

FROM ED CASTINE ('50): About two weeks ago I sent you a letter to keep in touch with Marists All. Little did anyone know at the time that a shocking tragedy was to befall the St. Joseph Academy Community of Brownsville. I trust that many of the Marist Community have heard of this, but I feel impelled to write again.

BROTHER MICHAEL LINEEN ('61) MORTALLY STABBED JUNE 24, 1989
IN GUADALAJARA, MEXICO, DIED JUNE 25, 1989

The St. Joseph Academy Community, Marists, Faculty, Staff, Parents, and Student Body are in a state of shock, disbelief and deep sorrow that such a tragedy has befallen Br. Michael and all of us. After just a very short year of knowing and working with him, we all came to respect and love him very much. His qualities as a Marist monk, a human being and an administrator will be forever etched in our minds. Together with our other very talented administrators (Brothers Francis Garza, Kevin Brogan and John McNamara) Mike's planning, dedication and enthusiasm made an unbelievable impact on this community. His plans and eagerness for the years ahead are part of the legacy he has left us. Considering all the people I have worked with since 1955, I would have to rate the administration of the past year as definitely NUMBER ONE!

On Wednesday evening, June 28, 1989, a memorial Mass was held at Sacred Heart Church in Brownsville. The standing room only congregation attested to the respect Mike had earned in the short year he was with us, as well as to the sorrow and sympathy experienced by so many. Maureen and I still cannot believe that all this is real, but the fact remains. Please pray, first of all, for Brother Michael and the surviving members of his family, and secondly for all the members of this far away Marist establishment so that we may cope with the tragedy and carry on with the enthusiasm, plans and dedication that Mike left us.

(The wake and funeral Mass for Br. Michael Lineen were held at St. Mary's, Manhasset, followed by interment at the Brothers' cemetery in Esopus the afternoon of June 28th. A large number of Brothers and members of the Lineen family, friends, lay teachers, and students attended. Br. Michael had previously served in administration at St. Mary's High School, as well as at Union Catholic, Scotch Plains, and at Marist High, Bayonne.)

NEWS NOTES: Adrian Ferrault ('37) led a five-day pilgrimage to St. Ann de Beaupre, stopping off at Cap de la Madelein and at St. Joseph's Oratory in Montreal. He had occasion to tell his pilgrim/tourists about the relic of St. Ann and the old St. Jean Baptiste Church in New York, the building that was to become the gymnasium of St. Ann's Academy.

Bill Reger ('61) has been appointed director of the Bayer Wellness Program in Wellsburg, just outside Wheeling, W. Va. The program, which has gotten national media coverage, is expected to reduce the incidence of heart attacks in the community. It is an experimental program sponsored by the aspirin people. Bill has a Ph.D. in Exercise Physiology from West Virginia University.

Br. Sean Sammon ('66) has published a book through Alba House entitled Alcoholism's Children. While addressed to all adult children, the book gives particular attention to ACoAs in priesthood and religious life. The book jacket says that Br. Sean is a "well-known author and lecturer on topics dealing with stress, ego identity, and personal relationships."

FROM MIKE (Michael Vincent) KELLY ('50): Every time I receive a copy of Marists All, I promise myself that I will write, but there never seems to be time to say all the things that I would like to pass on to the many friends from the past ... and present. Since there probably never will be time to say it all, perhaps these few words will at least let people know that we are thinking of them and appreciate reading about their many successes.

Now where shall I begin? The last time I met many of the old gang was when I went to teach and study at the University of Detroit. The late sixties, a difficult time. There are volumes that could be written about that period. In 1969 I left the order and subsequently went to teach at Stanford University, married Janet, joined IBM, and moved around for the following seventeen years. Janet is an electrical engineer, so together we made the IBM scene in Poughkeepsie, East Fishkill, Boca Raton, Thornwood, Yorktown, and several other locations in Westchester and Connecticut. Two years ago I took early retirement from IBM. You have to say "early" so no one thinks you are getting old.

I went to teach and direct some new programs at the New Jersey Institute of Technology. Finally back to the classroom where I always thought I belonged. What a shock! There was so much that needed to be done, but it seemed like my values and priorities were out of phase with reality. Maybe it was going from a very fast track to a much slower one, and I was not ready for the change of pace.

After eighteen months at NJIT, I was offered a very challenging job in Washington. It was difficult to decide to pack up and start all over again, but we did it. I am Director of the Defense Manufacturing Office in an organization called the Defense Advanced Research Project Agency, DARPA. It is really a fascinating job, and I find myself in a position to have a far greater influence on education where I am now than when at NJIT. Janet was transferred by IBM to a facility in Manassas, and she is doing quite well.

I've saved the best until the last. We have two daughters, Joan and Jean. Joan just finished her freshman year at the University of Hartford, and Jean is a junior at McLean High School. She is still complaining about the terrible move from Briarcliff Manor, New York, to McLean, Virginia. God has been good to us, and we have been very happy. We would love to share that happiness with any of you who visit the Washington area. Call any time 703-821-7931 or drop a note and we'll be ready.
(6647 Hazel Lane, McLean, Va. 22101)

FROM PAT McMAHON ('60): I have recently moved to Lanesville, N. Y. This about thirty miles from Kingston, where I am teaching Physical Education and Health at the Grove Street Academy, a small school for emotionally disturbed boys ages ten to sixteen. I really feel blessed living out here in the peaceful Catskills and give thanks to God for this experience. I want to tell Tom Moore that I just bought my own house here after looking for two years to find something I liked and could afford. I was encouraged by Tom's sharing his experiences in buying a home after a number of years.

For the past three summers I have been working at Camp Marist for the month of July teaching rowing, working on the water front, and pitching softball ... and enjoying my time there very much. It has been interesting to reconnect with several of my past teachers like Br. Joseph Abel, Peter Hilary, and Robert James. I will be at Camp Marist again this summer. Thanks for sharing the newsletter with me.

(Stoney Rd., Rt. 214, Lanesville, N. Y. 12450)

FROM JOHN (Arnold Damian) CURRY ('35): My wife and I have just returned from Esopus where we went to attend the interment of Br. George Guimond (Cletus Richard, '34). Though there was a delay in the actual interment, Br. Richard Shea, Provincial, invited the party of Cletus' relatives and friends to visit the cemetery. What a tumultuous storm of emotions, as I walked the aisles reading name after name after name of men whom I knew or who directly touched my life. Face after face came into focus as I gazed at the headstones; I must have recognized over 75% of the names. And then the still empty grave awaiting the remains of my dearest friend, Brother Cletus Richard. My mind raced across the river to another small plot with the names of Mary's own from another generation, a spot I often visited prayerfully as postulant/novice.

For years Cletus was my mainline to news of things Marist. Each summer on his visit north, Cletus would squeeze in a few days during which we would reminisce, and he would bring me up to date on old friends. Even in death Cletus (my favorite name for him, a name as unique as he was) brought joy: the renewed acquaintance with family after so many years, and the resurrecting of fond memories; the opportunity to experience the warmth of people like Br. Steve Martin and Br. Richard Shea, a welcoming I experienced so many times in visits to Bayonne.

It was forty years ago that I left the Brothers, and over all those years one of the joys of my life has been my close relationship with so many of the monks. My first attempt to renew acquaintances was tentative but the warmth of my acceptance rekindled old friendships. Soon, since there were always at least a half dozen monks from my group stationed in New York, I was able to get a carload to spend a day during the Christmas holidays with us in New Jersey. A great pleasure having the warmest of friends under our roof; how we looked forward to those occasions! After many years of those happy get-togethers, reassignments and increased demands made it quite difficult to get the group together. After all, you can hardly expect a provincial like Brother Kieran Thomas Brennan to work his schedule around ours. At that point Br. James Elliott solved the scheduling problem by holding our gatherings at St. Agnes, where he practiced his culinary skills on us, after which we adjourned to a very pleasant back yard for an afternoon and evening of fellowship. Suddenly, it was time for final good-byes: Kevin Dominic Campbell, '80; James Bernard Elliott '81; and now Cletus Richard Guimond '89. May they all Rest In Peace.

I entered the juniorate at Poughkeepsie in 1929 to begin my eighth grade; my memory frame is blurry and so are the dates. After the customary training, I was assigned to Haverstraw as a fifth or sixth grade teacher. I spent two pleasant years there under the kindly guidance of Br. Georgie Burns. Then off to the big city for a more protracted stay of five or six years at Mt. St. Michael, where I enjoyed the best years of my teaching career (46 years, 33 in public school). From the Mount to Cardinal Hayes for two years, then on to St. Ann's (forerunner of Molloy) where after three years I left the order.

On February 19th last, Ann and I celebrated our fortieth wedding anniversary. We are blessed with three healthy sons who so far have added three grandchildren, two boys and one girl.

After leaving the order, I toyed with the idea of getting into something other than teaching, but after a brief look into several areas I ended up in Bergenfield High School in New Jersey. Thirty-three years later, after serving as English/Journalism teacher, chairman of the department for twenty-five years, and president of our educational association, I retired on July 1, 1981.

(110 North 17th St., Prospect Park, N. J. 07508; 201-790-5328)

ABOUT BR. JOE TESTON ('39): From an Augusta, Georgia, parish bulletin ...

On July 26th Br. Joseph Teston will mark a milestone in his service as a Marist Brother. On that date fifty years ago Br. Joseph took the Marist habit to begin a life of dedication to God's people. St. Mary's Parish and the Catholic community of Augusta have benefited by Brother Joseph's presence, first as a teacher at Aquinas from 1974 to 1976 and later as a pastoral assistant at St. Mary's, beginning in 1983. His example of Christ-like living has been an inspiration to us all. Whether counseling a student or trading stories with a S.A.G.E. member, Brother is truly a brother to everyone.

St. Mary's on the Hill

Parish will honor Brother Joseph at a Mass of Celebration and at a reception to follow on May 20th. At that time we would like to present Brother with a burse which, if he wishes, he may put toward a plane ticket to the Philippines for a return visit to the place where he served in various capacities from 1948 to 1971. As a teacher and later as principal, Brother Joseph was eventually selected to be the first Provincial of the Philippine Province when the area outgrew mission status to become an independent province. (Thanks to Ed Cashin for the above.)
Br. Joe Teston, 1920 Highland Ave., Augusta, Ga. 30904; 404-736-6486.

FROM BOB BUCKLEY ('66): It is such a treat to receive and read each edition of Marists All. During my novitiate at Esopus, we all celebrated the Sesquicentennial of the founding of the congregation. One of the themes was the "Marist Family." Well, I took that idea very seriously. After graduating from Marist College, I married my terrific wife, Lesley, who is a former Marist Missionary Sister. We were married on a magnificent day by Rev. Emile Guilmette, the Marist Father who served the college as chaplain for a number of years during the late sixties. Lesley and I have been blessed with two beautiful daughters, Robin and Holly. And the Marist story continues ... Robin will be starting at Marist College in September. We also have a terrific son, Rob, who came to join our family after graduating from high school.

Les has been nursing in the high risk Ob-Gyn department at Hartford Hospital for the past eighteen years, and I have been teaching for the last nineteen years. My experience has been very interesting. The first sixteen were in an affluent community, and for the last two and a half years I have been teaching in the Hartford system. I would like to establish a letter exchange between my students and kids from another locale; if anyone is interested, do contact me.

It is interesting to me how often there seems to be a connection between the apostolic foundations set in community and the work that both Leslie and I are doing professionally ... and with the myriad kids that visit. Marists All is another significant link to the profound spirit seeded through the Marist life we all share. (54 Ferncrest Dr. East Hartford, Ct. 06118; 203-569-2832)

BULLETIN: Br. Anthony Iazzetti ('65), principal of Mt. St. Michael, had a serious automobile accident in New York City this past summer. His car was broadsided at an intersection. Tony had a concussion, broken bones, and interior bleeding that required an extensive operation, we understand. He is recuperating at his sister's home in Connecticut. All of us encourage you, Tony.

G M C P I C N I C the Mount Saturday S E P T E M B E R 1 6

FROM ROBERT (Jude Robert) PARKER ('54): How does one go about summarizing 25 years in half a page? I left the order in 1963 and went out to Notre Dame full-time to finish my Master's in math. In a short time I realized I was not a pure mathematician, and so I switched to physics for my Ph.D. I got that in 1970, but they had massively overproduced physics Ph.D.'s as a response to Sputnik, and there were no jobs in the whole world in elementary particle physics. I had gotten interested in the biochemistry of aging and with the help of a little blarney, I talked my way into the department of biochemistry at Albert Einstein College of Medicine in the Bronx.

I was there until 1974 when I met a man at the Roche Institute in Nutley, N. J., who not only thought the same as I did about the pituitary gland being the probable source of the aging factor, but he had actually done significant research toward proving the point. I worked with him for two years, at which time my postdoc ended, and then I found out that NIH was not interested in truly solving the nature of the aging process. They would only give me money to do research that described changes that occur with age. So I moved to California and started my own business called HANDS Research Institute where I incorporated anti-aging principles with nutrition and was moderately successful. I wrote a book called "Aging and Nutrition," published and printed 600 copies (my experience under Tarcy was invaluable), and sold them all. However, I was not able to hit it big and find the money necessary for the research.

In 1985, I realized that I would have to take care of my future and so I got a California teaching license and have been teaching chemistry and Advanced Placement Chem for four years. They pay pretty well out here and I now have a condo (thru moderate income housing) and a new car. I have met many teachers in my 29 years of being taught and my fifteen years of teaching, and I have no doubt that the best teachers I have ever met are Marist Brothers. It's hard to imagine anyone surpassing Talty or Cashin or Joe Bob or Edmund Jude or any number of wonderful teachers that I was exposed to along the way.

In 1973, while in New York, I met a wonderful teacher of history and psychology named Michael Bettinger; he has been a source of joy and support to me over the years. In 1976, my life became fairly chaotic (the duties at work doubled, my mother and then my father both got very sick, had to be put in nursing homes, had to be visited). I wasn't very aware of the subtleties of relationships, and I didn't see that Michael was drifting away from me. We split up as a pair, one of the unhappiest moments of my life, but we have stayed friends. We both have determined that we are HIV+ (for at least eight years), and we provide a great deal of moral support to each other, as well as stay current on what are the best activities to do to survive. Right now we are asymptomatic, and we both try to do physical things to strengthen ourselves, such as working out and doing a lot of backpacking. I did a one night trip seven years ago and have since graduated to a seventeen day backpacking jaunt in the Canadian Rockies. I have also formed an HIV+ social group to make it easier for us to find mates, and this has turned out to be an interesting apostolate. The daily meditations that I did on death and mortality in the order make the potential death sentence that I have much easier to handle. I find that I spend a lot of time with people, advising them how to handle their future and put useless worries out of the mind.

Life has been very rich to me. I discovered a Schola Gregoriana, and we sing the Solemn High Mass in Latin twice a month. We did the simple Salve Regina for the exeunt on Sunday, and that was a moving experience. Right now I am borrowing a Liber, but I would love to get hold of my own. Anyone know where there is one?
(80 Ora Way, G-203, San Francisco, Ca. 94131; 415-824-3370)

FROM EDMOND J. McELROY ('53): This letter has been a long time in the making. Since the first issue of Marists All I have many times put pen to paper only to find for some reason or other that I would never bring it to completion. Could it be the fact that I had David Kammer as my freshman English teacher back in St. Ann's Academy in 1948? Only kidding, Dave! Let me express my deepest appreciation to both Dave and Gus for initiating this newsletter. Each time I read Marists All I get a lump in my throat. I was deeply saddened by the deaths of Mike Shurkus and Terry Jones. I taught with Mike in St. Agnes my first year out and with Terry Jones in Molloy the following year. They were two outstanding people.

After leaving the monks in 1969, I took a teaching position in Darien Public Schools, Connecticut, where I have been ever since. A year and a half later I married Barbara Gould, formerly Sister Perpetua Marie, who taught in St. Helena's girls school. After living in New Canaan for a year, we purchased a house in Ridgefield where we still live. God has blessed our marriage with five "wonderful" children, three boys and two girls, Jimmy (18), Marianne (17), Kathleen (14), John (13), and Tom (12). This year the two oldest are off to college. Contributions will be greatly appreciated!

Thanks to my training from the days on the "project," I have put three additions on my house. I am sure Nilus and Eddy Mike would be very proud of me. In the last few years I have become involved in local politics. I serve as Chairman of the Park and Recreation Commission, and as a member of the Republican Town Committee. I hope to see all at the annual Greater Marist picnic in September. Feel free to drop in if you find yourself nearby. (64 Great Hill Road, Ridgefield, Conn. 06877; 203-438-8410)

FROM JOE (Gabriel Francis) HORES ('49): Received issue #9 of Marists All. Thanks. Let me join the chorus of praise for the service you are giving with this newsletter. I moved down to Florida in mid-July of 1988 after selling my old Victorian house in Brooklyn. I have begun to adjust to the easier, slower pace of life here. The past winter was marvelous. Temperature never fell below forty degrees, and I only had heat in the house on five days.

I am completely retired, and so far have no complaints. I do not have any job or any activity to make demands on my time. I have not started up my AIDS volunteer work that I began in Brooklyn. For the first five months here I did not have a car, but now that I do have a car I will begin again to serve these suffering people when the opportunity presents itself. I am completely convinced that they need an objective ear to listen to them. For now I set my own pace. Two local FM stations keep the Mozart coming. The local library keeps me supplied with books. My walkman has my ears humming on early morning bike rides. The birds are singing in the trees, and the night sky is ablaze with stars, many of which I have never seen before. And I do believe He knows their number and calls them by name. Lappy, take note!

The recent deaths were indeed sad, and a reminder of our own mortality. I can still see Clem Martin on the ball field, glove in hand, wide grin on his face, giving the needle to Johnny Marren. Also, many recollections of Denis Damian bouncing around the half-pint basketball court at St. Agnes. It is hard to believe that these men are gone. Be well.

(1801 69 Avenue S., St. Petersburg, FL. 33712; 813-866-0438)

G M C P I C N I C at the Mount, Saturday, SEPTEMBER 16, noon to 5 p.m.

FROM PAT (Joseph Andrew) DONAGHY ('50): I have been in the Midwest for a number of years and have lost touch with most of the old gang. I hope to re-establish contact. I have heard from some of my old buddies in the last few months ... Dan Sullivan, Frank Moran, Bill Levine. I'd like to be put on the mailing list for your newsletter.

FROM BRIAN (Brian Henry) DESILETS ('45): Whatever happened to Brian Desilets?

I really enjoy reading about those many people whose names bring back such delightful memories. All the way back to 1941 to 1943 in the Juniorate, then the Novitiate with Br. Henry Charles, and the Scholasticate with Br. Paul Ambrose, and teaching at Dubois H. S. (1950-54) and then teaching at Marian College, 1954-1960, and again at Marist College, 1964-74. This was really a career and involved so many wonderful people! I certainly look upon all those years as very happy ones and continue to cherish them. Reading Marists All brings back all these great memories, and I enjoy reliving them.

I left the Brothers in 1969 and married Kathleen Rooney in 1970. She had recently graduated from Fordham with a Ph.D. in physics. She had been hired to teach physics at Marist where she remained on the Marist faculty until 1978, when she joined IBM in the development lab. We have three children: Frances (17), Kathleen (15), and Brian (14). The two girls are in Lourdes, and Brian will be going there next year. Frances will graduate this year and will be going to Catholic University. She wants to get into politics. We also have a golden retriever who had twelve puppies. Unfortunately six of them did not survive. Our female cat is working on her second litter, and our male cat just sleeps all day. The fish don't make much noise. The Desilets animal farm keeps the kids happy and busy.

Our family interests have included sailing and skiing. We took our honeymoon on a 32-foot ketch which I had purchased. We also ski as a family and used to go frequently when I was on the National Ski Patrol. I retired from that after twenty years of service. We have done the camping bit, both tent and van camping.

After I left the Brothers in 1969, I continued to teach at Marist College in the physics department and to occupy the role of Dean of the Evening Division until 1974, when I left Marist to join IBM. The main reason for leaving Marist was that physics was not in great demand in small colleges in those days, and I did not want to restrict my efforts to teaching service courses, so I decided to go into industrial research. The opportunity to do this came through another former Marist, Michael Kelly, who was a manager at the IBM development lab. At the present time I am a Senior Engineer Manager of a base tech group, trying to keep IBM ahead of the Japanese in the semiconductor race.

Now we are about to go through the years of kids in college ... and then retirement. The speed with which the years pass just amazes me, but of all my years those with the Brothers will always remain very dear to me. (6 Lake Oniad Drive, Wappingers Falls, N. Y. 12590; 914-297-7499)

FROM TOM MOORE ('61): Always run the gamut of emotions after reading each issue of Marists All. Maybe I'll be able to contribute more print myself when school is over. Awed by how much so many have accomplished. Thanks for your efforts. (1028 Hillside Trail, Johnstown, Pa. 15905)

GMC PICNIC at the Mount, Saturday, September 16th, noon to 5 p.m.

REMEMBERING JOE ABE ('17): Br. Joseph Abel McManus was a man for all seasons. A native of Poughkeepsie, he joined the Marist Brothers in 1917; he started his teaching career in Savannah, Georgia, where he taught the first grade at Marist School for Boys. Many old grads still recall the tremendous influence he had in their young lives.

After receiving his B.A. and M.A. from Fordham, Br. Joseph taught several years at Marist Training School, Poughkeepsie. As principal of St. Agnes High School in New York, he directed Brothers and boys to compete with the best in the big city. In 1935 he was sent to Lawrence where he was teacher and principal of the new Central Catholic High. As supervisor of Marist schools in the United States, Br. Joseph's experience proved very helpful to young Brothers who were trying to make the grade as teachers.

In 1960 Brother was assigned to be the new director of Camp Marist in Center Ossipee, N. H., a job he loved very much. In later years Br. Joe chose Roselle Catholic High as his place of retirement. There he acted as guidance officer and as tutor until his death in December of 1988. (Thanks to Br. William Gleason, '30, for this tribute)

FROM BR. THOMAS KELLY ... Sargodha Update: By any account our first year could not be considered dull or uneventful. The year was marked by national disasters and violent upheavals created by man and nature. Violence stalked the streets of many cities. A priest was gunned down in his rectory, a Dominican sister was murdered as she entered her convent, and a lay volunteer was stabbed to death in what should have been the safety of a hospital hostel.

In our own little corner in Sargodha here in Pakistan our school opened April 11, 1988, with thirteen students in grade 6 and eight students in grade 7. Within two weeks the enrollment climbed to thirty in each class. The school was placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin and dedicated to the people of Sargodha. Three Marist Brothers formed an international team: Br. Campion from New Zealand, Br. Bonaventure from Ireland, and Br. Kelly from the States. From the outset we knew that to educate the poor of Sargodha we would have to provide books for the youngsters, arrange for transportation from the surrounding slum areas, initiate literacy classes for adults, and start a program of instruction for local teachers. Your generosity has made all that possible; any success we have had is a measure of the love and interest so many of you have shown in our work.

As our first year drew to a close, Br. Bonaventure returned to Ireland to continue his work in our schools in Sligo, while Br. Campion decided to respond to a new challenge and joined other New Zealand Brothers working with the poor of Tonga in the Pacific. Both Brothers contributed immensely here, and we ask God to bless them in their new apostolates. Br. Walter Smith of Melbourne, Australia, arrived here in April and is already hard at work practicing Urdu to the delight and amusement of the local population; he is fitting nicely into our apostolate in the school and in the villages. (% Catholic Church, College Road, Sargodha, Pakistan)

Donald (Joel Matthew) Ryan ('42) sent us a note of encouragement in June. He promises to send us something to include in the newsletter sometime soon. Don lives in Sparta, New Jersey.

G M C P I C N I C the Mount Saturday S E P T E M B E R 16

FROM BR. LEONARD VOEGTLE ('50): Greetings from sunny Italy! The pool has been filled and is gradually warming up. Steve Urban asked me to take charge of the pool, so I'm learning the mysteries of pumps and filtration and chlorination; they never taught us that in canon law! Steve gave me the latest Marists All yesterday, which reminded me, amid the pleasures of renewing contact with a lot of old friends, that it's been a while since I was in touch ... so here's a quick updating:

I've been here in Rome two and a half months now, and I'm well settled in and working busily at translating our Founder's letters, and doing some other translating and editing for the Superior General and for our publications, FMS Echo and FMS Message. I'm also editing a modern version of The Teacher's Guide, done by a monk in New Zealand. I can work pretty much at my own pace, and take time for seeing familiar sights and old friends in town. Work on the two volumes of Champagnat's letters plus commentary will take me two or three years. Work on volume two of the history of the United States provinces, apart from what I can dig up in the archives here, won't begin until my return to the States.

I was up to Nemi, in the Alban Hills east of Rome, last month giving conferences to the Second Novitiate group. It was my first visit, and I was very much impressed with the setup, which we are renting from the Divine Word Fathers. There is a magnificent view across the lake. The house reminds me very much of the one we had in Fribourg, which was sold to Michelin. Negotiations for the purchase of the place we'd like to buy for our very own from the Marianists, have been bogged down for quite a while in Vatican/Italian red tape.

I'll be in Nemi again this week for some more conferences; the group will be just back from Champagnat country. The Superior General and the Council are at the Hermitage in France now, for their retreat and then the kickoff of Champagnat Year. A solemn Mass at Marles May 21st will be carried live on French TV (fortunately on "Antenne 2" which we get here). Of course, there will be a super wing-ding here: Mass celebrated by the Superior General of the Marist Fathers, and then a big family banquet.

Come mid-September I'll be going to Brazil to serve as a translator at the quadrennial provincials' meeting; this is the first time it's been held away from Rome, and it will be my first look at South America! I expect to spend a few days in the States on my way down, and afterwards I'll take my vacation there in late October and early November ... a good chance to see doctor, dentist, eyedocor, et al. All for now. Prayers across the miles, with affection as always. (Fratelli Maristi, Piazza M. Champagnat, 2, C.P. 10250, 00144, Rome, Italy)

DECEASED: Br. Cletus Richard ('34) died in Miami in early May. Cletus was a very pleasant community man and an excellent teacher. Over his forty years plus teaching career, he taught at many of the Marist schools in both provinces. In recent years he served as director and cared for older Brothers at the Marist retirement home in Miami. In 1987 Cletus moved over a few blocks to help out at Christopher Columbus High School. (See tribute on page 3 by John Gurry)

We hear that Brian Lonergan ('47) lost a twenty-five year old son last January in a tragic auto accident. Our sympathy and prayers, Brian.

FROM ED (Maetin Jude) CASTINE ('50): Every issue of Marists All is read avidly from beginning to end and then saved with past issues. I have just finished perusing the past issues and realize that I have not contributed anything since number 3 in December of 1987.

The deaths of many Marists over the past eighteen months was very sad news. I spent several years at St. Agnes with Br. Denis Damian and with Mike Shurkus. They were good years and both men were very helpful to this beginner. Our prayers are with them and their loved ones.

Greetings to Pete Kurveke and to Bill Connelly from St. Joe, Brownsville; I enjoyed your letters to Marists All. Judging by his letter, it appears that Dick Brannigan still has the same great sense of humor. Remember those novitiate diaries, Dick? Hello to Jim Morrissey. Anyone ever hear from Larry Halsey or Larry Hughes? It was good to read the notes from Charlie Scott, Bob Slattery, Buddy Nolan, and Bill Lavigne, as well as many others. Are Larry Sullivan and Richard Lapietra still at Marist College? (Yes) I like Joe Horan's idea of a 40th reunion in 1990.

Maureen and I are in the midst of our summer recess. We are not planning on any away-vacation as Maureen's mom, Mary Casey, is living with us and her health is failing. She will be 89 in September. The Padre Island seashore is only twenty miles away, so we hope to get in some swimming, sunning, and beach walking. We look forward to the next Marists All, and maybe even to a reunion in 1990. (105 St. Joseph Drive, Brownsville, Texas, 78520; 512-544-0951)

GMC PICNIC —

Mt. St. Michael

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 16

GMC PICNIC: Looking forward to seeing all within a day's traveling radius of N.Y. at the annual Greater Marist Community picnic to be held again this year at the Mount in the garth area. It will be on Saturday, Sept. 16, from noon to 5 p.m. Indoor facilities are available in case of rain. Come with spouse and children or come alone. Bring your own beverage and a pot-luck dish for a shared meal. Brothers are most welcome. Thanks to Br. John Francis for opening the doors to us again this year. Do put this reunion on your calendar now!

ABOUT THE NEWSLETTER: We are very, very grateful for the continued support and encouragement of this newsletter. Many tell us how guilty they feel for delaying to share themselves with us; we understand and we are patient but we continue to prod. We look forward to hearing from you. Write to David Kammer, 107 Woodland Drive, Harwinton, Ct. 06791, or to Gus Nolan, Marist College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12601.