



**ISSUE # 55**

**July 2000**

## **TORNADO ROARS THROUGH MARIST PROPERTY IN ESOPUS**

**BY BR. LEONARD VOEGTLE** By now some readers may have brief news of the tornado that tore through here on May 18th. At 5:30 p.m. the sky grew greenish-black, there was that "express train" roar, what seemed like a solid wall of water swept across the retreat house courtyard, and when it had passed a few moments later, hundreds of trees all over the property had been uprooted or snapped off. No one was hurt, thank God, and there was no major damage to buildings, but all of our roads were massively blocked, and our entire landscape was permanently altered. The newspapers later said that the wind had been clocked at 124 m.p.h.

What a strange feeling to walk around and see the huge trees that had come crashing down while hanging baskets of flowers weren't even blown off their hooks! There were now big gaps in our "skyline" where groves of trees once stood, and there were jumbled piles of trees in the woods no matter what direction one might look. Even stranger was the discovery that north and south of us (including the area around the mansion), there was no damage at all!

Crews of 20-30 men have been working steadily since the 23rd to clear the roads and cut up the 117 trees that have had to be removed. That will cost 50 thousand. Everyone who came to Larry Hanshumaker's funeral had heard of the disaster, but the universal reaction was still shock and dismay at the extent of the damage, and the sight of the stretch from the novitiate (the old tailor shop) to the retreat house, and along the big triangle over to Holy Rosary, looking like a logging camp in full operation! However, by the time the summer camps begin on June 18th there should be only the permanent scars in the landscape to remind us of our close call. From now on Psalm 29 about the Lord rending the forest and stripping the oak trees bare will have real meaning for us all – and be recited with one eye on any gathering clouds!

**GMC PICNIC** Once again we look forward to seeing many of you at the annual Greater Marist Community picnic to be held at Mt. St. Michael in the Bronx near the Mt. Vernon border at Nereid and Murdock Avenues. The gathering will be on Saturday, September 16th, noon to 5 p.m. Come with spouse and children or come alone. Bring your own beverage and a potluck dish for a shared meal. All Brothers are most welcome to join in. Thanks to the director and to the community of the Mount for welcoming us. We have been having this picnic each year on the second Saturday after Labor Day. Mark the 16th on your calendar.

**FROM JOHN (James Austin) McALEER ('42):** I think you are probably updated on my physical condition, but let me sum it up. I've tried desperately to get a surgeon to do open-heart surgery to replace my severely damaged main heart valve, which has just about shut down. There are great surgeons here at the Midwest Heart Institute at St. Luke's Hospital, Kansas City, Missouri. They

pioneered the balloon angioplasty. Nevertheless, one after another, their heaviest hitters, has said, "No, thanks!"

Medical people are giving me a wide berth for several reasons: I've had previous open-hearts in '76 and '93. The five "grafts" they installed are still functioning well, but unfortunately three years ago I developed cancer affecting some ribs and vertebrae. The chemotherapy almost killed me but it did the job. Though afterwards there was no sign of cancer, to make sure they gave me radiation as carefully as they could. It seems the radiation badly scarred my lungs. There is also scarring from the two previous bypasses. Net result is the surgeons wouldn't be able to see what they are doing. So surgery is not an option, and there are no medications.

I'm starting my fourth week in a hospice program. I'm still active, getting out a few times a week; going to meetings, having meetings come here, going to the movies, getting to church. The chief symptom is shortness of breath, so oxygen and a portable wheelchair are a big help.

If I were 40 years old, I might feel entitled to some self-pity, but I'll be 78 on June 1st. I've lived a full and happy life. I pray that you continue your ministry to the GMC; you have no idea how much good you do. P.S. Recently Bill Murphy (Joseph William '40) came down from Milwaukee to visit with Ruth and me. We did a lot of reminiscing, visited some places of interest, and held the first meeting of the Kansas City area chapter of the GMC. The third member is Steve Slack ('60) who has been in the area about five years and who made his debut in these pages late last year.(8700 Metcalf (#102-E), Overland Park KS 66212; 913-381-6548; jjmcaleer@earthlink.net)

**FROM VINNY (Vincent James) HALL ('58):** Thanks for your continued interest in producing and distributing Marists All. I do indeed treasure receiving it, and I enjoy hearing about those who have been good friends. I can't believe my three children have already grown and finished college. My wife and I live in a very spirit-filled parish, St. Margaret of Scotland in Selden. As a Eucharistic minister I have been able to bring Communion to shut-ins and to patients at St. Charles Hospital in Port Jefferson. My wife Darlene works as an educator at the Museums of Stony Brook where classes from various schools on Long Island come to spend a day in an 1890 environment. Each year I have been back to the Marist College campus. It is always a delight to see Br. Richard Rancourt and Br. Paul Ambrose. (128 Berkeley Avenue, Selden NY 11784; 631-732-6236)

**FROM MICHAEL DEAN ('63):** I'm sorry; I'm a weak link. I could give you some lame excuses but I do get tremendous satisfaction from reading Marists All. I would like to continue receiving it. I'll try to find time to write. Please keep it coming.(10221 SW 96 Terrace, Miami FL 33176)

**FROM GEORGE HALPIN ('65):** Thanks to your nudge I am finally joining the many contributors to the greatest of alumni newsletters. Though my time with the Brothers was brief (1965-71), its impact has been long standing. I remember a few of the usual contributors and have enjoyed hearing from and about them.

I really enjoyed visiting Marist College in November. After 30 years, seeing Poughkeepsie and Esopus was a trip on a time machine. Marian Hall is gone, but thousands of memories remain. Walking the grounds at Esopus and visiting the cemetery was very special. Those few years and those great men helped a teenager mature in a way I can only now appreciate.

I left the monks just as I was entering medical school at NYU. That was a radical departure from what I ever thought I would be doing. I think it has worked out well though. I have to thank Richard LaPietra and Leonard Voegtle for their help getting the wild adventure off the ground: Richard for keeping my nose to the chemistry grind-stone and Brother Leonard for his personal help in a difficult transition.

No great scholar I neverthe-less completed med school, a masters at Yale's school of public health, and a residency in preventive medicine/public health. For twelve years I worked at the New Jersey Department of Health running an array of services for mothers and children.

In a life that has had many 90-degree turns, one constant has been my other half, Pat Hartz. We met at Father Beiting's Christian Appalachian Project in 1970 and have been growing with each other ever since. We married in '74 and had our daughter Anna in 1986. Pat is doing HIV related cellular research at Morgan State University. Anna is a really great kid; she is entering high school. You can tell I am a proud father.

Becoming a parent changed my life in a way I never expected. I found that in a very special way I loved and enjoyed caring for infants and children. Armed with that newly found insight into myself, a very understanding family, and a growing frustration with public health politics, I left my job in New Jersey in 1992 and went back to do a three-year residency in pediatrics. That was my own twist on a mid-life crisis. Now I am a pediatrician working at Sinai Hospital in Baltimore. I help run a primary care pediatric practice that works with low-income families and teaches residents the craft of pediatrics. In our work we daily see, along with the scars of parental drug abuse, family violence, and HIV, many fantastic family success stories. I am also back in the school setting, working in a school based health center at a school near our office.

Our family life is very busy. Our days revolve tightly around work/school and home. There is time for little else. One of these days I will contact Pat Kielty of my group who lives not ten miles from us. Again, thanks for the nudge; keep the letters coming. They keep a connection alive that is very important to me, and apparently to many others.(4947 Wards Chapel Road, Owings Mills MD 21117-3111; ghalpin1@ea.net)

**JOHN WESP ('65):** John tells us that he married his wife Kathleen in December of 1969 and that they have three children: Bart 22, Dan 19, and Mary 12. Both John and Kathleen are now retired teachers. At retirement they moved from New York to Cape Cod. John says that he enjoys travelling and sailing. In his response to our questionnaire he mentioned that he sees Ed Jennings and Don Gillespie, and said further, "Mike Driscoll's death was a shock; I saw him a few months before." (2 Connecticut Avenue, East Harwick MA 02645-1508)

**FROM MARTY CULLINAN ('53):** I enjoy reading about the lives and the families of the Marist gang in the newsletter. I look for the guys I know first, then I just skim through it, especially if it gets preachy or moralistic. I thoroughly enjoyed my years of training and the years teaching in Marist schools as a brother. I met some great men and a few that have remained close friends for life. Two years ago I retired from union work and now spend my time reading and playing golf. Thanks to my good friend Dick Masterson, I am learning the game. My wife Pat retired this June and now we intend to travel.

My son Sean got married last August. With a master's degree in labor relations, he works for a union in New York City.

As we get older I guess we like to reminisce more. Here are my memories of 1950 in Esopus. How about those walks from the dorms to the mansion. How cold it was on winter mornings and how beautiful in the spring. The race to see who would get there first. Swimming in the Hudson River, changing in the boathouse, in silence of course. You really had to know how to swim in that river current. The walk back up the hill, fighting shad flies all the way.

Army-Navy football games on Thanksgiving. Skating at the icehouse after Midnight Mass on Christmas. The softball leagues in the summer. Wednesday afternoon off, made up on Saturday morning. The hour of silent reading twice a day, under the trees in the summer. Remember recess in the red corridor, the beautiful chapel, and the main marble staircases. The work details: dining room and scullery teams. How we managed to clean up, wash, dry, and reset the tables in less than 15 minutes is a wonder. It is also a wonder that none of us contracted hoof and mouth. How many hours did you spend weeding the gutters, washing marble staircases, helping Brother Felician chop wood for the green house. Brother Leo starting physics classes with a joke, or Brother Ignatius teaching Latin with a southern drawl. Cheating on the Latin 1 exam, taking regents. The new cemetery that looked so empty then, and is so filled now.

The Dayliner trip back up the Hudson after summer vacation at home. Flirting with the girls on the boat, the last drag on the cigarette before boarding the bus to Esopus. How small home felt after the mansion. Ah, the memories. A wonderful time in my life; not any more wonderful than other phases of my life, but one I look on with fondness. (96 Bay Drive, Massapequa NY 11758-7307; 516-799-4593; onlymarty1@aol.com)

**FROM RAPHAEL MARTIN ('52):** Thanks for tracking me down and forwarding the latest issue of Marists All. It is always a sheer delight to read about the on-going events in the lives of people who have, to one degree or another, been part of my own life-journey. Many are the times I wish I could chat again with the friends I had been close to in the Brothers but are now part of the larger Marist contingent: George McGuire, Harry Henky, Jose Vidal, Paul Bruneau, Bill Byrne, Tom Scanlon, and Brothers Gerry Doherty and Mike Laratonda. The list could go on and on. I am always happily surprised when someone I had been thinking about sends in a few lines as recently did Ken Murrin, Jimmy O'Brien, Pat Gallagher, and Brother Paddy Long.

As for myself, I am presently in active ministry as an Adult Faith Formation Coordinator and R.C.I.A. Director at a nearby parish in the Oakland Diocese. I welcome exchanges from the readers of Marists All who may be engaged in parish ministry and who wish to share experiences of adult education. If any are planning to visit the East Bay area of California, please get in touch. It will be a pleasure to extend the best of Marist hospitality to you!(1116 Running Springs Road (#5), Walnut Creek CA 94595; RaphM@msn.com)

**FROM JACK RYAN ('60):** The mere mention of paring down the subscription list in your latest edition has caused me to wonder if not having filled out the recent questionnaire could have me separated out with the goats or cut down with the chaff! Would I get a second, third, and final notice as with SI and Time or would I simply disappear into exterior darkness. Granted that the possibility

of this is rather slight, the read is too good for me to take the slightest chance. (Good guy, Jack; you wrote in February '88 and in February '98!)

Our youngest son Patrick will be graduating from high school and heading off to Boston College in the fall. This means that come the great "CYO" College Football Championship game on November 11th, the Ryans will be a divided family. After 50 years of rooting for the Irish it will be hard for me to summon up even the least bit of enthusiasm for BC that day.

Our son Jack has returned from a year of studies in Spain and is ready for his senior year, secretly hoping that someone tells him they have an infallible answer to the great query regarding the choice of law school or grad school or bartending and skiing in Colorado.

Our daughter Maureen, having finished school, is in a Notre Dame volunteer program which assigns the participants to two years of teaching in a Catholic school in various parts of the South. She is teaching Spanish and religion at St. Joe's H.S. in Jackson, Mississippi. One of her buddies was assigned to St. Joe's in Brownsville and not surprisingly reports that the Marist Brothers do high school education right! At Maureen's commissioning ceremony last August I was standing at the Grotto in South Bend, but my mind was in the Esopus chapel as I listened to the intonation of "signum magnum." Many similarities, and of course it was an occasion for memories to come flooding back.

My steps are a little slower, my waist more generous, and when I do reminisce of Esopus, I find myself gravitating more to the rocking chairs on the mansion porch overlooking the Hudson than to the ballfields and the gym. I am running for a second four-year term on the local School Board. The first term has been interesting and rewarding; it is not easy to get education out of the blood. For 25 years I have been selling vibratory conveyors to Michigan foundries. No one I ever meet socially has any idea what a vibratory conveyor is, but I have enjoyed the work, and the prosperous auto industry has been good to me. (1238 Berkshire, Goose Pointe MI 48230; jcryan1214@yahoo.com)

**FROM PAUL MALONEY ('59):** I read each issue of the newsletter; wouldn't miss it. Since last I wrote -- don't know when that was -- I've become a grandfather twice, Sara in 1995 and Ryan in 1998, via my son Paul and his wife Christine. I just turned 60 this week and after 36 and a half years with IRS I'll retire this coming December.

In September of '95 I had prostate cancer and the prostate was removed. For what it's worth, I suggest that all over 40 should have their prostate checked. When I had a physical in May 1995, there seemed to be no problem with the prostate, but when the doctor did the digital exam, he told me to have it checked out further. I then had a PSA (I think it was 14). A follow-up biopsy confirmed the cancer. Now I go once a year to have my PSA tested. So far, it's been zero, which it should be.

Congratulations to all celebrating anniversaries, especially those whom I know, the 40th: Bert, Rene, George (remember Edgar vs. O. Henry), . . . and to Lenny who snuck his 50th by me. Anyway, keep up the good work. I really enjoy Marists All; please keep the issues coming. (11519 LeHavre Drive, Potomac MD 20854; 301-983-0905)

**FROM MSGR JOSEPH ROTH:** My experience as a Marist Brother (Patrick Kieran '56) has been a tremendous help to me as a priest in South Carolina – the whole state is the diocese of Charleston. My time in the Kobe mission gave me much experience that has proven so valuable. Years of teaching have helped me develop many adult ed programs, and I am director of the permanent diaconate program in the diocese. I still teach 8th grade religion daily in our parochial school. Will write more later. Best wishes and God bless.(503 37th Avenue North, Myrtle Beach SC 29577; 843-448-5930; padremb@aol.com)

**FROM BILL BUCKLEY ('80):** Although I am a bit younger than many of those who regularly contribute to Marists All, I nonetheless am familiar with many of the names of the writers. It is particularly great to see names and news from some of the younger men, most of whom I knew as my confreres and teachers. Some of the older guys, of course, are "legends" who were often the subject of stories around the dinner table during my years with the brothers. Philip Robert and Aquinas Richard, both of the group of 1948, told me that they had a classmate who also carried the name of "William Buckley."

I was in the novitiate class of 1980 under the direction of Denis Hever and John Malich. During my years as Assistant Principal at St. Anthony High School in Jersey City the brothers sent me to law school at Seton Hall. In 1988 I left the Institute from St. Anthony's.

The next year I was admitted to the bar. I did appellate litigation work for five years at American International Group's offices in Jericho, New York. Remarkably, of the 23 lawyers in that department, three of us were Molloy graduates, and we had one each from Christ the King, St. Mary's-Manhasset, Cardinal Hayes, and Lourdes-Poughkeepsie.

For the past four months I've been doing similar appellate litigation in civil cases at Garabini & Scher in the Grace Building at 1114 Avenue of the Americas, NYC. It's been won-derful not having to commute on the Long Island Rail Road! I greatly enjoy the writing aspects of appeals, and I know that I could never have carried this off without my teachers at Molloy, especially without the two years under Edmund Sheehan. I'm thankful that the brothers pulled talents out of me that I never knew were inside. Thanks much for Marists All. I enjoy the reading. (319 Avenue C (#8-F), New York NY 10009)

**FROM BILL (William Bernard) BUCKLEY ('48):** You say that you are trying to identify three William Buckley's on your mailing list? I believe that I am one of the fugitives you seek. During the past few years I have moved several times. I am pre-1959 and therefore had a religious name; it was William Bernard. To "beef up" my I.D., I was in the group with Gus Nolan and Ziggy Rancourt to name a few. Ziggy and I have been in contact over the years.

Marists All has been arriving (don't know if I have got them all) but I do receive and enjoy them very much. I would appreciate remaining on the mailing list.(26 Brockbank Place, Sierra Vista AZ 85635-1018)

Editor: Does anyone know the whereabouts of William Buckley of the '60s, Tyngsboro?

**FROM BR. SUMNER HERRICK ('62):** As a Marist I've been able to do lots of different things: teach French and Spanish, work in administration, do college counseling, and my latest --- directing the Marist Volunteer Program. It's a

program sponsored by all branches of the Marist Family. It was started in 1992. The volunteers live in one of the Marist communities, either with the fathers, the sisters, or the brothers. The overwhelming majority of them are just out of college. Most of them wind up helping in a school, though they do not have teaching certificates. However, they do just fine.

This year we have eight volunteers, graduates from colleges such as Notre Dame, Marquette, Rosemont, and Marist. Our year kicks off with a five-day orientation at Marist College, and from there the volunteers move to their respective communities. This coming year we expect to place them in Lawrence, the Bronx, Chicago, Wheeling, and Atlanta. All are in schools except one young lady; she's a counselor/mentor in a youth detention center in Wheeling, which is directed by Ron Mulholland.

The last couple of years the recruiting has been difficult for all volunteer programs, this due in large part to the strong economy and thus the great job offers college seniors are receiving. If any of the readers of this newsletter would like to receive the Marist Volunteer Program newsletter, they can phone the office in Chicago at 773-881-6360, ext 5367 or e-mail me: [sumnerh@marist.net](mailto:sumnerh@marist.net) The web page address is: [www.marist.net/~mvp](http://www.marist.net/~mvp). 4200 West 115th Street, Chicago IL 60655)

**FROM BILL (John Regis) MAHER ('54):** I receive Marists All and have enjoyed each issue. Began filling out the questionnaire and put it down to do something that had arisen and so now it is gone! I would like to remain on the list to receive the newsletter.

I appreciated the time you gave to my wife Elaine, our son John, and me when we visited Marist College four years ago. John landed up at Loyola College in Baltimore. This fall he enters his senior year. John is our youngest; next year college will be behind us!

Elaine and I went to Japan last April to visit our second daughter, Kathryn. She graduated from William & Mary and was in the JET Program to teach conversational English to Japanese students in Ueno in Mie-Ken Province. She met Brother Gus, and Brothers George Fontana and Kopper. On our tour we stopped in Kobe and were graciously received by the Brothers. We were made right at home. The first evening we found ourselves sitting for several hours reminiscing over past years. On Sunday we attended Mass at the school and upon leaving the chapel Richard Jambor stopped me and said, "I know you!" We spent the afternoon with him and his lovely wife Kinuko. We continue to keep in touch. Thank you for keeping us informed these many years. (63 Eddy St., Norton MA 02766; [mahere@massed.net](mailto:mahere@massed.net) (Elaine Maher))

**FROM ED TOWSLEY ('62):** Just got the most recent Marists All. Great issue. Nice letter from Linus Foy. He taught me Differential Equations in college, and I knew him from St. Ann's Academy before he became President of Marist College. John Sainsbury was in my group; he had the same problem I did with not being allowed to graduate from Marist. My family and I were very disappointed, but that was a long time ago. (28 Revere Rd., Fishkill NY 12524-1424; 914-896-7540; [edtowsley@aol.com](mailto:edtowsley@aol.com))

**DECEASED:** Brother Lawrence Hanshumaker('42) died May 24th. After many years teaching at Marist High in Chicago, the last few years Larry has been

responsible for computer science at Lourdes High in Poughkeepsie. His death came of a head injury resulting from a fall.

**FROM ANNE CURRY:** Wife of *John Curry* (Arnold Damian '35) John had been anointed several times; the Eucharistic minister visited every week. Two hours after receiving the last rites on March 7th John died peacefully. I believe this was what he waited for.

John had shown signs of Alzheimer and Parkinson diseases about four years ago. An MRI showed deterioration of the brain. John's forgetfulness was not too severe but his frustration was. He was unable to speak. His words were slurred. He had no interest in reading or television because he was close to blindness. His mobility left him, too.

Last year we rushed John to emergency because of his falls, but he never seriously hurt himself until 1-3-00 when he fell out of bed and broke his hip. He was operated, five days in the hospital, then shipped to rehab. He did not respond to therapy, so he came home and spent his remaining weeks in a hospital bed and wheelchair. I might add that in the past year and a half John could not dress or undress himself, could not button a shirt, tie a shoe or feed himself.

John will not be forgotten --- not by me and 51 years of a solid marriage; not by our sons who remember him as a great father and a greater friend; not by our grandchildren who loved him and his stories; not by friends whose letters were of his kindness and thoughtfulness. These letters will be given to our grandchildren.

Our sons and I planned a simple obituary Mass and burial. Lo and behold, three priests and a deacon on the altar, church filled with family and friends, the eerie music of a piper, a police escort to the gravesite. All unplanned and all gifts to us from clergy and friends. What a beautiful sendoff. If the road to heaven is paved with Mass cards, John was a shoo-in.

Thanks for your kind words about my being the valiant woman of the scriptures, but don't put a halo on me yet. God gave me strength and heard my prayers when I was tired. My family and I are coping very well. Everything is falling into place.

I will continue to support the Marist Brothers in John's name. His devotion to God and to the Marists is unmatched. I look forward to future issues of Marists All.(110 North 17th Street, Prospect Park NJ 07508-1828)

**FROM JOE (Eugene Michael) HORAN ('50):** Just read the latest Marists All. As always, great to get the news, even if it isn't always about our class. Just want to say thanks for every moment all of you work on it. I'll try to write something again soon. We now have a new home and a new address. Would you please make the change on your mailing list. We're enjoying our new home, its area and its community; doing many things. Visited with Ed Castine and his wife a few weeks ago; he was at an RV site close to our home.

I haven't heard anything about our 50th year reunion since the initial inquiry and proposal. We have made arrangements to fly to New York from June 20th to the 27th and will visit with family, etc. (10930 Collar Drive, San Antonio FL 33576; 352-588-0179; jahoran@aol.com)



**FROM ALEX SENES ('64):** I received your issue #54 of MA and as usual I read it from top to the very bottom. Congratulations to all the jubilarians, especially to Pat Lally, John Malich, James Adams, Rene Roy, Bill Maske, James Devine, Larry Gordon; their names bring up so many good memories, laughing together, singing together, working in silence, skating. I love Marists All. You guys are doing a tremendous job. Thanks so much. Please don't stop.

The reason I have not written lately is that my life is pretty much the same. Things are going very well. As you know I work at Jacobi Medical Center as a Unit Chief Psychiatrist; I really love what I do. On the way to work on the Palisades I pray for my family, friends, and patients. One thing that's different now is that I end my prayer by asking a few friends in Heaven to intercede for me, friends like Anthony Cicoella, Vinny Colella (my walking partner in the novitiate), Leo Vincent Wall (who in the juniorate always let me play my guitar every time I asked on Sundays), Gerry Weiss ("the commander" as Jimmy Norton called him), Leo Morris (whom I met through Pat Collins and who always had a good word and a laugh for me). These men are now in a position to really help me out, and at Jacobi, believe me, I need it!!!

The patients I treat are very sick. Sometimes they get violent without any apparent provocation. I already got my nose broken by one of them; may God help him. Sometimes it's tough to do God's work, but we know that "I am the way, come follow me" does not mean "Life will be rosy and easy from now on."

On the other hand, I have to say that the good Lord continues to bless me in every way. This coming December Estela and I will be celebrating 30 years of married bliss. She has been, by far, the greatest gift that God has given me (and He has given me a whole lot), and my other great blessing has been our daughter Melissa who is a senior at Penn State and will be graduating soon with a major in a Psych-related field and a minor in business.

As far as my music is concerned, I am getting a little more interested in it and have started to play a little more. (Since med school and residency I had just about given up playing.) Tom Nolan gave me a piano and I've been playing with it, remembering that I used to play with the old pianos in Tyngsboro. (44 Old Orangeburg Road, Old Tappan NJ 07675; 201-768-7883)

**FROM ANDREW ZCOLLI ('66):** I've been living in the Hudson Valley since graduating from Marist. Currently I train sales people for a major "New York Life" insurance company. I was married in 1976 and am the father of three daughters, ages 17, 15, and 13. I have always valued the incredibly unique relationships that can be developed only in the closeness of a family. Of late that relationship has been put to its most severe test. Without going into details, I am facing one of the most challenging hardships a family could be asked to go through. While my hopes for a "storybook ending" are fading, my faith isn't. My prayers remain fervent for a favorable resolution, and I ask my brothers to remember me as well.

On a happier note, I have maintained a very close relationship with Matt Bianco and Frank Crimmins over these 30+ years. We used to spend our time talking about the Saturday night parties; now we spend most of our time comparing blood pressure readings. Talk about a paradigm shift. In any event, reading about my brothers and the direction their lives have taken is most enjoyable. Keep up your wonderful work; you still have much to teach us. (122 Hillcrest Drive, Marlboro NY 12542-6311)

**FROM MSGR WILLIAM SEARS ('52):** Just back from Tampa where I officiated at a wedding for two former students of my religion class at Cardinal Mooney High School in Sarasota. I opened my mail, mostly junk, but thank God and "yeuse guys" it wasn't a total loss. I really enjoy reading about all that's going on with everyone, whether I know them personally or not. I feel close to them because "Xt" is in us all.

I'm not a great letter writer or phone caller, too expensive! Ain't got no computer and the only mouse is in my outside workshop. Happily retired in the "paradise" of Englewood, Florida. Work only Sunday a.m. on an island north of Baca Grande. If I miss the boat, I put on my "Jesus Shoes" and walk over!

My mom, Lord rest her, use to say, "Laughter is better than booze." (She didn't drink) So if anyone needs a good laugh: I've been elevated to the rank of Monsignor (Shows where our Church is headed!). However, I am still known as "padre" to all far and wide. To change the name of the street I live on, Padre Lane, would cost \$5000. That would cut way into my eatin' and drinkin' and medicine money.

Let me give you another of mom's gems of wisdom, "If you want to have a good laugh, look in the mirror three or four times a day." Keep Ms All coming! I wish I could hear through the newsletter from more of the "Hooples" I was part of!!! God bless us all.(1745 Padre Lane, Englewood FL 34223; 941-474-5217)

**FROM GARY NEIDERT ('74):** Like many others I look forward to each issue of the newsletter, and I spend much time reading each word. Thank you so much for this gift that you have given to us. So yes, I would like to continue receiving Marists All. Please keep me on the mailing list. I remember completing the questionnaire/survey, but I probably forgot to mail it! It is time that I sent you an update of my life and I do plan to do so in the near future. For now I want to get this notice to you so that my name doesn't drop off your list. (7014 Oak Highland Dr., Kalamazoo MI 49009; 616-372-5651; gneidert@hotmail.com)

**FROM PAT COLLINS ('64):** Please keep me on the mailing list for Marists All. I've enjoyed reading it. Bob Englert ('60) has been quite ill over the past five years (Multiple myeloma). He would also like to stay on the mailing list of the newsletter. His address is: 42 Orchard Street, Lindenhurst, New York, 11757. Thanks again.(46 Landing Lane, Port Jefferson NY 11777-1107; 708-361-8269)

**EDITORS' NOTE:** We have been asked about our subscription rate; we mail free to all who have an interest in Marists All. We have also been asked what each copy of the newsletter costs us; printing, mailing, and supplies come to about 75 cents a copy, about \$375 per issue. Thanks to the great generosity of many of our people we will have a balance of about \$1900 after expenses of this issue, enough at the present rate to do five more issues. Because we have 10 pages of material early, we are now publishing, you have noticed, the August issue in July. If we hear from enough of you, we will publish again before the usual November date.

Write to:

Gus Nolan, 50 South Randolph Ave., Poughkeepsie NY 12601; 914-454-6116;  
gusnolan@aol.com  
David Kammer, R.R. #1, Box 3300, Smithfield ME 04978; 207-426-5497;  
kammer@tdstelme.net

