



ISSUE # 8

February 1989

FROM BR. PAT McNULTY ('52): Marists All #6 arrived here in Pleebo a week or so ago and I promised myself that I would write and thank one and all for all six issues. We (Paul Ambrose, Leo Shea, Dave Cooney, and I) devoured every word of all the stories of where you've been and where you are going. We have all the issues on file, and we go back to them often. In our prayers we often mention by name those that could use a few thoughts from Pleebo, Liberia. In particular we prayed for the family of Clem Martin; Gus Nolan's tribute spoke many volumes to me about old Luke Anselm: he was, still is, a hero of mine from the days back at St. Ann's and on the project at Marist College. Enjoyed reading about Cyprian's version of the Hound of Baltimore, hunting down Mike Kramer. Thanks for the memories; we're all looking forward to #7, #8, #9 ...

As you know, the Marists of the Esopus Province started a mission in Pleebo, Liberia. It is most interesting work and totally different from doing battle against ignorance in the States. The children in our classes are five years older and five years academically behind their counterparts in the States. Our 12th graders are 22 years old and on the 7th grade level. It is hard to call them children, they are men and women, They are very sincere and eager to learn. It is frustrating though, trying to give them materials to study from. All notes are copied from the board on bits and pieces of paper. These scraps are quickly lost or destroyed by the humidity and bugs. "U ca foo ha no bree in sy;" This was said to me the other day, Pronouncing all syllables is not their strong point. If they did, it would sound like, "Your car's foot has no breeze inside." Meaning, you have a flat tire:

Since our school is named in honor of St. Francis, we had a special program the week of October 4th, We had a talent show and games of basketball and soccer, and we had a Mass. Then each class was responsible for cooking their own food. We gave each class thirty pounds of rice, some meat, and enough money to buy spices and the like for their gravy. Bringing the meat was my responsibility, Br. Leo had gone out the previous day to a village some fifteen miles from here and bought a cow for \$250. Along with eight of our big boys I drove out to the village to get the cow. Although Br. Leo had given the chief a few extra dollars so that the cow would be ready, it was not. Furthermore, no cow; it would be a little bull. The chief and the boys had to go catch the bull. We had to keep the animal alive as long as possible, since refrigeration is not easy to come by here in Liberia. The trick they use is to shoot the beast in the leg, tie it up, and cart it away. I never knew that I'd be a bull shipper! With a wounded bull and eight boys in a pick-up, there was some struggle, but we made it back to school, and had meat for Friday's big feed; it was a very tasty meal, too.

Recently the Brothers' residence was invaded by soldier ants. You cannot imagine the columns of these ants and how determined they were. We had ants in our pants, and they could bite. It was really a scary thing, like a Hitchcock movie. Our boys weren't much help to us, for they were laughing at our dancing and hopping around; they had never seen white men move so quickly. Our night

watchman was telling us to use "mosquito medicine," bug spray, but only kerosene and fire deterred them .. after about two hours.

Our school year will be over in early December. Leo will be in the States for a needed vacation; he has not been back since September of 1987. In March of '89 we start the new school year; we hope to be opening with 350 students. If any of you would like to give us a hand during your summer months, you would be more than welcome, Hoping to hear from you and looking forward to the next Marists All. (P. O. Box 5774, Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa

FROM JOHN McGALAGLY ('59): I am really happy to learn about Marists All, and I am interested in receiving earlier copies. A former monk, Jim Murray, cajoled me into visiting Esopus a few Sundays ago. Although I had been reluctant these many years to visit, once I met Brothers Don Nugent and Joe Dibenedetto from my group, I knew that there is something special that Marists share, no matter where in the world they may be. Reminiscing with Br. John Berkman was an unexpected but totally pleasurable experience. Special thanks to Br. Joe Maura for passing my name along to you. I always felt jealous of ex-Christian Brother friends who had more contact with their Brother-friends; now I don't feel jealous.

After leaving from the Mount in June of 1970, I worked for the summer as a bricklayer to earn some quick cash; it was a very dramatic novitiate into the secular world. In September I started teaching at Clarkstown High School in New City, New York, where I am still working and still living to date. Although my life may be described as rather average, I have been very happy. God has been good. I married Gloria Engel in Ossining, N. Y., in 1970. Although her Jewish doctor didn't think children would be in the offing, he didn't reckon on the power of Mary and St. Bridget. Our daughter Bridget is 13 and a raven-tressed beauty. John is 4 and a wonderful devil. Hopefully I will survive all my blessings.

In the seventies I was able to keep in contact with several former Marists, but we lost many addresses during a move to a new house. However, Jim Murray's wife Judy and my wife have become good friends, so we get together frequently. I never thought that when Jim and I were working with Barney Sheridan and Br. Kevin Moran in Summer-in-the-City in the early sixties, our wives would be friends in New City in the eighties.

Aside from professional duties, I keep busy playing sports, dabbling in local politics, enjoying family and friends, and beeping the house from falling down around my ears. I definitely plan to visit the Mount soon, but I don't know if it will be before Christmas. Since I am writing this letter Thanksgiving week, I want to thank all the Marists who have been and continue to be a part of my life. I wish all a blessed Christmas and a peaceful New Year. Am willing to help in any way. New City is just above, Nyack near the Tappan Zee Bridge, so we are right in the Metropolitan New York area. (3 Marion Court, New City, New York, 10956; 914-634-0094)

FROM REV. EDWARD DORAN ('60): After leaving the Marist Brothers in 1983 I was ordained a priest for the Diocese of Brooklyn on January 14, 1984. After spending two years of my priesthood in parish ministry, I was assigned to serve as the Newman Catholic Chaplain at Queensborough Community College of the City University of New York. As a campus minister at a city college with sixteen thousand students I am kept very busy using the many skills that I

developed as a Brother. Although students are generally somewhat alienated from religion at this stage of their lives, I do find exceptional receptivity from the student body, 64% of which is Catholic.

I often get over to Archbishop Molloy High to provide counseling for those students who are directed to me. The Brothers at Molloy are still doing an outstanding job with the students. Over and over, that same Stanner loyalty and love of the Brothers comes through. On Wednesday, November 30th, I was privileged to concelebrate the funeral Mass for Br. Terence Jones. The Church was filled with many alumni he touched during his lifetime. He will be greatly missed. (Newman Catholic Center, Queensborough College 50-47 Cloverdale Boulevard, Bayside, N. Y., 11364-1493; 718-423-0002)

FROM BILL (Joseph William) MURPHY ('40): After leaving Marist College I went to work in Washington as director of the northeast region for Project Upward Bound. In 1968 I transferred to the Department of Labor as a Senior Program Specialist. At that time Ellen Kurtweg and I married. She was an advertising executive for Genesco. We had seventeen special years together before she died four years ago. It has been a terrible loss for me. After three years in the capital, I became Vice President for Development at St. Norbert College in Green Bay. Green Bay was initially a cultural and climatic shock, but within six months Ellen and I became happy Packer Backers and nearly froze to death on Sunday afternoons. After eight good years working at institutional fund raising, I wanted to learn about community fund raising. So Ellen and I moved to Milwaukee where I headed up the United Performing Arts Fund, which has grown to be the largest such organization in the country. I now live in a lakeside apartment in Milwaukee and work as Vice President of Growth Design Corporation, a national consulting firm in resource development and market research on a national level. On October 2, 1988, I zipped through the magic 65; it hasn't changed things a bit!

Looking through the newsletters, reading the names and updates, I think of how many of these men (and women) exerted powerful influences on my life. They were teachers, mentors, examples, comrades, confidants, friends, and brothers. My life has taken the course it had to take, not necessarily the one I wanted it to take, thank God. I am grateful that its wanderings and vagaries brought me in contact with such remarkable people and so many wonderful experiences. I have heard a lot about what is going on in the Marist world from Terry Jones. It was so good talking to Jones whenever he was stateside. (1321 North Franklin St., Milwaukee, Wi.. 53202; w: 411-224-0586)

FROM JIM MURRAY ('55): My monk's name was Cornelius Gerard, changed in 1963 to James Patrick. My Marist years include: training period in Esopus under Br. Joseph Damian, 1953 to 1954; Tyngsboro under Br. Pius Victor, 1954 to 1956; and Poughkeepsie with Br. Paul Ambrose and Br. Kieran Brennan, 1956 to 1959. I taught in the junior high at Mt. St. Michael 1959-61, biology at Dubois 1961-65, and history at Marist High, Chicago, 1966. Now I live in the hamlet of New City, located in Rockland County, New York State. My wife Judy teaches both college and high school mathematics. We have two boys and one girl. Daniel is nineteen and in his second year of college, and John is a junior attending Don Bosco Prep, located in Ramsey, N. Y. Our daughter Theresa is in the fourth grade.

When I left the order in 1966, equipped with an MA degree in history from St. John's University, I applied for and received employment as a junior high school

teacher with the East Ramapo Board of Education. In October of this year I called a good friend and former Marist, John McGalagly ('59), an English teacher in the county. I suggested that we visit both Esopus and Poughkeepsie for "old times sake." Needless to say, it was a deeply moving and emotionally rewarding experience. I want to thank, in particular, Br. Joseph Maura whom I met that day for the first time in thirty years, for being so gracious, and to thank him for forwarding my name and address so that I can be included in Marists all. (48 Gregory St., New City, N. Y. 10956; 914-634-0769)

NEWS NOTE: In the next newsletter learn how BERKY, at a Lou Holtz request, prayed Notre Dame to the top!

FROM HARRY (Francis Luke) HENKY ('52): For the past nineteen years I have been working at Fair Lawn High School, located in a suburban community in northern New Jersey, about fourteen miles west of the George Washington Bridge. Presently I am the vice-principal in a school with 1300 students and a staff of a hundred teachers. I always appreciate the superior background and training I received as a Marist. My wife and I just celebrated our 18th wedding anniversary. I am very grateful for Rosemarie and for my three lovely children (most of the time) Douglas, Stephanie, and Kathleen.

As Sunday Mass was about to begin, the lector announced that the celebrant was Father Thomas Scanlon. I had read a few years ago that Tom, who studied with us in Tyngsboro, was ordained a diocesan priest. He is now assigned to our parish, Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, in Ridgewood, New Jersey. Since that day, Tom and I have spent several enjoyable hours together reminiscing about our days in Tyngsboro.

During the summer, at one of our numerous shopping centers in North Jersey, I met Larry Hughes who is teaching at Dumont High School. It really is great meeting people from a special time of my life. And through the newsletter I contacted Gene Zirkel about his program "Investment in Excellence." We hope to have Gene conduct this program for our teachers. I look forward to each issue of Marists All. It is a super idea; (6 Christopher Place, Ridgewood, N. J..07450)

FROM BR. JOHN VENTURELLA ('81): I simply want to express my gratitude for Marists All. I enjoy reading it, and it encourages me in my own vocation as a Marist Brother. I am impressed by the influence Marist life has had on so many men, most of whom I do not know. Reading their stories, I am equally impressed by the tremendous impact they are making in the Church today. In the last newsletter Leonard Voegtle was wondering if the time had come for regional meetings for those who are too far from NYC to participate in the GMC activities. I would be glad to help get something off the ground here in Miami if there were a real interest. I'm sure we could plan a picnic, liturgy/prayer, or whatever. I know it will take time and effort, but I believe it's a worthwhile endeavor. We could make Champagnat's vision come alive in new ways.

I am presently teaching religion at Christopher Columbus High in Miami. I live with nineteen other Marists. We are trying to live the ideals of Champagnat in a rapidly changing society. At times it is a real struggle. I do believe it is worth it. I have tremendous admiration for many Marist Brothers and the many men I read about who have been touched by Marist Life. Together we are doing wonderful things for the Church and for God. Let's continue to support one another in prayer and in presence as Marists all. (3000 SW 87th Avenue, Miami, FL 33165; 305-221-0834)

FROM BR. VICTOR SERNA ('40) St. Mary's, Manhasset: Hi, I'm Br. Victor Serna, (Frere Paschal, St, Quentin-Fallavier, France, 1956-57, from Cuba). I'm just back in the USA from Spain where I spent the summer visiting my family. They told me that in Marists All there was a short biography of my good friend Bernard Gilmery (William Connelly ; we were in Texas together, 1961-65. I want to contact him; please send me his address, Thank you and congratulations; everybody raves about your publication. Keep up the good work. (51 Clapham Avenue, Manhasset, N. Y., 11030)

FROM BILL LAVIGNE ('50) at the GENERALATE in ROME Fall '88 For ten weeks this fall twenty-two Brothers from ten English speaking countries from around the Marist world gathered, at the Generalate in Rome to participate in the "Third Age." This is sort of a third novitiate or renewal program to help monks make the transition into the later years of their religious life, Roy Mooney (Roy William '52) and myself coordinated this program, and the American provinces were represented by Charlie Raymond, Barney Flood, Pat Magee, Giles Keogh, Tom Hennessey, and Paul Urban Phillipp.

Aside from the regular program of group sharing and of conferences by resource speakers from the area, there was sufficient time for touring in and around Rome. And there were weekly group excursions which included Subiaco and Monte Cassino, the American military cemetery at Anzio/Nettuno, Assisi, Tivoli, Sorrento, and the very scenic Amalfi drive. We were able to get excellent seats for one of the Holy Father's weekly audiences, and most of us had a chance to shake his hand and get our pictures taken with him. This meant a lot to our older men.

A two week "Champagnat Pilgrimage" to France brought us back in touch with our Marist roots and gave everyone a much clearer and positive understanding of the Founder and his times. Celebrating Eucharist in LaValla, LeRosey, and the Hermitage was very inspiring.

Steve Urban Minogue is the new Director of the Generalate. He brings his usual sensitivity and graciousness to this assignment, and the local community is very pleased to have him. Sean Sammon was here for a visit, and Leo Shea (Stephen Bernard '52) stopped by for a few days on his way from his mission in Liberia to a family visit in the States. You know how welcome letters are when one is away from home, so you can imagine how all of us Americans enjoyed reading the latest issue of Marists All, especially getting up-to-date news about fellows around our profession time and those with whom we were in community. Keep the letters coming, and thanks for facilitating such a worthwhile project,

FROM JOE MASTROPOLO ('66): Where to begin? I finished at Marist College in January of 1970. That February I got a teaching job in a small parochial school in the Bronx. After a year and a half there, I was hired in the Clarkstown School District which is located in the New City area of Rockland County. Presently I am beginning my eighteenth year of teaching English to seventh and eighth graders at Felix Festa Junior High School. In 1973 I completed my masters degree in English education at Iona College. Currently I have sixty credits beyond my masters in various education and English related courses.

In 1974 I was married to one of the science teachers in my school. My wife Kathy and I reside in the small town of Tappan about a half hour outside New York City. Kathy and I have three children, Our daughter, Laura, will soon turn thirteen, Julie will be eleven next month, and our son, Gregg, is seven. Life

centers around family commitments and school life. I coached the girls' softball team at school for five years, did a year's stint as student activities advisor, and now am involved in coaching my son's Little League team. I guess you can say it is typical suburban living,

That about sums up the last nineteen years or so. As you can see, the years have been happy and fulfilling ones. The good Lord has certainly been good to me and consider myself a very lucky person. (48 Cedar Street, Tappan, N. Y. 10983)

FROM BR. JAMES ADAMS ('55): The newsletter has given me more than just a pleasant trip down memory lane. My own reaction is similar to that of many others. We appreciate all the more those years of Marist training which were enriched by association with so many men who, wherever they find themselves now, are still today very much "Marists All". Just eighteen days ago I celebrated the silver anniversary of my arrival, as Br. Peter Damian, in the Philippines. My juniorate in Esopus was under Joe Damian (1953-54) and the Tyngsboro novitiate under Pius Victor (1954-56). After a three-year scholasticate in Poughkeepsie (1956-59) I was sent to cook in the Mansion (1959-60) for the old monks like Oswald and Leo Hy and for a rather hungry bunch of new postulants under Peter Hilary; they became the "best fed" group of 160. At Molloy (1960-63) I taught science and religion, picked up an MS degree in Bio from St. John's U. and in September of 1963 flew to Manila.

Over the past twenty-five years I've been exposed to quite a variety of hard-to-describe experiences. One would need a lot of hours at several festive get-togethers to tell all the stories. Suffice it to say, there were opportunities to serve and to be educated in positions from elementary school teacher to farm director. Somewhere along the line I obtained a PhD in Chemical Biology, published a few papers, did some thesis advising. For the past twelve years I've served as vice president and, on occasion officer-in-charge, of Notre Dame of Marbel College. Marbel was taken over by the monks just three years after their 1948 arrival in the Philippines. Now it is our biggest school with over 6000 students and a mostly lay staff of about 300.

Since 1963 I've had five home leaves or visits back to the USA where I was privileged to serve or. the staffs of Wayne State University Medical School in Detroit (1968-69), Our Lady of Lourdes in Pksie (1971-72), Levittown Public School District (1978), and St. Mary's in Manhasset (1982-83). Currently I'm on the fifth visit and taking a renewal course with the Franciscans in Santa Barbara as sort of a substitute for a missed second novitiate. Each of these home visits has been a healthy shock to my system, and the periodic immersion into the American and Marist world here has to some extent kept me connected to my roots.

I hope the newsletter will help me re-establish contact with some of the great men of my earlier marist days. Congratulations for a brilliant idea. Could you send me past issues of Marists All and others as they come out. I will bring them back to the Philippines in March and share them with the monks there, both Americans and American trained Filipinos, groups of '53 to '58. On November 18th I'll move to NYC to live at the Marist St. Agnes residence on East 38th Street; I'll be there till mid-February, hopefully taking a unit training in Clinical Pastoral Education at the NYU Medical Center. (St. Agnes: 156 East 38th Street, New York, N. Y. 10016; 212-889-1176) (Marbel College: Box 7865, Koronadal, South Cotabato, Philippines 9708)

FROM BRIAN LONERGAN ('47): Recently I was pleasantly surprised to hear from John Reynolds ('60) who was a solid student and a crunching fullback on my eighth grade football squad at the Mount. John thanked me for helping him through school and sports. What a consolation to have someone remember your small efforts of over thirty years ago! John is finishing twenty-five years of teaching, coaching, and counselling in Flint, Michigan. His address is 405 Sleepy Hollow, Flint, Michigan, 48433. (3 Van Roo Avenue, Merrick, N. Y. 11566; new #: 516-223-3701)

FROM MIKE McCAFFERY ('62): You're right; now is the time to write this note to Marists All. After receiving all previous copies and seeing familiar names in print, now is definitely the time. From the very first time Br. Jogues twirled his tassles at Molloy High School in Jamaica. I knew that the Marists would be a part of my life. After spending four years at Esopus and one year in Poughkeepsie, I decided to leave the order. Esopus, that sure brings back memories: who remembers Br. Robert James with his whip, trying to teach us Spanish? Or the treks to the mountains in New Hampshire? Or the baseball/softball games against neighboring religious? or raking the leaves in the valley between the mansion and the prep?

Currently I am married and living in North Babylon, Long Island, with Claire, my wife of twenty-three years, three children, Michael (a senior at C. W. Post), Eileen (an aspiring paralegal at C. W. Post) and Amy (a second-year high school student), as well as with James Christian McCaffery, my bouncing 2 1/2 year old grandchild. Yes, Mike Mccaffery is a grandfather. Over the years I have lost touch with just about everyone, even Ron Kearney who was in my bridal party; but, again, seeing all the names in print is certainly an enjoyment to me. I really look forward to the newsletters. (13 Lloyd Avenue, North Babylon, N. Y. 11703; 516-667-5695)

FROM REV. FRANCIS X. (Stephen Joachim) GALLOGLY ('52): I am surrounded by Marists these days; it is a delight. Br. Fabian Mayor ('57) and I became friends while I was teaching in Miami; he and I sailed the Caribbean together. I would be hired by the cruise lines as chaplain, and Fabian would join me as my assistant. Well, we landed back together, he in Lawrence and I in Andover. I was asked to join his community for Mass on Thursday evenings. Now Brothers Ernest Beland, Tom Petite, Richard LaRose, and Conan Vincent are all part of my Thursday night out. After celebrating Mass together, we have one of those fabulous suppers cooked by one of the monks.

Every now and then Fabian and I have gone for a pilgrimage to Tyngsboro. The other day we went through the main building. It has been done over, but the features of the old novitiate are visible, even the cellar with its familiar storage places. I am going back around Thanksgiving with a football in hand, and dream of some of the happiest days of my very happy life: The pasture is permanently flooded; no need of novenas to the Holy Souls to get water for ice skating. There are picnic tables set up around this Marist lake; it is a charming place to spend quality time. If you are in the area, come by and we'll go for a walk to the quarry! (43 Essex Street, Andover, Ma. 01810; 508-475-0083)

JUBILARIANS: 1989

65th: Br. Aidan Francis Flanagan, 2790 SW 89th Avenue, Miami, Fl. 33165

65th: Br. John Patrick, 51 Clapham Avenue, Manhasset, N. Y. 11030

60th: Br. E. Michael Bernard, 26 Leeds Terrace, Lawrence, Ma. 01843

60th: Br. Peter Hilary, 4300 Murdock Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 10466
 55th: Br. Clement Legare, 4200 West 115th Street, Chicago, Il. 60655
 55th: Br. Cletus Richard, 3000 SW 87th Avenue, Miami, Fl. 33165
 55th: Br. Philip McEnaney, 4200 West 115th Street, Chicago, Il. 60655
 50th: Br. Norman Thomas Roy, P. O. Box 270, Cotabato City, Philippines 9600
 50th: Br. Joseph Teston, 1920 Highland Avenue, Augusta, Ga. 30904

FROM BR. CHARLES HOWARD, SUPERIOR GENERAL: Happy Christmas 1988:

May the year of the second century of the birth of Blessed Marcellin Champagnat bring you peace and happiness!

FROM BR. THOMAS KELLY ... Sargodha Update: We express our heartfelt thanks to the many who have contributed so generously to our work. The donations you sent to Br. Patrick Magee at Mt. St. Michael have reached us on a regular basis, and we take this opportunity to thank Br. Pat and Br. John Murray, Provincial Treasurer, for their support and encouragement.

During the summer we had the opportunity of visiting many of the surrounding villages and slum areas. There we came face to face with one of the problems that plagues Pakistan, child labor. On one occasion we met Abaz and Javaid, two nine year old boys who work in a shoe factory where they make about twelve pairs of sandals a day. Their work day starts at 5 a.m. and ends at 9 p.m., six days a week. For that they get 100 Rs (\$5.50) per month. Ten other boys, ages nine to twelve, help to operate the factory, supervised by the two owners, The factory puts out 150 pairs of these sandals a day, each pair selling for 80 Rs in the bazaar. We will try to get the boys out of the factory and into school.

We will be using the next month to prepare our students for the gift-giving of Christmas. They will help solicit donations of clothes, money, and food to prepare Christmas packages for very needy families, to share the little they have with families who have less. We have designated December 17 as our World Hunger Day, and we will be asking churches, mosques, local businesses and shopkeepers to join us in a celebration of giving.

In October our parish held a carnival. We were asked to have our boys take part in a Eucharistic procession. We used the opportunity to let Sargodha know they had a new school. Instead of having the boys meet at the parish church, we had them report to the school and with banners waving we all marched and sang our way along the two miles to the church. Our little parade did not rival St. Pat's parade up Fifth Avenue, but it did cause a complete work stoppage as we paraded through bustling bazaars and busy intersections.

We keep working to facilitate our use of the Urdu language, but at times we come up a little short of complete understanding. last week our watchman came and told me his wife had to get to the hospital with their sick child. It turns out that the wife was sick and with child. The doctor said her condition was not good, and she needed blood. At 5 P.m. she received a pint of my blood and at 10 p.m. gave birth to a baby boy, When I offered my congratulations to the new mother, she said that I was the one to be congratulated; and all I did was give a pint of blood! So there is one little guy in Sargodha who has Irish-American-Pakistani blood. If you ever meet a Pakistani singing "The Irish Rover," that will be the kid. Sargodha is not the crossroads of the world, but during the summer we did have several distinguished visitors. Br. Richard Dunleavy, Assistant

General, spent several days with us at the end of July, and Br. Sean Sammon, Provincial of the Poughkeepsie Province, spent a whirlwind type of week with us at the end of August.

Our work in Sargodha continues to progress due in large measure to all of you who have become part of everything we do. We thank all for your prayers and financial assistance; our work in Pakistan depends on your supportive love, (Catholic Church, College Road, Sargodha, Pakistan)

FROM RONALD "Reggie" DISS ('60): As you can see from the enclosed clipping, I have made my move from the principalship in Wytheville, Virginia, to Emory and Henry College. The campus is 35 miles from Rural Retreat, so we do not need to move from our home here. Emory & Henry is much like Marist: an evident expression of community and caring, and academically quite sound. I am happy to be there. The public school principalship required too much dishonesty and playing of political games to suit me, versus addressing the needs of children.

The clipping: Dr. Ronald E. Diss has been appointed to the faculty of Emory & Henry College. Diss is a veteran of twenty-four years of teaching and administration in elementary and secondary schools, and has been named associate professor of education. He will work extensively with the college's program of practice teaching. Most recently Dr. Diss was the principal of Spiller Primary School in Wythe County. He had prior teaching and administrative experience in the Roanoke County Schools and in parochial schools in Roanoke, Richmond, and Charlottesville. He also taught in Lawrence, Mass. While Diss is certified in English and several administrative areas, his specialty is the teaching of reading; he taught graduate school courses in the field and served on numerous advisory committees in the county. Diss is a graduate of Marist College (B.A.), University of Virginia (M.Ed.), and Virginia Tech (Ed.D.). Reggie and his wife Mary have two children, one of them adopted. (Box a-5, Main Street, Rural Retreat, Va. 24368)

SILVER JUBILARIANS: 1989

Br. Timothy Brady, 12 Sheridan Street, Lawrence, Ma. 01841
 Br. Kevin Brogan, 101 St. Joseph Drive, Brownsville, TX. 78520
 Br. Anthony Ciccolella, 614 Summer Avenue, Newark, N. J. 07104
 Br. Michael Driscoll. 131 Park Avenue Manhasset, N. Y. 11030
 Br. Michael Fisher, 51 Clapham Avenue, Manhasset, N. Y. 11030
 Br. Denis Heaver, 1253 Shakespeare Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 10452
 Br. Kenneth Hogan, 12 Sheridan Street, Lawrence, Ma. 01841
 Br. John Mulligan, 252 School Street, Watertown, Ma. 02172
 Br. James Norton, 150-72 87th Road, Jamaica, N. Y. 11432
 Br. Thomas Petite, 9 Spruce Street, Lawrence, Ma. 01841
 Br. Frederick Sambor, 12 Sheridan Street, Lawrence, Ma. 01841
 Br. Henry Sawicki, 1241 Kennedy Boulevard, Bayonne, N. J. 07002
 Br. Joseph Scanlon, Box 186, Esopus, N. Y. 12429

DECEASED: Sorry to report the death of some of our good friends, most occurring this past December. May all of them rest in peace. They were Brother Terence Jones ('37) who was at Molloy for many recent years; Br. Theophile ('19) a Swiss native retired in Esopus after long years at Lourdes and at St. Ann's and Molloy; Br. Joseph Abel ('17) for many years principal, director, education supervisor for the province, and director at Camp Marist; Br. Louis Frederick

('28) long time procurator at Molloy and earlier at Camp Marist. (In this issue there is a tribute to Terry Jones below.)

Remembering TERRY JONES:
tribute written by Br. Richard Rancourt

On November 23rd at age 70 Brother Terence Jones was called home. Since then I've visited his graveside in Esopus and reflected on Marist life with Terry Jones. As my teacher in Lawrence Central, my faculty colleague and mentor at the Mount, my partner or opponent in monks' basketball games at the Mount, my traveling companion to Guam and to Hawaii, Terry was always someone special and unique to me.

Terry Jones was a man of extraordinary talents and superb gifts; his presence commanded respect and attention. Though widely acknowledged as a first-rate mathematician and teacher, he could quip in classical Latin or in a sort of "patois" French, or in playful Chamorro with his Guam students. Most recently he was into rhythmic Hawaiian; he had wanted to spend this Christmas in Hawaii. Terry's talents found expression as a teacher of aeronautics, physics, chemistry; as an organizer of the fabulous 150th anniversary of the Marist Institute held at the Commodore Hotel; as a powerful personality in establishing the Stanner Alumni; as a leader of the Molloy Community.

In his early years Terry served as chef for the Poughkeepsie community. During summer months with the help of the novices he even built roads in Tyngsboro. Need we mention that he was probably the record holder in completing (in ink, mind you) the weekly Sunday New York Times crossword puzzles! From a different perspective, his regular visits to his mother and to Brothers in nursing homes and his hidden acts of kindness towards many in and out of the classroom typified his concern, care, and love for those who shared his life.

In so many ways Terry was a man ahead of his times. It took a Vatican II for many of us Marists to catch up with some aspects of his inimitable lifestyle. And even then he somehow managed to keep at least one or two steps ahead of us. We often remarked in jest that when Father Champagnat defined a Marist Brother as a man for whom the world is not large enough, he must have had the likes of Terry in mind. Terry possessed that singular gift of finding deeply personal satisfaction wherever life's journey took him ... to South Africa, the Pacific, the Caribbean, Canada. Yet despite the many miles he traveled, St. Ann's/Molloy was always considered home.

Underpinning these many adventures and accomplishments was a rare, genuine Christian philosophy of life, so frequently expressed in song and in hearty laughter. When Terry sang, he sang more than words. When he taught, he taught more than subject matter. Terry taught people; he taught life. And he taught people about life. In part that was his Marist gift and legacy to all of us. Much of that is what we'll miss about Terry. And much of that is what we'll always be eternally grateful to him for.

BUSINESS UP-DATE: This issue of Marists All is being mailed to 40 Marist communities in the United States, to 39 Brothers on individual assignments, and to 377 people who are "canonically unattached"; it will go to 33 states and to 11 foreign countries. The expenses of this issue will be approximately \$215. Though donations have fallen off this past quarter, we will have, after this issue, a balance of \$745, enough for three more issues. However, the life blood of the

newsletter is NEWS. In addition to more short personal "biographies" such as we now feature, we would like to add other things of mutual interest, including short news notes about yourself or about others with whom you associate. To date we have received 108 letters and notes, 53 from people of the 1950's groups, 21 from prefifties, and 34 from post-fifties. We NEED ONGOING HELP. Check with your contacts to see if they are on our mailing list; we welcome new names and addresses.