

Frank Moran (Peter Michael '50) died Friday morning, 23 March 2001, of a heart problem. He was also bothered by a serious asthmatic condition. Frank and his wife Maureen have three sons, Robert, Michael, and Brian, and they have a young daughter, Yvonne, who is in first year high school. Frank and Maureen and Yvonne have been regulars at the annual September GMC picnic at the Mount. Maureen lives at: 53 Hillview Avenue, Port Washington NY 11050-2826. --- news clip from MaristsAll issue number 61, April 2001

A Tribute to FRANK MORAN by Richard LaPietra

I have been deeply affected by the death of Frank Moran, Brother Peter Michael, with whom I, along with forty-five others, took the habit on July 26, 1950.

I knew Frank during the Novitiate and Scholasticate as well as I knew most. We were both assigned to St. Helena's for our first teaching assignment in the fall of 1954. Frank's official class was 1D, mine 1E. His quarters were next door to mine in Friendship House where most of the monks without the cross were housed under the baleful eye of Brother Director. In a community of twenty-nine monks there were fifteen of us without the cross. Oh those halcyon days.

Evenings in the fall before winter set in and in the spring as soon as the sun had taken the edge off winter we would take a walk after supper talking over the events of the day, the kids, our latest adventures with Brother Director, sometimes playing a game of animal, vegetable or mineral, always enjoying the simple joys of shared friendship. In the spring when a sufficient number of water pistols had been duly confiscated from the kids he and I stoutly defended our quarter of the first floor of Friendship House against all comers on Wednesday evenings during employments when Brother Director was over in the school interviewing the unfortunate parents of miscreant students. A smile crosses my face every time I recall the occasion when Otto, who had confiscated a water machine gun that was fully capable of drowning an opponent, cornered Pete in his room. Climbing up on a chair, Otto got Pete through the transom!

Then after two years I was sent to Catholic University to begin graduate studies and another chapter in my life. I lost track of Frank, only to catch up again many years later at the GMC picnics at the Mount, and at our class reunion in the summer of 1990 on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of our taking the habit. It felt like coming home again. Barbara, my wife, thoroughly enjoyed spending time with Maureen, Frank's wife. We both delighted in seeing their youngest, Yvonne, grow up to become the lovely high school freshman she is today. Frank missed our fiftieth reunion in 2000 because he had to go to Nebraska where his son, Bob, was undergoing treatment for cancer. I know he sorely missed being with the gang, and very much appreciated Mo Bibeau's sending him the group pictures taken on that occasion. Fortunately Frank, Maureen and Yvonne made it to the GMC picnic this past September. I could see at that time that Frank was not well, but his spirits were as always good. I didn't know then that that occasion would be the last time I would see him. He was a great guy and it was a gift to me to have known him.