

MARISTS M U R D E R E D in ZAIRE:

Four Marist Brothers working in a camp with Rwandan refugees near Bugabe in eastern Zaire were murdered in early November. All four were associated with Spanish language provinces. In Barcelona a Marist spokesman, Br. Jesus Velasco, said, "The superiors of the Marist institute had invited the Brothers to leave Zaire, but by their own decision they continued working with the refugees, as the needs in recent weeks were much greater than they had been in earlier months." Marist Brother Juan Lujan, who has worked in Rwanda reportedly said that the missionaries had decided to leave, but then remained at the request of the refugees, who believed the Brothers could help avoid total panic.

However, Brother Lujan and another Spanish Marist working in Rwanda, Br. Eugenio Sanz, reported that the dead religious may have been victims of non-political revenge. They had been assaulted and robbed of equipment in August, Brother Sanz said. The bandit was later detained and the equipment returned, but his relatives threatened to kill the Marists, according to Brother Sanz.

A French photographer reported that the Marists were executed and dumped into a latrine at the refugee camp. Poor security conditions in the region have frustrated fact-finding efforts. The director of the community was Br. Servando Mayor (44) from Betica, Spain. He had gone to Bugabe in June of 1995 to assist Rwandan Brothers in the camp. In an effort to avoid human catastrophe he had sent messages to the Pope and to the Secretary General of the United Nations through the Spanish ambassador, appealing for a quick intervention of the international community.

Br. Miguel Isla (53) had joined the group in August of 1995 and was responsible for the education of 6000 refugee children. He had worked twelve years in Argentina and twenty-one years in Ivory Coast.

Br. Fernando de la Fuente (53) from February of 1996 was in charge of the distribution of the necessities of life to the destitute of the camp; he had come from Chile.

Br. Julio Rodriguez (40) from the province of Madrid/Zaire had been in Zaire fourteen years and was accustomed to dealing with the authorities in their own language. He did much of the driving and purchasing.

In a telegram to the Marist Generalate Pope John Paul II praised the Marists for their heroic pastoral service at the refugee camp. He expressed his "deep condolences for the deplorable event, hoping that ... the faithful and evangelical example will serve to strengthen the institute in its commitment to Christian witness toward all who suffer,"

The death of these Brothers brings to eleven the number of missionaries of the Marist congregation who have died in Africa since April of 1994.

(The above information has been extracted from the Catholic News Service in diocesan newspapers and from FAXes of the Marist Generalate forwarded from the Marist Foreign Missions office by Brother Pat Tyrell.)

RETREAT/REUNION

FROM LARRY (Laurence Christopher) KEOGH ('54)

We would like to invite everyone to this year's retreat/reunion at Marist College scheduled for July 3rd to 6th. The theme is Spiritual Life Review. Last summer Jan and I returned to Chicago with a deepened sense of spirituality, refreshed by the experience of community. We hope you will join us in this Marist experience. For answers to questions call Larry Keogh 815-838-1570 (Chicago), Barney Sheridan 212-529-2257 (New York) or Jack Duggan 516-997-6547 (New York).

HIGHLIGHTS of the schedule:

Thursday July 3rd

4 p.m. Registration
6 p.m. Supper
7:30 Beginning of Retreat
Spiritual Life Review (I): Laurence Keogh, Presenter
Where We are Now - Acceptance of Self
9:15 Evening Prayer - Salve Regina
9 :30 Social Hour

Friday July 4

7:30 - 8:45 Breakfast

9:00 Spiritual Life Review (II): Barney Sheridan, Presenter
10:30 Considerations on Past to Present
Coffee Break
12:00 Lunch
1:30 Personal Reflection Time
Optional: Esopus Cemetery, walk, pool, gym
2:30 Historical Perspective & Champagnat Spirituality: Leonard V.
4:00 Champagnat Movement of Marist Family: Hugh Turley, Mike Flanigan, Pat Hogan
Coffee Break
5:15 Mass
6:30 Supper
8:00 Personal Reflection
9:00 Evening Prayer
9:30 Social Hour

Saturday July 5th

Spiritual Life Review (III): John Mulligan, Presenter
Considerations on Present into Future

Question: I'm 60 (?) and I want to grow spiritually; help me.
Witnessing to Christ in Our Lives: John Mulligan

Sunday July 6th

9:00 Marist Family / Unfinished Business Hugh Turley &
Laurence Keogh
10:30 Coffee Break
10:45 Reflections on the Weekend
12:30 Lunch

PRAISE TO THE PRESIDENTS at Marist P'ksie

Marist College was celebrating its 50th anniversary of accreditation by the State of New York, and it was homecoming weekend, October 12th. Invitations had been sent out to a luncheon to honor Br. Paul Ambrose and Richard Foy, the two past presidents of the college. From quite far and wide came people from the ranks of the first classes to earn Marist College diplomas. There were such "luminaries" as Mike Talty, Sean O'Shea, Marty Healy, Denis Murphy, Marty Lang, Jephtha Lanning, as well as Moe Bibeau, Ziggy Rancourt, Larry Sullivan ... Gus Nolan was asked to say a few words. He acknowledged that many of those present had shared the same rich experiences as he, and that they were equally qualified to speak, but that he was so pleased and honored that he would refuse to give up the microphone.

Gus recalled that he first met Richard Foy at Marist Prep, where Br. Linus William was Brother Master. It was from him that Richie got his love of mathematics and the name Linus. Br. Paul Ambrose arrived on the campus of Marist Training School as Master of Scholastics in the fall of 1943. By 1946 he had secured a charter for "Marian College," later to be named Marist College. Gus remarked that it was as a college freshman, all of 47 years ago, that he met Brother Paul. So the luncheon speaker knew both past presidents, Paul and Linus, long enough to tell some tales.

When the chapel, Our Lady of Wisdom, was being built, Brother Paul came up with an old hearse, not to carry off injured student Brothers, but to transport supplies to the chapel site. However, its greatest service was the delivery of Kool Aid to us student workers on the hot summer days. We were the only people in Poughkeepsie who were happy to see a hearse. In those early days Brother Paul had a bank at his disposal, a blood bank. It consisted of nearly one hundred able bodied student Brothers, always available to donate for Hudson Valley emergencies. Our Brother Paul volunteered them; no wonder he and Marist people are still well treated at St. Francis Hospital,

On his feast day, in mid January Brother Paul convinced us that it would be a break for us to walk the eleven miles to Esopus! Given a nickle for bridge toll, we set out for the juniorate where we were treated to hot chocolate, cookies, and an apple. This may seem quite stingy now, but those were days of necessary thrift. However, there is no question but that Brother Paul did his job well and got Marist College off to a great start. Stories of his marvelous deeds have been well circulated.

Linus is another story. When I was teaching with him in the early and mid fifties at old St. Ann's Academy in New York, Linus asked me to pick up a specific math book for him downtown at Barnes and Noble. "Get the one in German," he

added, "It will be less expensive." It is not surprising then that in time Linus would be able to scrape up the necessary funding for the most expensive project ever undertaken by the Marist Brothers in Poughkeepsie: Champagnat Hall, 4.2 million! Yesterday I learned that the Consumer Price Index puts a 1966 dollar now at 4.71; that sets Champagnat at almost 20 million in today's currency. Pretty good for a guy who would not spend the money for a math book in English.

One day head contractor Br. Nilus Vincent Donnelly said to Linus, "I think we should take down that wall that separates the campus from Route 9. Linus created the now famous expression: "Do it!" No discussions, no unending, complex committee meetings. Nilus climbed up onto his bulldozer, and the wall came tumbling down .. and with it so many changes, the start of night school, the IBM connection, women on campus now outnumbering men by 53% to 47%.

Back to finances for a moment. Those of us who are about to retire are very, very grateful to Linus for setting up a retirement system at our college years ago. That makes our years ahead look much brighter than might be otherwise.

However, our greatest gratitude goes to our two former presidents for what they did in obtaining an education second to none for us and for those after us. They provided us with great teachers and with books and labs needed to master what had to be mastered to become good teachers for secondary and higher education. And they themselves demonstrated enduring Marist values: prayer and hard work, living in the presence of God, in humility, simplicity, and modesty. To this day Brother Paul and Richard Foy continue to work, and they are faithfully generous in giving their precious time and unique insights to the Marist College Board. No doubt Marist is rated one of the 15 "best-buy" colleges in the northeast because of the imprint these two men have made at our college.

In an accompanying note Gus indicates, "I did not say all of this, and I added some things not on the paper. Feel free to cut, telescope, edit (we did!). The speech did get a good reception," Gus continues, "not because of me but because of Linus and Paul." There's that humility, simplicity, and modesty again!

FROM JIM (Raymond Patrick) MORRISSEY ('50): We always enjoy reading Marists All. Now it is time for me to send an update. I retired from teaching and supervising math in the Northport Schools in 1989. While waiting for wife Jean also to retire from teaching, I took courses and taught part-time at Dowling College.

We bought a condo on Marco Island in southwest Florida, so now we join the flock that migrates up and down the coast according to the calendar. Marco Island is small, beautiful, manicured, and very Catholic/Christian. A new church, considered too large when built five years ago, is now packed for the many weekend Masses. Interfaith services are frequent and well attended; the highlight of these is sunrise service on the beach Easter morning. The refugees from the North play tennis frequently, walk the four mile beach, and use the Gulf and inland waters for boating, swimming, and fishing.

We will keep our home in Northport because it is the center of our family gatherings, including sometime-residents, three married sons and their seven children. We see them frequently since they all live within a three mile radius. The three boys attended Marist College, and while there met and subsequently married three girls whose families live very close to us in Northport, So there is

quite an extended Marist family with the possibility of more attending the college in Poughkeepsie.

Our daughter Marianne is the founding director of a nursery school for the migrant workers in the town of Immokalee, northeast of Naples, Florida. It is a service of a center providing for the temporal needs of Mexicans, Haitians, and peoples from Central America who are employed in cultivating and harvesting the citrus and vegetable crops.

Another daughter, Jean Marie, taught in Namibia in Africa for two years under the World Teach Program and then was employed by the Atlanta Committee for the Olympics; she was in charge of organizing volunteers. She was one of the torch runners through Princeton, New Jersey, and appeared in the opening ceremonies as a fifteen foot marionette. When the Olympics ended, she "vacationed" in Indonesia for several months. On her return she will probably take a job with Doctors without Borders, a medical volunteer group from France. Please pray for these volunteers and for the ability of their families to "let go."
(47 Oakledge Drive, East Northport, N. Y. 11731; 516-368-1587 Fl: 941-642-1812

FROM BR. RENE ROY ('60): The Brothers and students of Byimana School of Science extend deepest gratitude for the great generosity that in R W A N D A is helping us restore and replace what was stolen during the genocide of 1994. Br. Dermot Healy brought us \$16,000 this past July, plus seven duffel bags of school supplies. And to date more than twenty boxes of supplies have arrived at great expense to the donors, but to our great relief. This kind of support expresses solidarity with us and encourages us to continue our Marist work.

As you can imagine our Christmas will be clouded by the recent massacre of the four Spanish Brothers who responded to the invitation "to be a presence" to the people and Marist community of Rwanda. They chose a camp in Zaire to live out that invitation. It will not be easy to celebrate when faith has been frayed by fatigue and fright. Yet that is how I come to the stable this year. Somehow, like the Shepherds, impoverished, drained, and thirsty, I will approach the Child with the only gift I have, and if it does please Him, his smile will restore what has been siphoned off this past year.

At this blessed season I pray for our country, for my family and friends, for my new family and country here in Africa; I pray that the ideals of Champagnat will be genuinely adapted to the times and cultures, so that our religious life will remain young and vibrant and that we will not balk at the challenge of inserting ourselves into areas where we are sorely needed,

After Dermot's letter went out, FAXes began to arrive here. The volume of mail has been overwhelming and a great boost to morale. I am getting feedback from people outside our Marist communities so I greet them as well with warmth. Bear with me if my responses are slow, for my life is now involved with the lives of people here. I know the territory better now and so many more people than I did in October of '95. I have been asked to join the Diocesan Vocation Commission, so I will meet even more. Just give me time; I will have half of Rwanda for my stomping grounds, as I did in the USA.

Our community has been increased by two, bringing us up to eight. The new members are young men, 29 and 34, fresh from the Marist International Center in Kenya and eager to put into practice the skills they have learned there. They

have added a needed dose of vitality to the community, and have helped spread out not only the teaching load, but also the most necessary work with the youth movements in the school. The Minister of Education has added several new courses to the curriculum, so that we have had to go with an eight period day, beginning at 7:30 a.m. and ending at 4:30 p.m. There is a break from noon to 2 p.m. To fit everything in, the community begins morning prayer at 5:30 a.m. If I want to get in a run, it means I must get out of the house at 4:30, running in the dark with a flashlight.

Last March there was talk that the government would rehab our buildings. No action yet. Teachers from every department in the country met in May for three weeks to revamp the curriculum and plan new texts. When will we see them? Things move so slowly here. I'm not geared for such a pace. Dermot's visit was a barrel full of vitamins, energy plus ... fun, life, Americana incarnated and shipped over on Sabena Airways. With great delight the community accepted Dermot, his gifts, and the pockets full of cash so magnanimously donated by so many of you. And I said, "Here we go, at last we can do something!" Well, the cassette player and the TV/VCR have already had an impact, but the big needs are sssoooo slow in coming. Dictionaries ordered from Nairobi won't be delivered for several months. There's money now for a video projector and an amplification system, but when .. How long, O Lord? It all drags on painfully. Frustrations have been enormous, not to mention the isolation. Missing is the opportunity to communicate with a long-time friend, in English, freely, with someone with the same background and frame of reference. The result is a deepening of my connection with the Source of all energy and a growth never so expected at age 56. I can certainly say that there's more to me now than ever ... fuller, richer, wiser.

It's the paschal mystery again ... the dying, the new life rising. It's definitely a case of "no pain, no gain." There's been plenty of pain, can the gain be far behind? I have hope that this will overflow beyond me into the students and into the situation we live in here. The paradox of losing in order to find. True, true, so true! (Adapted from several circulars that Rene entitles: The Rwanda File) Freres Maristes, B.P. 80, Gitarama, Rwanda, Africa; FAX: 011-250-30790.

JUBILIARIANS: 1997

50th:

Br. Alfred George, One Raritan Road, Roselle, N. J. 07203
Br. Martin Healey, One Raritan Road, Roselle, X. J. 07203
Br: Kenneth Marino, 4300 Murdock Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 10466
Br. Stephen Martin, P.O. Box 197, Esopus, N. Y. 12429
Br. Cornelius Russel., 2990 S.W. 89th Avenue, Miami, Fl. 33165
Br. Eugene Trzeciecki, 3000 S.W. 87th Avenue, Miami, Fl. 33165

55th:

Br. Peter Cassidy, 83-53 Manton Street, Jamaica, N. Y. 11435
Br: Lucien Duguay, 2990 S.W. 89th Avenue, Miami, Fl. 33165
Br. Lawrence Hanshumaker, 403 Hamilton St. Poughkeepsie, X. Y. 12601
Br. Victor Liuzo, 83-53 Manton Street, Jamaica, X. Y: 11435
Br. Alcide Ouellette, Bennington Street, Lawrence, Ma. 01843

60th:

Br. Peter Chanel Arel, 4300 Murdock Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 10466

FROM REV. FRANK (Stephen Joachim) GALLOGLY ('52): I was back to Marist College for of the accreditation of the college and the fiftieth anniversary my own fortieth anniversary of graduation.

I had such a great time! I stayed overnight with Br. Paul Ambrose in the Gate House, my old haunt from college days. I was asked to say the benediction at the end of the luncheon honoring Brother Paul and to concelebrate Mass on Sunday with my classmate Father Bill Sears. That was one of the highlights of the weekend.

The college that I helped change from a farm to a prestigious center of learning (called Harvard on the Hudson by an overly enthusiastic graduate) is truly a beautiful spot. I met Brothers and former Brothers at both the luncheon and at the Mass. We were called up to sing one of the songs we were noted for in our day at the college: "Jerusalem, the Holy City." There must have been thirty of us in the chorus that day. We sang our hearts out to honor Brother Paul who had looked over us so well during those critical years in our lives.

After the Poughkeepsie event Bill Sears came to Mechanicville and spent a few days with us before going back to Florida where he has retired; being with Bill again was a wonderful experience for me. (P.O. Box 308, Mechanicville, N. Y. 12118; 518-664-6196)

FROM BR. JOB BELANCER ('43): in C H I N A

Xiaman has the highest per capita income of any city in China, and it is probably the most educated per capita as well. We were told that Lujiang University here in Xiaman is the best municipal university in China. Classes began Monday, September 2nd. All five of us foreign language experts teach sixteen 50 inute periods. We meet our classes only once a week for two back to back periods. I have only two preps. Classes are small, eight to ten students, which makes for the best oral practice. The students have been studying English for ten years and more. They are generally fairly proficient, though very few have the opportunity to go abroad for immersion. The textbooks are excellent in my opinion, very good springboards for solid cultural and moral discussions. Here at Lujiang the three year program leads to a certificate of proficiency in English. Over at Xiaman University a bachelor's degree can be earned in a four year program.

My Chinese colleagues teach only eight or ten hours a week because they have much more preparation and much larger classes than we do. They get paid only Y-800 to Y-1000 compared to our Y-2000. Several of these teachers have been most cordial and helpful; in fact, I have rarely experienced such cordiality. And they are sincerely solicitous. The students in our classes pick English names, usually quite traditional ones. It seems to me that Chinese faces are somewhat more oval than occidental ones, particularly the women. I've noticed one student with braces; many have stained teeth. One author observes cynically that a bra is probably the most superfluous item of clothing in China. I've noticed only two students wearing lipstick, and very few women wear jewelery. Yet they dress quite smartly, even in mini-skirts and pants and sweats.

Some communication has been a bit of a problem for me. Unfortunately at my age and hearing I will not be able to learn much Chinese. Yvette lent me her Berlitz book of common phrases; it is very useful. Mark wants to teach me the four tones, but I don't have that much desire to learn them.

The year should be fairly easy in terms of intellectual pressure, none at all; only creative, pedagogical pressure! My routines are just about set: morning office on the porch, noon rosary on the porch, evening office inside. House cleaning on Saturday, bridge every Sunday afternoon.

At one of our dinner gatherings we had a concelebrated Mass. I thought I was back in Poughkeepsie at a GMC prayer meeting. The conversation, the sharing, was beautiful, prayerful, sympatique! Last Friday we local foreigners started our weekly Friday dinners. Some twelve showed: a French girl from Grenoble, Maria from Argentina, Steve from Oklahoma, Scott a writer from England ... This promises to be a helpful meeting. Steve asked me to speak for his American Culture course Friday morning, and Rebecca asked me to record some tapes for a new textbook. Though I have time to do what has to be done without rushing, I do have to watch not to over extend myself.

Last week I taught Monday evening for three hours, then Rebecca asked me to replace her on Thursday evening for three hours, and Saturday evening Mrs. Liu asked me to go with her to the Youth Palace for its English Corner, two hours plus of making English conversation. I was exhausted. No wonder I fainted the next morning at Sunday Mass. Providentially I was next to big Lito, an SVD Filipino who also teaches at Lujiang. He carried me out, and after some tea and milk I was okay for the regular brunch at McDonald's. Now I'm taking more time to eat more carefully and regularly, and I've been feeling okay since. (Mr. Joseph Belanger - "Mr." for security reasons -- English Department, Lujiang University, 394 South Siming Road, Xiaman, 361005, China)
N.B. The above has been adapted from three circulars to Brothers relatives, and friends.

FROM BR. FABIAN MAYOR ('57): in C H I N A

I arrived in Guangzhou by train and was able to settle in after a few misadventures. Guangzhou has - about nine million people of which eight million are always in the streets at any time. It has to be one of the fastest growing cities in the world with uncountable high rises. The city does have a subway but it seems to have more buses than anywhere else world wide. You know the bus is packed when the people come through the windows. Last Saturday I went to the main shopping area. The stores were so crowded that people were pushed back onto the streets from inside the store. At McDonald's the lines in mid-morning were 10 to 15 people deep. If they say they sell a billion hamburgers, half of them must be sold here.

My biggest adjustment so far then is to the tremendous crowding. The university has 1000 teachers and only two are foreign teachers. A few of the students are not too bad in English, so the teaching has been interesting. The university has a strong military presence. After the troubles in Beijing the country is very suspicious of students. (Mr. Thomas Mayor, % Foreign Affairs, Guangiong University of Technology, 729 East Dongseng Road, Guangzhou 510090, Peoples Republic of China)

FROM ED JENNINGS ('65): Thanks for your work keeping everyone in touch through Marists All. Nineteen ninety-six was a unique and enjoyable year for me. A spring sabbatical, after twenty years of service at Archbishop Molloy High School, took me to London and York, England; it allowed me to take enrichment courses at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and at the Immaculate Conception

Center, the former seminary in Douglaston. What a luxury to read, study, reflect, and enjoy the seemingly endless expanse of free time!

The highlight of the year, however, came on August the fourth when Rosemary Campbell, a lovely young lady, and I were married at the Church of St. Gregory the Great in Bellerose. We were lucky to have Father Ed Doran ('60), now pastor of St. Francis Xavier Parish in Brooklyn, as celebrant. I was also honored to have Brother Declan Murray, my faithful paddleball companion, serve as my best man. Brother Michael Driscoll further enhanced the proceedings by acting as one of the readers. Don Gillespie ('65) and his friend Angela also attended. The reception was held at the Immaculate Conception Center. It was a wonderful celebration shared with family and many close friends. For our honeymoon we cruised the Alaskan Coast, viewing spectacular glaciers, whales, eagles, and even the elusive sea otter! Thank God, neither of us got seasick

Now it's back to reality. Rosemary and I are adjusting to life together in Bellerose, and I am readjusting to a more regular schedule back at Molloy. I am enjoying both adjustments. Life is good. Best wishes to all! (242-15 90th Avenue, Bellerose, New York, 11426)

FROM BILL (Joseph William) MURPHY ('40): Really enjoy the Marists All newsletter; brings me back to good days at Tyngsboro and Poughkeepsie, Not doing much; even reading is tough because of cataract operation, successful but temporarily disruptive. Still working with the Guild for Learning in Retirement at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. Yet I don't feel a need to be active but rather to be focused and to be at peace. And Sandy is a wonderful companion even if our tastes in art are divergent,
(40 East Field Stone Circle (#7), Oak Creek, Wisconsin, 53154)

FROM PAT (Patrick Stephen) GALLAGHER ('53): Of late I have had any number of renewed Marist connections. While in Georgia on business this past summer I had dinner with Ed Cashin and his wife, and the next morning I had breakfast with Luke Driscoll and Jimmy Damian of the Augusta community. There were plenty of good memories to recall. Then in July Reggie Diss who lives in Rural Retreat, Virginia, just forty miles away, invited us over to a reunion of some members of his group. A wonderful afternoon and evening, laughing so much over the old times and the good memories.

One Saturday in October I went up to our little post office, which is just a small room that used to be part of the general store. As I got out of my truck, a bearded man accosted me and demanded directions to the Wild Geese Inn. Needless to say, I was taken aback. Then I was challenged with "Don't you recognize me?". It was Padre Bill Sears on his way through to the reunion at Marist College. Bill stayed for four days! The highlight of his visit was a Saturday evening Mass for us and our guests around the dinner table. We enjoyed every minute of his stay.

Another visitor was Charles Mahon who entered from Roselle and graduated from Marist around 1970; he stopped in with his wife when they dropped their son off at Virginia Tech for grad school.

Bill Sears wasn't the only one traveling to Poughkeepsie. Mary and I went up to Marist for the October luncheon honoring the two former college presidents, Brother Paul Ambrose and Linus Foy. It was wonderful seeing so many old and getting older faces. It was uplifting to hear of all the things the Brothers (canonical and non-canonical) are involved in. For me the highlight of the day,

of the trip, and probably of the rest of my life, was reuniting with so many of my old friends, my comrades-in-arms, my confreres, as we sang with remarkable gusto and quality "The Holy City," with LaPietra conducting. We were not just loud, we were really good! We were able to reach back for the nuances that would have pleased Edmund Alphonse, John Francis, and Adrian August. I wanted the stanzas to go on and on and to sing other songs, for there was such a sense of renewed unity, ties to all those good memories of how we had labored together in the classroom, on the projects, and on the ball fields. The song has stopped but the melody lingers. I've tried to sing the lines by myself to relive the feeling, but it just isn't the same without the group. My wife took a whole roll of pictures; there is clear evidence that my face glistened with tears, and tears were present on many another face that day. For me it is a memory to last forever.

On leaving Poughkeepsie we traveled west into Ohio on business. Then we went on to Notre Dame to attend a rally, tour the stadium at night, see the repainting of the golden helmets in the locker room, and attend the game the next day. Off to LaPorte, Indiana, we visited Marist House, where Eric Anderberg, Mike Brady, Vince Poisella, and I lived for two years trying to forge an apostolate to the community there.

On our long return journey we stopped in Beckley, West Virginia, to see the places up in the hollows where through our Marist House and later through Marist College I brought high school and college students to do volunteer work. Still around were a number of friends who had offered us their homes; it was wonderful talking with them after almost thirty years.

At this point in my life, just turning 60, I have a tendency to look back to see how I have filled the time given me. The Marist life that was, and the Marist life that still is, speak to me of purpose and goodness. I couldn't be more proud of it than I am now. (Wild Geese Inn, P.O. Box 60, Indian Valley, Va. 540-789-4056 24105

FROM BR. ROBERT McGOVERN ('48): Perhaps you would like an update on what we have been doing this past year here in Santos City in the Philippines. We began with the construction of a day care and health center for victims of the Mt. Parker flood disaster at New Dumangas. A donation from the German Doctors Committee in Frankfurt has enabled us to erect three health centers, at Kawas, Iamcanal, and Tinoto. The last two will serve B'laana (hill tribe people) and Badjana (sea gypsies). The Notre Dame mother and child center, which the German Doctors also helped erect, now serves 100-150 patients daily. By the end of 1996 this out patient clinic served 20,000 patients, primarily mothers and young children. Happily the city government has recognized the good done by this clinic and has made a microscope and TB medicines available, and has promised P 250,000 for the purchase of medicines. We are now spending about P 50,000 monthly to supplement medicines donated by the German Doctors.

When the Marist Brothers decided to get more involved with basic education for the poor, Notre Dame of Dadiangas College elected to develop a big elementary school on its Espina Campas. That is a parcel of land five hectares in size. Already 240 young children are enrolled in K1, K2, and grades 1 to 3. Poor Visayan and B'laan families are being served. Five more classes are under construction and are to be available by May of 1997. The cost of building one classroom is only \$2300. I have been asked to lead this development work which is not easy, given the need to raise funds. The target date for completion of the

elementary school is the year 2000. The school is designed to accommodate 1700-2000 children. Eventually the Espina Campus will include playground facilities, a catechetical and pastoral center, and a high school chapel.

Some children are so poor that they must have sponsors and the cost is \$50 a year. A Japanese organization has agreed to sponsor 90 children, provided they come from the poorest families in the area. This is a gift which can have a great impact and eventually lift the family out of poverty. The joy on the faces of the parents and children is hard to describe.

We have just received a nice piece of news announcing that Notre Dame of Dadiangas College of Nursing ranked sixth in the nation in the recently held Nursing Board exam. Over a hundred and seventy schools had students taking the tests. That is a wonderful accomplishment, for it has not been easy developing a good school of nursing, but God has blessed the work.

With the new year let us pray that God continues to give us all the health necessary to keep serving Him a little better than the previous year. (Notre Dame of Dadiangas College, P.O. Box 100, 9500 General Santos City, Philippines)

EDITORS' NOTE: Within the first year of the publication of Marists All we discussed, consulted, and decided that we would not use this letter as a vehicle for financial appeals. We do print news of Marist projects, particularly Marist mission projects. We have even been low key regarding the financial needs of the newsletter itself, confining ourselves to an occasional report on our financial situation. As we go to press now in early February, we have a balance of \$755, which is enough for this issue and for one more issue. We are very, very grateful to all who have helped us. Most important, we need our readers to write for us; we would especially like to hear from you who have not written as yet. E-mail to Gus Nolan: JZB2@MaristB.Marist.edu or mail to Gus Nolan, % Marist College, Poughkeepsie, New York, 12601; or to David Kammer, 476 LaPlaya, Edgewater, Florida, 32141.