



ISSUE # 15

November 1990

FROM ROBERT (Joseph Kevin) COLLINS ('55): I've just re-read back issues of Marists All while enjoying this beautiful 87 degree October day, sitting on the West Meadow Beach of Long Island Sound near Stony Brook. Procrastination is something I'll fight till my dying day; I've been writing this note for over a year. But here's a start.

After a short talk with Master of Novices Pius Victor in May of '56, I was on my way home to Woodside. The four years of living the Marist life, two in Esopus and two in Tyngsboro, gave me a foundation in faith that I thank God for today. The pre-dawn walks in Esopus from the newly built dormitory to Mass over at the mansion with Br. Joseph Damian and his Irish setter (was it Kelly?) setting the pace ..., walking the roads saying the rosary ... shouts of joy from the softball fields .. games of "flag" ... surprise "Benedicamus Dominos" and a feast day off ... trips to Camp Sunset to pick apples ... learning the discipline of silence and the love of prayer. Ice hockey on the almost frozen pond behind the dorm with Br. Luke leading one team and John Bosco the other. (My Rangers could use their talents.) Trips to the Scholasticate for picnics and outings. Visits to the Redemptorists to play ice hockey on a real rink with boards. Riding down the forbidden pipe line that ended out on 9W with Kelley, Mullins, Sciavone, Dever, and Dunn. God what memories: Thank you, Marist Brothers.

How about leaf days, raking the gutters till your hands ached? Wouldn't the rains have taken care of them? Then into the snow-filled woods as Christmas neared to pick the evergreens for the garlands that were hung throughout the buildings. Br. Joseph Able, history as only he could share it, alive and real; Br. Luke, Caesar and Cicero; Br. John Bosco, x's and y's given meaning; Br. Joseph Damian, geometry, brought me to tears! Patient, learned, loving men of God, thank you.

Rushing summer with late May and early June trips down to the stone dock and boathouse on the Hudson. Tempting the ice floats with unauthorized walks on the frozen Hudson. Holy Rosary Cottage overlooking the handball courts ruled by Brother Solano. Growing in the safe, protected Marist world of love. Closing our days with the beautiful Salve Regina. What memories! Even as I write, I'm filled with sentiments long forgotten. Thank you, Brothers, one and all, for the love you taught me. Now that I've picked up pen to write, I know a follow-up biographical sketch will not be long in coming. (1 Kimberly Avenue, Farmingville, N. Y. 1738)

EDITOR'S NOTE: A few days after the mailing of the last issue of Marists All Jim Friel ('52) phoned to say that since he had a number of Marist contacts, he could elicit write-ups from those friends and acquaintances and subsequently forward their articles to us for incorporation in the newsletter. He also suggested that others who have already written might similarly volunteer to serve as "assistant editors." This is a much welcomed idea. If your friends have not yet written, urge them to do so. Any help is greatly appreciated.

D. Kammer, 107 Woodland Dr., Harwinton, Ct. 06791;
G. Nolan, % Marist, Pksie, N. Y. 12601.

FROM BR. JOACHIM HENG ('62): I was so glad to meet so many old friends at the gathering at Paul Stengel's house last Sunday. Paul asked me to write something about myself for Marists All, and to send it along through Jim Friel, whom I met at that very enjoyable gathering. As I am not a writer, and as English is my second language, I ask you to make any change necessary to make the write-up acceptable to the American readers. Tonight I fly out of New York and return to Malaysia. If you visit the Far East some day, include Malaysia or Singapore in your plans; you will be welcomed by us. Please put me on your mailing list.

I made my novitiate in Tyngsboro in 1962-1963, then studied at Marist College, Poughkeepsie.. From 1963 to 1966. After returning to Malaysia, I taught in our Marist schools for ten years, then in the Marist novitiate in Hong Kong for three years. In the beginning of 1980 I was appointed the Provincial Superior of the China Province (Singapore, Malaysia, Hong Kong, Taiwan, and mainland China), and held that office for nearly ten years, until the end of 1989, when Br. John Lek ('60) succeeded me. (Brother John also studied in Tyngsboro and Poughkeepsie.)

From February 1990 I began a seven month sabbatical for renewal courses and overseas travel. I followed a renewal course at St. Bruno's in Britain from March to May and another course in Toronto in July. In June I had opportunities to visit the Brothers in Ireland, England, Scotland, and Canada. Then I spent six weeks in August and September in the USA visiting the Brothers and old friends from Marist College days. The marist communities I visited were Chicago, Roselle, Miami, Molloy, and Mt. St. Michael. I also had opportunities to visit Paul Stengel, Woodrow Duke, Benedict Ho, Mark Kouo, etc. I had a most enjoyable and enriching experience during my visit in the USA. I sincerely thank the Marist Brothers and my old friends for their warm welcome, hospitality, generosity, and thoughtfulness. I return to my country, Malaysia, in mid-September to take up a new appointment. (Marist Brothers, 1-A, Road 10/3, 46000 Petaling Jaya, phone: (03)7561164. Malaysia)

RECENT PICNIC: Probably one of the best days ever, weather-wise. The Mount garth was clean and ready. Mount monks were as gracious as ever: Simeon Gerald, John Bantz, Tony Iazzetti, Christopher Shannon, Pat Magee, Bob Leclerc, Br. John Francis had clearly marked the calendar, and he even provided us with live entertainment with his accordion.

Among the first time attendees were Denis Proulx, Bert Chasse, Bernard Nolan on his way to Rome for renewal program, Bill Murphy from the mid-West ... Others that returned after some absence were the Ken Murins, Pat O'Briens, Tony Miserandinos ... Becoming regulars now are: John McGalagly, Jim Murray, John Wilcox, Bob Reynolds, Otto Kruger, Brian Lonergan, Joe Maura, Hugh Turley, Marty Healy, along with the old time regulars led by the LaPietras, the Nolans, Steve Martin, Zig Rancourt ...

Sharing of food worked well. Plenty. In fact, some contributions brought and never opened; just overlooked. Several guys are unemployed. Jack Duggan mentioned organizing a bulletin board kind of thing; thought proposed for having such a page in Marists All, second time such an idea has come up. (Thanks to Gus Nolan for this report.)

FROM BR. RENE ROY ('60): The Pine Ridge Reservation is the home of 18,000 people of the Oglala Sioux Tribe. This second largest reservation in the country is also home for three Marist Brothers: Dermot Healy, Brice Byczynski, and me, We are trying to keep alive the Marist presence and work begun by Eric Anderberg and Julian Roy in 1973. Other Marists who have worked here: Joe DiBenedetto, John Scileppi, Pat McNulty, Scotty-Francis Hughes, Hugh Turley, Dave Murphy, and Ed O'Neill.

The reservation is located in the poorest county in the United States. The per-capita income is less than \$3000. The reservation is not graced with an abundance of natural resources and the arid climate makes farming very difficult. Most people are on welfare, and most of those with jobs are funded by money from the Federal Government, The tribe does not have income producing enterprises, save for the leasing of land. Compared to other reservations, it looks and is light years behind in economic development and self sufficiency.

Dermot is director and fund raiser of Kola Alternative School, a day school offering individualized learning, group therapy, and personal counseling to boys and girls whose lives and families have been disrupted by drugs, alcohol, physical and sexual abuse. Brice, with a special education degree, is one of the teachers of twenty students. Dave Murphy has remained on the faculty. The state pays part of the cost per student, but Dermot has to raise more than 50% of the operating cost by writing for grants, by begging, and by borrowing. He is trying to groom a local person to assume leadership of the school, but it is very hard to find a qualified, responsible person who will stay in the area for a while. There is no question about the need for Kola, or about its effectiveness, but there is question about its future. It goes without saying that prayer for this worthy cause would be appreciated.. as well as suggestions of any sort.

I began working at Our Lady of the Sioux Church in Oglala in 1977 with Brice and a Jesuit priest named Jim Dixon. The Parish is poor and enormous, covering over 500 square miles. Home visiting, teaching,, and much encouraging led to a gradual involvement of local people in running the parish and the liturgies, Today I remain the sole survivor of the initial pastoral team. We have been priestless since 1986; I serve as pastor by default, finding myself swamped with paper work and people work. I've tried getting local people to help, but they are not skilled, reliable, or in some cases willing to lend a hand. On the whole they expect the whites to do everything. Besides the taking of their land as a gross and obvious injustice, the creation of a dependent people is our second greatest sin. Trying to break that dependency is a major task.

Hot summers, cold winters, dust, the distance between places, a Sunday collection of \$25 to \$50 ...these are hard enough to deal with, but the real problems are the evils we face daily. It is almost as if we deal with the devil face to face. Moral standards have so degenerated that almost everything is tolerated. When I tell people off the reservation about this, they say they see the same sins and indifference all around in our society. If that is so, the problem is quite overwhelming, and the need to support one another is critical.

Champagnat lived in an age that was picking itself up from the excesses of revolution and anarchy; his strength and confidence came from his rock bottom trust in God, In an age that is as morally dishevelled as post-revolutionary France, Champagnat's example is a viable approach to dealing with today's challenges. May we all grow in our courage and determination to keep his vision alive. (Box 20, Oglala, S. D. 57764; 605-867-5450)

FROM BILL SEARS ('52): Really enjoy Marists All info on all my long time friends. Am now retired from active priestly ministry because of heart and other health problems. Keep my hand in though, helping on weekends and when called on by neighboring parishes.

I live in my cottage near the Manasota Beach which I bought 21 years ago for next to nothing. Thank God for my training as a monk in taking care of oneself. So I survive very nicely and comfortably, though God help anyone who depends on "Holy Mom the Church" to take care of them in their hour of need. No complaint! I had the combo to the safe!!!

Am in the process of writing my memoirs, in lieu of anything serious to do, because everyone I relate my "monkey and priestly" stories to, tell me "You should write a book." Fine, but who would dare publish it? Besides, I got enough problems, who needs lawsuits?

Would love to hear from anyone by mail or phone if you're in my area. God bless all of us. Remembrance of all in my daily Masses and prayers. Yes, I really live at 1745 Padre Lane, Englewood, Florida, 34223; 813-474-5217.

FROM DONALD MULCARE ('57): Many thanks, Gus, for your role in producing and distributing the Marists All newsletter. I have written to Dave Kammer in the past; it is your turn. We have not communicated directly in a long time.

It is wonderful to hear news of friends after many years. Some have traveled a long road in that time. It is reassuring to know that they are doing well. The newsletter is also welcomed for word it brings on the evolving work of the Marist Brothers in the Church and in the world. At times there is some confusion in not being able to place the names in the news ... nicknames, names in religion, family names. The directory that was included in one of the earlier editions was helpful. Each newsletter usually brings some sadness as the deaths of former teachers and confreres are revealed. There is plenty to pray about after reading a copy of Marists All.

I was particularly saddened to hear of the death of our friend Br. Denis Damian. I was fortunate to have him as a science or math teacher during each of my four years at St. Agnes High. Of all the outstanding Marist Brothers that I met as a high school student, the impression Brother Denis made was the most powerful and enduring. His only negative aspect was a misplaced devotion for the Yankees. His influence was most important in my entering St. Joseph's Novitiate in Tyngsboro. I did not get to see Brother Denis very often during my four years in training houses or afterward. There were visits by him to my family's home associated with his summer courses in Chicago, and there were a few Christmas cards. It always seemed, though, that he was available if I wanted to get in touch with him. My folks provided news about him from time to time. I heard that he taught in a public high school for a time. He was doing something out of the ordinary. I am sure that his radiation of Marist spirit did wonders for his students. My image of Brother Denis is more than thirty years old. I hope that it is not out of date. The Agnesian yearbook for 1955 contains many pictures of a young and smiling Brother Denis. He was one of the most important lessons that we learned at St. Agnes, in the early to mid 1950s. (105 Long Road, Fairhaven, Ma. 02719)

LATE WORD: Br. Nilus Vincent Donnelly is seriously ill, and has been hospitalized from the Brothers' retirement home, 8230 S.W. 136th St. Miami, 33156.

FROM RICHARD LAPIETRA ('50): The weekend of August 3rd to 5th at Marist College witnessed an event that was unique in the annals of the Marist Brothers of the United States. The men of the profession groups of 1950 and 1951, both those still professed and those attached to the Marist Brothers in the broader Marist Community, came together for a reunion on the occasion of the 40th anniversary of the taking of the habit of the class of 1950. The members of the extended Marist family were accompanied by their wives and, in many cases, by their children.

The weekend began on Friday evening with a social in the Fireside Lounge in the Campus Center. Those hailing from distant points had been able to check into their apartments in Gartland Commons earlier in the afternoon. The next day featured free games until noon and a picnic lunch under a tent set up on Gartland Commons Mall overlooking the Hudson River. At five in the afternoon the film prepared for the Marist U.S. centenary, was shown on video in the chapel; this was followed by the celebration of the Sunday Liturgy by the community with Luke McCann, the new college chaplain. After Mass, cocktails were served in the Fireside Lounge followed by dinner in the River Room. The rest of the evening saw the group socializing in the Fireside lounge. With this the formal activities of the weekend were concluded, but most remained over till the next day, as it was close to one in the morning when the last revellers left for their quarters. Many spent part of Sunday morning touring the campus or making a trip to Esopus.

Thanks to the initiative of Bill Lavigne, who had contacted me and Larry Sullivan a year earlier, plans for the reunion took shape. Somewhere in the course of the early stages of planning, Gerry Cox inquired about the possibility that the reunion, originally intended for the Class of 1950, might be extended to include his group, the Class of 1951. Members of the Class of '50 were sounded out, and the joint venture was overwhelmingly accepted, together with Gerry's offer of the hospitality of Marist College for the occasion.

The weekend was special indeed. The Friday night social began tentatively, as a handful of early arrivals assembled on the more or less deserted campus, tentatively looking one another over for signs of recognition. As Barbara and I walked toward the Campus Center from the Donnelly parking lot, we spotted just one other couple making their way from the Champagnat lot, I said to Barb that this must be someone coming to the reunion, because there was simply no other activity on campus that weekend. It turned out to be Pat Donaghy and his wife. I can still remember that moment, the flash of recognition, the bear hug, and the instant sense that my emotions would be taxed to their limit for the next forty-eight hours.

As the crowd in the Fireside lounge grew, so did the din of excited and delighted voices. Throughout the evening knots of people formed, merged, fragmented, reformed in new configurations, and all the while the sense of camaraderie heightened. Each new arrival was greeted with shouts of joy and astonishment at how little, or how much, we had changed. Although many were not due until the next day, I was struck at how large this first get-together turned out to be.

A brilliant sun and a cloudless azure sky greeted us Saturday at the picnic. There was a gentle breeze off the river, and even the humidity for which Poughkeepsie is so noted, as you well know, was held in abeyance. A great tent offered protection from the sun, and the smell of sizzling franks and hamburgers lent a carnival air to the lovely summer day. If I had a dollar for every time a camera shutter went off, I could retire. But what I can't get out of my mind even now is the sound of the voices ... the voices. I can still hear them ... excited, enthusiastic, joyful, earnest, happy, loving ... Some grouped around a table where a number of picture albums, dating back forty and more years, had been gathered. And the conversations ebbed and flowed between accounts of present ventures and reminiscences of the past. How we savoured the telling and retelling of the old stories.

It is impossible to describe fully the depth of feeling that I experienced at the liturgy. The viewing of the video film set a context and tone for what was to follow. How many familiar faces we saw in the film, and how reminded we were of our common roots. As the liturgy began, the roof fairly trembled with the joyous ovation of our song, as our voices rose in heartfelt celebration, Lord, it is good for us to be here! Most moving was the commemoration of our dead, five from the class of 1950 and two from the class of 1951. In silent succession, seven men rose from their places, took a candle from the altar, lit it from the Pascal Candle, and stood side by side across the sanctuary. In order they uttered the name of the Brother being commemorated, and then Bill Lavigne intoned the Salve. You would have to have a heart of stone not to be moved by the rendition of that hymn that day. As we gathered about the same altar that had been the site of our prayer many years ago, it was very clear that we recognized the lord in one another in the breaking of the bread. And what better way to bring the celebration to a close than with the strains of "Ever, Forever."

The celebration that began in the chapel continued with the preprandial libations and the excellent dinner that had been prepared by Dining Services. And the "blowout" that followed dinner conjured up many happy memories. Ziggy Rancourt did the honors at the piano, and yeoman service it was, as we sang all the old songs. The climax of the evening has to be the full-throated rendition of "The Holy City" that absolutely raised the roof.

I am writing this account fully a week after the evens I have recounted, but even at this distance the feeling of euphoria is still with me, and as I recall the events, the people, the cameo moments, I am overcome by a feeling of peace and well-being. We've all gone our special ways over the years, but there must have been something very powerful in our common origins, for it has endured and persisted over these many years with such intensity and passion. We have reason to be grateful and joyous in the Marist spirit that binds us together in a unique brotherhood, Champagnat's gift to us, and the best measure I have that this is something real and quite genuine, not a figment of imagination or of euphoric reverie, is the fact that the wives and many of the children were truly touched by the spirit that I have attempted, however haltingly, to describe.

I close with profound gratitude to Bill Lavigne for his leadership and initiative, and to Gerry Cox for so expertly marshalling the resources of Marist College to provide us with a full measure of marvelous hospitality. And I admonish the editor to use scissors and red pencil generously to spare the readers of Marists All. My line indicator is showing 139, so I realize that this has gone somewhat out of control. Finally, I expect that there will be other accountings of this

glorious day, and I look forward to reading each and every one of them, (12 Wilmot Terrace, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12603; 914-485-8219)

FROM BR. HUGH TURLEY: We had a memorable time at the reunion. On Saturday evening at Mass, Richard LaPietra gave the homily; he outdid himself, We were all visibly touched by the feelings we experienced over the weekend, and Richard was able to put those feelings into words. He is a real gift to us. (4200 West 115th Street, Chicago, IL. 60655)

FROM JERRY COX ('51): What appears below is a reflection an impressionistic record, made within hours of the conclusion of the 1990 reunion held at Marist College in August, 1990 marks the fortieth year in religious life for the Marist Brothers among the membership of the college graduating class of '54 and the thirty-fifty anniversary of commencement for the college graduating class of '55.

Attending from the class of '54: Kevin Carolan, Pat Donaghy, Charlie Scott, Maurice Bibeau, Ed Canavan, Frank Casey, Brendan Haggerty, Joe Horan, Michael Kelly, Richard LaPietra, Frank Moran, Jimmy Morrissey, Larry Sullivan, Bill Powers, and Brothers Bill Lavigne, Robert James, Hugh Andrew, Anthony Urban, and Robert LeClerc.

Attending from the class of '55: Thomas Casey, Dom Cavallaro, Jerry Cox, Br. Gregory Dela Noy, Leo Forrest, Charlie Kelly, Phil Kelly, Bill Krueger, Gil Levesque, Joe McMahan, Frank McNiff.. Tom Murphy, Br. Declan Murray, John Nolan, Denis Proulx, Br. Luke Reddington, John Redmond, Mike Sheridan. Both groups were especially pleased to be joined by Jep Lanning, and Brothers Cornelius Russell, Joseph Belanger, Hugh Turley, and Richard Rancourt.

"Reunion, reunion: In the beginning ... Awakened by the suddenness of the announcement, a voice thinks aloud, "reunion." A seed, a notion, a suggestion. Minds together wonder, wander before confirming. Reunion. Do it. Alone as with others: foreboding, promising in concept, yet complications. Weigh pluses; weigh minuses, Other notions, of course, yes. Two bands of brothers; time after time, the two made one in Esopus, Tyngsboro, Poughkeepsie. Partings and reunions patterned after bargain subscription rates. One more time, again, to do as if the first time. Forty or fewer years. Thirty-five or so, maybe. Depends on the wages in the field, then, not now. Fears: can the green persist in the dry? They told us YES Dare we discover? Do we believe? Hold the mirror up to what is, to find what was.

Dreams from the start; no quest without one or more. Dreams, then and now. Memories of the then. Memories and dreams together flickering in the darkness of solitude. Reverie wrestling with the past. Where did the dreams end? Where do the memories emerge ... from minutes in the dust or moments in the wind. Resting, escaping. Which is real? If either recalls faithfully, tell us. Hold the mirror up we did. Glorious, weathered images formed clearly in good, familiar light. Images sparkling flashes of former states, dispositions, relationships.

Memory rejoiced, renewed when recalling: Brothers Joe Al, Joel, Iggie, Jimmie D. and Jimmie Regis, Edmund, Luke, Steve, John Pat, Aspirations, St. Paul's Bay, the Dock, Vespers, Army-Navy games, Christmas decorations in the mansion, scraping shutters, scrubbing marble stairs. Leagues: A, B, C. Writing gospel study papers, committing to memory the Passion Gospel. The Upper Room. Saturday fast. "Shall henceforth be known as:" Dedication, commitment; investiture, vows, The Life of the Founder; Biographies. Lake Ossipee, Camp

Marist. Brothers John, Victor A., Gerard, Pius, Louis Oner, Simeon, Giles, Petrus.

And George Burns, Adrian, Nilus, Paul, Leo, Frank, George R., Tarcy. "By and large, gentlemen ..." The litany of childhood saints grows larger. Projects. Catechism of the BVM. Lux et Tenebrae, the Monsignor's Hour, the Lame Donkey, Henry V. Building a chapel. The Cardinal's visit, Blue vigil lights. Looney tunes. Camp Sunset. The egg run. The bus-coop. Assignments: laundry, tailor shop, August anxieties, teaching. The first departures. "Group" succumbs to "community." Group reunions, perhaps, at retreats. The thirty day retreat, solemn reunion.

First home room. Discovering television after the fact. Graduate work. Summer projects, camp, back to school. Movement: different schools, different communities. Vatican II. Renewal. Chapters. Leaves. Departures. School years become decades, too fast, too soon. Convocations, commissions. Marriages, children: David and Dan, Andrew and Anne, Chris and Steve, Jim and Luke, Jane and Janet, Maureen and Mike, Joe and Andy ... Old names, familiar faces, voices prodding recollections of younger days, sharing in distant undiscovered moments. Wives sharing dreams, helping to spin days, weeks, months, and years into newer memories, scattered as clutterments among anniversaries. Names as charming as their bearers: Barbara, Arlene, Linda, Anne, Mary, Jo-Ann, Donna, Susan, Evelyn, Marilyn, Jacqueline, Margaret ... Each strengthening by depth and color our mirror's newfound images.

Highlights appear from leadership challenges: directors, provincials, councillors. New missions, apostolates. Write, research. Publish. Promote. Recruit. Furrows form, lines grow deeper. A new generation is coming. Newness is evening.

The mirror confirmed that it's 1990. We bonded, few learn that our barnacles are truly surface; feelings, values, beliefs remain firmly set, rockbottomed. The green years did lead to variety and variations in personal choices, and yet to consistency in goals. "Omnia ad .." today as always. The foundation for the bonding remains. Rejoice, we, individually and collectively, always for what was, and is, and has yet to come. Ever, forever. (83 Remsen Avenue South, Wappingers Falls, N. Y. 12590; 914-297-7655)

FROM CHARLEY (Peter Daniel) KELLY ('51): Thanks so much for sending me all the back issues of Marists All. It helped me catch up on thirty-five years of separation from the monks. Our reunion was an experience that is difficult to describe: it was fun, it was silly, it was profoundly moving, it was deeply religious with strong renewed feelings of being part of a community. I tried to capture my thoughts and feelings on the airplane as I returned home Sunday. I've sent it to some of the monks already, but feel free to include it in Marists All if you think others would like to hear about our weekend. We didn't want it to end: As Ziggy played the last few bars of the last song, we said good-bye to each other once ... twice ... and even three times, but no one was leaving the lounge. And even when we went back to the apartments, Binski, Otto, and I sat on the stone steps and talked some more. We just didn't want it to end ...

The reunion weekend had been an incredibly exciting emotional roller coaster. I had been a bit apprehensive. I had been so disconnected for so long a time! Would I recognize anyone? Would they remember me after thirty-five years? But there we were, playing "WHO AM I?" in the cool bright sun of a late Friday afternoon. For me, all had been frozen in the time capsule of my mind as they

were so long ago: we were tall and lean, our hair was black, blond, or red, we were 20 years old .But the faces before me were crowned with steely gray as was my own, and we were just a bit wider in the middle, and "twenty years old" was a L-O-N-G time ago. Then Charlie Scott wondered out loud if Phil Kelly could still catch a baseball, and Phil yelled across the grass, "Ah can still catch yo fastball Charlie ... barehanded!" It took less than an hour of warm affectionate hugs and laughing at each other, and the years magically evaporated. We began to become again the bonded group of "young" men telling old stories, teasing one another and irreverently mimicking those who had so valiantly tried to make us good monks.

Saturday morning dawned clear with a bright sun to match my mood. More of our brothers arrived. Pictures appeared to re-enforce our images of "the way we were" and the way we were feeling again, We began to meet the wives and children of our buddies. And some of the kids enjoyed seeing how Dad looked when he was 18 and weighed in at a snappy 150 pounds. Quick trips to Esopus and long walks around the campus brought back more memories and shared experiences. "The pool was over here ... and the chicken coop was over there ... where is the old cemetery?" As we stood reading the names of men who taught us and for whom we prayed every night, I wondered to myself, "How could I not have thought of these men in all these years?"

Now we are in the chapel with its many visual reminders of the hours of work, sweat, and fun we shared together in working on its construction. The film has set the stage by bringing us "up-to-speed" on the Marist Brothers of the Schools over the last 100 years. Joe takes us near the top of the roller coaster when he asks us to remember the great men who played a part in the forming and the transforming each of us from kids to Marist Brothers and to the men we are today. The remembrance of the seven who had gone before us was deeply moving. I only got half way through the Salve when I had trouble with a large lump in my throat. The Eucharist was particularly special this day, When Joe said, "Charley, the Body of Christ," I could think only of the men about me and the great men who had done so much for us. When we sang Ever Forever, the links were completed. We were together again .. one band of Marist Brothers with a common heritage and tradition. What a wonderful feeling of belonging!

Then the "construction crew" had its picture taken from every conceivable angle by the most wonderful group of ladies I've met in many a year, They too banded together and let "the boys" do what they wanted to do ... tell more stories, The banquet was really great. Phil never was able to feed us that good... but then Jerry had a slightly larger budget to work with. The cheese cake topped off a truly magnificent meal.

Back at the Fireside lounge where Ziggy (God bless him) played for hour after hour, we sang till our voices began to fail us. And again Joe and Jerry brought us back 35 years to sing "Old Man Noah" and "The Holy City" followed closely by their classic rendition of "The Good Ship Lollipop." And though the spirit was truly willing and even wanting to continue, the excitement of the day took its toll on our bodies and voices ... and it was time to say good-bye.

A bit of melancholy crept in as we said that word goodbye ... over ... and over ... and over again, Once again affectionate hugs were exchanged, and the ladies who had been strangers just a day ago were now warm, almost close friends, and I saddened a bit at the thought of being separated again from my brothers, Binski, Otto, and I had to sit on the steps to tell one more story .. to keep it going

just a little longer ... not wanting to let go. The next morning broke cloudy and a bit dreary, again appropriate to my mood. But we laughed some more at breakfast and shared a few more bear hugs till some large raindrops told us it was really over ... time to go.

A quick stop at the chapel to say good bye to THE LADY who had brought us together in the first place ... and then on to the plane to return to my other world, to the lovely lady who has loved me and shared our life for 32 years, to our boys and their families and to the many joys these people hold for me. But somehow it didn't seem fair to have to bridge forty years in just forty hours. I kept thinking, "We just didn't want it to end ! (6905 Jester Boulevard, Austin, Texas, 78750)

FROM CHARLEY SCOTT ('50): This is for my Marist brothers, especially for those in the groups of 1950 and 1951. You have been in my thoughts a lot since we gathered in August for our reunion, celebrating 40 years, plus or minus a few, that we have been part of each other's personal histories. Like the song says: "... it was a very good year." And so it was ... when we were eighteen. But now I think I want to extend the song and say about 1990: It. was a very good year when I was fifty-eight, and I met you once again, many for the first time in forty years. I count myself very lucky, and I want to thank you for being there.

For me our reunion in Poughkeepsie was a very special time, one that may never repeat itself, so therefore all the more special. I find myself trying to recreate and bring order to a kaleidoscope of images of that week end ... faces especially, those there and those not there in body but in my mind's eye, but also words said and words unsaid, and the acute strength of our bond in the liturgy of Saturday afternoon. I had prepared myself mentally for the "Salve Regina" but not for the "Ever, Forever," a hymn unaccountably gone from my memory for all these years, the strains of which triggered such a flood of recollections as almost to overwhelm. It made clear to me that the phrase "my Marist brothers" held an importantly different meaning for me from the phrase "the Marist Brothers," but one equally valid, and in any case the one closer to the reality of our present circumstances.

Weren't we fortunate to have Bill Lavigne and Joe LaPietra and Gerry Cox to put it all together for us and to help us through those potential moments of inarticulateness? At our dinner we recognized what they did for us. And well they deserve our thanks. But, if memory serves me right, I think it was in these pages of Marists All that JOE HORAN first asked if a 40th reunion was an idea that interested any of us. At least, this is what I remember. So I think his suggestion was the spark to set it all in motion. And I wish I had thought to say so that evening at dinner. But I want to say it now, and to thank him for raising the idea in the first place. Thanks, Joe.

And again, thanks to all. It was a grand reunion. Just the way a good Old Timers' game should be. You'll forgive me, I hope, for the analogy. But what else could you expect from a pitcher with no zip left on his fastball? (4737 Lafayette Drive, Madison, Wi. 53705)

FROM FRANK SUTTON ('59): Greetings to all present and former Marists. Receiving the newsletter still conjures up many good memories. This summer Lenny V's annual birthday greeting from Rome turned out to be a real epistle, wondering how the big 50 would hit me. Well, at the beginning of the summer I spent three weeks in Guadeloupe, thanks to the French government. It wasn't a

totally relaxing time at its beautiful beaches, but it was another of those learning experiences. Next. I hope to have a group of students spend time in French West Indies. Besides teaching French in Bennington, Vermont, I am still running SUTTON PLACE, my "maison d' hotes" in the midst of great ski areas and store outlets. So all you ski lovers should make your way here. It's great keeping in touch with all through the newsletter, finding out how extensive the families have become. Hope to be reading about you or seeing you in Vermont. (School Street, Manchester Center, Vermont, 05255; 802-362-1165)

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