



ISSUE # 20

August 1992

FROM BRENDAN HAGGERTY ('50): Just a word of thanks for the placement in Marists All of the note about the first Marist Brothers Annual Fund. Word and gifts from former monks went on an upward curve just after the edition came out. I know Sean, too, will be thanking you and asking you to keep up the mention. A million thanks for a newsletter that is looked forward to like no other. (3210 Crest Avenue, Cheverly, Maryland, 20785)

MOUNT ST MICHAEL
SAT U R DAY : 12 to 5
September 19, 1992

GMC PICNIC

Looking forward to seeing many of you at the annual Greater Marist Community picnic to be held again this year at Mt. St. Michael in the Bronx, Nereid and Murdock Avenues, near the Mt. Vernon border. The gathering will be in the garth area on Saturday, September 19th, 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. All Brothers are most welcome to join us. Thanks to Brother Pat Magee and to the Mount community for welcoming us. We have this picnic each year on the second Saturday after Labor Day; mark Saturday, September 19, on your calendar. We always have a most enjoyable time!

LIBERIA: This country has suffered much in the recent civil war. We print an excerpt from a letter written by Brother Leo Shea from Pleebo: "I went to see the Bishop and asked him what he wanted us to do for the next year, since the schools were not going to open. He told me, 'Do anything you can for youth and try to do something for the training of catechists'. We decided to start a catechetical center. The Bishop is enthusiastic. We plan to begin in September with a class of fifteen. We should finish the program at Christmas time. We want to begin a second class in February. We will set up our trained catechists in nearby villages where they can train others using their own dialect." (Taken from FMS ECHO, Rome, February, 1992)

FROM BR. DES KELLY ('53): The Christian community in Pakistan has suffered greatly during the past few months, as some of our Catholics have been murdered, jailed, and forced to work in such unsafe conditions that several have been killed in job related accidents.

On January 6th Naimat Ahmar, a school teacher, was murdered by a boy who had been brain washed by local fanatics into believing Naimat was speaking

against Islam. Furthermore, it has been learned that the murderer's uncle had been trying to have Naimat removed from his teaching position so that he could take his place.

While religious bigotry and deranged fanatics have made headlines we continue our work at the school educating our Christian and Muslim students and trying to prepare them to make a difference in the society in which they live. We have been trying for the past few years to acquire a bus to provide much needed transportation for our students, and now at long last we are the owners (as soon as we pay the bill) of a new 30 seater. With a little extra togetherness we will be able to transport about 45 students.

One of our students played a major role in advancing our decision to purchase a vehicle. Nadeem is a sixth grader and lives in Chak 79 that is about 15 kilometers from school. Each morning he cycles the 15 kilometers to school over poor to non-existent roads with his mother sitting on a rack above the back wheel. She works at a nearby hospital run by the Sisters of St. John of God. Nadeem drives her to work before coming to school and waits for her in the evening to make the return trip to Chak 79. We asked Nadeem once if he found the cycling difficult and his answer was an indignant "She's my mother." In Urdu it sounds much better. In another week we will have the bus on the road, and we will relieve Nadeem from his chauffeur's job; both mother and son can ride the new bus. The bus will also provide a greater measure of safety, taking students off the roads they have to share with trucks, donkey carts, and trains of camels, not to mention the swarms of indigenous irritants in the warm weather.

A couple of weeks ago I noticed several boys leaving school on a bike with a front wheel that had long ago lost any ability to hold air. The boys were riding on the steel rim with just strands of rubber hanging on. I sent one of our workers to buy a new wheel and then sent them on their 15 kilometer journey. The wheel will cut their traveling time in half. That new wheel, as well as the new bus, not to mention the food, clothing, and medicine we can provide to our poor families, is all a result of your love and generosity. The Irish government gave us a grant to buy twenty typewriters and provides us with powdered milk through Caritas to distribute to the poor. The Brothers in Switzerland and in Rome have provided substantial help with the purchase of the bus, and each and every one of you in your own way has become part of the work we do in Pakistan. May God continue to bless you and your families and all your loved ones. (P.O. Box 110; Chak 47 N.B., Sargodha, Pakistan)

FROM ROBERT LOPEZ ('59): My vote is against the features suggested in the last issue. To dwell on old events, names, and expressions would be unproductive and unworthy of the greatness of lives dedicated to the growth and perfection of the Mystical Body. I would much rather read about today and tomorrow, how each contributing member of this Marist family sees his/her reality today and how that vision projects into the future. (59 Heritage Drive, Terre Haute, Indiana, 47803)

FROM RICHARD FOY ('46): Most of your readers know my history up to 1979 when I left Marist College. At that time I opted out of education for a new career. However, I found it difficult to be considered for administrative positions in the business world, age and educational background being cited as the main reasons. I had opportunities to go into business partnerships, but that required capital, which I didn't have. Curiously, I finally got my job at Boyden through John McMullen, the owner of the Houston Astros and the Jersey Devils. John

had served as a trustee of Marist College during the 70's. When he learned that I was available, he insisted that the executive search firm interview me for a position in Houston. I rejected Houston, but the search firm got interested in me because of my experience in administration, finance, and computing. So I wound up working in New York for Boyden, one of the six largest headhunting firms in the world. Currently I am the chief operating officer, reporting to a part time chairman in London, who himself is a full time recruiter. That makes me the only full time administrator in a Boyden network of 41 officers around the world.

Prior to joining Boyden, I held headhunters in low esteem, as I judged them to be an extension of the old boy network. To my surprise, the great majority of them are fine people, moral, considerate, and trustworthy. The Ivy League tradition is fast disappearing, replaced by an environment of performance and fairness.

How do I fit into this company? My Marist background makes me truly international in outlook. This goes back to our Juniorate teachers from France, to Br. Paul Ambrose's exposing us to student Brothers from China, Canada, Africa, South America. It was reinforced by my stay in Fribourg, and even more by my participation in the chapters of 1967 and 1968. It imbued me with a respect for other nations and cultures, a conviction that Americans no longer know all the answers. Unfortunately, many American businessmen as well as many of my American associates held a condescending attitude towards non-Americans, which leads to resentment on the part of the non-Americans.

My rudimentary knowledge of several languages, but especially my ability to accept people as they are, quickly put me in a position where I became the chief contact between the American associates and our international partners; over two thirds of our work is done overseas. My role as corporate trouble shooter has enabled me to travel to Europe, Asia, Central and South America. Until Boyden opened offices in Scandinavia, I was able to boast that there was either a Marist Brother or a Marist College graduate in every city where Boyden maintained an office!

The Marist experience crops up in many places. One of our Spanish partners had Br. Basilio Rueda as a teacher in Mexico. An Australian partner attended Marist schools in Melbourne. Last fall at a regional meeting in Brussels, Atauo Tsukada, our Japanese managing director, remarked to me that he met a classmate whom he had not seen since 1948. He showed me a class picture, and I noticed that the inscription was "St. Louis College, Tientsin." I was able to tell him that was a Marist school. My brother, Peter Foy, had visited that school while he was with the Marines after World War II. Tsukada told me he came to Brussels via Ireland, where he had visited the Brother who had taught him English. He kept in touch with all his teachers, including Br. Doheny in Hong Kong and Br. Raphael in Japan. Later in the meeting, he showed me a picture of himself in Marist Echo, taken when he visited the grave of his former teacher, Br. Ildebald in Furth.

I must avoid the temptation to be smug when I hear all the talk of globalization and of the new global economy. It makes me proud to be a part of the Marist circle, whose founder, a country boy barely smart enough to graduate from the seminary, had the foresight as early as 1820 to insist that the Brothers' territory was the entire world. It makes me proud to have taught Des Kelly, the wild

colonial boy from Manhattan who winds up in Pakistan. (I leave space here for readers to add similar examples from their Marist experience.)

Family news: My brother, Peter, turned 65 in February, and retired from NCR after 40 years in computing, No more tennis for him, as he had a hip replacement and a heart attack within the past three years. Mary and I have a son, Peter, who is a freshman at Marist College, and a daughter, Bridget, a sophomore at Horace Greeley in Chappaqua. She plays varsity basketball and hopes to make varsity softball as a pitcher. I took both children skiing one weekend in March. I regret to say that by 2 p.m. I was relegated to the lower, kinder, gentler slopes so that my children might experience the thrill of real skiing. (717 Washington Avenue, Chappaqua, N. Y. 10514-3309)

FROM BR. CYPRIAN ROWE ('53): These Marists All letters must be thrown away! When I save them, I am powerless, as I reread them even if I should come across them for the sixth or seventh times. The feelings they provoke/evoke are precious and not too few. For all of us the miracle of Champagnat is that his Spirit wears long despite the changes of fashion even in spirituality.

Returning to academia, after setting up a special project at the Office for Treatment Improvement (a federal agency dealing with treatment of addiction), has been something of a joy. While the government work was eye opening and exciting for a while, I discovered that poets do much violence to their selves by staying long. I think, perhaps, I almost stayed too long. It took me a good while to fill up again; school is a wonderful place to do that. I also work at the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine on the psychiatry faculty as a Research Associate. I really love this, working with African-American males, all carrying a diagnosis of major mental illness.

I am in my fourth year of living with the Josephite Fathers and Brothers. These men are family-like to me, but I miss our own Brothers. At the same time, living in an environment that is alive with African-American life and rhythms is life giving to me. One does not realize it until it is gone.

My mother moved to Baltimore in the summer of 1990. Nothing to do with me; I pretended to be totally committed to her will. She is a great blessing, still vigorously active.

My son (the one I adopted in Ghana in 1968) is a student at Marist. This year he stayed at home and has been help to me more than to mother given my state of disorganization at any one given time. I have one grandson (Cyprian Rowe) and one granddaughter (Helen Rowe). A third grandchild died shortly after birth in the winter of 1988, and my son's wife died in late spring of 1990 shortly before he returned home for his first visit.

Last summer I had the great opportunity of being sent by the government to Gallaudet University to study American Sign Language, one of the greatest experiences of my life. Humbling, but wonderful. My hope is to work with persons who are deaf or severely hearing-impaired. Guess I never quite got over the beauty of Johnny Belinda.

Raphael Martin is pretty much in touch. In my travels I have been able to stay with him twice. The next level, I suppose, will be making it to the fall picnic. Oh, for a driver! (1546 North Fremont Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21217)

FROM JIM GULDNER ('66): After attending the 25th reunion of the Esopus novitiate classes of 1966-67 last month, I was attacked by a flood of memories. They were fond. I offer a short bio and then a list of those Marist memories. My thanks to Pat Murphy for organizing the reunion and to Charlie Mahon for sending me all of the back issues of Marists All.

It seems that I'm one of very few ex-monks who is not into teaching, psychology, ministry ... I graduated from Manhattan College in Civil Engineering in 1970, the same year Fran and I got married. I finished my masters at night, from Brooklyn Poly. Worked for two contracting firms in NYC and then in NJ and around the nation until 1984: capitalist, industrious, corporate ladder stuff. Have run my own small consulting engineering and surveying business in northwestern NJ since '84. God has been good to us over these business years. We relocated to NJ from Queens in 1980. We have two young daughters, Suzanne (19) has just finished her first year at Rutgers; in the fall Christine (18) will begin her collegiate career at Drew University. Fran and I have been blessed with them; they're straight, bright, and sometimes even fun to be around.

Now here are my Marist memories, given in chronological order as any good engineer would do. 1958-61: upper grammar grades at Resurrection-Ascension; football with Willie Maura and Joel Gilmory; permanship with Regis; the obvious start of my Marist way, 1961-62: Freshman at Molloy; impressed with my homeroom teacher from Michigan Tech, Br. Ronald David, and with my French prof Br. Aidan Francis, who really steered my vocation; intramurals and dances.

1962-63: to the juniorate in Esopus; seniors John Quinn, Ace Norton, and Bill White at my first "table"; Dave Jackson leaving in one month; "Three Hail Mary's and Lay off the Peanut Butter!" not working, with me winding up in the hospital for a week; hand signals; bug juice; scullery; daily resolutions; censored mail; my tormentors, Pat Connors and Bob Bifano, christening me "Diddy"; my inspiration for being "cool" and still a Brother was Joe McKenna over at the Novitiate wearing white socks and penny loafers; finally beating Chips Kubat in ping-pong; PJ, JL, Denis, and Berky.

1963-64: on to Cold Springs, merging the two juniorates; losing Jim Collins; stories of Junky's nighttime walks around the dorm; JFK; Beatles on Ed Sullivan; Denis busting Blaser; Andy and Mrs. Andy and little Andy; Mt. Washington climb; the famous Miss Clairol commercial at the Windmill.

1964-65: varsity BB with Bruce, Woodsie, and Greg Skrzypek; fighting forest fires; losing to Jody Lederer in the pool finals; Army-Navy games; thanking God for my classmates' sisters, such as Basil's Griff's, Steve Brown's.

1965-66: back in Esopus; Freddie getting me through the first month; "deep" nighttime discussions with Tom McGovern and Jack Lehman; playing with water and Br. Eugene simultaneously (not what we would now call a good career move); the ten day retreat where I was after Fred and Tom Ting to cut down on the talking during Great Silence (now there was a switch).

1966-67: closeness with Steve Brown; Br. Eugene's "reality" conferences and directions; mail hand-delivered by my parents; Marist 150th anniversary with Marist priests and nuns, including Mrs. Bob Buckley; Dang's last night on the road with Jack and O'D, with a little help from Henry Cisler and Bill Lavigne; and finally my last day. Special thanks to Wally Klinger, John Wesp, Bill White,

and Bob Joyce for easing my transition, and to Jimmy Collins for showing me the night life in Sunnyside when I first got home.

I hope these memories help to awaken other memories in my classmates, and I hope they have the effect the past issues of Marists All have had on me. Still your brother in JMJ, Jim Guldner. (15 Stanley Place, Budd Lake, N. J. 07828; 201-347-0961)

FROM GENE CONNOLLY ('44): Marists All has asked readers to submit nicknames that they recall being used for some of the "old Brothers." These may bring back fond memories:

Br. Anthony Charles: Tony Boards
 Br. Anthony of Padua: Tony Shortpants
 Br. Edmund Conrad: Sparky
 Br. Benedict Henry: Big Ben
 Br. Xavier Leonard: Ti Boute
 Br. Henry Charles: Ti Gris
 Br. Leo Joseph: Truman
 Br. Anthony Mary: Hoover
 Br. Constantine: Con-con
 Br. Albert Hamel: Fat Al
 Br. James Hellade: Fatty Jim
 Br. Joseph Orens: George Washington
 Br. Robert Koehly: Bob Experience

It is interesting to reflect upon the American Marist culture that generated such nicknames and upon the community character and spirit that sustained those names to an extent that similar names have not been part of any other community I have belonged to, professional, familial, etc. In a sense, I suppose, they are "family names," names we give to intimates as the Cosa Nostra does or to familiars, as in Good Fellas, whose members share with us at least a general purpose, and often much more.

As I look back over the list I have compiled, I cannot help but recall that among those names are indeed "good fellas," people whom I knew and loved, some who were truly great and live today enshrined in my memory and in my heart. (19 Bayberry Road, Danvers, Massachusetts, 01923)

FROM ED CASHIN ('46): Your suggestion of feature reminiscences is fraught with possibilities. I think of Br. Henry Charles' compelling but inexact orders, such as "Weed the rhubarb," which resulted in all the rhubarb being pulled up, or "Chop down that tree," which meant the end of several uncertain, innocent trees. There were those great extemporaneous after dinner speech duels between Linus William and John O'Shea. And I think of Mike Shurkus's impassioned arguments with Nilus about whether St. Paul corrupted Christianity.

One of the most fertile story sources is my high school principal in Augusta and my director at Columbus in Miami, Brother Ben. Ben always kept an empty Ballentine bottle for the visit of a distinguished guest. Before the guest arrived, Ben would fill the Ballentine bottle with cheaper Scotch, humming a unique Ben tune all the while. Of course, the distinguished visitor would figure out what had happened after the first sip. Another of Ben's habits was to wait until someone got up from table to ask for what he wanted. "While you're up ..." was a famous expression at Columbus. Then, there were his transparent exaggerations: "O yes,

we always stay at the Aztec!" when he had stayed at the Aztec Hotel once. And Ben had a compass in his head geared for the southern hemisphere; he would consistently point in the wrong direction. We would expect it and point the opposite way. He would always be surprised.

I'd like to challenge the real pros to tell some of their Ben stories ... Deccy, Hugh Andrew, Gerry Cox. The book would be a best seller! (3412 Woodstone Place, Augusta, Ga. 30909; 404-736-1561)

DECEASED: Br. Edward Michael ('21) died on Easter Sunday at the age of 87.

On May 20th, Br. William Lee ('46) died of a heart attack. Brother Aidan Francis Flanagan ('24) died in late May at a Miami nursing home; he was 84 years of age. And Br. Leo Joseph ('13) died in Lawrence also in late May; he was in his nineties, May all deceased Marists rest in peace.

FROM TONY FRAGALE ('67): My life since a postulant in 1966 has been profoundly affected by this statement, and it remains the basis of my understanding of life today: "One of the main themes of the Book of Exodus is that we have been chosen. God has us here now for a purpose. Each person with whom we interact is somehow meant to be a part of our lives, and we a part of theirs." John Malich, Old Testament class, Tyngsboro, first days as a postulant, fall of 1966.

After leaving the Brothers from Lawrence in 1971, I taught in Peabody, Mass., for one year, and then moved back to my native West Virginia where I taught for two years, got married, then moved to St. Louis to obtain an M.A. in Religion-Education from St. Louis University in December of 1975. I went back to another area of West Virginia, where I taught Religious Education at a Catholic high school and worked part time as Director of Religious Education at a parish for four years, during which I became increasingly passionate about the role of the layman in today's church vis-a-vis the clergy. It was during this time, 1976, that my son, David, was born.

Realizing that the pay and benefits of the Catholic school system would not take care of my family's needs, I moved into the public school system. I had to overcome my major incorrect perception that to serve God, one had to be involved in Catholic schools. I decided to return to studies at WVU to pursue a second M.A. in Counseling Psychology, which I completed in 1980. I continued to take more courses in counseling and curriculum development until I was asked to declare my doctoral candidacy. I completed all major field courses in both disciplines while working as a counselor in a middle school setting, teaching part time in a small liberal arts college, working whenever possible in Religious Education until 1987, when with four courses left in research, statistics and dissertation, I came very close to a nervous breakdown, suffering from a major clinical depression which lasted for nearly three years before finally becoming stabilized.

We moved to Orlando, my wife and I were separated and divorced, and my son and I moved into our own place. However, God was actively pointing out that it was still He who was truly "my rock of refuge, my hope in whom I trust." I took a job at Edgewater High School in Orlando as a guidance counselor and also a part time (?) job as Director of Religious Education at St. Andrew's Church. I maintain both jobs to the present and have been led to renewed health, rejuvenated enthusiasm and faith, and am having more fun than at any other time

in my life through the involvement that my jobs have produced. My son will be 16 this fall, and you know the challenge that can be, but he is a fine young man of whom I am extremely proud.

I find that these years have grown out of the foundation I received at Tyngsboro and the gifts shared with all of us by such men as Brothers David Ottmar, John Malich, John Wilcox, Peter Ostrowski, the community of older Brothers in Tyngsboro, Vincent Dineen, Jude Driscoll, and all who visited and shared their gifts with us. I am firmly convinced that at each step of my life God has placed me in places where others did have an immense influence in leading me to a personal life of faith; through me hopefully others come to know and experience His love. It is exhilarating to be part of His plan!

I often wonder about the various people I have met through my Marist days. It would be nice to know that they care about what has happened to me, as I trust they do.

I would love to be at one of the reunions. If any of you are ever in Orlando, I am in the phone book, so give a call; leave a message if I'm not home and I will get back to you. (4674 Pheasant Run Drive, Orlando, Fl. 32808; 407-292-0170)

FROM JOHN WESP ('65): I spent four great years at Marist: Esopus, Cold Springs, and back to Esopus. Br. John B. gave me the opportunity to do a lot, as many of you will recall. I cooked, I took care of boilers, I did repairs with big John Sheehan, and I cut hair; I still do cut hair. I would like to thank Brother John for all he did for me. He was a great part of my four years at Marist.

After leaving, I finished my B.A. at St. John's University, and then I taught at Glen Cove. For over 21 years now I have been teaching in the Middle County School District, Centereach, N. Y. I spent some time in administration, but the summers are too important to me to stay with that. I went camping out west for eleven summers, and I have gone to Cape Cod, my second home, for nine summers, sailing daily.

In 1969 I married and now have three children, one boy 15, another 11, and a girl 4. Over the years I have spent a lot of time with Bob Joyce, Bill White, Brian Levens, and Jim Guldner, but we don't see one another often any more. I saw Bill Parker several times in the 80's, and lately I met Don Gillespie. I stopped at Camp Marist several years ago, but no one there knew me. I remember my days at Ossipee setting up camp, another great time! I thoroughly enjoy teaching, have a great family, and would not change too much of my past, especially my four years at Marist.

I received copies of Marists All up to issue #18, November of 1991, from Jim Guldner. I enjoyed reading them, and am sending them on to Bob Joyce. Please put me on your mailing list. I sure hope you continue with the newsletter. (82 Main Avenue, Centereach, New York, 11720-1640)

FROM MIKE KELLY ('50): Thanks for sending the latest issue of the newsletter. While it is always good to hear the news from around the Marist world, it is sometimes sad to hear about the problems being experienced by some old friends.

We are settled into Atlanta and enjoy the southern hospitality which is so much in evidence. By this time next month we will have been settled in even more. We

have been renting since September. By April first we expect to be in our new home. It is a large house with plenty of room for our visitors, so y'all come on down. Grits is served daily. Maybe that is what attracts all the young people to Georgia. I'm told that the average age of the people in Atlanta is 35. If you come to Atlanta, we'll bring you to the local fountain of youth. I think it is in Buckhead where every other business seems to serve much more than water. Best to all the gang at Marist. (575 Mount Vernon Highway, Atlanta, Ga. 30327; 404-255-5017)

FROM MARY ROGENER = sister of John Rogener ('67): When I visited with John and his family lately, he told me about the Marists All newsletter you put together. It was wonderful reading about so many people I got to know and hearing that they are doing so well. It brought back memories which are forever ... being a part of Marist. Many dear friendships were developed, and I still keep in touch. Thank you for making it possible to hear from people who live a distance away. God bless you for giving such a big portion of yourselves to so many others.

G M C P I C N I C at the Mount,

Saturday, SEPTEMBER 19, noon to 5 p.m.

FROM GERARD BRUNELLE ('46): My good friend Ray Blanchard gave me some of your past newsletters. Strange "jai verse plus que sept larmes." That's an applicable quote I learned years ago in a French class at the novitiate (1946-48) with Br. Leo Camille. Indeed, Brother Leo would be proud of his student, since I've been writing poetry in French as well as in English for seventeen years.

While reading one of the letters in Marists All, I discovered that some people still care about St. Joseph. Memories of my childhood flashed before me: stories of my father and mother visiting the holy Brother Andre at St. Joseph du Mont Royal in Montreal. I have medals of St. Joseph that Brother Andre personally gave my parents on their honeymoon. Instant inspiration! I dropped everything and in a half hour wrote this poem "Ite ad Joseph" as my annual Christmas poem. I dedicated it to Ed Canavan, to my Marist education, and to Marists All.

One day while singing the Salve Regina after many years, an inspiration came to me; so I wrote a poem about Marist life at St. Ann's Hermitage, Poughkeepsie. I dedicated it to Br. Paul Ambrose Fontaine, who once upon a time made a very big impression on my life and soul, 1949-50, and in memoriam to Br. Henry Charles, my novice master, 1946-48, who taught me love of work, both physical and intellectual. I will never, never forget this man and his impression on my life and my teaching career ... for I did become a teacher, 33 years in the same public junior high school in Lowell, director of music.

In 1987 I was invited to read some of my poems at the Jack Kerouac festival in his native city of Lowell, poems describing life in the "little Canadas" of New England's mill towns of the late 19th century. That led to my being invited to Quebec City for the first international festival of Jack Kerouac ... who incidentally was a student of the Marist Brothers at St. Joseph's grammar school in Lowell. Later I represented the USA in an international poetry reading in Ottawa. I read my "Babel City" there and on Radio Canada. Seeds of knowledge sown by Marists do bear fruit.

What a tremendous satisfaction, reading Marists All. Someone does care about our past, present, and future. Deo Gratiasi (P.O. Box 5157, L'Hermitage, Scenic Road, Weirs Beach, N. H. 03247)

FROM BR. LUKE DRISCOLL ('33): For the first four years of hospital chaplaincy here in Augusta I followed the assignment of visiting patients and their families on hospital floors. From time to time I took up the work of teaching, so that volunteer ministers could benefit from programs that would prepare them for dedication to the Lord and His people in hospitals and nursing homes. This past year I have been asked to expand my work to include all the professional staff in the hospital, so that every employee would become more aware of what the pastoral care department has to offer all who enter St. Joseph Hospital. This has been very demanding physically, but has enabled me to enjoy more than ever the many opportunities to deal with people each day. Praise the Lord

I still manage to get away occasionally for much needed breaks. This past weekend I spent in Summerville, S. C., with my brother Frank and his family on the occasion of their Flower Festival. On New Year's day in New Orleans I enjoyed a great Notre Dame victory over the University of Florida. Next week I shall head off to Convent Station, New Jersey, for a meeting dealing with the governance of the Esopus province. (1920 Highland Ave., Augusta, Ga. 30904; 404-736-6486)

A report: FATHER STAVES The Portland, Maine, diocesan newspaper has announced that the Rev. Leo Staves, O.M.I., is retiring on July 1st from his parish in Howland, Maine. Father Staves served us Marists at the novitiate in Tyngsboro for some fifteen years in the fifties and sixties. Off to Howland I went to find our friend at Thursday morning Mass with a small faithful group of lumberjack families. During and between coffee and muffins in the rectory and lunch in a small local restaurant we talked and talked about many of the old times.

Raised at Tupper Lake in the Adirondacks of upper New York State, Father Staves studied with the Oblates in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. He did not like his first assignment teaching in the minor seminary and shortly moved on to his first parish work in Plattsburgh, there to shift into hospital ministry. Six years later he went to Lowell's St. Joseph's Hospital where he taught nurses and engaged in the "ministry of consoling." At the same time he came to us in Tyngsboro for morning Masses, for confessions and guidance, and for "good times."

Father Staves especially respected and enjoyed Jude Driscoll and John Francis; they called him Leo. Brother Basus invited the "petit pere" to the "good wine" and a cheese wheel in the caveau. Louis Viator led him to his cache in the chicken coop, and the product of Peter Anthony's distillery was available to him in the carpenter's shop. Those of us on the novitiate staff, in turn, were invited out to see the Celtics, to take in "My Fair Lady," and to enjoy Anthony's Pier One in Boston.

Fifteen years in Lowell and Tyngsboro were followed by fourteen years as chaplain at the Maine Mental Hospital in Bangor and then by the most recent fourteen years as pastor at St. Leo's Parish in Howland. That all adds up to a golden anniversary!

Now seventy-five years of age with a good bit of debilitating arthritis in his legs, Father Staves will move to the Oblate St. Paul's Retreat Center in Augusta, Maine, where he will have "reduced active ministry." He regularly reads Marists All and has had several letters from Marist friends, notably John Francis. He immensely appreciates the letters, and regrets that he is not a responding letter writer.

All in the Marist family who have known Father Staves are extremely grateful to him for his many kindnesses; we congratulate him on his retirement and on his many years of generous service. Good health and much happiness to the friendly grouch! (St. Paul's Retreat House, 136 State St., Augusta, Me. 04330)

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are now publishing Marists All three times a year: early March, early August, and early November. Of course, we are extremely grateful to the 190 different people who have written to us at least once. We anxiously look to every mail delivery for correspondence that we can include in the newsletter. Mail to David Kammer, 107 Woodland Drive, Harwinton, Ct. 06791; or to Gus Nolan, % Marist College, Poughkeepsie, New York, 12601.

G M C P I C N I C

at the Mount,

Saturday,

SEPTEMBER 19.

noon to 5 p.m.