



ISSUE # 27

May 1994

FROM TOM McGOVERN ('66): This summer marked my 20th year being a university teacher. I can remember a former Christian Brother telling me in the 5th grade that I should be a teacher, because it was the most important job in the world. Two Franciscan Brothers in the 7th and 8th grades kept that vocation alive and nurtured my love for reading and writing. And then came Marist teachers about whom I think often and draw inspiration. Francis Xavier, Angus, Edmund Conrad, Joe Belanger, Gus Nolan, and Stephen Lanning, all loved literature. Their stage was their classroom. They were unabashed in their passion. And Kieran Mullins, Joe McGrath, Philip Robert, and Bill Lavigne. They showed me often what Francis Emilius "Scotty" Hughes' buddy St. Exuperius wrote: "It is the time that you waste on your rose that makes it so important."

In 1965 I went up the road to Esopus instead of down the road to Columbia with the Naval ROTC. I discovered community. I fasted on Saturdays because I had to, then I fasted for peace and justice years later when I understood why. We worked with our hands and built our home with John B's gentle hand. We struggled to learn about ourselves with each other's help and against a master who was so certain that feelings had no place in any committed life. I remember being stung as a novice by Cyprian's challenge to our racism and our complacency; when I teach now about those who are different, Brother Rowe lingers. As an only child, I remember the sports, the meals, the loss when someone "left", and the love for and from others.

I married my Molloy sweetheart, Pat, in 1970 at Fordham. We celebrated #23 this year, and with three teenagers we daily discover the nuances of patience, forgiveness, and joy. John Warren and Jim Smith, both of the group of '66, are respectively the godfathers of our Maureen (17) and Beth (16); for Matthew (15) we tapped Pat's godfather (St. Agnes, class of 1944).

In 1990, with a colleague, I founded a new degree program at Arizona State University. It's designed for adults returning to finish a baccalaureate degree. Instead of teaching the psychology I taught in Virginia for fourteen years, I now co-teach courses called Adult Career Development, Human Experience, and Moral Dilemmas. We ask students to write their autobiographies in the first course, read others' multicultural stories in the second, and try to understand the difference between a moral system based on individualism versus community in the third. Reading recent issues of Marists All has kept me in touch with an important part of my own story.

I'm writing a book over the next two years. It is about "Professing at Mid-Life Teaching and Learning in the University." I'd love to hear any favorite stories about college faculty you feel are special for whatever reason. (Tom McGovern, ASU West Integrative Studies, at 4701 West Thunderbird Road, Phoenix, Az. 85069-7100; 602-543-6008) And does anyone know what happened to Tom Kelly ('66), best man at our wedding?

FROM BR. WILLIAM MIELKE ('59): After thirty years of teaching, the last eleven in Miami, I decided that I wanted a change. I took a long overdue sabbatical at Weston School of Theology in Cambridge, Mass. The same day I spoke with the provincial in Boston about wanting to move into a new career, a friend got me this present job at Blessed Mother Parish, Owensboro, Kentucky, serving as Music and Liturgy Director. Two summers ago I had finished a music/liturgy certificate in Rensselaer, Indiana. As a Marist I am happy that the parish is under the name of the Blessed Mother.

This ministry is a big difference from the classroom. I do miss the kids at times, as well as working with the seminarians in Miami, but I am helping with adult education here, so I am not completely out of teaching. It is a little different living outside of community, but the two diocesan priests with whom I live are good companions. Parish ministry is different, too. The parish and the locale are rather conservative. Being a New Yorker via Miami, I am not only an outsider but a bit of a liberal. Can you beat that? Then I appear at the first Sunday liturgy in my Marist cassock, rabat and all, and become a hit. Strange world!

It was good seeing names from the past when I read the newsletter. Seeing the name of Jude Driscoll in print brought back good memories. I still can't believe that it has been 35 years since Tyngsboro. Yet when I see my grey hair and the extra pounds, I realize that it is so! (515 East 22nd Street, Owensboro, Ky. 42303; 502-683-8444)

BR. ANTHONY CICCOLELLA ('64) R.I.P. from Br. Leonard Voegtle

Br. Anthony Ciccolella died March 19th at the age of 50 years, Tony had gone out shopping Saturday morning, the feast of St. Joseph, to buy a gift for the Sisters of St. Joseph who run Good Counsel High, Newark, where he was teaching along with Br. John McDonnell and Br. Denis Heaver. He stopped at the Exxon station in Lyndhurst and was talking with one of his students when he had a massive heart attack. He is the third monk to die at Good Counsel in five years: first, Denis Damian, then Lawrence Michael, now Chico ... all three from heart attacks!

The students and parents worshipped the ground Chico walked on. He was always involved with them, in and out of school, or doing things for people in the parish and neighborhood. The faculty had just voted him their Teacher of the Year.

Because of the crowd, the wake was held in the church; over 1100 people attended. There were at least 600 at the Mass, including the mayor of Newark and over a hundred monks. As has become our custom, we lined both sides of the main aisle at the end of Mass and we sang "Ever Forever" as the casket was wheeled out. We stretched from the altar to the door!

There were also several hundred at the burial in Esopus. Thirty cars followed the hearse, and even more than that went up on their own. Since the cemetery was a morass of snow and mud, we had the final prayers in the retreat house chapel. Time was afforded those who wished to say a few words about the Chico they had known. Then John Klein, provincial, read a letter that Chico had written just two weeks before as a "palanca" for a group of students going to Esopus to make an Encounter weekend, telling them how much Esopus had meant to him for his own personal and spiritual development, how wonderful his years there had

been, how wonderful their few days there would be, and that he would be very close to them in thought and prayer.

FROM DAVID KAMMER ('42): I am pleased and privileged to have at my disposal several documents relating to the 1993 General Chapter, thanks to Br. Sean Sammon and Br. John Malich and their secretaries. I have read, and reread in a studious manner, the preliminary orientation booklet entitled, Daring in Hope, plus the summary of Chapter documents in the November 1993 issue of FMS Message and the Chapter documents themselves in a January 1994 booklet entitled, Brothers in Solidarity.

Daring, I will be, and hopeful that my impressions and comments will be a fraternal sharing. This is not the first time I've given unsolicited comments; yet who knows, the Spirit may be hovering here, too!

I find the vision of the Chapter to be broad and simple, in every good sense of the words. Mission dominates. Documents such as these could not have come even from the post-Vatican '67-'68 Chapter. No longer is there evidence of a desire or need for the protectionism of monastic walls or custody of the eyes. On the contrary, there is strong, general encouragement not only to care for the most needy in schools, but to mix in, directly as well as indirectly, with the personal and social needs of the day and of the world, in open collaboration with lay associates. One senses a significant influence of liberation theology.

The words "solidarity" and "inculturation" are two of a number of new words, even new concepts. Solidarity not only means union and harmony with one another in the congregation, but also union and compassion and selfless helpfulness in regard to the disadvantaged of the world. Each delegate to the Chapter was asked to go on a "Pilgrimage of Solidarity," to go out and experience and help some sector of the poor. The Chapter, in turn, encourages each Brother to make his own Pilgrimage of Solidarity. At the same time, the value of Christian education within the school setting is highlighted.

Evangelization is not so much converting people to Catholicism or leading students to Mass and exposing them to doctrine, commandments, and sacraments. It is more radical spreading the Good News of the love of God in Jesus, His freeing men and women from sin, His compassion, His insistence on love and justice for all. Much is said about witnessing, "the primacy of personal witness over the spoken word for communicating Jesus Christ and the Good News," even via the attitudes of Mary, making "the motherly face of God a visible reality."

Little, if anything, is said about religious perfection. The commission on Marist Apostolic Spirituality notes that "apostolic action, far from hindering union with God, fosters and expresses it." Reference to prayer appears throughout, but little is said about specific exercises of piety. No mention of chapter of faults or Saturday morning fast. The only "turning-in" to be found is in the relatively new word "discernment." The Institute and the individual are urged to discern the signs of the times and the light of the Spirit. My favorite vehicle is the Angelus: The angel of Light appears; behold; and Incarnation, God in the world and in us! The striking insight that came to Father Champagnat as he aided the dying boy is referred to as his Pentecost. The Chapter calls the incident the "Montagne experience;" the boy's name was Jean Baptiste Montagne. The Chapter says that the Montagne experience was for Champagnat a call of the Holy Spirit that set

him in motion and is still today the wellspring of Marist response to the signs of the times.

In the reports of every commission of the Chapter there is tribute to the "Good Mother" and to Blessed Champagnat. All are encouraged to do as Mary did and to cultivate the charism of the Founder. The documents have many beautiful, insightful, quotable passages. Wish we had room to share some of them.

NEW PROVINCIAL POUGHKEEPSIE

More and more we are noting that young men whom many of us do not know, or do not know very well, are taking on positions of responsibility with the Marist Brothers. It is time we let our readers know something about these men.

BR. PATRICK McNAMARA, group of 1975, was elected provincial of the Poughkeepsie province in March. He is the first provincial to have participated in the candidacy program begun in the early 70's in which a college graduate lives in community and teaches in a Marist school before making his novitiate, a plan that replaced the traditional juniorpostulant-novice-scholastic system.

Brother Patrick is a native of Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, north of Scranton near the New York border. He graduated from our Marist College in 1973, majoring in French with Br. Joe Belanger as his favorite mentor. He was a "candidate" with the Marist Brothers' community at Marist High in Chicago, 1973-75, where he taught French and English. He then did his novice year in Cold Springs under the trio of Brothers John McDonnell, John Mulligan, and Rene Roy.

At the Mount from 1976 to 1981 Pat taught French and English, was involved with student retreats, and coached soccer. He replaced Eric Anderberg in Mississippi and lived in community with Hugh Turley, Gerry Kopper, and Dominick Pujia from 1981 to 1983, doing social work in a parish outreach program and serving as director of Religious Education. From 1983 to 1988 Pat was vocation director, and for the last five years he has been teaching at St. Agnes High and serving as director of the community there. Pat spent the fall of 1993 in Rome as an elected delegate to the recent General Chapter.

Along the way, Brother Patrick studied at the University of San Francisco over a four-summer period, earning an M.A. in Applied Spirituality. He then got an M.A. in Religious Education at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie.

Joining Brother Patrick on the new provincial council are: Dermot Healey ('79) vice-provincial; Dennis Dunn ('54) past provincial; Vito Aresto ('66) past council member; and Rick Carey ('82) present principal of Central Catholic High School, Lawrence.

FROM BR. PATRICK LANG ('45): For the past ten years I have been working with the Spiritual Emergency Network helping to set up homeless projects. At our Resource Center the homeless get mail, showers, lockers, and counseling. At our Free Meal Center we serve dinner everyday for 175 People. We have the Homeless Garden Project where homeless people work on an organic farm and are paid \$5 an hour. Lastly in our Interfaith Satellite Program every night during the winter months we pick up homeless here in Santa Cruz and Watsonville, and the 35 churches in the area provide food and safe lodging for the night.

The number of homeless people in California has increased dramatically. Sometimes it seems we're losing ground. I do the best I can and leave the results to God and the Divine Mother. Nevertheless, I enjoy my work in which counseling has been my main focus. I give thanks daily that I have a little apartment, a warm bed, and food. I'm located at 328-B Union Street, Santa Cruz, Ca. 95060; 708-423-9687. Thank you for all the work involved in publishing Marists All. I really enjoy it. It connects me with friends I don't see any more. I send my love to all who read the newsletter. God bless.

FROM BR. STEPHEN URBAN ('39): As I begin these opening lines to Marists All, I hear my Marist conscience sighing out to the rest of me: "Well, it's about time!" And so it is.

I have read so many issues of this great publication that I feel that those final goodbyes were not final at all. I must let you know that in reading your personal sharings of life's ups and downs, I have been moved and encouraged by your deeply spiritual lives and your generous self-giving. What a vast and bottomless mystery vocation is! Who can understand the mind of God?

I might add that I've had similar reactions each time I've met someone of my Marist past and reminisced with them even for a little while. So very much still remains of all that we shared together. My most recent encounter has been with Bobby Holm (22 Rhonda lane, Farmingdale, N. Y. 11735) who came to Molloy a month ago, a lieutenant in the NYPD. First time we've met since he was a junior ('57-'58 ?) Right after that, I heard from Joe Hores whom I had in Fribourg, He's doing a great work of compassion among AIDS victims. His letter from St. Petersburg was a breath of fresh air. Sometimes just hearing playbacks of the old days and seeing the times of formation through others' eyes just fills the air with squeals of laughter. Their saving sense of humor, seeing through some of the crazy practices of our formation years, somehow was able to give all things their relative importance. They were able to hold on to what was essential, and let the rest drift away, The Lord and his loving Mother were with us all the way. That's a lot to be thankful for.

As for my own life, since my return from Rome (there 11 years) I have been at Molloy doing Guidance Counseling. I work with freshmen and sophomores. I am very happy being able to do this kind of work. Just being with kids is therapy, but being able to listen and encourage them is the best of all. And if the Lord wants to hang onto me for a little bit longer, I'm willing. Thanks for listening. I pray for your intentions each day and ask the Good Lord to take care of you and yours. (Marist Brothers, 101-40 92nd St., Ozone Park, N. Y. 11416; 718-641-6612)

FROM BOB BUCKIEY ('66): With the luxury of another snow day I want to make contact again. Monday evening I received a phone call from Bill Kawina, whom I had not spoken with for twenty years, When he identified himself, the bond was immediate. We reminisced about our time living and studying in Marian at the College, and we recounted family news. As soon as I hung up I decided to copy and forward all twenty-six issues of Marists All to Bill. He is living and teaching in Quebec. His address is: 329 Rue 362, Apt 1, Baie Saint Paul, Quebec, Canada, GOA,1B0; 418-435-2941. I am sure that Bill will enjoy many wonderful memories in perusing the newsletters.

It seems that this year is meant to be a time of renewed friendships. You can imagine my delight when I read the Esopus return address on a letter from Br.

Robert James. I had not seen R.J. since my profession in 1967. Since January we have exchanged several letters; surely the next step will be getting together in the near future.

Whats happening here? Well, my older daughter, Robin, has completed her degree in psychology at Marist College, and she is awaiting word of acceptance from graduate programs, Holly is doing very well at Pratt Institute as a graphic designer and illustrator. Rob, the fellow who lived with us, is in his second year of a Ph.D. program at Wesleyan. My wife Lesley is thoroughly enjoying her work at Hartford Hospital. After twenty years working in high risk maternity, Le is experiencing entirely new nursing dimensions, working in the rehabilitation unit, mainly with the young and the elderly who are rebuilding their lives; she has myriad opportunities, too, to assist and learn in the trauma unit, which is nearby on the same floor.

I am continuing to find teaching a most rewarding vocation at Hartford Public High. I am now serving as head teacher of a magnet program.

We all must surely be sojourning toward wisdom, not merely toward old age. It is bemusing to think that members of my group, John Klein and Sean Sammon, are serving the Marist community in their present roles. Surely the mandala has been turning since our novitiate days. Thank you again for your diligent energies in preparing Marists All, (54 Ferncrest Drive, East Hartford, Ct. 06115; 203-569-2832)

FROM VINCE (Vincent Jude) POISELLA A ('58): It is certainly inspiring to read every word about our worldwide Marist community. Just a few notes to let everyone know I am still connected. My work continues as guidance coordinator at Hopatcong High School. My secondary hat is worn as president of the New Jersey Counseling Association. Other satisfying involvements include being a board member of the Sussex Council on Alcohol and Drug Abuse, lector at St. Jude's Church, and chairman of the local Juvenile Conference Committee. My wife Jane is a middle school librarian who serves the needs of the students and staff selflessly.

Mark, our oldest, is a film production/psychology major as a junior at Notre Dame University. When I brought him out to Our Lady in 1991, I recalled the exciting days I spent at Marist House in LaPorte, just a few miles away, Pat Gallagher, John Brady, Eric Anderson, and I used to attend weekday evening Masses in one of the dorms on the Notre Dame campus at 10:30 at night, after giving our religious education classes in LaPorte.

Eric, our second born, is an elementary education/psychology major at Castleton State near Rutland, Vermont.

Anne is our high school senior; she hasn't made a decision yet on college, but she has been accepted at Marist, and I am holding my breath to see what she intends to do. Coincidentally, John Brady's boy Matt has also applied to our college in Poughkeepsie. Anne and Matt know each other. It will be an interesting continuation of the Marist link if either or both end up there. As a parent, it would be nice to know that she is in good hands, with the likes of John Nash and Mike Williams taking care of the Marist students.

I am proud to be a member of the Marist family, especially when I read of those glowing tributes to our jubilarians and to our recently deceased. It is wonderful

how those who have remained in community accept those of us who have been called to another vocation. The Marist work continues through us as we who have been called to serve elsewhere and in another form recognize the work of the Spirit in all that we are and in all that we do. Thanks for the sharing of belief and belonging! (24 Brooklyn Mountain Road, Hopatcong, New Jersey, 07843; 201-398-5477)

FROM BERNARD CONNOLLY ('61): I am writing to subscribe to the newsletter, Marists All. Background: attended St. Helena's '56 to '57, then Marist Prep '57 to '60, graduated from the Juniorate. Please let me know if there is any fee or donation required to receive the newsletter, (90-50 Union Turnpike, Glendale, N. Y, 11385; 718-846-5776)

FROM BR. JOHN FRANCIS COLBERT ('44): Over a thirteen year period I taught many GMC-ers in Esopus, Tyngsboro, Cold Springs, and on Ellis Street in Chicago. That thought leads me to reminisce a little and to share some wacky memories ... I remember:

... greeting a postulant's parents only by profound bows because my hands were through my cassock pockets holding two bottles of wine swiped from Br. Bassus' wine cellar, the door of which had been deliberately left open for me by Berky;
 ... not being prepared for Comp class and reading aloud before the whole class Buddy Walsh's essay on old golfers "who never die, they just lose their balls;"
 ... jumping off the organ bench during a holy day High Mass, dashing down the stairs, and running up to the first tenor section, right front, and shouting in a Shakespearean stage whisper: "Will you guys open your mouths and sing!"
 ... thinking I had time between the Benedictus and the end of the Canon to repair a leaky organ pipe, crawling under the pipes, and then hearing Father Staves' "per omnia saecula " at which time I sat up in panic and banged any head;
 ... being told by Ronnie Pasquariello at the end of the Biographies course that my lessons were "okay" but my diversions were "fabulous!"
 ...sneaking down to the barn at night to put two quarts of beer in the milk cooler, and diving into the tall grass with my cape flung over my head to escape the beam of Brother Henry Charles' flashlight;
 ... should I mention health-conscious, muscle-flexing Tom Maloney, asking me if it was okay for him to "squeeze his ball" during Singing;
 ... Pius Victor replying to Steve Urban's request for an extra fifteen minutes at the end of night recreation on Washington's Birthday: "No, Brother, we had cherry pie for dinner; that's enough to make the day different!"
 ... Dan Grogan sending Pat Curtin crashing through the thin ice in the snowscaper relay race during the winter carnival in twenty below zero weather;
 ... someone taping Father Staves' cigar to the window sill in the chapel while Leo was hearing confessions (Des Kelly?);
 ... the spark from John Murray's radio igniting the wall he was cleaning with kerosene on Ellis Street;
 ... Brice Byczinski's shout to his fellow smokers on the roof: "Here comes Brother John!"
 ... Wilfred's helpers crashing through the rotted barn floor and landing waist-deep in the manure pile;
 ... and, of course, throwing John Malich out of Singing for gabbing with Tommy Delaney.

Maybe more from John Francis Colbert's Encyclopedia of Useless Knowledge some other time!(Mount, 4300 Murdock Ave., Bronx, N. Y. YEW; 718-994-4227)

FROM BOB FALISEY ('65): Recently I read Marists All and was a little misty eyed as I recalled the names of old Marist friends who have significantly affected my life. While at St. Joseph's Novitiate, Tyngsboro, I do not think I understood Marist Spirit very well, but while reading through the newsletter, I felt that Marist Spirit hit me like a ton of bricks.

You know from the last issue of the newsletter how providential it was, thanks to my mother and to Brother Godfrey, that I should have the joy of reuniting with those Marist friends whom I have not had the pleasure of talking with in many years.

I finished my master's degree in sociology at St. John's University after I left the Brothers and then began a five year teaching career. I got involved in the insurance and financial planning business; I have been with the same company, the Franklin Life, for a little under twenty years. Franklin is a franchise, and I own the franchise for Southern California. (By the way, my good friend Al Senes wrote in the newsletter about the importance of networking. I would be most anxious to talk with anyone with a Marist background interested in a position with Franklin in Southern California. Now that I have put in an advertizing plug I can legitimately have my secretary continue typing this article.)

About a year ago I had the opportunity to talk at length in a job interview with the vice president of one of the larger bank holding companies here in Los Angeles. He was a graduate of St. Agnes High School in the 1950's We spent the first half hour of the interview talking about Marist Brothers we both had known. That was before I got my hands on my first copy of Marists All.

I am now living many of my dreams in Marina del Rey, California. I live on a sailboat on the bay. When I am on the boat my secretary has strict instructions that if anyone calls, she is to inform them that I am at a "sails" meeting. Over these twenty years I have had the opportunity to travel and vacation around the world, with Franklin picking up the bill. In April I will be spending a week at the Ritz Carlton Hotel on Maui; next year I should be in Australia.

Many of the blessings I have received I can directly connect to the life changing experiences I had due to my association with the Marist Brothers. In my job I do a lot of public speaking; I have rarely given a public speech without some reference to my experiences as a Marist. I have had speeches professionally recorded and sold with references to Br. Louis Viateur. (I do a mean French accent.) I have referred to the man who will always be my "Brother Master," to Tim Brady, Ken Hogan, and to other people who have touched my life in ways that they probably will never understand.

After I read my first copy of Marists All, I immediately contacted my old and dear friend Al Senes. Alex is the one who suggested I write an article for Marists All. He and I have made a commitment to get together the next time I am in New York, next summer. My mother suggested a barbecue at her home with Al, Tom Nolan, Pat Collins, and anyone else who is interested in great food.

If you are in California or for that matter any place around the country, please feel free to call. I'm even accepting collect calls with the name Marist attached. My office number is 310-305-1015, or if you would like to call me on the boat: 310-827-8042. If anyone is planning a party any place in the country, send me a

note and I'll be there. (520 Washington Boulevard, Suite 595, Marina del Rey, Ca. 90292)

FROM ED TOWSLEY ('62): A note to thank you for including me on your mailing list and to comment on some of what I read in #26. First a hello to Brothers Paul Ambrose, Don Kelly, and John Nash, all mentioned in Brother Joe Belanger's letter; you have all been a significant part of my life at one time or another. It was nice to hear about you. I'll have to try to get in touch personally, since I live in Fishkill so close to Marist College.

I have been part of the Marist family since 1947 when I started attending St. Ann's Academy in Manhattan as a "boarder." Br. Francis Gerard was my first prefect; later I had Brothers Daniel Emilian and Peter Chanel. My first grade teacher was Br. Regis Xavier, who later went to the Philippines. My second grade teacher was Brother Lucian, who as tailor in Esopus made my cassock when I became a novice. During my time at Saint Ann's, Br. Linus William, Br. John Lawrence O'Shea, and Br. Wilfred were principals. I have many happy memories of strong, committed, Godly men who were giving their lives to serve the Church through the young boys entrusted to their care. I was at 76th and Lex until 1957 when we all went to Queens (Pete Sedlemeir, Pete Holenstein, Bill Carroll) and graduated from Molloy in 196D. I spent more time than I care to admit in Br. Sixtus Victor's office. Truth is, he was there for me at a crucial time in my life, asked all the right questions, and got me back on the road to a spiritual life, which even now at 51 I am reaping the fruit of.

Valerie and I have been married 28 years; we have five children (2 boys and 3 girls) and five grandchildren (2 boys and 3 girls). The richness of the Catholic faith has long been my greatest strength and support, and it is all because of my formation as a child, adolescent, and young adult in the Marist Family. My wife and I share a great love for Mary and the Church; this love is being renewed through prayer and study of Scripture, Church History, and Mariology. Where are you when I need help with this, Stephen Lawrence? Career-wise, I have spent 25 years as a Quality Assurance professional in the personal care/pharmaceutical industry. I am currently seeking a position in that field; not easy, but God is building our faith and trust in His ability to provide.(28 Revere Road, Fishkill, N. Y. 12524; 914-.896-7540)

LATE NEWS: The Marist Brothers' district of Rwanda is an offshoot of the province of Zaire, originally staffed by Brothers from Belgium. All Marists of the Rwanda district are now natives. Because of the recent civil crisis there, nine of the Brothers are missing. Nineteen others have escaped to Tanzania; however, they are severely traumatized because most of them lost their entire families.

In early May a man interrupted a meeting in Algeria and shot to death a nun and Br. Henri Verges, F.M.S., a former province administrator in France.

Br. Wallace Hamel (Charles Raymond '27) died February 25th; he had been living in retirement at Leeds Terrace in Lawrence.

We have learned that Father Charles Collins (Charles Anselm '57) died in December of 1992 at the age of 54. Charley had been disabled with cancer for four years, but had been involved in a limited ministry giving retreats to alcoholics. We obtained this information from his sister, Jeanne Lukas, 3944 Hickery Street, Seaford, New York, 11783; 516-679-9732.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We hope to print our next issue of Marists All in mid-August. Of course, we cannot carry on without correspondence from you. Mail to Gus Nolan, Marist College, Poughkeepsie, New York, 12601, or to David Kammer at summer address: Box 3300, Oakland, Maine, 04963.