('52): Today is the feast of Our Lady of the Rosary, and I am reminded of Brother John Berchmans, whose passing a few weeks ago had me reminiscing over the many years we shared together. I was one of the fortunate souls to have had Berky as Prefect for almost four full years. How well I remember the old Juniorate days at "St. Ann's Hermitage" in Poughkeepsie where Berky tagged me with "#19" which I bore for those two years and the subsequent Novitiate years in Tyngsboro. When I reflect now upon those years in the light of my experience of "parenthood," I am more than ever in awe of Berky's extraordinary patience and resilience. To have been so deeply involved in the lives of American teenage raw material such as ourselves for the better part of twenty-four hours a day, day in and day out, without any real time for himself, shows the generosity and virtue of the man.

We awoke to his "Laudetur Jesus Christus" and nodded off to sleep while he shuffled around the dorm in his slippers, whispering his Rosary until the late hours of the night. For us he was a Rock of Gibraltar; no matter what happened Berky was there for all, seeing that recreation periods were fun and that all the games and fixtures were in place, assigning and following up on "employment periods," which we took by numbers because he could not pronounce half the names of his charges unless they were Canucks from his beloved New England.

Over the years as I wended back to Esopus, I would always steal into Berky's room for a cocktail and a smoke (he loved Manhattans in those days and cigarettes, too!). We talked about everything under the sun, from Notre Dame football to former Juniorate pals and community living. In later years when he needed his nap and he was no longer the whirling dervish on ice who mesmerized us with his puck control and speed, he was still the vibrant "alter pater" asking about one and all. We shared many confidences over the years, Berky and I.

'What kept Berky going, I surmise, was his uncanny devotion to Our Lady. She was for him, as with the Founder, an "Ordinary Resource." Without pretension it was simply a natural and daily part of his routine to pray to the Mother of God for all his needs and ours. His life and works are the best evidence that she sustained him through it all. We readers of Marists All know how fortunate we are to have Berky, here and now, in the Kingdom he so richly deserves. (4621 Wards Chapel Road, Owings Mills, Maryland, 21117)

FROM GEORGE HOWARD ('67): You might like to include the following in Marists All. Bill Lavigne read a FAX of it at Berky's funeral.

Dear Brothers: I've just become aware of the recent death of Br. John Berchmans, F.M.S. We are all saddened by the passing of one of the kindest and gentlest of all God's souls. My thoughts and prayers at Saturday's Mass will be with Brother John. We at Notre Dame have always been pleased that Berky held a special love for Our Lady's University. Our heartfelt condolences go out to all our Marist Brothers at this sad moment. Of course, we should also rejoice for the many wonderful years that Berky was with us. It goes without saying that all of us would be better people if we were a bit more like Brother John Berchmans. Cordially ...REV. EDWARD A. MOLLOY, C.S.C., President, UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

FROM PETE SEDLEMEIR ('61): Things have been busy here as I guess they are with many of you. While holding a full time job as an engineer with Unisys, I am a deacon in the diocese of Rockville Centre. I am also an advocate for the Marriage Tribunal for the diocese. I find this is a good way to work with people and try to help them heal some of the hurts they have as a result of marital problems. There are many times when my limitations appear to be obvious, at least to me, but I guess the Spirit works overtime in those situations since things work out in spite of me.

This past year I completed a year of study at South Oaks Hospital to become an alcoholism counselor. I am beginning my internship at South Oaks this September. With the current state requirement of 1680 hours of supervised counseling before being eligible to take the state credentialing exam, I figure I'll be an intern for at least five years. That's providing I don't get laid off before then. At any rate, when I hit 55, I would like to quit working with things and get back to working primarily with people. My wife, Margaret, quit her job at Chase Manhattan Bank and is currently working as an alcoholism counselor at Seafield Rehabilitation Center here in Mineola. She'll be ready to take the credentialing exam in October.

Thanks for all the work you and all the other unknown workers do in getting Marists All to the community. (356 Burkhard Avenue, Mineola, N. Y. 11501; 516-746-3853)

(Note: This is part two of the letter Pete wrote for issue 24)

FROM BOB O'HANDLEY ('61): It's always nice to receive Marists All and to catch up on both the personal development and the trivia that make up the lives in our extended family.

Our three kids are all in college now. This occupies lots of our attention and all of our capacity to take on debt. At 22 this coming January, Kevin is in his fourth year at U. Mass, Amherst. He has switched from being a physics major to human development with a physics minor. Meghan, 20 last June, is in her second year at the School of Management, also at U. Mass. She gets to see her brother often; they lunch together once a week. And Kara, just 18, is in her first year at the School of Management at Boston College. That puts our baby just about 30 minutes from my office at M.I.T.

I plan to spend the spring '94 term on sabbatical at the University of Florida, Gainesville, teaching a course and doing research there. Carol will take a leave of

absence from her job in the early childhood center to join me from February to April.

Carol and I are adjusting very smoothly to this new phase of life with children less in evidence. Occasionally I reminisce about years of personal ill health and strains put on my family by that; about my formative years in the Marist family; about the family I grew up with and how much more we need to keep in touch now. Through it all I see threads of my rebellion against authority ... threads that are hardly visible in the richer fabric of late middle age. How fortunate I feel to be in a phase of relative peace in my life, blessed with good health and a loving family. I look out at a world of broken homes, violence and abuse that many people are born into with no choice. Life isn't fair. What can we do, where do we begin? Warm regards to all. P.S. When I asked my computer to run a spell check on this letter, it suggested as an alternate to Marist, "Maryist." (3 Glenn Cove Road, Andover, Massachusetts, 01810)

FROM ED (Martin Jude) CASTINE ('50): Br. John McNamara was a very special friend to Maureen and me. He frequently offered us his assistance in many ways. There were numerous times that he would "house sit" for us, so that we could get some vacation time. John and I traveled many a mile together, either on school business or for pleasure. We hiked the Grand Canyon some years ago, and last summer we hiked the Rocky Mountain National Park to the source of the Colorado River. He was a gracious and kind person, one who loved his vocation and his work. I don't ever recall asking John for some assistance and being refused. His usual answer was "Oh sure." and whatever it was would be taken care of. Personally I know that John taught me to be a better person, not by his words but by the way he was. Once on one of our journeys he told me that all he ever wanted since grade school in Manhasset was to be a Marist. I think the greatest tribute that can be paid him is that he realized his dream; he lived the Marist Way admirably and now has joined the many Marists who have gone before him. To say that John will be missed would be an understatement.

Here is an anecdote regarding John McNamara. When classes resumed in January, I was asked to calculate the grades for John's A.P. Calculus class. You will agree, I think, that every teacher's grade book is something unique in style and method. I took John's grade book and sat at my desk for an hour or so trying to decipher his grades and method. My frustration reached such a point that I said out loud, "Damn it, John, give me a clue:" At that instant an idea came to me. I checked it out, and it worked for his first quarter grades. The same process was applied to the quarter I was working on. Coincidence or answer to a prayer in frustration?" Or was John just saying again his usual "Oh sure!"?

This fall I will be teaching the Calculus class, and I hope John will be looking over my shoulder and interceding for me and the students.

John Marren's death was a shock to those who knew him here. He was at Padre Island, I believe, for a weekend of relaxation. He suffered a heart attack during the night and was rushed to the hospital in Brownsville. He died in intensive care within a day or two, Maureen and I frequently saw John on the campus at St. Joe. His daughter and son are students here, and John used to come every day to pick them up after school. He was quite active in his parish; the lay people prepared and conducted a beautiful prayer service for him the evening before his burial. The funeral home was standing room only, attesting to the many friends and admirers he had. Maureen and I were able to attend his funeral Mass, concelebrated by several priests, two of whom were students when John was

principal at St. Joseph's Academy, (105 St. Joseph Drive, Brownsville, Texas, 78529) Note: This is the second part of the letter FA wrote for issue #24),

FROM BR. LUKE DRISCOLL ('33): One of the highlights of 1993 has been the celebration of my sixtieth year as a Marist Brother. The jubilee reunion took place in Roselle on May 1st. It is with deep gratitude to God and to my fellow Marists that I look back on those sixty years of religious life and service to God's people in various parts of the world. In reasonably good health I look forward to more years of Marist community life and to the hospital ministry I am enjoying here. (1920 Highland Ave., Augusta, Ga. 30904)

FROM RAPHAEL MARTIN ('52): Many thanks for your kind letter giving me addresses of people I want to be in touch with. I've shared many issues with John Harty; he is always excited to read news of the "wider" Marist World. I'm grateful for all your initiatives. (Note: Does anyone have Raph's address after his Berkeley stay?)

FROM CHARLEY (Peter Daniel) KELLY ('51): News from the Kelly clan in Texas is all good. I retired from IBM last year and am very involved with the University of Texas at Austin. I'm co-director of the Quality Management Consortia, a group of small companies working with the Graduate School of Business on educational programs, and I am teaching a graduate course in Management Sciences in the School of Engineering. At the University I am working with a fine man who is director of the "Center for Spirituality and Work." We are developing educational modules for business professionals to unite their daily work in the business community with their personal spirituality. Many of the ideas we have discussed recently are reflections of the value system I developed under the guidance and example of Br. Eddie Mike, Br. James Damian, Br. Simeon, Br. Paul Ambrose, and so many others. And I saw that Marist Spirit practiced by the monks in my own group ... Gerry, Joe, Phil ... and Mike and Mickey, too.

Marilyn and I became grandparents for the fifth time recently when our son Chris had a daughter in June. My son Danny is now a co-owner of the "Good Fellows" restaurant in Red Oaks Mill near Poughkeepsie. If you're in that area, stop in and tell him to give you a pizza and to put it on his father's tab. (6905 Jester Boulevard, Austin, Tx. 78750)

Note: This is part of the letter Charley wrote for issue #24 .

FROM JOE OLIVET ('64): I have just finished reading the latest issue of Marists All. It is hard to believe that there have been twenty four issues already. Last school year I finally took some time off. I requested and was granted a sabbatical from the New York City Public School System. After twenty-three years I felt I deserved it. I went to SUNY New Paltz and there I earned a masters degree in Educational Administration. There was an internship involved; for that I was able to work in a school district near my home. After my years in the South Bronx, it was refreshing, different, and rewarding. Now I have to take this degree and make my way into administration. As of September I have had no job offers to the many resumes and applications I have sent out, so I am back to my P.S. 75 off Bruckner Boulevard in the South Bronx. However, I continue to trust that God will open a door for me somewhere. If anyone needs a newly minted school administrator, I'm listening! (134 Rockwell Ave., Middletown, N. Y. new phone number: 914-343-2981) 10940

FROM JIM GULDNER ('66): Great to receive Marists All again! It was great to hear Willie Maura's story. And I thought all he did was smile and teach 6th graders football! Regards to Bill from one of his many influenced students. All is fine here. Only other news is that Bob Joyce and John Wesp ('65) and John Dangelmaier ('66) are all alive and raising teenagers. That may be a contradiction! Please do keep up the good work! (15 Stanley Place, Budd Lake, New Jersey, 07828; 201-347-0961)

FROM PAT (Joseph Andrew) DONAGHY ('50): Thanks for all the wonderful work you are doing on Marists All. Hope to see you at the picnic. All the best. (11 Baxter Road, Morristown, New Jersey, 07960)

DAVID KAMMER, CO-EDITOR: Judy and I expect to have sold our house in Connecticut by mid-November. Our new address, much of the year, will be: 476 Laplaya, Edgewater, Florida, 32141; 904-426-6349.

FROM JOE (Gabriel Francis) HORES ('49): I always get much pleasure from reading Marists All. The September issue was a delight. The beautiful prose from Bill Murphy was wonderful. The letter from the writer who gave us the stream of consciousness style, thrilled me. Another surprise was the novice who kept a diary. Unheard of! But wonderful. I would love to read the volume. Marists All, great reading, great memories! I await the tribute to John Marren in the next issue. John and Clem Martin will be forever set in my mind's eye - bright faces, healthy laughs, twinkling eyes, and great comradery - on the baseball diamond in Tyngsboro. It seems to me that the people I left behind in 1969 have stayed exactly as I remember them - young, robust, living. As I see myself daily in the mirror, only I have aged. John and Clem, why they are Willie Lomin, "Somewhere out there, swinging on a star."

And the others - Spud Carroll, for example. I have only one recollection of Spud. It was one of those summers at the Mount when we were studying. One night late a powerful rain storm was going on in the Bronx, thunder, lightning, the whole works. Spud and I stood in the hallway windows, outside the Barber Shop, watching the display in awe. And great silence to the contrary, we talked. Since he was older than I, and I had not lived with Spud, I really did not know him, but that night I realized that I was sharing this storm with a gentle, quiet, sensitive person. I have never forgotten that night, though it must have been 40 years ago. Rest, Spud.

From the time Bob Parker left the order till he died last October, he and I had frequent contact and correspondence. I was always Gabe to him. He once told me he had every letter I had written to him. Good Lord, there goes my chance for canonization

I've been trying for the last 21 years to locate Neil Kelly. He left as a postulant in December of 1949. He and I were friends. And one evening back in 1951 when I was at St. Agnes, Neil stopped by the house on East 38th Street, and we had a fine old chat. I haven't seen him since. I had some of Marist's best sleuths, Zig Rancourt and Jimmy Ryan, on the case. Zig turned up the fact that Neil stopped by the College in the early '70s and was then stationed at West Point. Apparently he made the Army a career.

In a recent letter from Rome, Roy Mooney urged me to find a spiritual director; heal thyself does not work. Well, in the state of Florida finding the sun is an easy task - whoever invented retirement in Florida should be immediately raised to

the altars, no questions asked - but a spiritual director in Florida? I've spent the summer thinking about it, and lordy I found someone whom I respect enormously. She's a retired minister. Her name is Gloria Merrill. Gloria radiates gentleness, calm, wisdom, and openness. And I feel enormously at peace with her. There's only one problem, Gloria doesn't know I've chosen her for this task. And I've yet to figure out how to tell her the good news. I'll have to work on it.

Some day I would like to start a support group locally. This one will follow the 12 steps. It will be for people addicted to Religion. I bought and read a book about this subject, written by an Episcopal priest from California, who is addicted. This group I would like to house at the local Quaker Meeting House. Only like Gloria, mentioned before, they don't know of their good fortune yet. Prayers please.

Well, that's about it from the fifty yard line for now. I don't know, Gus, if this is in the best stream of consciousness technique, but on this hot afternoon in Florida, this is the best I can do. Be well, all! (1801 69th Avenue South, St. Petersburg, Fl. 33712; 813-866-0438)

FROM PAT (Patrick Stephen) GALLAGHER ('53): Another interesting issue of *Marists All*, one that prompts me to respond with a suggestion. Please keep the issues coming on the same schedule; when I see them in the mail, they're the first thing I open.

Around this time of year, when July 26th and August 15th come up on the calendar, I reflect on years ago when it seemed in vast numbers we looked forward to the two dates as important milestones: taking the habit, first vows, and then final vows in August. This would have been forty years since the taking of the habit in Tyngsboro!: But for over half that time I've been on my own, separated from the old ties, and over the years I guess I'd have to say separated from the Church. My wife refers to us as "retired Catholics." We haven't been active in the church, partially because of barriers to a church marriage thirteen years ago, and innumerable obstacles placed in our path to regularizing the marriage. Yet Mary and I are both very spiritual, possibly she more than I, for she meditates and reads ceaselessly. I have always retained the sense of apostolate and cause orientation. The focus is different; the groups are older. They're dressed in blue. We pursue our work with particular emphasis on vision, commitment, ethics, quality service. I can relate all this to what I was involved in with the Marists.

One of the highlights of the past year was getting back to the Marist College reunion and spending two superb days reminiscing. Seeing Br. Paul Ambrose after all these years, and having the group picture after the dinner. When I heard about that earlier Donnelly Construction reunion and the group gathering around the altar to sing the Salve, I really choked up. That was one announcement that just slipped through, or I would have been there.

Lately I have felt a greater pull to Marist ties, and I was wondering what we could do to become more involved. I know that many writers and readers of *Marists All* have remained involved in many ways, but it seems there might be something else we could do, "Some deed of noble note," as Tennyson said in "Ulysses." Or maybe the Marist reunions, the GMC picnics, the newsletter are enough; yet maybe there would be other reasons to rally 'round the altar' for another Salve; (Box 82-A, Lincoln, Virginia, 22078; 703-338-3904)



FROM CHARLIE (James Martin) SCOTT ('50): I have more than enough to keep me active with teaching, writing, and administering programs at the university. Anne continues to be very busy managing the box office of Madison's Civic Center. In between, we periodically dash 235 miles north to oversee construction of our vacation cabin. This is an old dream coming true. Hugh Crowe, Ric Jambor, Frank Casey, (and Mike Sullivan) will remember my fantasizing about such a place in a land of lakes and pine forests. "Lord, it is good for us to be here. Let us build tents, one for Charlie, one for Hugh ..." Our place is located on the north shore of Four Mile lake with 15 acres of woodland and 250 feet of shoreline.

We are now represented by our kids in New York, Los Angeles, Jacksonville, and St. Louis. It shouldn't surprise us, these Kinderwanderungs, since our journey has taken us from New York to Afghanistan to Texas to Wisconsin to Japan and back to Wisconsin.

Let me clue you in on the best kept secret in air travel: Midwest Express. You board at LaGuardia, rest comfortably in wide leather seats, eat good food on china plates with real flatware, drink wine from real stem glass, and in two hours you are in Milwaukee and in Madison in one half hour more. (4737 Lafayette Drive, Madison, Wi. 53705; 608-233-3995). Note: This is another part of the letter Charlie wrote for issue #24.

FROM Gene (Kieran Matthew) CONNOLLY ('44): Not long ago Ziggy Rancourt sent me some old copies of Chips, a literary magazine that was born at Marist College in 1947 when I was a Scholastic. Among the early issues were some poetry and short fiction that I had written. My wife and I had a gushy twenty minutes or so reading through some of the poetry. It was a powerfully nostalgic experience for me and one that gave Sally insights into our Scholastic days. She thought that somebody Marist might want to reprint them. I thought of Marists All.

I am sending along two poems, one of them, "Our Cemetery," because it describes a few moments similar to those experienced by hundreds of others who nightly visited that holy little place beyond the old Novitiate. Rereading it powerfully reminded me of the special bond that still unites all of us who walked through those cemetery gates. It might do the same for others. So do what you like with these samples of mid twentieth century, mid-Hudson Marist poetry. In the meantime, join me in a little prayer for Tarcy, who printed them and all such things for us as we tried to be collegiate. (19 Bayberry Road, Danvers, Ma. 01923; 508-774-8158)

Chips, vol. II, #2  
1948

### OUR CEMETERY

Champagnat Day,

It was an old-time custom, and I knew it as we stood  
 Along the pebbled pathway of the garden in the wood,  
 That every day at twilight, there should be a whispered prayer  
 For the wearied, cassocked soldiers, who in peace were resting there.

The air was scented sweetly with the perfumes of the Spring,  
 And I heard the voices, far away, of playing children ring;  
 A robin perched upon the wall, and seemed in silent awe,  
 To gaze in sweet enchantment, on the beauty that it saw.

In innocence immaculate, the infant blossoms rose,  
 In jeweled benediction of this holiest repose.  
 The crosses stood as symbols of the gentle men at rest  
 The standards of the soldiers, the credentials of the blest.

The willow sighed so sweetly - oh, a soft and gentle sigh,  
 As it whispered "peace" and "heaven" in its holy lullaby.  
 And a shaft of heaven's glory, just before it died  
 Was playing thru the treetops, on a statue's Wounded Side.

I saw on plaques about me the names of men I knew,  
 And those of many others of whom holy legends grew.  
 I knew then that the fragrance in this holy vale of death  
 Was indeed the balmed enchantment of some watching angel's breath.

Oh, the atmosphere was holy, and not a tear was shed,  
 But my heart was wounded gently for these envied, happy dead;  
 And a soft and soothing longing stole then thru my weary breast  
 For the bliss of those about me - their eternal peace and rest.

In pussy-footed reverence, a new-born rabbit, sweet,  
 Sleepy, tip-toed thru the grass, on padded, baby feet.  
 Smiling, hushed, we breathed "good night," to those asleep who lay.  
 We softly closed the garden gate, and happy, walked away.

EDITORS' NOTE: This is issue #25 of Marists All: March 1987 to November 1993. Sincere thanks for your literary and financial support, and for your encouragement! Of course, most of all we have an ongoing need for your letters, Mail to Gus Nolan, % Marist College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12601, or to David Kammer, NEW ADDRESS 476 Laplaya, Edgewater, Florida, 32141; 904-426-6349.

GENERAL CHAPTER: The Marist Brothers convened in General Chapter in Rome through September and October. The Chapter elected Br. Benito Arbues of Spain's Catalogue province as Superior General and BR. SEAN SAMMON ('66) of the Poughkeepsie province as Vicar General, Delegates from the Esopus province were Br. John Klein ('66), provincial, Br. Leonard Voegtle ('50), and Br. Stephen Schlitte ('77). Going from the Poughkeepsie province were Br. Sean, as provincial, and Br. Pat McNamara ('75). Other delegates of our acquaintance were Br. Philip Robert Ouellette, C.G., Br. Renato Cruz, Philippines, Br. John Lek and Br. Joachim Heng, province of China, and Br. Clifford Perera, Sri Lanka. Br. John Malich will be acting provincial of the Poughkeepsie province until May of 1994.

FROM BR. PATRICK EUGENE MAGEE ('43): I was pleased to hear, through speaking with Hugh Turley, that the fall gathering at the Mount was a great success. Received the newsletter this afternoon. An excellent edition, worth the time to read, to reflect upon, and to pray over. I am certainly happy that the response was most positive to your challenge, "Should this publication continue?" I know that I enjoy reading it, and I look forward to each issue. I usually reproduce sufficient copies to allow the Brothers time to read at their leisure. Many thanks for keeping the Marist spirit and ideals alive and well. (4300 West 115th Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60655; 312-881-6360)

FROM REV. WILLIAM (William Mary) SEARS ('52): I have every intention of attending the picnic at the Mount and renewing old friendships and recalling so many fond memories. On June 5th my mom passed on peacefully at 93 years of age; may she rest in peace. Give a call any of you who may be in the area: 813-474-5217. Really enjoy the newsletter. Keep it rollin! (1745 Padre Lane, Englewood, Florida, 34223)

LOST ADDRESSES HELP The following persons have at one time or another been on our mailing list. Some have written. Can you help us with their correct present address?

Bernier, Raymond (Albert Maura '53)  
Challoux, Hubert (Hubert Joseph '26)  
Corcoran, Thomas ('56)  
Daly, Jerome ('62)  
Falisey, Robert ('64)  
Falkenstein, Tim (Timothy Leo '48)  
Ferncord, Raphael ('34)  
Flanagan, Rev. Michael ('50)  
Ford, William ('61)  
Fox, Edward ('55)  
Gagnon, Ron ('67)  
Gonzales, Rene  
Goetz, Robert (Robert Baptist '44)  
Gordon, Patrick ('61)  
Gray, Ted ('63)  
Hughes, Kerry ('63)  
Jean, Albert (Leonard Vincent '41)  
Long, James ('62)  
Mahoney, Sean ('61)  
Mullins, John ('55)  
O'Connor, Robert ('67)  
Ortuoste, Bernie ('59)  
Rowe, William (William Gerald '55)  
Sessman, Tom ('67)  
Schneider, Charley ('67)  
Shroeder, John ('61)