

FROM BILL (William Maura) DESCHENE ('53): Can't write too much about ourselves since our accomplishments are not very noteworthy, unless you call the trace of geese across a yellow sky on an evening in winter noteworthy. We do enjoy hearing about all of you, so keep the stories and news coming. However, I did try to write a few short recollections of Nilus Vincent Donnelly ... and got carried away:

"Who's Brother Nilus?" my mother asked as I entered the kitchen. I had just taken the stairs two at a time and had tossed my school bag into the boot box at the end of the hallway, to be retrieved only on my way to school the next morning. To answer my mother's question I hadn't the slightest clue. I was, after all, just a freshman at Lawrence Central Catholic in the fall of 1948, and the only Brothers I knew were my own teachers: Brothers Philip Bernard, Henry Felix, Aloysius, Paul Celestine, Justin Gabriel, and Mr. Moynihan, the only lay teacher on the staff. Later, when I took my \$6/month tuition to the treasurer's office, I discovered Brother Nilus. Still later, as a sophomore I learned that Nilus was the chief engineer and architect of the magnificent new gym building built by the Brothers of that era. We occupied part of the building in 1950 as juniors. By then, instead of operating a crane, Nilus could be seen working on the interior of what had become the largest gym in east Massachusetts. The adjacent classrooms, bright and airy, were equipped with innovative green blackboards that called for the use of attention etting yellow chalk. Central's new building would become the model for other schools to copy in later years .

The reason for my mother's query about Brother Nilus well, Nilus was also in charge of the Mothers' Club. Parenthetically, I have a hard time imagining this! It seems that some of the mothers thought that Nilus was "so good looking." "They say he looks like Bing Crosby," said my mother (not a member of the club), disapproving of the fuss these marrieds were making over a Brother. I just checked out the '49 yearbook and, sorry Mom, but the mothers were right; he was good looking, a lot better looking than der Bingle!

The next time I saw Nilus was at Marian College in 1954. But first there was Tyngsboro, Tyngsboro could have been an island far off the coast of Maine inhabited by a delightful people with a unique culture, totally unaffected by that of the mainland. Marian College was a return to modern America. The lights of the Milky Way and of the Auroras that lit up the skies over Tyngsboro were replaced by the bright lights of Route 9 and the red neon sign locating McManus' Bar across the road from old St. Ann's Hermitage.

At Marian, Nilus had the same jobs that he had had at Central. He was the community treasurer and the contractor general of the ongoing building operations at the young college. As treasurer he had no farm or tuition stipends to depend on, and yet the population he was responsible for was even larger than that of Tyngsboro. I'm still hooked on peanut butter and honey, prime matter for breakfast, but the peanut butter now isn't as good as the government brand that

we enjoyed at Marian. The skills of devoted, creative cooks kept us happy; their efforts were blessed by that magical thing called "the grace of state."

Nilus was the heart and soul of his other job, the one most associated with him, "the projects." With the help of an architect from Lawrence, a few very skilled people like Big Gus, Ed Castine, and some gifted Chinese Brothers, plus a large pool of unskilled laborers, a group of buildings were constructed which, to my mind, put the Marist Brothers at the cutting edge of the fabulous fifties. To see these projects to fruition took a man with almost wild determination, and yet Nilus was most patient with the neophytes assigned to work with him. An incident stands out. We were putting tar and marble chips on the roof of the new diningroom/study-hall when Joe Strang (Br. Joel Gilmary) met with a little mishap. The tar was in a barrel on a sawhorse. It had a little door which you lifted, and the tar would come oozing out into your bucket, which you then dumped onto the roof. Someone would spread the tar around with a special tool. This time the tar would not ooze out, and Joel tilted the barrel to get the tar moving faster. The barrel slipped and Joel had to grab it with both hands or be crushed. Nilus was walking by and was about to say something like, "Oh no, what now." Instead, he looked at Joel and said, "You're in trouble, aren't you, Brother," and walked away. As we looked on, we knew that but for the ... so we all ran to help our unfortunate co-worker, whose clothes were by then covered with tar.

If Nilus was patient with the unskilled, God help those who were being paid for a job and were supposed to know what they were doing. He could direct a distressed driver to "take his soupy concrete mix back." and the poor fellow would blurt out, "What am I supposed to do with it?" We need not print the reply!

Now I admit I was never a confidant of the man, nor was I ever fortunate enough to live in close proximity to him, but I am privileged with a special insight to his success which he divulged to Pete Ginnity and me the summer day when we were cooking on the project. He said, "People don't get souls until they're 21." It was as simple as that. You don't feed steak or lobster pie to someone who doesn't have the soul to appreciate these delicacies. So he wanted the best for the Brothers on the project. It had nothing to do with the fact that they were bargain labor; the point was, they were over 21! So Nilus' quick departures from table at the college now made sense for me. After wiping imaginary traces of soup with his napkin, he would go off to a meeting with the architect - at Nick Beni's. Of course, Nilus was over 21!

The elders of my tribe were all skilled crafts-folks. My Dad was a master electrician, and his siblings were experts in auto mechanics, carpentry, and metal craft. Typical of the tribe, the young were not inducted into adult craft until they were ready. So my only responsibility in growing up was to play. Even school was not to supercede the precious learning time of play. By the time I was "ready" I was in college with little opportunity to apprentice, except for Nilus and "the project." Like many others I looked forward to the periodic stints on the project. One particular Saturday stands out. It was very misty, and I was in a trench deeper than I was tall, working a jackhammer and splattering myself with wet, powdered rock. Over the "Rack-a-jack-ack-ack" of the hammer, I heard someone yelling, "Willie! Willie!" It was Nilus; when I looked up I saw my parents looking down at me, I had forgotten that they were coming from Lawrence to see me that weekend. The embarrassment over forgetting was swept

away by the awareness that my father saw that I had finally been initiated into the world of work, and he approved!

Among my collection of relics is a picture of Pete Ginnity (Br. Brendan Regis) and myself in the kitchen at old St. Mary's. Attached to it is a note. It says: "Willie, Nilus sent this photo to me. Thought you might like it. How the hell did we ever get meals out of that place? Brings back old memories, doesn't it. Hope all is well. Panther." It sure does bring back memories. Thank you, Panther. Thank you, Nilus! (11 North Lowell Street, Methuen, Ma, 01844,.)

FROM PROVINCE NEWS NOTES:

Brother Dennis Dunne ('51) has accepted an invitation from Brother Benito and the General Council to replace Br. Roy Mooney ('52) on the staff at the Marist Center of Spirituality, Manziana, Italy, (formerly called the Second Novitiate). Dennis will leave his present ministry as a member of the Senior Administrative Team of the Archdiocese of Chicago where he has worked as senior aide to Joseph Cardinal Bernadin. Dennis was privileged to do the first reading at the Cardinal's funeral Mass.

Br. John McDonnell ('59) has been appointed by the General Council as one of the Directors of the Marist Family Renewal Program to take place in Belley, France, in the Fall of 1998. This program will be sponsored by all four branches of the Marist family.

Br. Timothy McManus ('51) died at Baptist Hospital in Miami on February 14th after suffering a coronary. He had lived at the Marist retirement community in Miami for nearly eleven years and had done much of the cooking there. Tim had just celebrated his 70th birthday and was a Marist for 46 years. He had ministered in many of the Marist schools in the States and had served as a missionary in Sibuyan and in Japan.

Br. Philip Bernard Gilbert ('31) died at the Nevins Home in Lawrence March 10th after a lengthy illness. He was 82 years old, having been born in Suncook, New Hampshire, in 1914. Brother Philip entered the Marist Brothers as a junior in Tyngsboro in 1927 and completed his novitiate in Poughkeepsie in 1932. He had served at the Mount at Cardinal Hayes, in Lowell and at Lawrence CCHS. In a homily Brother Kenneth Hogan reminded family and friends of Phil's fierce sense of responsibility, his wonderful passion and emotion, and his colorful side which showed in peppery sayings and gestures.

Br. Cyprian Rowe ('53) has announced that he is joining the African-American Catholic Congregation, a church formed seven years ago by Archbishop George A. Stallings. Cyprian will be ordained a priest and a bishop of the congregation on March 22, 1997. As Bishop, his main work will be in the area of theological education of the congregation's priests and seminarians." (as reported in the Catholic News Service and the NCR, February 28th) Cyprian has written a letter, requesting a dispensation from vows as a Marist Brother. Although this is a very painful decision for Cyprian, he states that he believes that the Lord is calling him to this decision. He treasures his Marist roots and family; however, he feels called to greater service to the African-American community, Cyprian will include a Marist symbol both in his episcopal ring and in his Bishop's insignia. We express our gratitude to Cyprian for his many years of Marist life and work in the United States. We pray that this decision, painful for us all, will lead Cyprian to an authentic expression of ministry for God's people.

Zaire: Three Marist schools in eastern Zaire are in full operation. However, there have been air attacks on the city of Bukavu. In the center of the country one of the communities in Kisangani is near the front line of combat.

Bougainville, New Guinea: Our two Marist communities on the island have decided to stay despite heightened danger for everyone, the result of rebellion on the island. The Brothers and their colleagues have received several threats of violence on their lives and works.

FROM CHARLEY (Peter Daniel) KELLY ('51): I really enjoyed the February issue of Marists All. The article on "Praise to the Presidents" brought back many wonderful memories of Brother Paul Ambrose and Brother Linus ... "Marian" College ... building the chapel ... My name is probably still on the back of one of the walls and under the cross on the roof. I have strong recollections of the "hearse" that carried a bunch of rowdy young men and their supplies around the campus. We used that hearse for supplies for the chicken coop, too. I missed hearing the story about the crane that came onto campus under its own power but never moved again without the assistance of 30 or more people pushing it around the building site. And there was the telephone pole that we strapped to the crane to hoist the outside cross over the center of the chapel!

Many other memories flood back ... Brother John Patrick in Esopus and his "fire sales" for the Souls in Purgatory ... and Brother Simeon in Tyngsboro with his shoe box of stories to bring the gospel to life. We teased him a lot back in those days, but forty years later I can still remember some of those stories and the lessons they illustrated.

I teach at the University of Texas now and on occasion I find myself greeting my students with "Good afternoon, Gentlemen." That is Doc Schroeder, vintage 1953!

Of late I have come to realize that there is much in my life, and in my soul, that is a result of living our Marist life as a young man. My thoughts,, prayers, and thanks to the men who were our role models in those forming years.

I was moved by the account of the Brothers in Zaire and the work of Brother Rene Roy in Rwanda. I felt a deep sorrow at the loss of those dedicated men. I didn't even know them, yet I felt a link with them and a pride in their courage to stay ... simply because "the needs were much greater than they had been in the past."

Everything is going well for the Kellys in Texas. Our family is spread out in Oklahoma, New York, South Carolina, and Texas. It continues to grow with eight grandchildren now. Marilyn and I are heading for New York at the end of next week, spring break at UT, to visit with two of our sons and their families. We'll be in the Poughkeepsie area, so I plan to stop off for a visit at the college while I'm there. (6905 Jester Boulevard, Austin, Texas, 78750)

FROM MIKE (Michael Vincent) KELLY ('50): I just now received the February issue of Marists All! It was addressed to Atlanta. We now live in Burbank, California. (Sorry, Mike, for neglecting to make the change.)

We have adjusted to the move from the east to the west coast. We deal with occasional small earthquakes, the traffic on the freeways, the constant fixation of

the news with O.J., and the extraordinary dominance of the entertainment industry.

We are described as a nation on the Pacific Rim and in many ways the population reflects the name because of the large number of those from Asia. However, the Latinos are dominant. We do not have a melting pot; we have a patchwork quilt with the different cultures living in harmony. There are problems but in general people are making the effort to accept diversity as a positive rather than a negative condition. More in the future. Come and visit. (705 :North Kenwood Street, Burbank, Ca 91505; 818-848-4406)

FROM PAUL. FURLONG ('60): It's been 29 years since I've had any contact with the Marist world, a long time to miss vital connections with an important part of my past.

Recently, by sheer good luck and kismet, I came onto Reggie Diss' address and phone via the Internet. I contacted him, and we had a delightful conversation! that a thrill to get reconnected again. So much of life has happened in the interim. Reggie gave me addresses of several others in our group and made me aware of your newsletter. He then sent me some back issues of the newsletter which I consumed in one sitting! I would surely love to be put on your mailing list.

For me the last thirty years have been quite an adventure. I got my Masters in Counseling Psych two years after I left the Marists, 1970. I spent ten years working for the Juvenile Justice System in Eugene, Oregon, holding a variety of positions there. Married into a family of six kids (most were teenage or grown). Divorced 16 years later. Moved to Portland, Oregon, in 1980 and developed my career in counseling, adjunct college teaching, and Human Resource consulting. It has been a fulfilling and rewarding career.

The divorce was particularly devastating for me. For a couple of years I did not function very well, and eventually had to declare bankruptcy. It became a period of intense looking inward. Luckily I found a really good therapist to do some deep structure work with. I'm glad that period is over - lots of pain and lots of learning. Now I feel much more open and have more of myself available to me.

For the past five years Hazel and I have become life partners and also work partners. This is a wonderful - and different - relationship for me. Hazel has owned and operated a very successful dry cleaning business for 14 years. Two years ago we decided that I would join her in that business with the idea of selling it and together beginning another that is less strenuous. The new business is called HP Connections. It offers a variety of services. Haven't had much time to properly market the business, but I feel it's the right step into the future. A part of me misses not being in the "helping profession," but another part is glad to be doing something different and more "entrepreneurial."

I was so glad to get the past issues of Marists All! Came across names I hadn't thought of in years. I have never regretted the years spent as a Marist Brother. Those were happy times for me. As with so many things in life, it became time to move on. Now it seems right to begin completing the circle and reconnect in a way that ties in the past with the present.

I think you are doing a wonderful thing by keeping the newsletter alive. From the issues I have read it seems that a lot of others applaud your effort and derive meaning from its pages. (e-mail = paulvf@ix.metcom.com) (8217 SW Oak Street, Portland, Oregon, 97223; 503-246-5181; fax: 503-246-3275)

FROM TOM MOORE ('61): Keep the newsletter going. Don't hesitate to keep readers posted on financial needs of the paper. I really enjoy reading each issue. Wish I had some news to report, but I live a quiet life here in the mountains of Pa! My mother died December 7th. She didn't suffer much at the end and is now in God's loving embrace. She was 87. Peace. (1028 Hillside Trail, Johnstown, Pa. 15905)

Retreat/reunion: Marist College, July 3rd to 6th. Call Larry Keogh: 815-838-1570.

FROM BR. SEAN SAMMON ('66): You probably have heard that we had four more of our Brothers killed by the militia in Zaire, a terrible loss to us all and to the people among whom they lived and worked in refugee camps. I knew only one personally, Servando, a lovely man about 40. I spoke with him last at the Nairobi airport a few months back; he was going home for a month's leave and then returning to Zaire. I would have been shocked had anyone suggested that he'd be gone before the year had run out.

Many thanks for your work with Marists All. I'm grateful to receive it and even more grateful for the news. (Fratelli Maristi; Piazzale M. Champagnat, 2; C.P. 10250; 00144,. Rome, Italy)

FROM DICK (Stephen Aloysius) BRANIGAN ('50): I bet you got a slew of e-mail after the distribution of the last Marists All, and I guess I'm just one of many who took the opportunity to thank you for all you've done to keep us all sewed up in one blanket. You might remember me as Br. Stephen Aloysius ... speech impediment practically gone. I live in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, with a first wife and have three married children. I sent something to Marists All many years ago, I'm about to retire from publication work at the University of Wisconsin, Oshkosh, probably at the end of this year. I see Charlie Scott from time to time (Madison) and keep in close touch with Bill Powers (Nanuet, New York). With each succeeding newsletter I find so many more "later years" reports from people I don't know. Yet they are of the same training and spirit ... and this brings them into my company ... and I thank you again for making all this happen.

Just as I have not been able to make the reunions at the Mount each year, I will not be able to make this year's retreat. After I retire I might be able to get involved. Ten years ago I made a "roots" trip back to Brooklyn, ten days of visiting and such. I visited Esopus, wept at Paul "Uppy Downs" grave where he lies with so many familiar guys, had lunch in Poughkeepsie with Bill Powers and Larry Sullivan, and recalled many good times in the Hudson Valley. They were very precious years, years when I stashed away important values that have come to my rescue in later times. I never knew the value of that training until way later in life.

Gotta scoot. I am house pianist at the Oshkosh Country Club here and I'll be playing there tonight. I'll open with a few mid 50's songs just to toast our old days, something like "That's my Desire" or Tony Bennett's "Rags to Riches...Be listening about 5:30 p.m. your time!(1814 Fairview St., Oshkosh, Wi.. 54901)

FROM (Louis Francis) ZIRKEL ('53): On New Year's Eve after 29 1/2 years I retired from full time teaching at Nassau Community College, This semester I taught just one course and helped the new Catholic chaplain who is replacing me. Next semester I'm outta here!

I have a new book out, "Happiness is my Decision." I deal with the ideas I have been presenting in my personal growth seminars: goal setting and goal achievement through positive self talk, affirmations, visualizing success, and attitudinal changes. (Six Brancatelli, West Islip, New York, 11795; 516-669-0273)

GMC Picnic:
Mt. St. Michael,
Saturday, September 13th;
noon to 4 or 5 p.m.

FROM BR. PATRICK EUGENE MAGEE ('43)
the Marist Monastery Community of Marist High School, Chicago

You have done a wonderful service to the for Brothers through well published Marists All, I have enjoyed reading it from cover to cover every time it arrives, I duplicate sufficient copies so that each member of the community has his own copy for quiet and leisurely reading. I have been impressed by the good accomplished by so many in the spirit of Champagnat. The story written by Brother Bob McGovern from the Philippines was most informative and praiseworthy.

Please have your reading public continue their prayers for Brother Luke Pearson ('56) who carries on with his daily administrative responsibilities while quietly battling cancer. He stays with our community during the school week. He is a wonderful example of resignation to God's will for all of us. (4200 West 115th Street, Chicago, Il. 60655)

FROM VINCE (Vincent Jude) POISELLA ('58): Thank you for the latest Marists All! One of the workers at our post office, mother of one of our students, sent it over to me, even though it was incorrectly addressed. I am wondering if you created a ruse to get me to write!

As for news, we continue to be blessed. Although the road has been a little rocky, I am still coordinator of counseling and guidance services at Hopatcong High School; Jane is librarian/media specialist at our middle school.. Mark, our oldest, was graduated from Notre Dame in 1995 and works a couple of jobs while residing in Evanston, Illinois. He plans to make a move shortly to get into the film business. He is writing screenplays and has a dream of doing an independent film along with some of his colleagues among the ND alumni. Our second boy, Eric, is completing his student teaching with primary school children in Castleton, Vermont. He graduates in May. Our daughter, Anne, is finishing her third year in a business finance/computer concentration at Marist College. I am pleased that she enjoys Marist so much, and has met the likes of Joe Belanger and Brian Desilets. She cannot comprehend that these same professors were on the Marist staff when her aged dad went to college. These people must be ancient, revived, or even reincarnated!

Regarding other Marist connections, Jane and I plan to be at the retreat at the College in July. Having been to the other two retreats over the last two years, we are charter members! We look forward to returning and we encourage others to join us.

We keep in touch with John and Joan Brady. Both John and I are in the school counseling field and have come across each other at meetings now and again, I am still in the New Jersey Counseling Association; I was president in 1993-94. The camaraderie I experience with other counselors in the state is faintly reminiscent of the Marist community spirit.

In the next few years we hope to see our kids settled somewhat. I should be retiring within the next five years. Jane, shortly after that. At that point, if the globe hasn't imploded (in the style of the chapel at Camp Marist), we will be ready for an elderhostel emphasizing travel/education, Now there is an idea for retired members of the Marist family. Travel opportunities coupled with educational opportunities, within the context of existing Marist residences. From picnic to the retreat, to travel opportunities. What do you think? Keep well! God bless! And keep Marists All coming Peace! (24 Brooklyn Mountain Road, Hopatcong, N, J. 07843)

FROM GERARD (Alberic Gerard) BRUNELLE ('47):The last issue of Marists All so greatly affected me. There was the martyrdom of eleven Marist Brothers in Africa. And there was the golden jubilee of the class I was in at St. Ann's Novitiate under a great novice master, Brother Henry Charles. My classmates have taught in classrooms around the world, giving of themselves according to the ideals of Blessed Champagnat.

My Marist education from 1943 to 1950 consisted of three years at St. Joseph Juniorate, Tyngsboro, two years at the Poughkeepsie novitiate, and one wonderful year as assistant to chief gardener Brother Abelus. I will never, never forget that year with Abelus, for he gave me a love for gardening that still prevails at my hermitage at Weirs in Laconia near Lake Winnepesaukee. My Marist education did finally lead to my becoming the teacher I wanted to be. I spent 33 years in the Lowell school system as a successful music teacher.

Since my retirement in 1992, I live on the most beautiful lake in the world, Every morning I look at it and bless the Lord who gave me a piece of it. Some days I play my grand piano. I have composed two sonatas, one in A minor, the other in D major with three movements. I have written a Mass "a Notre Dame de Noel" to be sung by a chorus in Lowell, as soon as the music is put to paper. I also write poetry on subjects that are pleasing to me, or are interesting or challenging,. I hope to publish in the future.

Do you remember the Maxims of Father Champagnat? How I loved them. We had to do translations of them from the French. That was very interesting to me since French was my first language. I still use French all the time. In 1988 at a festival in Lowell I was invited to read my poem on Jack Kerouac's little Canada. At the international meeting of poets in Quebec City I recited that poem in French on Radio Canada.

In my retirement I also do walking sticks and canes.I sculpter miniature things on the handles and staffs. Some of my works are on exhibition in an art center in Newport, New Hampshire. I gave a lecture on them at the center last week. My works - canes, walking sticks, poetry, and music compositions - are all little

bridges, even if they are toil bridges, from the island of my heritage to the mainland of society. (P.O. Box 5157, Weirs Beach, New Hampshire, 03247)

JUBILARIANS: 1997 *

30th

Br. John Byrd
Br. John Cummings
Br. Robert McCauley
Br. Richard Van Houten

35th:

Br. Gerard Brown
Br. David Cooney
Br. Gerald Doherty
Br. Eladio Gonzalez
Br. Sumner Herrick
Br. Anthony Iazzetti
Br. Michael Laratonda
Br. Marcos Longoria
Br. Joseph Madsen
Br. John Raeihle

40th:

Br. George Fontana
Br. Kevin Handibode
Br. Patrick Hogan
Br. William Lambert
Br. Fabian Mayor
Br. Bernard Ruth

45th:

Br. Bonaventura Cocco
Br. Vincent Damian
Br. Patrick McNulty
Br. Roy Mooney
Br. Dominic O'Brien
Br. Leo Shea

* The names of the golden jubilarians appeared in the last issue.

FROM BR. SEAN SAMMON, V.G. It is April 21st. Landed in Manila this morning after almost three months in Korea and Australia. Many hopeful signs and people in both places. About three quarters of the General Administration is here for meetings at the Marist Asia/Pacific Center. Hope to be in Rome by the first of May. Blessings to all. (Fratelli Maristi; Piazzale M. Champagnat, 2; C.P. 10250; 00144 Rome, Italy)

DECEASED:

Br. Philip Bernard Gilbert ('31) died in Lawrence on March 10th.
Br. Timothy McManus ('51) died in Miami on February 14th.
There is more about these two Brothers taken from the Poughkeepsie Province ewsnote that appears in this newsletter.

William Philip "Phil" Kelly (Philip Martin, '51) died in Augusta, Ga. on March 14th, within a month of his 65th birthday. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, and two sons, the elder of whom is named Philip Martin. Phil was a graduate of the University of Georgia. He owned and operated several retail stores in Augusta. He was a member of the American Legion and of the Knights of Columbus, 4th degree, past grand knight. He was also past president of the Irish American Heritage Society.

We invite all of our readers to join us in ongoing prayer for all Marists, those living and especially those deceased,

FROM JOHN WESP ('65): Thanks for your work with Marists All. I enjoy reading them. Hope to retire soon from teaching. Don Gillespie turns 50 on April 5th; there will be a party at his house. I see Bill White once a year, but I missed Ed Jennings' wedding. These are my only Marist contacts (82 Main Avenue, Centereach, New York, 11720-1640)

FROM ERNEST (Ernest Francis) BELANGER ('55): I will miss not being at Marist for the retreat with the gang this summer. There is something I found strange about last summer's encounter. None that I know of wrote about it in Marists All. I will have to suggest putting Marists All on the net. That might be cheaper than mailing and certainly easier for the publishers and for our ecological system. There are inexpensive providers out there. Frankly, Marists All is the only non-obligatory reading we do as soon as it comes in. I get to read it after Alicia!, via e-mail ... (240 Castellana - 8B, 28046 Madrid, Spain)

EDITORS' NOTE: We are in the 11th year of publishing Marists All. Our next issue will be #40. We hope to have it off to the printers in the early part of August. That's not very long from the time you receive this issue. May we encourage you to send us something soon. The frequency and even the duration of this newsletter depends on you! E-mail to Gus Nolan:

JZB2@MaristB.Marist.edu or mail to: Gus Nolan, % Marist College, Poughkeepsie, New York 12601; or David Kammer, R.R. 1-Box 3300, Smithfield, Maine, 04978-9517.

FROM BR. RENE ROY ('60): This word of thanks is long overdue. Received Marists All #38 well after everyone else. Thanks. Your editing was very successful. I've received several letters from "non-conical" Marists as a result of that issue and of the Development Office's Campaign for Rwanda. Al Perrone, Al Senes, Jim Gargan, Gerard Brunelle, Eugene Connolly, and Charley Kelly have not only sent letters and contributions, but have offered on going help. I read the manifesto stating that M.A. is not a vehicle for fund raising, but people have been moved nevertheless.

I'm hoping to be present for at least a brief time at the GMC retreat in early July to see and thank people in person. You've doubtless heard that I'll fly to San Francisco to receive one of the Called to Brotherhood awards to be given this year by the National Association of Religious Brothers but I'll swing back to catch the gang on retreat.

I can't believe that the first two years of my time in Rwanda are almost up. I'll be home in June for some R & R. Then two more years to go. I'm constantly thinking of how I'll describe this experience to folks. I'll need some quiet time, as well as some lively time with the American Family before I can even begin to do justice to the scope of the experience. It's helping to put things in perspective.

Meanwhile, for me you can once again thank the many who have shown support via letter, prayer, and contribution. So much goes back to the Tyngsborough of 1959-61!

(Freres Maristes, B, P. 80, Gitarama; Rwanda, Africa)

FROM RICHARD LA PIETRA ('50): You might think about it as the changing of the guard, a gradual replacement and relief of the men at the front. Or you might picture a thin line of men climbing a mountain path toward the summit into the sun.

Amateur historians sometimes refer to 1958 as a date of the modern founding of Marist College, to distinguish the beginnings of the college we know today from the training ground for the monks that began with the 1946 founding charter. If there is any validity to that conceptualization, the past several years have seen the beginnings of the passing from the scene of the Marist founders of the modern Marist College. These are men who have spent the equivalent of a lifetime, in most cases much more than a quarter century of service, in the building of Marist and the pursuit of her unique mission. At the end of this past academic year, two more names were added to that list, Joe Belanger and Gus Nolan.

Both were honored at baccalaureate and commencement exercises, and were feted, together with Professor Ted Prenting, at a testimonial dinner on May 13. Two more different characters would be difficult to imagine, and as the long list of their contributions were enumerated, it was so clear that even in the human realm, each tree bears its own special, idiosyncratic fruit. Yet, in both instances, one did not have to scratch away the surface very much to find the common theme of Marist dedication and Champagnat's spirit.

Some wonder about the impact on Marist as this changing of the guard continues, and continue it will. One only needs examine a listing of personnel by age to verify that. I have to believe that Joe and Gus have inspired younger colleagues by their lives, actions, and their spirit, and in so doing leave a Marist legacy that will continue to quicken and enliven the Marist community here on the shores of the Hudson that witnessed the founding of the Marist presence in the United States.