

From Br. Benito, Superior General in FMS ECHO, May 1994

BROTHER SEAN SAMMON, Vicar General, returned to the General Council community in Rome on April 18th after his enforced absence due to an illness which gave him cause for worry. He unpacked quickly and immersed himself in the work of the Council without delay. His mid-March surgery is behind him, and I'm delighted to tell you that his doctors report a complete recovery. Sean looks extremely well, is full of energy, and has no restrictions on any of his activities.

News of a tumor situated anywhere near the brain brings all sorts of images to mind. By contrast, the surgery that Sean underwent required only a small incision in the upper gum giving access to the growth through the sinuses. He was alert and talking within a few hours after the operation, eating solid food and on his way home three days later. Day to day activities, like driving a car, followed within a few days of his leaving the hospital. Sean's quick recovery delayed by a few weeks his return to us. It is good finally to have him here, and I am grateful to the Lord and his Good Mother for ensuring Sean's safe return. Sean asked me to extend his thanks for your prayers and notes of support during the last several weeks. I am grateful, too.

GMC PICNIC
Mount St. Michael
SATURDAY 12 to 5
September 17th

GMC PICNIC: Looking forward to seeing many of you at the annual Greater Marist Community picnic to be held again this year at Mt. St. Michael in the Bronx, Nereid and Murdock Avenues, near the Mt. Vernon border. The gathering will be on Saturday, September 17th, from noon to 5 p.m. Indoor facilities are available in case of rain. Come with spouse and children or come alone. Bring your own beverage and a pot-luck dish for a shared meal. All Brothers are most welcome to join us. Thanks to the director and community of the Mount for welcoming us. We have been having this picnic each year on the second Saturday after Labor day; mark Saturday, September 17th, on your calendar!

FROM DONNA CAROLAN: (Donna is District Superintendent for Catholic schools in Dutchess and Ulster Counties for the Archdiocese of New York. She is the wife of Kevin Carolan ('50), professor of Mathematics at Marist College.)

I am writing on the behest of Gus Nolan who said that he would like to include a brief description of the work of the Marist Brothers in the schools of Dutchess and Ulster Counties. Catholic education is alive and well in these counties, and the Marist Brothers are playing significant roles in the shaping of its future.

For the past year Our Lady of Lourdes High School in Poughkeepsie has been revitalized by the presence and leadership of four Marist Brothers. Leo Shea, who is serving as President; Larry Lavallee, Principal; George DiCarlucci, religion teacher; and Dominic Pujia, Director of Youth Ministry. Under their direction the curriculum at Lourdes has been revised and upgraded, the faculty has developed a mission statement and common goals, the computer lab has been upgraded with new hardware and software, and a development board has been formed to explore future educational possibilities. In September the Marist community at Lourdes will increase to include Joe Matthews, dean of students and math teacher, Larry Gordon, dean of studies and English teacher, and Joe Madsen, who will teach Spanish.

In the Kingston area, John A. Coleman High School is welcoming its new principal, Brother Jim McKnight. The Marist community at Coleman also includes Br. Michael Williams and Br. Henry Sawicki.

For the past year Brother Steve Schlitte has served as principal at St. Joseph School in Kingston. He is leaving Kingston to assume a new position in New Jersey this September. (29 North Hamilton St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12601; 914-471-5824)

FROM GERARD (Albert Gerard) BRUNELLE ('47): Received your newsletter and was emotionally moved reading how many Brothers and friends were touched by the sincerity and true Marist spirit of Br. John Berchmans. "Je me souviens de" Brother John. I was but thirteen years of age. I had lost my father the year before. Br. Francis Regis came to give a talk at my elementary school in Lowell, Ecole Saint Louis de France. He had known my Dad from drama plays given at College St. Joseph, run by the Marist Brothers in Lowell. Being much impressed by Brother Francis, I decided to go to St. Joseph's Juniorate for a high school education. Since women (nuns) had taught me from first grade to eighth grade in both French and English, I thought that men (Brothers) would be interesting as teachers. O la la? Best decision I ever made in my life? Deo gratias. At St. Joseph's, Brother John Berchmans was my prefect of discipline, supervisor of study halls, and sport counselor for our after-school and Sunday games. (P.O. Box 5157, Weirs Beach, N. H. 03247)

DECEASED: Br. Denis Liuzzo ('42) died July 19th in New York after a long illness; he had served in the Philippines for many years before finishing his teaching career at St. Agnes.

Ed Canavan ('50) died May 20th; we had reported his serious diabetes last February. May all our deceased friends rest in peace.

FROM BR. BENITO ARBUES, S.G. adapted fax to Marists RE: R U A N D A

At the beginning of the week of June 12th I visited the Ruandan Marist Brothers who are in Kenya. The reason for my visit was to express the Institute's love for and solidarity with our Brothers in Ruanda and to follow up our reflections on some possible Marist project to help the Ruandan people who are outside their country.

I was very pleased with the Rwandan Brothers for their openness and readiness to make themselves available. What impressed me above all was their faith, their endurance in the face of such suffering, the feelings of pardon and reconciliation

they nurtured. You could feel the appreciation of and concern for the Brothers of the Hutu tribe who are still in Ruanda and their gratitude for the support they received from them in their attempts to escape. As soon as the war is over they are willing to help in any of the institutions which are working with the refugees and the displaced people of Ruanda.

A short time before my departure to return to Rome, the joy of this meeting was darkened by news of the torture and death of some Brothers and postulants in the town of Byimana. The community was forced to look on while their confreres were being tortured and murdered. The soldiers took away Br. Callixte Kalisa, whom we presume also to have been killed. This last would bring the number of victims up to five Brothers and four postulants.

Before this tragedy we had thirty-two Brothers in Ruanda, of whom fourteen were Hutus; seven were second year novices and one first year novice, and there were five postulants. At the present moment there remain in Ruanda six Hutu Brothers in Mururu (near the Zaire border), five in Save (one of those a Tutsi, who is old and feeble) and Brother Diogene, who is with family.

The Brothers who have been able to get out of the country are very grateful to the whole Institute. In their grief they feel the loving presence of God and of the Institute, as well as of many other people. I quote from a letter which Brother Pascal, the Superior of the District, gave me: "We, the Brothers of Ruanda, who are outside the country, and especially the seven of us who managed to escape from the genocide, wish to express our thanks to all the Brothers of the Institute who, by their prayers, their words and their letters, have not ceased to support us in the tragedy that our District and our country have been going through since the 6th of April. We are especially grateful to the Generalate, to the communities of Masonga in Tanzania, of the Marist International Center Scholasticate in Nairobi, and especially to the General Council. Thanks also to the District of Zaire, to the Province of Belgium, and to the parishes in Burundi and Tanzania who gave us so much help.

"We are counting on your friendship and support in rebuilding our District and our dear country. We still keep alive in our hearts the hope that this outburst of violence and hatred will be followed by "new times" for building and planting according to the purifying will of God, who is Lord and Master of all events, even the most tragic ones in our lives." I ask you again to keep praying that Ruanda may find the way of peace and reconciliation. I commend to you in a special way our Brothers who have died and those who are inside or outside the country. You can be sure that the suffering is great for all of them, for those who are suffering violence to themselves and to their families and for those who have to watch this violence inflicted on their people and their confreres. With fraternal greetings to all in the risen Christ. (Fratelli Maristi delle Scuole, Piazza M. Champagnat, 2 C.P. 10250; 1-00144, Roma; fax: 011-39-6-541-3808)

FROM BR. JOSEPH BELANGER ('43): I recently accompanied Golden Jubilarian John Francis Colbert on a a Glo-bus Tour called "Parks and Canyons Spectacular." Left Penn Station about noon, May 26th, and got to Las Vegas early May 29th. John immediately hit the slot machines; he walked away with \$100 to the good! Slept at the Golden Nugget with the members of the tour group, then departed by Arrow Bus promptly at 8 a.m. Monday for our 13-day ride of 2800 miles to the Grand Canyon, Lake Powell, Bryce and Zion Parks, Salt Lake City, Yellowstone National Park, the wild west at Deadwood and Lead and Rapid City, then to Mount Rushmore, and off to Denver by Thursday

evening, June 9, for our farewell banquet and night at the Westin Hotel. Perfect weather, company, and tour! We recommend it enthusiastically. About \$1500 for first class hotels with breakfasts and dinners, all transportation and entry fees and baggage handling from room to room. Extras included helicopter ride over the Canyon, rafting on the Snake River, and a visit to the Kennecott Copper mine, the world's largest man made open pit.

Unfortunately had to miss my nephew Diego's graduation from Westtown Prep School near Philadelphia on June 11th. Diego is now back in Madrid where he intends to study medicine; his older sister Amaya has just finished her third year. Ernie and Alicia are both doing well, at least until the results of Diego's "selectividad" come in! Med school in Spain is considerably less expensive than in the USA.

John and I left Denver Friday June 10th to spend a few days with the monks in Chicago. Magee and Des Kelly showed me the Notre Dame campus on Monday, then a congenital heart problem erupted, and I had to be hospitalized at the Little Company of Mary Hospital for four days. A second opinion in Poughkeepsie confirms that I need a heart valve replacement; that will be done in Albany Medical the week of June 26th, followed by recuperation at Leeds Terrace, Lawrence, with monks and nearby family. Prayers, please. Y'all have a great summer now! See you at the Mount in September. (Marist College, Pksie, 12601; 914-575-3040)

Marist College "Distinguished Teaching Award": Br. Joseph Belanger

Brother Joseph Belanger has been honored with the Marist Distinguished Teaching Award for 1994. It originated as the Sears Roebuck Foundation Award for Teaching Excellence and Faculty Leadership. When the Sears Foundation was unable to continue the funding, Marist's Board of Trustees agreed to maintain the tradition of recognizing distinguished teaching at the College. The first to receive the honor was Dr. Richard LaPietra, professor of chemistry, now in his 34th year at the College. The second was Dr. Louis Zuccarello, professor of political science in his 28th year at Marist. Like the first two award winners, Brother Joe is a long time member of the Marist community; 1994 marks his 35th year of teaching at the College.

Before joining the faculty in 1959 Br. Joe was a student at Marist, earning a bachelor's degree in English in 1948. He went on to receive a master's in English from St. John's University in New York and one in French from Middlebury College in Vermont before getting a doctorate in French from New York University.

Brother Joe's contributions to education extend beyond the classroom, He started the Marist Theatre Guild in 1960, serving as its director for six years. He also founded the highly respected Marist Abroad Program in 1963, directing it for 11 years. He inaugurated Marist's foreign film series in 1961 and spearheaded the establishment of the George J. Sommer Endowed Lecture Series. (Adapted from the Marist College Alumni News, Spring, 1994)

FRONT BOB HOLM ('60): I was a junior in Esopus during the years 1957 through part of 1959. Though that was a relatively short time, it was an indelible experience. This past April, many years since my Juniorate days, I was able to visit with my "Brother Master" from Esopus, Brother Stephen Urban, at Archbishop Molloy High School. The occasion was powerful; it renewed with a

magical rush so many wonderful Marist memories. The meeting was arranged through a mutual friend, my colleague in the Police Department, -Ed Gaughran (St. Ann's Academy, '52).

Over the years I have managed to stay in touch with some of the monks. I have had many exchanges with Brother Leonard Voegtle, to whom I now owe a letter. (I'm catching up, Leonard!) His letters have always been a newslines of Marist events, changes, and prospects. In recent times I have been corresponding with Brother Stephen. He has introduced me to this wonderful newsletter. I'm impressed with Marists All and am happy it is available to so many of us. I marvel at the various profiles and experiences. I consider myself fortunate to have learned about it and to be added to the mailing list. I only regret that my discovery of this network was not more timely. If there is any way to obtain previous issues, I would appreciate your letting me know.

I remember well my old Juniorate days with Brothers Leonard, Stephen, Robert James, Solano, and John Berchmans, with Juniors, Ed Frail, Kevin Finn, Mickey Connolly, Don Kelly, and Tom Restivo, just a few of the many from that very special community. I returned to St. Helena in 1960, somewhat confused and unsettled, but through all the many years I have never felt detached or separated from the Marist family. The circulation of this newsletter will expand the contacts and allow the years to return and seep back into our systems. It's a refreshment unlike anything else, a remembrance of very special times that were packaged with a bonded spirituality. We knew even then, regardless of our re-directions, that we could always count on an acceptance of Marist membership. These issues of Marists All accomplish that, and they introduce so many of the other vocations that were so influenced by the Marist spirit. As Brother Stephen remarked, "Who can understand the mind of God?" I was especially impressed with the contribution of Bob Falisey ('65), whom I do not know, but can relate to so well. I too draw frequently from my Marist base in both personal dealings and professional presentations.

I have been particularly blessed with four wonderful daughters, 18 through 26. They are English majors; I'm sure they would love to get their hands on my syntax and grammar in this letter. I perform very happily as a Lieutenant in the NYC Police Department, in the Mounted Unit - (30 years and still running, much like the Energizer rabbit). I credit my vitality in the job and my still being able to throw a leg over a horse as responsible for keeping old age at bay. I think I would like to do 33 years (a nice round number); by then the girls will have completed their college demands, and I then should be able to rise from the ashes of tuition payments and head for the nearest golf course.

I have immensely enjoyed this opportunity to write and am very grateful to have a place on the mailing list; one of the many loose ends of life has been secured. Prayers and best wishes to all. (22 Rhonda Lane, Farmingdale, New York, 11735)

(Follow-up letter): Thank you for the back issues of Marists All. The stories, thoughts, and personal profiles were moving, humorous, and at times, sad. There are those that cheer and those that suggest many of the difficulties we all have experienced. I look forward to the August issue; it's great to be back.

FROM JOE PICCIANO ('59): I have deeply appreciated the connections Marists All has afforded me, especially the small but significant number of personal epistolary exchanges which have evolved from shared information and

addresses. I keep waiting for the right moment, the perfect moment, to write, keep discerning what and how to share my story with the readership.

All those exercises in the pursuit of perfection in Esopus and Tyngsboro have left their mark. The following is an adapted piece that I wrote for a teacher re-training course I've taken under the auspices of the Board of Education of the City of New York:

"Should I go? Shouldn't I go? Do I really want to go? Why am I going? It's starting to rain. The maelstrom of my life as a teacher, more precisely the volcanic manner in which I at times respond to its challenges, has drained me. There was that near riot in the second floor hallway outside the room where I do my instructing, these days in Spanish and U. S. History and Government. There were dozens of other intersections, the interrogation of hallway wanderers, the exchanges of interest and indifference with those good young persons who are often adrift on missions of their own instead of attending to the business of their classes at Clara Barton High School for Health Professionals. I attend to my breathing. I remind myself of my heritage, of the personal culture I've created, especially in the six years since I bid a more than fond farewell to Archbishop Molloy High School and the legal ties that constituted my membership in the Marist Brothers of the Schools.

"On my walk through the Brooklyn Botanic Garden I note the sun westering on this day near the solstice when it's not yet 4:30. I pass under the leafless elms and oaks on Eastern Parkway. I arrive home at 604 Carlton Avenue and pause inside the door seeking some sacrament of restoration. I breathe in that sense of being at home, that prosaic and potent elixir.

"I exchange my shirt and tie, my professional garments, for a green Russell sweat-suit, and I don my Northface boots, a khaki fatigue cap, and my down parka. I set out for the Oratory Church of St. Boniface, nestled in the heart of Metro-Tech in downtown Brooklyn. The inception of a cold rain, the constraints of time, and a certain weariness dogging my steps, decide me to spend a token and forego the 30 minute walk I usually take each Sunday morning to the celebration of the Eucharist.

"Why are we gathering this Wednesday in the third week of Advent? For an evening prayer in common followed by a celebration of the Sacrament of Reconciliation. The rites concluded in due time, the organ hushed, I linger on at my place in the plain wooden, kneelerless, though not uncomfortable pew. I take poignant notice of the brothers and fathers of the members of St. Philip Neri's Oratory. They are extinguishing the candles, carrying away the liturgical books. They disappear into their residence leaving behind a subtle stirring in my own depths, a stirring evoked by the details of their habit, evoking for me that major event in my life's journey thus far, my taking of the habit of the Marist Brothers of the Schools. So ingrained in me, the culture of that French-born Roman Catholic order, grafted so willingly by me onto the Italo-German trunk my parents had given me! How I long, a part of me longs, to be able to go with them, vested as they are in their founder's style of dressing, ready to exercise the exchanges of their community life! And how I long, a part of me longs, to be able to have that man I so love (am so loved by) beside me, and not merely wearing the grey scarf he has just sent me from Bangkok. How keenly I feel those two elements so crucial to my culture, my ethnic Catholic heritage and my preference for the love of another man. How these twain do meet!" (604 Carlton Avenue, Prospect Heights, New York, 11238)

MARIST FOREIGN MISSIONS

Br. Paul Ambrose

As most of us know, Brother Paul Ambrose has for many years taken a personal interest in the Marist foreign missions. His service as Assistant General with base in Rome led him to travel to mission countries and to gain first hand knowledge of their circumstances. This, in turn, led Brother Paul to make contact with various foundations where funds are available for worthy causes. In his "retirement" Brother Paul continues to be in touch with many of the foundations, as well as with friends and acquaintances, to help the Marist missions. His annual report to his network of foundations shows the total dollars obtained and the help this money has been to many mission fields. Some of the projects are particularly interesting:

INDIA: People had to carry their bags of rice on their shoulders or on the handle bars of bikes to distant mills. We put up two rice mills on the local mission compound, \$7500.

MADAGASCAR: A two story Marist school had furniture only on the bottom floor; students on the second level had to sit on the floor. A foundation was willing to provide \$4600 so that a local carpenter could make tables and benches.

SOUTH AFRICA: Our Brothers collect free food from dealers and markets to take to a village of lepers and abandoned sick people some 30 miles away. They were pressed for fuel money; we provided \$3000.

SOUTH DAKOTA: A Marist volunteer worker for the Locata Indians is now assured for next year due to a \$5000 grant.

SRI LANKA: The old Marist novitiate building has been repaired and enlarged to provide for the increase in candidates, thanks to a \$12,450 grant.

LEEDS TERRACE: Toilet and bathing facilities for the handicapped were provided for our retired Marists by a grant of \$14,000

PHILIPPINES: Last year a foundation provided a project for homeless street children. This year it provided a chapel for the same compound. Much of the work was done by the students themselves. Thus, they were too busy for mischief and became proud of their work. A \$10,186 grant was provided.

Finally, in his report Brother Paul concludes: "I am most pleased to announce that Marist College has offered a full scholarship to cover tuition, room and board, and fees for any student that I select. It is to be called the "Founder's Scholarship." I have asked that it should be restricted especially to a candidate from one of our Marist missions, that the candidate be required to meet all basic entrance requirements of the College, and that after graduation the candidate promises to return to serve in the same mission country. I reminded the College that in accepting this scholarship grant I mean it to be in honor of our own Blessed Founder, and nothing else.

"This scholarship does not, however, provide travel here and back for the candidate. I pledged to undertake to start a fund to cover the round trip travel of these candidates. When I explained this to one of my former students who graduated from St. Ann's Academy in 1941, he pledged \$7,820 to give a boost to this project. I pray that more benefactors will be interested in providing travel for future recipients of this "Founder's Scholarship."

"In the name of our Marist missions I wish to express gratitude to the various foundations which have made this help possible, as well as to those of you who have regularly or periodically sacrificed for these Marist missions."

FROM ED CASTINE ('50): Since we last wrote for Marists All, quite a bit has happened. Last fall Maureen and I began thinking about a move to Florida from Brownsville, Texas. Well, here we are in Lantana, Florida, having arrived on June 9th.

Starting last December we searched for a place to live in Florida with very little luck. We returned to Brownsville at the end of Christmas recess, believing that we would need to remain in Texas for another school year. Fortunately, the agent we dealt with called us in late February with a number of potential houses. I flew back to Florida in March, found an attractive five-yearold house that appeared to be almost perfect for us, and it was affordable. I signed a contract for the house, took pictures to show Maureen on returning. (She hates to travel by plane!) We closed on May 10th by mail, and moved in June 9th.

Tipped off by his letter to Marists All, I wrote to Rich Connelly before going to Florida in March. I indicated that we were planning to move and that I would be looking for employment either in a Catholic high school or community college. Rich contacted Bob Byrne at St. Thomas Aquinas High School, Fort Lauderdale. Bob called me while I was in Florida. I went to see him and had an interview with the assistant principal. The day after I committed to buying the house, it looked as though I would have a teaching position in the fall. That is exactly how it all came about! I am very grateful to Rich, Bob, and Marists All for the way things worked out.

We finished final exams at St. Joseph's in Brownsville the week of May 30th and submitted our grades. Brother Francis Garza and the faculty held a dinner in appreciation for our years of service and presented us with a local artist's water color painting of the St. Joseph Academy campus. It now hangs in a prominent place in our new living room. One of Brownsville's City Commissioners presented us with a city proclamation thanking us for the years of service to the children of Brownsville. This also has a place on the living room wall.

We shipped all of our furniture by Allied Van Lines on June 4th and then loaded the remainder of our belongings in a large U-Haul trailer. On Monday, June 6th, Champagnat Day, we left in our van, towing the packed U-Haul, with our two German shepherds sharing the rear of the van with numerous household articles. The events of the trip are too many and long to recount. One thing we should mention, however, is that some of our living room furniture was stolen in transit. We are still in the process of settling the matter with Allied Vans.

We are now much closer to New York, but still not able to get to the GMC picnic, much to our regret. It is also doubtful that I will be able to make the 40th reunion of the Class of '54 at Marist College. God willing, one of these days we will make the picnic a reunion. If anyone comes to the area of Lantana, about 10 miles south of the West Palm Beach Airport, give us a call at 407-642-0335. (2856 Cambridge Road, Lantana, Florida, 33462-3815)

**GMC PICNIC, Mt. St. Michael,
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17th, 1994**

FROM BR. ALPHONSE MATUGA ('41): Camp Marist has been operating for some 44 years. The founding director was Br. Benedict Henry, and "Camp Marist" other early directors were Br. Joseph Abel and Br. Kenneth Robert. Overseeing the camp at this time is Br. Thomas Lee ('73). Early on, the camp was staffed by sixty Marists, so many of whom are now deceased. This summer

there are 27 Marist Brothers at camp. Over the years the Brothers have welcomed the reprieve from ten months of high school teaching in the city, even as their work at camp required adapting to boys ages 6 to 15 and to campers from Canada and Latin America, as well as from the States. These days the Brothers have the assistance of many outsiders, many of whom are college students, some from overseas. Activities at camp have expanded to include scuba diving, water skiing, and surf sailing, as well as other land and lake activities.

After the original family cabins were supplemented by long bungalows to accommodate some 200 campers, the chapel was built in 1956. Eventually added bungalows were built for staff. A gym now stands across the road, which is now closed to highway traffic. Beyond the stables the Brothers have a log cabin home for year round retreat. The waterfront has been vastly expanded in depth and width. The original group of several row boats and one motor boat has become a fleet of all types of lake boats. The campus is now beautifully landscaped; lawn and pines have replaced the little, dusty softball fields of yore. Still in use are the original mess hall, rec hall, canteen, arts and crafts cabin, infirmary building, and headquarters building. Still on the knoll overlooking the central campus is the statue of Our lady.

Following are the Marist Brothers at the camp this summer:

Br. William Gleason ('30)
Br. Valerian ('31)
Br. Simeon Gerald ('33)
Br. Clement Legare ('34)
Br. Clement Gerard ('35)
Br. Carlos Villalobos ('37)
Br. Alphonse Matuga ('41)
Br. Giles Keogh ('41)
Br. Godfrey Robertson ('41)
Kenneth Marino ('47)
Br. Aquinas Richard ('48)
Kenneth Robert ('50)
Br. Solano ('50)
Br. William Gleason ('30)
Br. Louis Richard ('51)
Br. Valerian ('31)
Br. Dennis Caverly ('51)
Br. Simeon Gerald ('33)
Br. Fabian Mayor ('57)
Br. Clement Legare ('34)
Br. John Herrmann ('59)
Br. Clement Gerard ('35)
Br. Gerard Brown ('62)
Br. Carlos Villalobos ('37)
Br. Michael Driscoll ('64)
Br. Alphonse Matuga ('41)
Michael Fisher (164)
Br. Giles Keogh ('41)
Br. Henry Sawicki ('64)
Br. Godfrey Robertson ('41)
Br. William Maske ('65)
Kenneth Marino ('47)

Br. James Halliday ('68)
Br. Aquinas Richard ('48) B
Br. Thomas Lee ('73)
Kenneth Robert ('50)
Br. George DiCarluccio ('74)
Br. Solano ('50)
Br. James Vagan ('77)
Br. Kenneth Ward ('82)

(Camp Marist, Center Ossipee, New Hampshire, 03814; 603-539-4552)

FROM JOHN DILLON ('): Just a short note to tell you that I would like to be placed on your mailing list for future copies of Marists All. I have been kept up to date by Bernie Connolly, my former classmate at the Prep in Esopus. Getting on your list will save Bernie the hassle of xeroxing and mailing to me. I relocated to California from the New York area about eight years ago, but still get back to the East Coast several times a year. (By the way, the correct phone number for Bernie is 718-846-5665 (310 South Almont Drive, #101, Los Angeles, Ca. 90048; 310-278-4105)

GMC PICNIC, Mt. St. Michael, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17th

FROM GENE (Louis Francis) ZIRKEL ('53): A great issue, #27! I enjoyed the reminiscences of John Francis. One summer around '56 several of us went back to Tyngsboro to work for Henry Charles. On the first morning, treating us like novices as in earlier days, he started to walk away from us telling us what he wanted done, and expecting us to follow. After a short distance he turned around, saw us all standing where he had started, and came back. He never blinked an eye, but I think he was laughing inside.

I really resonated with Vince Poisella's terminology: "Those of us who have been called to another vocation." I have felt that way for some time. It is interesting that when I was supposed to meditate each morning for 30 minutes, I often slept or even omitted the meditation. Now I wouldn't think of skipping my 40 minutes with the Lord. I guess the monks taught me well, and the lessons have stayed with me.

When my son received his B.A. from St. John's University, my wife Pat, a member of the faculty, led the procession to the dias. George was, of course, in the procession, but I was relegated to sit in the stands. However, this spring I was thrilled, because when my son received his M.B.A. I managed, as a two time alumnus and a full professor at Nassau Community College, to proudly lead the parade along with Pat. It was the first time all three of us were in academic regalia at the same time.

My book Understanding Fortran 77 & 90 was just published by PWS Publishers; that's my fourth text. This summer I am preparing the fourth edition of my first text, Understanding Statistics (McGraw Hill); it is also available in Spanish. My other texts are Program CS1; Uses Turbo Pascal (West Educational Publishers), and Beginning Statistics (Jay Williams Book Co.). The latter was pirated in Hong Kong!

I look forward very much to the picnic at the Mount. Has anyone ever talked about a Mass or a prayer service, perhaps with a verse of Ever Forever? Keep and spread the faith! (6 Brancatelli, West Islip, N. Y. 11795-2501; 516-669-0273)

LATE NEWS: Appearing in diocesan newspapers the weekend of August 6th was a Catholic News Service wire item: **BRITISH MARIST BROTHER REPORTED MISSING IN RWANDA.** It states that 43 year old Br. Christopher Mannion, a member of the congregation's general governing council in Rome, entered Rwanda on June 29th. It further states that there are conflicting reports about his whereabouts. He was last heard from in early July, said a statement faxed from Rome to CNS by Br. Sean Sammon, vicar general of the Marist Brothers.

EDITOR'S NOTE: At this time a year ago we gave an extensive state-of-the-newsletter report, and there was an encouraging resurgence of letters and financial help. Now we have funds to mail this issue and another to the 520 addresses on our list, but we seem to be dying for lack of your letters. We hope you will be willing to share your story with our Marist friends, as so many others have been so gracious in doing. Mail to Gus Nolan, %Marist College, Pksie, 12601; or to David Kammer, RR 2, Box 3300, Oakland, Maine, 04963 ... after October 1st: 476 IaPlaya, Edgewater, Fl. 32141.