

From Rome: **CANONIZATION** - April 18, 1999

We, the undersigned Superiors General of the Marist Brothers and the Marist Fathers want very much to express to you our joy by means of this joint letter. Marcellin Champagnat will be canonized on the 18th of April, 1999. That is the announcement our Holy Father has made at the consistory of cardinals celebrated today (1-7-1999).

We feel that Marcellin Champagnat is a gift of the Holy Spirit to the whole Church and a tremendous present for the world. He is not the exclusive possession of any one particular group. With this in mind, may all our hearts overflow with happiness and pulsate with that sense of church community which enlivened the entire group that started the Society of Mary.

Certainly Marcellin Champagnat belongs to the spiritual patrimony of those who profess vows as Marists: the Brothers who see him as their Father and Founder; the Fathers whose ideals he nurtured and shared from the earliest days and with whom he lived out his religious consecration; and the Marist Sisters and the Marist Missionary Sisters, branches blossoming from the tree of the Society of Mary.

Marcellin Champagnat also belongs to the Marist laity: educators, animators, members of the fraternities, students, alumni, families ... so many people who live in communion with Marist Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters, people who take to heart the Marian spirituality that unites our four congregations.

In fact, Marcellin Champagnat is a gift for all the People of God and a grace for our entire world. By officially proclaiming him a Saint, the Church is putting him forward as model and intercessor. His life and work serve as a stimulus and inspiration for all people of good will and sincere heart; no matter their culture, race, condition. In a very special way, Marcellin Champagnat is a model and inspiration for all who dedicate their lives to the Christian education of children and young people.

MARISTS RETURN TO LIBERIA: We have word from Leonard that Br. Denis Hever ('64), Br. Martin Ruane ('50), and Br. Alfred George ('47) will go in mid February to Manrovia, the capital of Liberia, to reopen a school that was closed by the diocese several years ago during that country's upheaval. They will be joined by four Marists who were recruited earlier in Pleebo by our American Brothers; the four have been teaching in South Africa.

MARIST FAMILY INSTITUTE OF SPIRITUALITY: This communal gathering will again take place this summer at Marist College from Thursday July 8th, 4:30 p.m. registration, to Sunday July 11th, 1 p.m. lunch. The theme this year will be "On our Christian Journey." The cost is likely to be \$200 a person for meals and lodging. We will provide the names of presenters and further

information in our next issue. Contact Vince Poisella at 973-398-5477 or at 24 Brooklyn Mt. Rd., Hopatcong, N. J. 07843-1410; vtpoisella@yahoo.com.

FROM TOM POTENZA ('73): Those who were in formation from 1963-70 will be sorry to hear of the death of Kevin Galbraith ('67) a well liked, if outspoken, character during those turbulent years. Kevin left the congregation in the mid-70's, but was remembered as exceptionally kind, brilliant and possessing a biting sense of satire - especially about those changes in the Marist life with which he disagreed. Many will recall that his hero was the archconservative Cardinal Ottaviani!

Last spring Kevin's brother Jack (whom I see periodically at educational development meetings) informed me that Kevin was in the hospital. I managed to visit him at St. Vincent's two days before he died. He was fighting advanced pleurisy, complicated by serious allergies to almost every medication being used to treat it. Nevertheless, Kevin was sharp, recognizing me immediately and asking about many of the guys who had shared the years with us in Esopus and Poughkeepsie. He looked fine, giving a lie to his critical condition, and he was witty to the very end.

At his memorial service, held about his 49th birthday on May 17th, the photo prominently displayed, more than 20 some years after he had left Marist life, was of Kevin in his cassock and rabat. Many of the folks in attendance, friends from more recent years, had not realized that Kevin had been a monk. Yet one old gentleman, who knew Kevin only from attending his music lectures at Barnes and Noble, remarked to me after the service: "I did sense that there was something very spiritual about this man ... I'm not surprised to learn he spent time as a religious. It still showed."

Despite the ups and downs of his life, the moments of shining light and angry frustration, the cynical mixed with the devotional, the ultra-conservative with the almost-hippie, Kevin Galbraith remains for those who lived and studied with him the epitome of warm friendship, outrageous humor, and classical scholarship - a symbol of some of the most difficult years Marist formation has experienced in this country. May Kevin finally rest in peace! (145 West 58th Street (#2K), New York, New York, 10019)

FROM MIKE McCAFFERY ('61): The latest issue of Marists All has finally prompted me to put some thoughts on paper. Seeing familiar names (John Gonya, Br. Philip Robert, Bill Doherty, Bernard Connolly) certainly brings back good memories of Esopus and Poughkeepsie.

I have kept in contact with Brother Leonard Voegtle (I suppose a lot of us have done the same), but I have really lost touch with most of the others who studied Spanish with Brother Robert James, played ice hockey on the pond, swept leaves in the fall, ate meals in silence with Brother Hilary. Does anyone remember the band "Drenchfulwack?" I played the trumpet.

The past three years have been most difficult for me, as my wife of 32 years succumbed to leukemia this year after a long and difficult battle. Our three children and four grandchildren were my backbone; they gave me strength to continue.

I am getting on with my life and I know that all will be well in the near future. I have met a wonderful woman, for which I thank God. We plan to get married

sometime next year.

By the way, has anyone ever heard from Ron Kearney? Finally, would you please change my address as I have recently moved to a new address: 2224 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, 11229.

(A presentation given by David Kammer at the 1998 Marist Family Institute of Spirituality)

COME TO THE TABLE

Picture yourself at home looking out your front window.
You see friends pulling into your driveway.

You rush to your front door, pleased to see and greet your friends.

"Welcome, come in," you exclaim; hugs and kisses perhaps.

"Come in, welcome, how are you?"

You are truly pleased to have your friends with you.

You are pleased to share your snacks and your spirits with them.

You welcome news of their family
news of their activities.

You welcome their stories.
You want to share in their happiness and their enthusiasm
in their preoccupations and their anxieties.

You share thought.
You welcome uplifting, inspiring insights.

In time an announcement comes: "Dinner is ready; come to the table."

You have prepared a full meal.
You have wine and bread.

You want to share what you have and what you are.

"Bless us, O Lord.
Bless us, O Lord, and these your gifts.

"Lord, you too are welcome in our home, at our table.

"We want to acknowledge, Lord, not only these gifts
but all you have done for us
all you have done for humanity.

"We want to acknowledge your involvement in our lives, in our stories

....and we want to remember your self-giving throughout your earthly life,
your self-giving at that most famous of meals,
and especially your final self-giving.

"We want to remember that meal when you asked us to do in memory of you
to do meals in memory of you
to do companionship
to do love
to do self-giving.

"Lord, we wish not only to remember, but also to thank, to celebrate eucharist.

"Yes, Lord, we thank you for this food
and we thank you for the opportunity to be together.

"We celebrate our relationships with one another ... and with you.

"Bless this food, that it may be to our good, to our well-being.
Bless us, that we may be good for one another.

"Lord, we gather as family -
we gather in your name, in your energy and love.

"Lord, you say, 'Take and eat, take and drink.
'My life comes to you through sign, through sacrament, through mystery. '
My life is at the center of your being.

"Lord, may we recognize you
in our lives, in our times, in our places, at our table.

We hear: "Through Him and with Him and in Him
is to you God the Father in union with the Holy Spirit."

And we are moved to join in that great AMEN, that great "So be it!"

"Lord, your whole life was one of radical selflessness, even unto death.
In you selflessness has touched humanity.
In you we are lifted up, saved, saved from selfishness.

"Thank you for leading the way.
It is truly just, right and salutary that we should
at all times and in all places
give thanks to you, O holy Lord.

"Through you and with you and in you
is the path to our eternal destiny
with the help of insights and power of your Spirit.

"Lord, that we might associate all of our meals
especially our celebratory meals
with the Eucharistic meal.

"That every celebration might be a universal thanksgiving
an eternal thanksgiving
a Eucharist .

(if not commissioned by the Church
in the name of the whole of Christianity
at least at the heart of family and friends)

Welcome, welcome to a table of the Lord.

FROM GENE ZIRKEL ('53): An afternoon of recollection in the Marist spirituality of Marcellin Champagnat will be held at Archbishop Molloy on "Palm Saturday" March 27th, 1999, from 2 to 6 p.m. It will include prayer, reflection on scripture, and discussion of Marist spirituality. It will end with a potluck supper (to which all are invited to bring something to share). Former Marists and canonical Marists are invited, as well as families, alumni, and anyone who is interested in the Christian life as laid out by Blessed Champagnat. Come and share with us; come and pray with us. Try to arrive by 1:45 so that we may start on time. To let us know that you are coming or to get further information, contact: Br. Charles Marcellin at 718-441-2100... Jack & Anne Duggan at 516-997-6547...Gene & Pat Zirkel at 516-669-0273, genezirk@mindspring.com

FROM BR. WILLIAM LAVIGNE ('50): With the arrival of Br. Phil Robert in early November our Marist community in Petersburg, West Virginia, was complete: Phil, Luke Reddington, and myself assisting Father Mario Claro, who resides in Franklin, one of the three towns covered by our ministry.

Initially it was an adjustment for us to move from heavily populated cities and large parishes of the Northeast to our three small towns and parishes in the Potomac Highlands valley in the eastern part of this "wild wonderful mountain state." The people have been most welcoming and helpful in our transition. We are now quite settled. Although Catholics are a distinct minority (5% in the state and about 2% in our area), there is an open ecumenical spirit. We have been invited to join the Ministerial Associations in our three towns.

We see our role here as one of supporting and nurturing the Catholic faith communities in a variety of ways. We are involved with the liturgies, pastoral councils, religious education, social outreach, ecumenical relations, visitation to parish members in the hospital and nursing homes. We are not dealing directly with the poor as this is not the stereotypic "appalachia" part of the state. Our people are middle or lower middle class, some living in town while others are in rural areas or on farms. They have a strong faith and pride in their parish, and they are anxious to work with us in maintaining a Catholic presence. We consider it a privilege to be invited to be part of their faith community for whatever time we will be here in ministry.

We celebrated Thanksgiving with the six other Marist Brothers who live in the city of Wheeling, about a four hour drive from Petersburg. It was enjoyable spending a few days with the Brothers and visiting their different ministries. Marists have a history in this Diocese of Wheeling, as our Brothers conducted Central Catholic High School in Wheeling for over forty years. Our diocesan bishop, Bernard Schmitt, is one of our alumni; he is quite delighted that we have returned.

We are using St. Mary's rectory in Petersburg as office complex for the four of us on the team. We reside in two small houses immediately next door to the rectory. That makes it very convenient for us and accessible for anyone who wants to see us. We have accommodations for visitors and we extend a general invitation to all to stop by and visit with us in this beautiful part of "Almost Heaven." It's about a six and a half hour drive from New Jersey on main highways (I-78 West

and I-81 South) for most of the trip, followed by an adventurous ride over the first mountain to the west from Virginia. (The above is taken from Bill's Christmas circular letter to friends and family.) (5 Pierpont St., Petersburg, Wv. 26847; 304-257-1057; wvfms1access.mountain.net)

FROM MIKE KELLY ('50): When Marists All was forwarded from our old address, I realized that it has been some time since I last wrote. Yes, we have moved again and now live in North Hollywood in a home that has room for any readers who might want to experience the exotic and unreal environment we live in. It is different here, but we are enjoying the world around us. Our daughters are close to us and that, more than anything else, is what makes our patch of California a great place to live.

It was a delight to read that Des Kelly will have the support in West Virginia of two members of the class of '50, Billy Lavigne and Marty Ruane along with Bobby Reddington from Inwood. Since my wife Janet makes frequent trips to visit her family in Pittsburgh, perhaps we can plan a reunion and start plans for a celebration of the year 2000 for the class of 1950.

I find it hard to believe that it has been almost 50 years since I did some hash slinging in the kitchen of the Hermitage and killed pigs and chickens, while Wiggy McNamara engaged in a continuous dialog about what Paul Ambrose did not know. And we puffed away on our forbidden cigarettes before rushing back to be on time for our physics class. Then we sat idly in the classroom looking out the window at our beloved physics teacher bouncing up and down on his bulldozer preparing the ground for the new chapel. By the grace of God we still managed to learn physics. These are old memories that came rushing back while reading Billy Lavigne's last letter.

The November issue of Marists All also brought back memories of those long hot summer days that we spent plastering permastone on the walls of the chapel. Now Dennis Murray informs us that progress is being made by removing our finger prints which are still on every brick that will be replaced with natural fieldstone. The price of progress! I wonder if our resident artist at the time, Mrs. Fischer, would approve. Does the chapel really need a new roof? We smeared enough black tar ,on that roof to make it last forever. Maybe we didn't embed the white marble chips deep enough; the effort to do so has left permanent black marks under my nails for almost five decades. Nothing can compare with my memories of riding high on a bucket of cement as Niles operated the dilapidated crane to swing us high over the construction site. It is a miracle that I am here to write this letter. I can honestly say, thanks for the memories. Midst all these memories, though, it is wonderful to hear about the extensive construction being planned for Marist.

Our family continues to enjoy living in California. Janet does software consulting when the demands of our daughters give her some free time. Joan works for Paramount and her husband Bill works at Disney. He recently completed his MBA at USC. Jean lives with us and enjoys her work among young people in need of a dedicated social worker. I continue to enjoy teaching and rocking the boat at California State University at Los Angeles. I keep thinking, however, that I should start to slow down and to smell the roses. We actually did try to slow down at least for two weeks last September when we visited Tahiti, Moorea, and Bora Bora. We loved it but realized that two weeks was enough time to relax, so we are now back in the accelerated rat race. We feel lucky.

Thanks again for the many memories recalled by All. Since I lived with Marist Brothers and with Marist to the Marist Sisters in Detroit, perhaps I can help Joe Belanger with the book of of biographies of Marist "saints." I have to admit, however, tht the stories I recall about great Marist "sinners" would be far more interesting and should not go untold. (11559 Kling St., North Hollywood, Ca. 91602; jkelly@lix.netcom.com 818-752-0158)

by BR. LEONARD VOEGTLE ('50):

The Marist Brothers in the United States
"GO TO THE LAND I WILL SHOW YOU"
Volume I: 1885 - 1911 (adapted excerpts)

This book has been many years in the dreaming and several in the writing and publishing, I have found it a tremendously interesting and exciting endeavor, one which brought alive for me men whose names are inscribed indelibly on the first pages of the annals of the Marist Brothers in Canada and the United States.

In the short span of 25 years the half-dozen men who arrived in Canada in 1885 had grown to nearly 400, reinforced by successive waves of brothers from Europe and others recruited in North America, Their single school in a small village near Montreal, followed by another in a small city in Maine the following year, had become a network of nearly 40 schools stretching from Quebec to Manitoba, and down through New England to New York City.

The venture also grew administratively. From 1885 to 1893 it remained a foreign mission under the direct control of its mother province, Notre Dame de l'Hermitage in France. In 1893 the mission became a district under the control of the superior general and his council. Brother Cesidius was its visitor until 1903 when the province of North America was established. Finally in 1911, in view of the numerical and geographical expansion already achieved and with high hopes that it would continue, the province of North America was divided into two: Canada and the United States. Named provincial of Canada was Brother Cesidius; Brother Ptolemeus remained provincial for the United States ...

Chapter 12: "The Way We Were" In this chapter we will briefly consider various aspects of the daily life of our predecessors, which may help us to understand better our roots and how Marist religious life has evolved over the years. What kind of men laid our foundations and built upon them? Most of them were European or Canadian, and all but a few of the former were French. Most of them were comparatively young; many of them were still teenagers in fact. What must have been their thoughts, feelings, and reactions faced as they were with so much that was difficult and challenging in this New World? Looking back, it is only natural to regard them and the hundreds of other French Marist Brothers who left their homeland with no idea as to when or whether. they would return home, as persons of great courage and faith and attachment to their vocation.

On this side of the Atlantic the European Marists faced very different climate, diet, mentality, traditions, and language, as well as different political and educational systems. Some, especially the youngest, adapted well enough; others found it an insurmountable task which eventually led them to return to their own country or to leave the congregation.

For their part young Canadian and American recruits to Marist life had to adapt perforce to the customs, mentality, formation, and background of their European

confreres. In their favor the latter had not only their youth but also their enthusiasm. This was rooted in part to their belonging to a still young religious congregation that was in full flush of a remarkable growth in France and overseas. This congregation's lifestyle and ministry corresponded to what had become the most attractive model of religious life in the 19th century: a semi monastic structure well suited to the recruitment and formation of large numbers of young men in a network of educational institutions open to children of peasants and small farmers of hamlets and villages and of those of the mills and sweatshops of the Industrial Revolution.

The other side of the coin was that they belonged to a Church which saw itself threatened in Europe by anti-clerical governments and in North America by a majority and hostile "Protestant" culture. Their response to the threat was to "circle the wagons" and present a bristling defense. In the thinking of the day, the Church's survival depended on unity, and unity was born of uniformity in all things, conformity to established traditions, and obedience to laws and structures handed down from a former and better age.

The life of the first North American Marists was defined by their constitutions, rules, and traditions, all of which had grown out of the experience of Marcellin Champagnat and his first followers in the hamlets and the villages of their isolated sector of rural 19th century France. At the founder's death, that first generation found themselves the inheritors of his spirit, his vision, and his charism. They tried to preserve it intact for future generations by living every least detail of life as it had been lived in fact or in idealized memories.

When Marists of that period found themselves transplanted to radically different surroundings, their instinctive reaction was normal enough for immigrants. They attempted to reproduce as far as possible the life they had known and loved "back home," whether or not it fit the context of their adopted land.

To the older ones among them it was a lifestyle tried and tested and proved valid; to the younger it was a lifestyle they might not yet have experienced in the world of classroom and community, but one which their formation at Notre Dame de l'Hermitage had taught them was something very sacred, to be lived faithfully in all of its details, no matter the cost.

Common life: Everything was done in community. There was a common dormitory - only directors and treasurers had private rooms - divided by curtains into cubicles, each with a small night table and chair beside the bed. Sometimes there was only one sink, so each brother had his own jug and wash basin. Morning and evening study were done in community at long tables, not individual desks. The time was devoted primarily to class preparation and corrections. Depending on each one's free time, personal energy, and ambition, attention was also given to personal study toward teaching certificates and degrees. Manual work was also done as a team. Hired help was unheard of, except in the large boarding schools.

Daily schedule: Rising year round was at 4:30 a.m. At 4:50 a.m. there was morning prayer (a combination of devotional prayers and some litanies) followed by half-hour of meditation (made standing), the "little hours" of the Office of the Blessed Virgin, an hour's secular study or class preparation made in community, then Mass and breakfast. At 5:15 p.m. there were vespers, compline, matins, and lauds of the Little Office, followed by an hour "religious" study made in community, 15 minutes of spiritual reading in community (one brother

read aloud from an assigned book). At 7 p.m. the brothers ate supper in silence with reading; they then had recreation in community until 8:15 p.m., at which time they recited evening prayer (similar in format to morning prayer), and made ten minutes' examination of conscience (standing). The office was recited entirely in Latin; morning and evening prayer were partly in Latin, partly in French - with English gradually replacing French.

After evening prayer everyone was to retire immediately with "great silence" holding sway until the beginning of the next school day. Even though Saturday was a school day the brothers observed the fast prescribed by the rule to honor the Blessed Virgin - only coffee and dry bread for breakfast. (P.O. Box 197, Esopus, New York, 12429; fax: 914-384-6277)

FROM GERRY DONNELLAN ('63): Every time I receive Marists All, I resolve to write a note and send a check. For me it is such a welcome connection to my life as Marist that I look forward to each issue. Yes, I have changed, gotten older, and my life has taken fascinating twists and turns. When I think back to "my other life" it is always with fondness and gratitude. My zest for learning and desire to make a difference in the world in some small way, I do attribute to the values and "life models" that I encountered as a Marist. I live in Massachusetts and chuckle at the incarnations that Tyngsboro has gone through, now a corporate training center for Boston University: Maybe a little "Marist spirit" still lingering in the walls and floorboards of that old place will rub off on the "corporate suits." Thank you-for Marists All! (8 Minola Road #802, Lexington, 14a. 02421-5512; 781-861-1639)

FROM PHIL CAPPPIO ('74): Recently I was cutting the lawn of a large church when I glanced back at the pattern of long lines left in the newly cut grass. I was instantly transported back to Cold Spring and my novitiate there in 1974, envisioning driving down the long hill along the driveway on the big farm tractor, enjoying the views of the Nicholas House, the lake below, and the surrounding hills. It was a "chore" that I cherished and always looked forward to. I would feel exhilarated by the whole experience, and would often break into song! From that pleasant memory it wasn't hard to shift across the Hudson River and remember the two and a half years I spent cutting lawns and even plowing snow in Esopus. The great hill rolling down to the river from the mansion was fun to cut in the summer and a thrill to toboggan in the winter. .

You might want to sit back and relax because I feel myself getting carried away with so many wonderful Marist memories. My own Marist connection started way back in 1962 when I attended St. Mary's High in Manhasset, my home town. Four fabulous years of cross country, track, intramurals, canned food drives, mission days, and a wonderful exposure to some outstanding educators, fine Christian men wearing the black cassock and the little white rabat. My life was touched by really great teachers and coaches: Kenneth Robert, Damian Eugene, Joe Alex, Lawrence Ephrem, Martin Thomas, Ray Albert, and Thomas Joseph, T.J. to us. The Brothers were a big reason why I headed up to Poughkeepsie to attend Marist College in the fall of 1966.

In the middle of my sophomore year I headed over to Esopus where my life was touched again in a very positive way by such great monks as Berkie, Sylvan, Phil Robert, Bill Lavigne, and countless others. What a great summer I spent in Highland as a VISTA volunteer with Leo Shea and others.

The next summer we ran a recreation program in Kingston where I roomed with Bob Corredine; we tried to break Declan in very gently when he arrived to spend a few weeks as our director. One of my most wonderful Marist memories was the summer of 1970 when Bill Boyd and I drove the novitiate bus to Kentucky with the Children's Theatre production of "The Wizard of Oz." There is a certain provincial whom I need not name who made the trip as the wizard himself.

I could very easily go on about my years at Camp Marist, Christopher Columbus High School, Roselle Catholic, etc., but I had best leave something for the next time. Thank you, Gus, for including me on the list for Marists All. Keep up the great work! Since today is the feast of the Immaculate Conception, it is only proper that I wish Roy George a "Happy Birthday." Thanks for the memories! (241. Katherine Street, Scotch Plains, N. J. 07076)

FROM JOHN WILCOX ('57): For some time Sue and I have been thinking about a move from Cross River, New York, across the state line to Connecticut. High taxes, a house way too big for two people, electric heat, and lots of lawn and leaves - all were contributing factors. We put our house on the market in January of 1998, reluctantly, because we loved the house and neighborhood and because it was chock full of memories. Hundreds came to visit, but it was April and still no offers on our house. Finally in June we got a concrete offer.

At that point the challenge was to find a house for us, certainly before the end of the summer because the buyer wanted to move in before the beginning of the new school year. We looked at two houses that we really loved, but they were on the old side, and the building inspection revealed too many problems. Finally we returned to a condo community which we had looked at back in February, and there we found a house large enough for us, our stuff, and our sometimes returning children - a colonial, efficient, new, gas heat and fireplace, maintained community with a clubhouse. We closed on August 24th.

It was a bittersweet moment, but the positives definitely outweigh the negatives. We have very nice neighbors; social events in the clubhouse help us get acquainted. When completed the development of Sterling Woods will have seventy houses and three hundred town houses. It's a pretty place high up on Beaver Mountain, and not bad for commuting to the University of Bridgeport and to Manhattan College in Riverdale.

On the 5th of January we will be married twenty-five years. We have so much to be very thankful for: wonderful family, three great kids, friends. Thank God along with us for our blessings.(101 Logging Trail Rd., Danbury, Ct. 06811; 203-730-9172)

Another excerpt from BROTHERS ARE PEOPLE ... by Brother John F. Colbert

Typical of the older Brothers, Br. Louis Viateur had a secret longing to die on a Saturday because that day of the week was traditionally set aside to honor Our Lady. Sure enough, during his last days Brother Louis often inquired of Br. Luke Pearson, who was tending at his bedside in Tyngsboro, what day it was. Luke innocently told him it was Monday. When old Louie repeated the question the next day, Luke told him it was Tuesday. At that juncture Brother Vincent Moriarty suggested to Luke: "Why don't you tell him that it is Saturday? You know how the old Brothers often say they would like to die on a Saturday." So when the dying Brother asked the same persistent question on Wednesday, Luke

replied: "It's Saturday, Brother." Shortly after, Luke had to go out on an errand. Upon his return, Vinny shocked Luke with "Louie is dead! You killed him!"

EDITOR'S NOTE: After expenses of the present issue we will have a balance of approximately \$750, enough to cover two more issues, one in May and another in August. Could we possibly get a flood of letters as we move up to our 50th issue in November of 1999 - the completion of 13 years of publishing Marists All?

GUS NOLAN and Liz are spending January through March at their newly acquired winter home in Florida; write to them at 737 Bella Vista, Edgewater Florida, 32141. Write to DAVID KAMMER at 476 LaPlaya, Edgewater.

Thanks to Brother Richard Rancourt for dealing with the printing and the mailing of this issue from Marist College.