

RETREAT/REUNION

from LARRY (Laurence Christopher) KEOGH ('54)

Our summer retreat/reunion is scheduled for July 5, 6, and 7 in Poughkeepsie. We have already sent out a notice to everyone, but in case you did not receive the original invitation or in case you misplaced it, we would like to invite you to join us.

Br. Luke Driscoll and Catherine Cherry will be directing the retreat with some assistance from Brothers Hugh Turley and Dennis Dunne and myself. You are familiar with everyone except Catherine. She lives in Montreal and is a psychotherapist and spiritual director to the English speaking Catholics of that community. A mother of two, she has trained in the Ignatian tradition and gives retreats throughout Canada.

Our theme this summer is Aging in the Lord, Spirituality over the Life Cycle. We have in mind to discuss our own aging process and the role of spirituality in our lives. The theme is directed to everyone regardless of age. As of late in April, twenty people have indicated they will be joining us in Poughkeepsie. If you are interested in being part of this retreat/reunion, please call or write: Dennis: 312-571-8219; Hugh: 312-881-5343; Larry and Jan Keogh: 815-838-1570. (17125 West 145th Street, Lockport, Illinois, 60441)

FROM BR. SEAN SAMMON, V.G.

Br. Basilio Rueda died January 21st in Guadalajara, Mexico, following a brief illness. He had served as Superior General with firm hand and hopeful spirit during challenging and difficult years in the Institute. He was 71 at the time of his death.

Basilio spent a number of years teaching at the Instituto Mexico, at the Juniorate, and at the Centro Universitario Mexico. He distinguished himself for his work with Catholic Action groups, for his catechetical work in the barrios, and for his collaboration with the Cursillos Movement. He also worked with the Better World Movement for many years.

Basilio served as Director of Escorial, north of Madrid, the Marist renewal program for Brothers from Spanish language provinces. At the 1967 General Chapter the delegates elected him Superior General for a nine year term. He was re-elected to another nine year term in October of 1976. After his years as Superior General, Basilio continued to contribute to the congregation as Director of the Master of Novices course in Rome and later as the Novice Master in Mexico, right up to the time he fell ill.

Basilio was a tireless worker. The memory of this good and gentle man and his indomitable spirit will live on. He loved us and helped us to believe in ourselves

and in our Marist Brotherhood during the challenging years after the Vatican, Council.

Services were held in Guadalajara and in Mexico City January 22nd and 23rd. Then cremation took place during a private ceremony the following day. Please pray with and for Basilio. As we mourn his passing, let us also give thanks to this good God of ours for the years Basilio was among us. (Fratelli Maristi, CP 10.250, 00144, Roma, Italia)

FROM BR. PATRICK McNULTY ('52): The last time I wrote was when I was stationed in Pleebo, Liberia. Since then I've been sending prayers of thanks to God for all the inspiring and encouraging words in the many issues of Marists All. Thanks to you, too, for all the work you've done; please keep up the good job. Since my return from Africa I've been at Roselle Catholic in New Jersey, first as a guidance counselor and now as the campus minister. It has been an enjoyable five years, filled with many blessings and experiences.

My latest adventure brought me to Alaska! Right after my mother's death and funeral in August of 1995 I went to the last frontier for ten days. I met with Father Alfred Giebel there. A 1964 graduate of Archbishop Molloy, he is the pastor of St. Benedict's Church and has been in the cold north for the last 24 years. Al invited me to return to give his parish teenagers a retreat, and he asked me to bring some of our Roselle students to act as leaders and guides. I gladly accepted the challenge.

On January 11th we flew to Anchorage. I was able to talk Trishia Lyp into joining me; she is a part time gym instructor who has done retreat work over the years. We met with the parents of 41 teens. At first they put us on the defensive, asking about our qualifications and if they could trust us with their kids in the woods of Wasilla, about 75 miles north of Anchorage and sight of the start of the Iditarod. By the end of the meeting we had won the parents over and many came to tell us that what we proposed was just what the teens needed. That gave us a fuzzy warm feeling. We were at least accepted by the adults.

The real test came the next day when we met with the retreatants.. The kids and supplies arrived. We made some quick decisions on which cabins would be assigned to the boys and which to the girls. By 3 p.m. we were toe to toe, eyeball to eyeball, as we sized each other up. We were going to be either friends or foes for the next 48 hours, like it or not. Some of the youngsters let us know that they didn't want to be there at all. Their parents told them that they were going, and that was it. Thank God., it wasn't too long before we realized that we had won them over. By 4 p.m. the sun was down, giving us less than six hours of daylight. That was strange, We took advantage of the total darkness to stand out on the frozen lake and take in the beauty of the stars and the aurora borealis. It made us feel very small in the awesome presence of God's universe. As we sent the youngsters off to bed we were much more confident that the retreat would turn out well. Each cabin had four simple rooms, electrically heated with beds for four, but there were no toilet facilities. The showers and the like were located some 50 yards away and the temperature outdoors was well below freezing. Needless to say, there were no useless trips to the toilets. One had to be very careful to have dry hands when leaving, or the hands would stick to the door knob.

The next morning with the temperature at -20 and the sun not due up till 10 a.m. we started our journey of talks, sharing, and prayers. When it came to evening

prayer, the service lasted two hours. The reverence and quiet would have made monks and nuns envious. All shared sincere heart warming emotions. The teens were not in a rush to finish their communication with God for themselves and for friends.

On Monday our morning prayer, breakfast, and closing went smoothly. By 11 a.m. the parents arrived, ready to return the kids to the real world. Many of the retreatants who at first showed signs of animosity came to us, giving hugs of thanks and asking that we return to run more retreats, insisting that they last longer. (2 Woodland Rd. Maplewood, NJ, 07040; 201-761-0469)

DR. JOHN SCHROEDER, first lay faculty member, Marist College
Memorandum to Marist College Community - from Dennis J. Murray, President

We were greatly saddened to learn that Dr. John Schroeder passed away in Florida on March 26, 1996. He was 91 years of age. Dr. Schroeder joined Marist in 1946 as its first lay faculty member at the request of then president Br. Paul Ambrose. Previously Dr. Schroeder had been chair of the English Department at Arlington High School in Poughkeepsie.

Dr. Schroeder played a role in several Marist milestones. He arrived just as Marist was granted its state charter to offer baccalaureate degrees. He served as dean of the college's new evening division, established in 1959 to meet the needs of the area's professionals; it admitted 167 lay students that first year. In 1966 women were admitted to the evening division, paving their way to full admittance to the college in 1969.

A story often told about Dr. Schroeder by the Brothers who were at Marist in the days of its founding concerned Dr. Schroeder's newly purchased home in the Pleasant Valley area. Shortly after he moved in, a fire broke out and extensively damaged the structure. Brother Paul asked for volunteers to help repair the home. Due to the great admiration in which Dr. Schroeder was held, so many did volunteer that classes had to be canceled. It only took a day to clean out the debris. Brother Paul Ernest, physics teacher and expert craftsman-carpenter, taught the young student volunteers how to replace broken windows, remove the blistered paint, and repair damaged woodwork. The home was habitable in a very short time.

In 1973 Dr. Schroeder was awarded an honorary Doctor of Humane letters for his dedicated service to the college and for his achievements as an educator. He retired the following year, capping a 28 year career at Marist. In recent years Dr. Schroeder has lived with his wife Eleanor in Englewood, Florida. Services were held at the Pleasant Valley Presbyterian Church.

FROM BETTY PERREAULT: For almost three years I have been married to Adrian Perreault ('36) and each time Marists All arrives I am more in awe of what you GMC people reveal about yourselves. You are an entirely "new breeds" to me. Almost everyone who writes expresses his lifelong love for the Marist Brothers and his gratitude to them for what they have meant in his life. Surely there is some mystic tie which binds, once one has been a Marist monk.

It gives me such confidence to know that many of you are scattered, like rays of hope, within the public schools, police departments, and so many other organizations which are so much in need of some spiritual influence. At a recent local GMC meeting we were talking about "the brothers who have left" and the

good things they are doing outside the monastery, how devoted they still are to the Champagnat legacy; I said, "Surely God must smile when He reads Marists All!"

I consider it a privilege to have been accepted with much affection into a group which I never even dreamed existed. Last year when we had our GMC retreat I looked at the list of attendees and thought, "Adrian knows everybody here and I know almost nobody. It will be a job getting acquainted." But I found that within 24 hours we were like one big family. Thanks, everyone, for letting me join a very special group. (12 High Ridge Road, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12603)

FROM ALEX SENES ('64): Thank you for the wonderful job you are doing in bringing to life one newsletter after another, and by so doing allowing each one of us not only to be informed but also "recharged" in our efforts of "doing good quietly."

The purpose of this letter is twofold: first of all. I'm enclosing a little "stamp money" since I know the post office won't work for free. My second reason is to ask all of the members of Marists All for help. I have a couple of very close friends that are currently going through some really rough times. Everything that can be done is being done, but I feel very powerless just the same. I've been praying my heart out, but I don't think it's enough. So I would like to ask each one reading this letter to just say one Hail Mary for them as soon as you can. I'm sure the Virgin Mary will intercede. Thank you very much!

Incidentally, to return the favor, if there are any Spanish/English speaking social workers who would like to work on an inpatient psych ward at Jacobi Medical Center, call me at 718-918-6769. We're in the Bronx, and we bring to the Hispanic community very special services. It's a great job and I love it! I think Gerry Weiss is smiling down at me from Heaven. No, we don't do Cervantes and Lope de Vega; it's more like Lithium, Thorazine, and Prozac. The good news is that most patients are discharged better than the way they came in. The best news ever is that I feel I'm doing some "Marist work."

As for me and my family, things are going fine. Take care for now. (44 Orangeburgh Road, Old Tappan, New Jersey, 07675)

FROM JEPHTHA (Stephen Anthony) LANNING ('49): We have been settled in Delray Beach over a year and the reality continues to exceed our expectations. We have formed some strong friendships with our neighbors as well as with some of our fellow parishioners at St. Lucy's Catholic Church. Jep is now Vice President of our condominium association. Both of us serve as Eucharistic ministers at St. Lucy's

Before starting north last June we spent a week in Orlando where Joan participated in a seminar preparatory to taking the state pharmacy licensing examination. Her hard work and study paid off with her passing the exam; now she may practice in Florida.

We spent July and August in Sunrise Condominiums, high atop Sunrise Mountain in the Killington, Vermont, area. That proved to be a happy choice. We found time to explore much of Vermont and nearby New Hampshire. In addition, we made a weekend visit to the LaPietras in Poughkeepsie to celebrate the doctorate of Bob Lewis. In September we were homeward bound by way of Manchester and Riverside, Connecticut, staying with Jep's brothers Rod and

Dick. Afterwards, we enjoyed a week in the Hudson Valley as guests of the Stullivans in Staatsburg. We were able to participate in a memorable party at the Nolans on the occasion of Gus turning 65. It was a treat to meet with so many of our friends and catch up on the latest happenings.

Upon arriving back in Delray Beach on September 26th we plunged back into bringing our apartment up to speed with painting, papering, and installing new furniture. We had started renovating our apartment last April, remodeling our kitchen and bathrooms. Now we are in the last phase of our restoration project, getting ready to receive our winter visitors from the cold and snowy northeast. (Coastal House #404, 2200 South Ocean Blvd., Delray Beach, F1, 33483)

FROM BILL.(William Maura) DESCHENE ('53):

N.B. The editors gladly agree to Bill's request that we not edit his article.

I have a relic in my room. A genuine artifact intimately connected to the person of a very holy being. Relics can be part of the saint's body (first class) and I have a good collection of these. Feathers, tails, shells and bones of some of the finest benefactors of the earth community that you can think of. Second class relics are things that the holy ones wore, or used on a fairly frequent basis. Bird nests, chuckholes (these don't get my vote), and the sand at the bottom of a nearby brook which contains the eggs of a family of frogs, do well as examples of these. Things that the venerable touched or used occasionally are considered effective also, even if only third class. The claw marks of a bear on a tree, or the chew marks of a rabbit on young apple trees fit this category well. But my relic is even better than any of those. I have something that the holy one made, and which contains his spirit. It is an oaken desk - one of many made by BR. PETER ANTHONY while stationed at the Novitiate in Tyngsboro. Think of the many presses this man made and we used long ago while at that great place.

I took it from my room at Central when I left there. Let them try to take it back! It has been with me for 21 years, and as I contemplate the ways the dead become alive again, I wonder (hope?) if some of the spirit of the man who made this desk is living again in me. His Canadian talent for carpentry (not something I share) is evident in the workmanship of the desk. But it is the other parts of his personality that also attract me.

Brother Peter was a grizzly pear-shaped old buzzard who looked like he was born and raised in the Alaskan wilderness. He had thick coke-bottle-bottom glasses that steamed up when he came into the kitchen after walking up from the carpentry shop on a winter's morning for his coffee break. "Hi neighbor," he would say as he crashed through the door. Then, "Where are you?" when the hot air hit his glasses. He always had his coffee in a bowl half filled with milk with at least 3 spoonfuls of sugar, half of which landed on the stove or on the floor. He stirred the concoction with his finger, then leaned against the oven to warm his backside. "Ah! ' 'I think I smell pork burning," one of us would say, and he responded with a grin that would charm the rattles off a snake.

My earliest encounter with "Pete" was during a Saturday work period. Several of us . novices were assigned to help Brother Peter and the cooks kill a pig. When Peter shotgun in hand, said "Where's the pig?" which was standing solitary in the middle of a small pig corale, we scattered in six directions. "Bam!" The sound echoed in our retreating ears. We turned around, and there was the pig 'dead'ner dornail,' and old Pete with that same toothy grin looking at us.

We used a pulley rig to hoist the pig over a large cauldron of hot water in which we would immerse him for a few minutes, then proceed to shave the poor guy. As we were about to lower him into the water, the beam that held the hoist cracked, and we would have all been scalded except for the heroics of Ed McElroy, who managed to get his shoulder under the pig, keeping him from falling into the water. The pig spirit, obviously bent on revenge, was not deterred, as he emptied his bladder on our hero. Pete, of course, laughed, as did the rest of us, Larry Hughes, K.O., Danny Grogan, and myself.

It was during the year K.O. and I took our turn cooking in Tyngsboro that I collected many treasured memories of Brother Peter. Every time I hear the bullfrogs serenading us from the shores of Sebago Take, I am reminded of old Pete (and the others) belting out the rosary in the chapel after dinner. One time Brother Paul Acyndinus (another all-time great) fell and banged his head pretty bad. Brother Peter carried him into the kitchen, muttering something like, "Dam fool, never looks where he is going." But no mother ever carried her child with more tenderness and concern than did Brother Peter. We used to listen to Brother Hugh Andrew do the play by play of the Central games on WLLH in Brother Peter's room. He had an old Westinghouse floor model radio just like the one I had at home. The other team would score a basket with two minutes to go, and that would narrow Central's lead to just 24 points. "--ht! They're going to lose," Brother Peter would yell out worried about the good guys' fate. He was up for the vow of stability that year, but some genius decided that he would have to give up the radio before he could be considered for this honor. Brother Peter chose the radio. "Way to go, Pete!"

Years later, when John Malich was provincial, he accompanied Brother Peter on a visit to see his relatives in Vancouver, just south of Alaska. John's account of how Brother Peter won the hearts of the stewardesses and passengers on the flight was a 'vox populi, vox Dei' if ever there was one.

There were three Brothers who made "Head Cheese" in Tyngsboro. None would eat the work of the others. Helping Brother Peter dig out the teeth, eyeballs, bones, and other assorted non-edibles floating in the pot of boiled pig heads was an experience. "Use your hands to fish around. You can't find these things with a metal spoon," he instructed. When we got the hang of it he'd sing, "Holy Moses, king of the Jews. Sold his wife for an old pair of shoes." Brother Pius would come and close the door to the kitchen, and return to preside over the novices examen. Later, when I tasted the congealed "cheese" and told him it was "not bad" that grin appeared again, and I felt that I was a young brave who had just been given the approval of a Sioux chief after biting into my first raw buffalo heart.

If I had known that I would marry a person of the wicca persuasion (I'm still spellbound), I would have picked his (right) brain for the wealth of information on the identification, preparation, and uses of herbs that he possessed. But I've never been too practical, and who knows, maybe just enjoying his humor is the best tonic any of us could have gleaned from him.

Best wishes to all from our 19th, 18th, 17th, er, (it's going back further all the time) century homestead where life is tough. None of those people going to work on their derrieres encapsulated in their little cars would like it. But at least bras weren't invented back then, and you don't have to wear that male equivalent - the necktie. (11 North Lowell Street, Methuen, Ma.. 01844)

FROM MARTY (Patrick Martin) HARTE ('47): Thanks for your selfless efforts to keep us informed of our Marist heritage by publishing the treasured Marists All. Each printout stirs the heart with pride and fond, meaningful memories of the great men and moments that effected our very being for a lifetime. I treasure and catalog each issue with the same fervor I album family pictures and tapes. I'll make an effort in the near future to provide some personal data. (50 Plane Tree Lane, St. James, N. Y. 11780)

BR. RENATO CRUZ ('58): "Concerning my health, my doctor in Manila advised me to stop all medication temporarily since March 14th. So far my blood count has been normal and we will see how long this will last without medication. The Brothers and the students and teachers in all our schools made a novena for my cure through the intercession of Champagnat. God has been good to me."

(from letter to Provincials from Br. Benito, S. G.)

FROM BR. RENE ROY ('60): Dear Marists All, I'm sure that by now word has reached the Greater Marist Community that I was asked to come to Rwanda as part of an institute wide effort to demonstrate total solidarity with this District of Rwanda, which suffered immense losses during the diabolical four month genocide of 1994. Five key men of the district, including the District Superior, were mercilessly and needlessly massacred, as well as Brother Chris Mannion, the Counselor General who came to lend a hand during the crisis.

I am growing to appreciate how traumatically these deaths have affected the District. And I'm also coming to learn how the extensive loss of life has affected the students sitting before me. They are beginning to confide in me that their mother, their father, their older brothers ... were killed during the "Events." I am amazed at their resiliency, but at the same time I see the tears well up as they begin to talk more in detail. There is a lot left unresolved behind their determined faces, naturally so. It's something that we must address if our ministry is to "meet the needs of the people and of the times."

The grace of God works in marvelous ways. I feel akin to Elijah, who was transported by the hair of his head to another location to serve as God's instrument there, but God does not leave us orphans. That raven appears with the daily ration of "nourishment" to sustain us. So, I'm fully engaged in teaching the New Testament (in French) and eight classes of English. I'm continuing my vocation work here with our Vocation Club, which looks very, very promising; and I am moderator of the Legion of Mary. With so little to distract by way of material goods, the students put their energy and creativity into their spiritual lives and religious practice. Daily Mass is massively (no pun intended) attended. Rosary is said daily by the legion with the younger children, and on Saturdays the Brothers and most of the Catholic students say the Rosary together before supper in the student chapel.

We have two choral groups who prepare for the Sunday liturgies, and there is even a Charismatic Prayer Group. In this atmosphere and with such obvious love of Mary, it's easy to talk Marist vocation. The blood of martyrs ...

Besides the enormous loss of life during the "war" there was a huge loss of what little goods the families and the school had. People fled for their lives, leaving all behind, and when they returned, they found that all had been stolen. So too with our school books, typewriters, TV, VCR, and lab equipment. Here we are at the threshold of the 21st century reduced to teaching with nothing more than a few

texts (outdated ones at that) and pieces of chalk that disintegrate with the slightest pressure. I've written to the Brothers, family, and friends for basic material and for financial aid to help put us back in the educational ball park. (If you wish to help, please send contributions through the Marist Provincial Office in Pelham, New York)

However, I'm especially addressing you with a request for information on SCHOLARSHIPS, any leads from your connections. Rwandan students want to pursue science and medicine, business management and accounting at American colleges and universities. The Brothers tell me that their students have had no trouble adapting to universities outside their country. They are intelligent, hard working, and amazingly conscientious, up before 5 a.m. to study and do their assignments. Because we follow the European system of six years of secondary, our sixth form (last year) students are 21 and 22 years of age. They are willing to endure years away from family and land, and are determined to return and work for the good of their country. Thank you for helping in any way possible. Relay any information through Brother Patrick McNamara, Marist Provincial Office, at 26 First Avenue, Pelham, New York, 10803.

FROM BR. MICHAEL BERNARD ('29): A recent letter from Rene Roy confirmed the fact that he has been informed by Br. Henry Sammon, Provincial Treasurer, of the \$3310 account that will be forwarded from our Rome mission center. Rene asks that I extend sincerest thanks to all and that I be sure to assure all of his prayers and those of the Brothers and students at the school in Rwanda. With such a generous donation much good and urgent supplies will be realized. May our dear Lord and His Blessed Mother continue to bless and protect all of you. (Marist Brothers, P.O. Box 197, Esopus, N. Y. 12429)

FROM RICHARD (Gilbert Donateur) CONNOLLY ('52): Where does time go? Just received Marists All and once, again savored the missives and the memories. I've spent the last 18 years as teacher and administrator in high schools in New York, New Jersey, and Miami, and I've enjoyed the experience immensely. I'm retired now and turning 62 come March, receiving SSI widower benefits and a small pension for 15 years spent in New Jersey. Not wealthy, but certainly have enough for a retired "beach bum" to subsist comfortably. I live two blocks from the ocean and one block from the intercoastal waterway. Love it!

Raised three daughters alone (Jackie, now 26, and twins Kristen and Patrice, 25). My wife Margaret died suddenly in '77 when the girls were 8 and 7. When such happens, there are no alternatives; life must go on, and it did, but raising three daughters kept me rather busy? I nearly remarried twice. One beautiful gal passed away; the other had eight children and I had the three. Don't let anyone tell you that it's cheaper by the dozen.

All children are grown and on their own now. I'm in Florida, she's in New York, but still communicates. We anticipate a reunion. Best to all. Keep Marists All coming. I truly enjoy it! (313 Hibiscus Ave. (#3), Pompano Beach, Fl. 33062)

FROM RICH STANULWICH ('65): Brother Vinny Collela was an old classmate and a friend. I was saddened some time ago to learn of his death. Vinny was great on the handball court at Tyngsboro. He suggested that I volunteer to paint the farmer's house so that we could talk to the farmer's daughters, probably the downfall of my Marist vocation. God bless Vinny. Please pray for our work in prisons. Those addicted, aged, disabled by whatever disease need our prayers.

Forever in the Master. (150 Wilson Street, Beacon, New York, 12508; 914-831-6126)

FROM BR. GERRY BRERETON ('59): A note of thanks for the latest edition of the newsletter that you sent to me here in Mexico. I've been in Guadalajara since November 10th and have visited half a dozen communities and schools in this part of the country. Tomorrow I leave for one of the four Marist communities among the Tarahumara, an indigenous people living in the mountains in the Mexican state of Chihuahua. From early February until late June I will be at the scholasticate in Monterrey, Nuevo Laredo. Thanks for all your efforts in putting together Marists All. A blessed 1996! (Maristas, Castelar Pte. 2195, Col. Pio X, 4710 Monterrey, N. L. Mexico)

FROM BR. LEONARD VOEGTLE ('50): Good news! Volume one of the province history is in print! It covers the years 1885 (when the first brothers came from France to Canada) to 1911 (when Canada and the States became two separate provinces). Entitled: Go to the land I Will Show You volume one contains 200 pages of text and 16 of photos. It is available for \$12 from either of the provincial offices. And now for volume two ...

At the moment, I'm just home from Europe, where I once again led the brothers from the English language Spiritual Renewal Center (aka Second Novitiate) in Manziana, northeast of Rome, on their Champagnat pilgrimage into France. As usual, we bussed from Manziana, with a lunch and sightseeing stop in Pisa, to Carmagnola, just south of Turin, where the Italian province maintains St. Joseph's Distillery which produces "the spirit of the Institute" in the form of Alpestre, Hermite, and several other liqueurs, for the benefit of the Marist missions. Next morning, off again to Notre Dame de l'Hermitage where we spent ten days visiting our Marist "shrines" the Hermitage itself; LeRosey where Marcellin was born; the shrine of Our Lady in LePuy where Jean-Claude Courveille received the inspiration to found a society of Mary; her shrine at Fourviere in Lyons where Courveille, Marcellin, Colin, and a dozen of their newly ordained companions consecrated themselves to Mary and to the project of the Society; LaValla where Champagnat served as parish priest and founded the congregation; LeBesset where he went on the sick call that galvanized him into doing so on January 2, 1817; Marlihes where he opened our first school in 1819 and where the brothers are still teaching; LaChaperie where Pere Champagnat and Brother Stanislas said their "Memorare in the snow" which saved their lives; and St. Genis Laval which housed our general administration prior to its transfer to Rome in 1961.

All of those places, especially those owned by the Marist Brothers have been wonderfully restored and renovated in recent years, so they are much more welcoming and inspiring than when many of us saw them for the first time in our own Second Novitiate days 30 or 40 years ago!

For me now it's back to business as usual, which still includes my work at the Newark diocesan marriage tribunal, and my ongoing translation of some of our Marist heritage. Avis, Lecons, Sentences (the "Maxims of the Founder") is about ready for the printer, as is the first volume of Brother Avitts annals, which he compiled between 1884 and 1892. The three volumes cover the history of the congregation from the beginning and the history of every Marist school which existed during his lifetime. They are a great source of not only historical data, but also of vignettes of the life and times of the early brothers, in all their humanity!

In Esopus the archives-to-be are just about ready for occupancy. The complex includes the former sacristy of the main chapel in the former juniorate (Colonel Payne's "power-house" and Marist Prep's first gym), the adjoining room, and the attic above. I hope to move in the furniture and shelving, and then the scattered cartons and files which now hold the archives, bit by bit during the spring and the summer, so I can begin work in earnest in October. (I'd expected to begin earlier, but I've been asked to lead another Champagnat pilgrimage in September for a group of older brothers making what we refer to as the "Third Age" program, a two month renewal experience.

As of July 1st, I'll be working only half-time at the tribunal (to earn my "province assessment"). I anticipate alternating two-week stretches there and in the archives. All for now. Hope your spring and summer will be safe and pleasant. (1241 Kennedy Boulevard, Bayonne, N. J. 07002)

FROM DAVID KAMMER: Thanks to the people at the Poughkeepsie Provincial Office, I have a copy of Leonard's recently published first volume of the history of the Marist Brothers in North America. It covers from the first foundations in Iberville, Canada, (1885) and in Lewiston, Maine, (1886) to the split into provinces of Canada and United States (1911). It is difficult, in the space left, to tell you how enthused I have been in reading about unknown happenings before my time, about great Brothers known only in name and reputation, about venerable Brothers well known and loved, about conditions and customs of yesteryear. This volume is a wonderful contribution to understanding our background, to understanding who we are. I'm sure you will be rewarded in reading it. Esopus Provincial Office, 1741 Kennedy Blvd., Bayonne, N. J. 07002-2286 Poughkeepsie Provincial Office, 28 First Avenue, Pelham, N. Y. 10803-1452.

FROM TOM FAHEY (Esopus '57): I had the happy occasion to talk with John Wilcox recently. He informed me about Marists All. Could I request becoming a subscriber/recipient of a publication that would put me back in touch with the Marist Brothers. Memories of Marist Prep where I was a student from September 1954 to January 1957 continue to remind me of the great guys and Brothers I lived with those wonderful two and a half years of my life. Please let me know how I can get Marists All. For starters, where in Massachusetts does a great guy by the name of Ray Landry live? (Follow-up letter) I began this first day of May, the month of renewal, hope, and Mary, with an enjoyable walk; among my thoughts were the people of Marists All. Thanks to you I've been reconnected to a time in my life when all I needed in my pocket was a Rosary.

I've located and called Ray Landry. He remembered me and we talked on and on about our fortunate lives. We learned that one thing we have in common is that the first born of our four children has Down's Syndrome, his daughter Christina, my son Tom; they continue to enrich our lives with joy. I would love to read all past issues of Marists All. That might be a burdensome request, so please do send me issues of men from the 50's and 60's. God bless and thanks. 1488-A Grafton Road, Millbury, Ma.. 01527)

P I C N I C One week later than usual - September 21st
The annual Greater Marist Community picnic, held in many recent years at Mt. St. Michael in the Bronx, is now scheduled for one week later than usual - therefore, September 21st. More in the August issue.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is our 35th issue of Marists All. We are in our tenth year of publication. We have had write-ups from 218 of the 496 people who are on our mailing list. What can we do, what can you do, to get our other friends to help enliven our newsletter? We need material for the next issue; we will be putting it all together in early August. We do appreciate all the help we get! Mail to: Gus Nolan, % Marist College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12603, or to David Kammer, R.R. 2 - Box 3300, Oakland, Maine, 04963 (summer)

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ANY OTHER SUGGESTIONS?