



ISSUE # 16

March 1991

FROM BOB O'HANDLEY ('61): It was great to be caught in the sentimental time warp of the 25th reunion of Marist College, class of 1965. Seeing the faces again and finding behind them the same friends is an experience more moving than I can put to words. The litany of encounters ran something like this: Jim McKnight and Jerry Worrell walking between Donnelly Hall and Graystone; Bill Carroll and Joe Maura in front of Marian Chapel; Don Kelly, John Gonya, and Bill Ford, heading back past Donnelly toward McCann; Pete Hollerstein, Tom Burns, John Heffernan, Brian Desilets, Ziggy Rancourt, Pete Bacchus, and Paul Ambrose at the reunion banquet; Mo Bibeau, Richard LaPietra, and Gus Nolan after Mass the next morning ...

Returning to Marian Chapel was the most moving experience of the weekend: finding my old pew and experiencing liturgy-in-the-round again. My view across the sanctuary was similar to that of a quarter century ago. Gus Nolan, Mo Bibeau, Ziggy Rancourt, Richard LaPietra, Paul Ambrose, and others. The memories were vivid. Gone, literally for good, were Kieran Thomas, Paul Stokes, Mike Shurkus, and Mike Lineen.

It is clear why this place evokes such memories. This is where we convened every morning, every evening, every day. This is where we sang, prayed, dreamed, meditated, sometimes slept, conun'd, looked each other in the eye and tried to see God. This place was the focal point of our existence, and I found myself back in focus once again.

Why does Marist, why do Marists mean so much? This was my second family ... but not just the second of three. The warmth of the reunion here laid bare bonds at a different level. The memories stirred at Marist showed that tremendous value had been offered to us in those years (nine for me), and some of it stuck. Some of the seeds took decades to germinate. Rituals we found tiresome at the time, now seemed beautiful and rich with symbolism. Once irksome rules were now viewed with humor, and no small measure of appreciation.

On first returning to Marist I had an impression of a thin, aging body of Brothers remaining within the walls. By the end of the reunion that body was seen to be a vibrant, growing corps committed to Christian education and social action. Springing from a rich kernel of love and faith, the greater Marist community now adds new dimension to the work Champagnat started a century and a half ago near Lyon. I came away with renewed pride in my alma mater for the life it has given me. I also experienced an eerie sense that I have much more to learn about the meaning of vocation. (3 Glenn Cove Road, Andover, Mass. 01810)

CARDINAL HAYES HIGH - CELEBRATING 50 YEARS: Br. Denis Liuzzo, for Hayes principal (Fall of 1991 to Fall of 1992) Father John Graham, requests the names of all those who have taught at Hayes, their present addresses, their names in religion, and the years taught there. Mail to Br. Denis, Marist Residence, 156 East 38th Street, New York 10016. The celebration will include a

Mass honoring Msgr Jablonski's golden anniversary, Hayes open house and reception, alumni basketball game, Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, golden anniversary golf outing ...

FROM JOHN EDWARD SMITH ('61): I have enjoyed following sagas of many of my contemporaries through the issues of Marists All, and I thank Gus Nolan and David Kammer for initiating and steadfastly producing the newsletter. Readers may be interested in knowing what has been going on with me since leaving Columbus High in 1970.

I began working with Catholic Charities in Miami, at first, with the methadone clinic (subsequently joined by Tom Mullen, Ray Armstrong, Don Harrow, Mike Goldrick) developing one of the most successful programs in the nation, consulting with the National Institute on Drug Abuse, and forming a statewide association of program executives. Over the course of nine years I went on to the executive offices of Catholic Charities.

In 1979 I left Charities to head up the development office for the Florida Philharmonic. We had a very successful fund raising campaign, working with the community leadership. However, labor and management did not share the same view of the universe, and the Philharmonic closed.

It was in 1982 that I began my own marketing/PR consulting firm. I've enjoyed some very interesting projects: for the past eight years I have produced a Renaissance festival at Vizcaya in Miami; have worked in the development of a "sister city" program with our metropolitan government and the Province of Asti, Italy; organized any number of special events; and recently headed the advancement office for a private K-12 school here in Miami.

Through my work with the Renaissance festival I have come to represent the Sbandieratori del Palio d'Asti, the "flag-throwers from Asti." Following on my love for the people, food, and wine of Northern Italy, and fortunate enough to have traveled there every year over the past six, I have organized a prestigious gastronomic event in Miami. Now I am representing an Italian parmigiano cheese producer for import here. My dream is to retire into the hills of Northern Italy!

My principal professional work is promoting several recording artists: a pop vocalist (Murray Grant Macdougall), a classical harpist (Markus Klinko), a blues/jazz singer (Julie Frank), and a contemporary music violinist (Vicki Richards).

My life has been blessed in the person of Ashley Waters Smith, my seven year old daughter. After eleven years of marriage, her mother and I parted married company a year and a half ago. I have little desire to go looking for another wife at this time. My work is my mistress, as I have been told.

For the past few years I have maintained a pattern of morning meditation, rather eclectic in its roots. A couple of mornings a week I find myself running on the beach at sunrise -- that's the beauty of Miami! I remember how that half hour in the morning was a dreaded exercise on one's feet. Frankly, now I cannot really begin my day without it. My other therapy consists in maintaining the landscaping at my tropical (as in overgrown) Miami home. Brothers Oswald and Feliciani would love to see me stomping out the roots of trees and weeding the garden areas. I was shaken by the tragic death of Mike Lineen of my profession

group. He was such a fun loving and gentle spirit to experience such a violent death. And the news of Angus' death left me thinking of how much "community" was a part of his life. I remember well, among dozens of other fond memories of Angus, the game of "monks' monopoly" that Angus created and everyone enjoyed playing during a January blizzard which closed Molloy for days. Should folks be in the area, please call and stop by. (7531 Southwest 64th Court, Miami, Fl. 33143; 305-665-2838)

BR. PAUL AMBROSE (Summary of P.A.'s Marist Foreign Mission Report)
Diamond Jubilee Trip

Br. Norbert and I took: six months to plan covering seventeen countries on 32 flights with only one night in a hotel, the rest with our Marist family "somewhere." I was pleased to see once again all the old buddies with whom I had spent 18 years in Rome ... Basilio, Quentin, Charles, Voegtle, Steve Urban, Ezechiel, Sester, Alessandro, Gildo. We were present at our GHQ for the closing of the Champagnat Bi-centennial ceremony.

We headed for Paris to be with Br. Gilbert, who came with us to Notre Dame de I' Hermitage to see Br. Gabriel Michel and the new Marist cyclorama, which is most fascinating. It was on the ride down the Rhine that Norbert got really sick; we had to make a stop in Germany for him to get to a hospital. Norbert rested in Amsterdam while I covered Nairobi, where I caught up with some of the "Pkc boys" - Greg Seubert and Lucien, the Canadian. On to Pakistan I visited Sargodha and its new school; Des Kelly and Remigius of Sri Lanka were both exceptional in looking after me. At the Bombay airport hotel, I found a letter from Norbert assuring me that he had returned safely to Miami and was under a doctor's care.

I moved on to Sri Lanka, the mission I have always loved most. I was thrilled to see each house, and I was able to spend some time at a rest house with Clifford, the provincial, another Marist College grad. I had a special visit with our twelve young Marist postulants at their new home, which has been re-named the Paul Ambrose Home. In Singapore

Br. John Lek, provincial and Marist graduate, took great care of me. I was able to take Br. Peter Bosco and Br. Joseph Stanislaus, both Marist grads, for lunch at the airport. Next stop was Hong Kong.

I have been associated with our Marist Korean work from the very start. It was great to meet an old buddy, Br. Alfons Wimer, from Mexico. At the novitiate I gave two conferences: one on the religious life and one on the Marist Family world wide. In Cheong-Ju we are running a house for fifty state orphans. I had brought help from Mrs. Thomas, a Marist affiliate; she would have marveled to see the fruit of her generosity. In Kobe, Japan, I enjoyed a most pleasant visit with our Yanks there, and with Br. Stephen Weber who celebrated his 70th anniversary. The highlight of my visit to Kumamoto, which I helped break ground for in 1961, was a trip to Nagasaki and its wonderful shrine where the early Christians were hiding during 300 years of persecution.

In the Philippines I visited with Brs. Bernard Curtin, Henry Joe, and Alphonse Louis. They got my ticket to go south to Mindanao where Renato Cruz, the provincial, met me and gave me his car and driver to see the rest of the Marist houses there. I enjoyed the new house in Dadiangas where Kevin O'Neill cooked a superb meal for a reception for all the religious of the area. In Australia I had a glorious visit with Br. Hilary, Ethelred, and Kieran Geaney, all great friends.

The trip from Sydney to California took well over 15 hours, but I was happy to be on American soil again and with our Oakland community. My last stop was in Miami where I went to fill Norbert in on the part of the trip that he had missed; he continues his personal improvement in good health. How I wish you could all have seen the diligent work done all over the globe in our mission areas. The Founder would be proud of his Marists and their dedication to the poor children of the various countries.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Brother Paul is residing at the gate house at Marist College, Poughkeepsie, 12601. At this writing he is recovering at St. Francis Hospital where he had his two knees "rebuilt."

FROM BR. VICTOR LIUZZO ('42): Greetings from Italy! After 45 years in the classroom, I have welcomed an invitation to be procurator and treasurer at a Marist house just outside Castelgandolfo. I am with Br. Basilio, former superior general, for an 18 months course, training future novice masters. The thirty Brothers taking the course are from 28 different countries. The language of the house is French. When I go shopping, I use Italian. The shop keepers understand me and I understand them.

On the 14th of August, the community went to the Pope's summer residence at Castelgandolfo to assist at the 5:30 a.m. Mass of Pope John Paul II. About 125 persons were in attendance. After Mass the Pope joined the various groups for photos. I had the opportunity to shake his hand twice, once before the photos and a second time when he was leaving the group.

I do a lot of driving in and around Rome. Most Italian driving is terrible; you need four eyes when you drive ... and a lot of patience. I usually visit the Generalate three or four times a week. Presently (fall of 1990) Luke Driscoll, Larry Michael, Bernie Nolan, Damian Galligan, and Clem Legare are at the General House for a two months renewal course. John McDonnell is the sub-director of the course. Lenny Voegtler is also at the General House translating French documents.

In early September I took a day train to visit my 88-year-old uncle in Palermo, Sicily. I did not want to fly because I wanted to enjoy the country sites of southern Italy. I traveled through most of northern Sicily and enjoyed my visit immensely. I met five of my first cousins and several second cousins. Father Thomas, a first cousin, took me to the town and home of my father. We were fortunate to obtain the key to see the interior of the three-room house. My cousins wish that I pay them another visit before returning to the States.

This weekend the group from here will start making the exercises of St. Ignatius for thirty days, at different retreat houses. I will make a private retreat for one week and then move to the Generalate for three weeks. All of us will be spending the Christmas holidays at the Generalate. When we return here in January, there will be just six months left in the course, ending in June of 1991. I do not know why the time flies by so quickly.

Thanks to someone I finally made the mailing list of Marists All. I do enjoy reading it. Best wishes for a happy New Year with blessings of happiness and good health. (Fratelli Maristi Villa Sorriso, Via del Iaghi, Km 8.5; C.P. 99; 1-00040 Castelgandolfo, Italia)

FROM FRANCIS GUDYANGA: Please find enclosed issue #2 of our Zimbabwe newsletter Once a Marist ... Always a Marist. We hope to publish #3 after a shorter period than we did this one. Thank you for keeping me on the mailing list of Marists All. Isidore Sabeta is also grateful to receive your newsletter. He mentioned that he will write an article sometime soon.

At the moment I am at the Marist International Center in Nairobi, Kenya, at the invitation of Br. Charles Howard, the Superior General, to join a working group to organize an "African Marist Youth Movement." It is a project dear to his heart. I am honored and very glad to participate.

This center is a formation house for young Brothers from all over Africa. Presently there are about 65 young men from sixteen or so countries. It is a scholasticate with three years of degree work. (P.O. Box Mp 167, Mt. Pleasant, Harare, Zimbabwe)

FROM BR. CHARLES HOWARD S.G. Christmas greetings. A child should be a sign of love and of hope. The Christ Child is the supreme sign of God's love and of His hope for us. The recalling of the birth of Jesus is an occasion for rejoicing and for recommitting ourselves to His mission of love and hope. Special good wishes. (Fratelli Maristi; Piazzale M. Champagnat, 2; C.P. 10250; 00144 Roma, Italia)

FROM JOHN ROGENER ('67): So many times I have thought about writing; so many times I put it off. I guess because I never knew quite where or how to begin. In 1966 I entered the Brothers from St. Helena High. In 1970 I began teaching at Roselle Catholic High School. After three years there I went to grad school for two years to pursue a degree in Rehabilitation Counseling. Upon completing grad school I spent two years in Newark, N. J., at St. Ann and at Queen of Angels Schools. I left the Brothers in 1977. How's that for a quick recap!

I'm married to a wonderful wife Shelley for twelve years, and we have two children, John 10 and Elizabeth 8. We live in Lawrenceville, N. J., and daily I join the thousands of commuters who trek from the burbs to New York City.

Upon leaving the Brothers I thought I'd try my hand at corporate life. After a couple of years at two small companies, both of which I got through the New York Times, I landed a job at Citibank, and ten years or so later, this is where I've remained. I'm currently a Vice President in charge of Operations, Technology, and Service Quality training for our transaction services business. Nowadays training and development is a hot item. Fortunately I was able to leverage my teaching and counseling skills to get into the corporate world.

This past summer I received a major dose of Marist hospitality. Shelley and I decided to send our son John to Camp Marist. Because this was the first time John was away for any extended period of time, I felt secure knowing that with the monks, he would be in a safe and structured environment. In July we visited him. My recollection of Camp Marist was as a postulant and novice in 1967 and 1968. Never did I imagine that twenty-two years later my young son would spend a summer there. Although so much of what I remembered, remained the same, there was so much that had changed. Seeing the monks as well as former monks was a real treat Conga, Henry Sawicki, Bryce, Julio, Jim V, Ken Ward Kenneth, Solano, T. Lee, Tom Sessman, Pat McMahon ... Unfortunately I missed John Klein by a matter of hours; however, John K made it a point to see young

John R ... thanks Pooh: By the way, my son John had the time of his life at camp, and he plans to spend the next nine summers there, which I think will bring him through Pogoville. We are hoping CM goes coed so we can send Elizabeth.

We keep in touch regularly with some of the former brethren and their families: Bruce Armstrong, Jack Tevlin, Bill McCluskey, and Dan Waters; and of course I hear from Steve Martin who has the wonderful knack of keeping track of my whereabouts, even though we've moved four times in nine years.

I guess that's about it. This wasn't as difficult as I thought it would be. In total I spent eleven years with the Brothers, 1966 to 1977. It was a period of great change and churn, but I gained a lot; I learned a lot, and I met some really committed people along the way, people who touched my life and made those years very memorable ones. (50 Old Bridle Path, Lawrenceville, N. J. 08648; 690-895-6980)

FROM Br. KEVIN BLYTH (Australian) : Thank you once again for the latest issue of Marists all., received during our midcourse retreat here at Sangre de Cristo, Sante Fe. It was great to read about the 1950-51 reunion, more so because on the weekend of October 20th the same thing was happening with some of our 1950 reception group at our old juniorate at Mittagong on the southern highlands about 20 kilometers south of Sydney. Our low key gathering attracted eight former Brothers and their wives and seven currently "canonical" members. I hope it will be the forerunner of next year's 40th anniversary of my group. If they have it late enough, I'll be back in time. We had 29 receive the habit and 23 or so made first profession. Two were from South Africa, five from the Melbourne province, and the rest from our Sydney province. Two have died, one South African and two Melbournians remain, and our Sydney province members number ten.

Reading the various accounts in Marists All and changing a few place and personal names, the accounts are similar to the one sent to me from Mittagong! The singing of the old traditional Salve Regina, the Sub Tuum, the stories of our great teachers, Superiors, Provincials. The pranks we used to get up to, the ruses we had for making life tolerable. The cold, the heat, the holidays, the visit by Br. Leonida, S.G., the non-smoking, the university work, some allowed and some not. The promise of a Directorship in Patagonia for the first director who purchased a colored TV set for the house ... and so on and on

I have suggested to one of my good friends that he take up your good work for a Marists All in Australia. He has a flair with words, was popular with our group when he was with us, and like so many who have changed roles, is still 100% thoroughly Marist. I'll send him my copy of Marists All to give him some idea of what you do. Best wishes for continued blessings from the Lord and his good Mother. (Sorry, no current address; Sangre de Cristo, Route 4, Sante Fe)

FROM REV. FRANK GALLOGLY Here we are at the start of another Christmas season; time for letters, cards, and shopping. I don't know how much shopping I'll do, but I do know that there is much I have to thank God for at this time.

On November the tenth I had a heart attack. There I was at a party for a friend, sitting in the kitchen, but not feeling too well (since two that afternoon I had been feeling punk with pains in my chest and in my arms ... all symptoms which I told myself was indigestion or the flu). Finally I asked one of the priests to take

me home. A few nurses present said I should go to the hospital, and I said: "No, it's only indigestion." Thank God they didn't pay any attention to me; they called an ambulance and off I was carted to the hospital.

The rest is history: three hospitals with the best care you could get, and angioplast to unblock two arteries (they did the balloon trick.) I was black and blue for a few weeks, but now all is clear again. I arrived home on November nineteenth, not to the parish house but to our Merrimack College about a mile from the parish. I am being treated very well; I have round the clock nurses and a good diet, and no stress; well, not too much stress. I am out walking and enjoying the beautiful weather.

My good old Marist training helped me get through this. I am to take a stress test this week and then be evaluated; that procedure should go on for a time. I am happy taking it easy, one of the blessings of my state of life. (% 43 Essex St., Andover, Ma. 01810; 506-837-5163)

FROM JOHN (Pat Alban) TOBIN: It has been quite a while since I wrote to say hello to everyone at home and abroad in our Marist world: I have been moved to write again because of Br. Paul Ambrose's recent letter "Marist Foreign Missions" in which he explains, as only he can, the ten "gems" in the crown of our Mother Mary. Thank you Brother Paul for your graphic views of the Marist world and your commentary on each "gem." It made me feel very proud as a member of the family all over the world. The Lord has truly blessed each and all of us in a most significant way, as our journey to Him continues day by day.

What has also contributed to my present writing is the news of so many friends who gathered for their reunion August 3rd to 5th at Marist College. Thank you Joe Lapietra, Jerry Cox, Charley Kelly, and Charley Scott for your detailed accounts of yourselves, your families, and your magnificent reminiscences. While I was not with all of you in person, I am most grateful that I could relive your reunion with you because of your accounts in Marists All. I am most grateful for having known all of you in a special way. I remember most of you slogging through the mud playing soccer in Poughkeepsie, or in Tyngsboro shovelling snow off the rink in the meadow: We had many a happy year as friends. Thanks for helping me relive our times together. Our Blessed Mother has kept all of us close to Jesus, and will continue to do so.

On November 2, 1990, All Souls Day, I stopped in at the Esopus Cemetery to say hello to the many friends who were and are most dear to me. I offered prayers for all the saints who made it, and came away with a peace and joy that only the Lord and our Blessed Mother can give. If any of you are passing this way, please do stop by. You do not need a special invitation; you are family. John & Helen Tobin (3 Brookwood Road; Towaco, New Jersey, 07082; 201-335-3758)

FROM FRANK BACKUS ('56): Marist College recently had a 30th year reunion for the college graduation class of 1960. Ray Landry, Al Doerr, and I attended. We had not seen each other in 30 years. It was a fantastic weekend. The alumni office compiled a booklet, and I took a copy for you. It gives a short summary of the doings of the members of the class. You might be able to use the information for Marists All.

Alan W. Doerr: 108 Cross Street, Andover, Ma. 01810; 508-685-1972)

Marist degree: B.S. in Math; other: M.A. in Math, Hunter College Position: full professor of Math, U. of Lowell, Ma. 01851

Wife: Donna; children: Chris 20, Melissa 16, Patrick 9

Professional activity: Chairman of Math Department, 1974-1987 Supervisor of Continued Education, 1970-present author of undergraduate text in precalculus-author of graduate text in abstract algebra- co-author of "Applied Discrete Structures for Computer Science"

Other activity: Remodeling home and summer place

Raymond Landry: 6 Appletree Lane, North Reading, Ma. 01864; 508-664-2248

Marist degree: B.A. in English; other: M.A. in English, New York University Position: teacher, North Reading High School, Ma. 01864

Wife Dorothy (Beaulieu); children: Kristen 20, Keith 17, Karen 15

Professional activity: National Council of Teachers of English Hawthorne Society, Thoreau Society Alcott Society, Cowards Club of America;

Awards: School Committee Award for Academic Decathlon Program-Dr. Mee Chow Hound Award for Excellence in Composing and Teaching Ancient Chinese Wisdom in the Form of Proverbs!

Comments: The older I get, the crazier and more radical I become. Each year I throw a party in my honor and give a speech praising my achievements, both real and imagined. It makes the neighbors scratch their heads, but it is fun.

Frank X. Backus: 13 Meadow Road, New Paltz, N. Y. 12561; 914-255-8537

Marist degree: B.A. in Mathematics; other: M.A. in Physics, Manhattan College Position: Engineer with I.B.M., East Fishkill Facility, Hopewell Junction

Children: Lee-Ann 16, Michelle 12

Activities: National Ski Patrol, 23 years Winter Special Olympics Volunteer

Comments: After 21 years full time in the high school classroom, I started a new career as an engineer/physicist with I.B.M. and have been with them for nearly ten years. I have also been an adjunct professor of mathematics at Marist College since '74.

John W. Corcoran: 4 Nicolette Court, Commack, N. Y. 11725; 516-864-5C29

Marist degree: B.A. in History; other: M.A. in History, St. John's University Position: Sales Manager, Principal Financial Group, Syosset, N. Y.

Wife of 20 years: Peggy; children: Kimberly Ann 18, Lauren Margaret 15

Achievements: I'm still here, and someone still loves me!

Comments: No, nothing new ... just a frozen moment in time that I share with those who have similar memory-imprints: ... Am I really jumping off a make shift diving board into a bottomless quarry in a land far away called Tyngsboro? - - For those who remember . . . no explanation is needed; for those who do not remember no explanation is possible.

Br. Vincent Moriarty: Marist Brothers International School 2-1, 1-Chome, Chimori-cho, Suma-Ku, Kobe, Japan, 654

Marist degree: B.A. in History; other: M.A. in History, Manhattan College

Achievement: Surviving thirty years in the classroom.

Comments: After leaving Marist College, I taught at Mt. St. Michael, and became Dean of Discipline there for three years. In 1969 I moved to Poughkeepsie to teach at Our Lady of Lourdes and was Director of Student brothers for three years. Moved to St. Agnes in New York where I was Assistant Principal for Studies. Worked at the United Nations for six years as a NGO delegate for the Better World Movement. In 1987, I moved to Japan to be the Upper School Principal.

Br. Paul Johannes Meuten: Fratelli Maristi, Piazzale Champagnat, 2 C.P. 10250; 00144 Roma-Eur, Italy; 011-396-592-4456

Marist degree: B.A. in History; other: M.A. in History, St. John's U. M.A. in Executive Management, St. John's

Comments: Since departing for the Philippines, I have been teaching a wee bit, and was mostly in the administration of high schools and colleges (Notre Dame of Marbel and Notre Dame of Dadiangas). I have been active in the accreditation movement in the Philippines, and I have established the Planning Office of the Catholic Educational Association there. As a member of the Board of Directors of the Philippine Library Materials Project and as their representative in the USA, I collected books and journals in the Buffalo-Washington-Boston triangle over a period of five months. I am now heading out to our Generalate in Rome to run the Social Secretariate for three years; this involves fund raising for projects of our Marist establishments in the Third World. I will return to the Philippines in 1993.

Br. Luke A. Pearson: 237 East Peace Street, Canton, Ms. 39046; 601-859-6135

Marist degree: B.A. in English; other: M.A. in English, New York University
M.A. in Theology, Manhattan College S.T.M. in Theology, Regis College
Position: Director of Religious Education, St. Therese Parish, Jackson, Ms.

Activities: Past Supervising Principal of Marist International School, Kobe Past President of National Conference of Directors of Rel. Ed.

Comments: After four years in Japan, 1985 to 1989, I spent one year at Marist High School in Chicago. Then the opportunity to work in Mississippi tempted me, and I couldn't resist the chance to enjoy the climate which is so much like Kobe, Japan. Yet the most important reason for moving to Mississippi was the

opportunity to direct a religious education program for people of all ages and to be part of a ministry formation program which will help develop leadership for the Church in the diocese of Jackson.

FROM BR. THOMAS "Des" KELLY ('53): Sargodha Update ... "A time for mourning and a time for rejoicing, a time for tearing down and a time for building up." Over the past few months we have experienced the time for mourning as we grieved over the death of one of our students; the time for rejoicing as we celebrated with Br. Walter an honor paid him in Australia in recognition of his contribution to the education of youth there. We witnessed the tearing down of the established government in a constitutional coup, and on October 19th we saw the formal dedication of Sargodha Catholic School.

With the completion of our new classrooms the student population increased from 180 to 480, and the staff of teachers and maintenance people increased from 13 to 28. The September term was scheduled to begin on the 29th of that month. Just before the Mass we received word that one of our ninth graders had been brought to Fatima Hospital in a diabetic coma and was in critical condition. I went to the hospital and found Sikandar still in a coma with a blood sugar count over 500. I spent the afternoon beside Sikandar's bed and at 5:10 he died in my arms. The burial was the next day with staff, students, family, and friends at the graveside. Sikandar Tufail will always be remembered with love as we plan to keep his memory alive by setting up a classroom in his honor.

October weather provided a very pleasant interval between excessive summer heat and the cold of the oncoming winter. We chose October 19th for the blessing and dedication of our new school, and we invited parents, workers, and friends to share the occasion with us. About 2000 guests were present as Bishop Simeon Pereira and the Papal Nuncio blessed the buildings and dedicated the school to the people of Sargodha. The scene was reminiscent of the Gospel feeding of the five thousand; instead of loaves and fishes we had rice and curry. There were no baskets of scraps after the meal, but the guests went away contented. During the ceremony the Papal Nuncio bestowed gold medallions from the Holy Father in recognition of the work accomplished in Sargodha. The three of us Marists can now sport gold medallions during all major parades.

Thanks again for your continued support; may God reward your generous help to the students and people of Sargodha. (Catholic School; P.O. Box 110; Chak 47 N.B.; Sargodha, Pakistan)

FROM RAY BLANCHARD ('47): Did a lot of traveling this summer. Met Gerard Brunelle, who was in my class; he left the Brothers around 1950, I think. He would like to be on your mailing list. His address is P.O. Box 5157, Weirs Beach, N. H. 03247. He was interested in all the old monks that he knew. He was wondering if anyone knows the address of Arthur "Chubby" LaFleur; he'd like to get in touch with him. By the way, we are getting ready to leave for Germany, so I haven't much time right now. Hope to write later. (25 Brickyard Road, Mars, Pa. 16046)

EDITOR'S NOTE: We have published sixteen issues of Marists All since early 1986, mostly on a quarterly basis. This was due in early February, but it is coming to you in mid March, mainly because the well seems to be drying up. We expect to mail the next issue in July or August. We have almost enough finances to do so. We hope to have enough news! Send your correspondence to David

Kammer, 107 Woodland Drive, Harwinton, Ct. 06791, or to Gus Nolan, %Marist College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12601.