

ST. JOSEPH'S - ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

www.saintjosephscollege.org

Spring 2022 Newsletter

*We honor the past; We celebrate the present;
We plan for the future.....TOGETHER.*

COMING EVENTS

Pope Francis Calling Us!

“Responding to Pope Francis’ Invitation to be a Listening Church”

By Zoom – June 2, 2022, 9:00 a.m. PT

If you want to say what the Church should do to recover those who have left the Church or what it should do to satisfy you, register for this (free) event. The deadline to register is May 22, 2022. To register type the following link into your browser: <https://tinyurl.com/SJSPAlumni2022>

When you register, you will immediately receive an acknowledgment with a link that you hit on the morning of June 2nd. Questions? Contact Don Carroll at donandmaryjocarroll@gmail.com

Alumni Day 2022

After Covid cost us to lose two Alumni Days, we will finally get back to our big event.

SAVE THE DATE for **Saturday, September 24, 2022** at St Patrick’s Seminary in Menlo Park. (Mass at 4:00 p.m. followed by “Holy Water” and Dinner). Invitations will come out in August.

We will honor the Honoree Classes we missed in 2020 and 2021, and of course we will honor the Honoree Classes of 2022, all as follows:

Year	2020	2021	2022
60 years	R’60	R’61	R’62
55 years	R’65	R’66	C’67
50 College	C’70	C’71	C’72
50 High Sch.	H’70	H’71	H’72
45 College	C’75	C’76	C’77
45 High Sch.	H’75	H’76	H’77
40 College	C’80	C’81	C’82
40 High Sch.	H’80	[High School closed]	

Now that Covid is hopefully behind us, get your buddies to come celebrate.

JAMES P. MURPHY AWARD

PATRICK F. CLOHERTY, Rhet '64

By Don Carroll

On this next Alumni Day, September 24th, the Alumni Association will honor Pat Cloherty with the James P. Murphy Award, an award for outstanding service to this Alumni Association. (Prior awardees are John Ravnik, R'59, and Chuck Smith, R '60.)

Pat followed his late brother, Fr. John, into the Sixth Latiner class in 1958 and left after Rhet year to finish at USF. He eventually spent about 25 years in the antique business. Pat married his dear Marge in 1969; Marge died in July of 2020.

Pat is a traveler and hiker. Twenty-eight times he has been to Ireland. If there had been a land bridge from the US, he would have hiked there. He has hiked from one coast to the other in England; toured Mt. Blanc; and hiked the entire 500 miles of the Camino Santiago de Compostella. Don't offer to go on "just a little walk" with Pat unless you are in shape!

Pat came to the St. Joe's Alumni Board in 1990 and still serves us all some thirty-two years later. Pat was President from 1998 to the early 2000s. He was also Treasurer from 2009 to 2020. His record keeping was impeccable, marked with his customary conscientiousness. A "good steward" for the Association's financial records.

Pat's single most impactful contribution to this Alumni Association was his recruitment of the late Jim Murphy to run the Association on a day-to-day basis after the late, great Virginia Sullivan was no longer able to do it. Pat was Murph's confidant and strong right hand. Since Murph's untimely death, Pat has continued his many activities to



Pat Cloherty Rhet '64

find us Raffle donors, to assure Holy Water for the bar on Alumni Day, and to be a custodian of many of the Association's records. Until recently, Pat's garage was an "archive" of St. Joe's memorabilia and records.

I hope Pat's many friends will join on Alumni Day on September 24th to honor and toast this worthy recipient of the James P. Murphy Award.

Comments from Pat: From this vantage point, fifty-eight years after graduating from St. Joe's, my 6 years seem like a small speed bump on life's highway.

Academics were a challenge including Chuck Dillon's chemistry class and Pop Rock's Greek Civ. This was the classical education to serve us for life. The theater experience was exceptional. From high drama to Halloween skits the undeveloped talent blossomed on that stage. Raw genius was on display.

A special memory is the line of Peerless buses on the high school side to transport us home and back on Thanksgiving Day. Also those same buses delivered us to Stanford games and back.

I hike often at Rancho San Antonio. Memories of barn ball and all the sports that took place from the handball courts up to the peanut diamond are there. The baseball, soccer, the quarter mile track, the high jump, the shot-put and discus are all there.

The friendships that grew out of all these shared experiences is what I celebrate in this Alumni Association.

RICHARD J. ROCHE (R'27):

One guy who went to St. Joe's after going to St. Pat's

Meet Richard J. Roche. Richard entered St. Patrick's Seminary as a Sixth Latiner out of "Star" Parish in San Francisco in 1921. When St. Joe's opened in 1924,

Richard and a number of his classmates moved south en masse to the orchard country in which the brand new St. Joe's had just been built. There he did Fourth High, Poet

and Rhet years, receiving a diploma (written in Latin). Our records show that there were 13 Rhets in 1924, the last year everyone was at Menlo, and that the number jumped to 59 in 1925 for the first Rhet class in Mountain View. Richard's classmates included some fellows named Merlin Guilfoyle and Tom Gill (both later made bishops).

Richard did two years of Philosophy at St. Pat's and at least one year of theology. He eventually left, married, had children (including a son to whom we are grateful for having brought this bit of history to our attention), and had a career in the food business.

Richard's room was in the Coleman Mansion, a 22 room Italianate mansion that cost over \$100,000 to build in 1882. It was named "St. Edward's Hall". This Coleman Mansion (which still exists) was located off the street running behind, or to the East of, the current St. Pat's property, across what many of us will remember as a vast open field. St. Pat's was full, having suffered a loss of

rooms when the '06 Quake took off the top floor of the building. The owner of the Mansion rented the Mansion to the seminary.



*Richard Roche
Study Hall, 1922-3*

We show pictures of Richard "hitting the books" while at St. Pat's his first time, and a picture of Richard upon his second stay at St. Pat's. (He is the second from the right.)

St. Joe's was built to relieve the overcrowding and probably to give the older seminarians some psychic as well as physical space. Can you imagine, however, what "adventures" were possible for teenagers living in a mansion located far away from the main building, even if Sulps with good ears and cat-like feet were living there too! One wishes we could hear their stories today.

May Richard Roche and all those first students, our predecessors, rest in peace.



Richard Roche, second from right

* * * * *

EDUCATION ISSUE - Part I

In each issue of this Newsletter we feature what alums have done in their lives in some particular endeavor. The theme for this issue (and for the next one) is "Education". It is amazing how many alums have found their careers in some form of education. No doubt because that is a major way of serving others.

SAL CHAVEZ

Alumni Board Vice President

In June of 2021, after 43 years of service, I retired from St Francis High School. I would like to share with you some reflections of that time and their connection with my seminary training so many years ago.

I left Saint Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park January of 1978 after being in the seminary system for 10 plus years. That spring my class would be ordained Deacons and I realized I could not say "yes" to that call. Eight months later I began teaching at St Francis High School in Mt View. I had no idea that I was embarking on a wonderful and fulfilling journey, a 43 year career for me in education.

Shortly after I left the seminary I found a job in San Francisco, working for Standard Oil of California. Though an interesting job, I was looking for employment where I could use my education. I was the first in my family to have a highschool diploma and a college degree and I wanted to honor that by using it well. But I also wanted to use the formation I experienced under the Sulpicians. I had many examples of good teachers in my time at St Joseph's/St Patricks and had teaching as an option in the back of my mind.

Ray Sacca (C75), my classmate, had taught at St Francis as his pastoral assignment and had suggested that I consider teaching. Later Fr John Bitterman SS, my former high school history teacher (he had taken over Fr Riddlemosers' classes when he retired at the semester), and now Dean at St Francis had invited me to apply.

By August I was a rookie among rookies, a teacher at St Francis. My first year was demanding, difficult, challenging...horrible. I was learning on the fly with help from colleagues and learning from my students. My first year I taught sophomores and seniors. I fell for all their tricks (especially the sophomores) which shocked me since I was that kind of mischievous student myself.



Sal Chavez C'75

They talked me out of giving a Friday quiz. I dismissed a class 30 minutes early because I mistook the PE shower bell for the end of class. My first senior quiz was way too complex for anyone to pass (and a disaster trying to correct!) Somehow I survived and the Brothers who ran the school, Brothers of the Congregation of Holy Cross, invited me to come back for a 2nd year. I was shocked and grateful for the opportunity to come back and prove to myself that I could do this job well.

My own hope was to become a teacher working in San Francisco. I was interested in Riordan High School, my neighborhood Catholic School which served a working class and diverse community. But I found a home at Saint Francis. I wanted to be part of something transformative, bigger than myself and worthy of joining. Much to my surprise I found this and more at Saint Francis High School. In my time at this school community, I made many friends, got to know many families, walked with students during their most difficult times, was inspired by Religious Brothers and Sisters of the Congregation of Holy Cross. I became part of a community, a family really where I could practice my Catholic faith in an explicit way every day and impact young people who would transform the future.

During my 43 years I had many jobs and learned a few things, not the least was how to teach. I was a Spanish and Religious Studies teacher, a Department Chair, Director of Campus Ministry and a Head Boys Soccer coach. I truly enjoyed my time teaching minds and forming hearts and I was grateful that my seminary experience had actually prepared me well for this journey.

As a classroom teacher I drew inspiration from my Seminary professors. Fr. Roland Holstein was one such educator. He was my senior year English teacher at St Joseph's HS. He captured our attention by reading from

the latest edition of Rolling Stone magazine. This was his introduction to the teaching objective of the day. I remember his sharp wit which stopped us from giving mediocre answers (he would call these TGO, tremendous grasp of the obvious). I realized that a teacher could not only communicate academic material to students but inspire them to be inquisitive and develop their interests, open their hearts to the thoughts and insights of others. To be empathetic. This I have tried to do with my classes.

In significant ways, my own teaching echoed some of my past teachers. To name just a few, Fr. Gerry Coleman's model for moral decision making became the centerpiece of my morality class. This was a senior class I inherited which had a poor textbook and no teacher notes.

Coach Lacey's principles for creating a team and his positive vision for athletics became the foundation of my own Soccer Program. Fr. Dick Basso's love of literature and quick, at times sarcastic wit became part of my teacher bag of tricks. Fr. Jim Parke's enthusiasm and positivity in teaching influenced my own pedagogical approach. Padre Jaime Hagan, my on site Pastoral assignment supervisor, taught me how it is possible to witness to the gospel and help the poor and marginalized in a practical manner.

As I look back on my career, the most rewarding job which rivaled classroom teaching was working in Campus Ministry. I was able to coordinate and run the school's liturgical program, the retreat program, service program and Immersion experiences. There were countless opportunities where I was able to be part of a student's faith journey. One of the most impactful programs were our immersion trips. We would bring groups of students to poor and marginalized communities nationally and around the world. The goal was to walk and accompany

these communities and learn from them. An example was a trip we took to El Salvador to a small village called Guarjila. We met families that lived through the civil war, who were poor by our standards but who were rich in other ways. Our students accompanied these families and witnessed first hand how they lived their lives filled with love and faith. These Holy Cross students realized that although our hosts did not have the material goods which we in Silicon Valley have, through their generosity and kindness the families in Guarjila lived rich lives. Not perfect but in a simple and humble way, they witnessed to the gospel in a manner our students had never experienced. A dad shared with me that, upon his son's return, they had a very long conversation about his Immersion experience. Their conversation lasted long into the night. In fact, the dad did most of the listening and his son surprised him with his reflections. He realized that his son had been "transformed by the experience". These are the rewarding moments in a teacher's life.

The Religious Brothers and Sisters who worked at St Francis believed that they were on a Mission to educate minds and form hearts. They lived humble lives of service based on prayer and preached the gospel through the witness of their work and their teaching. They inspired the faculty and staff to do the same. They certainly inspired me to change my own life plans and be part of the Saint Francis family. I am so grateful to the Sulpicians who helped me prepare for this journey and to the Congregation of Holy Cross who invited me to join them on the Mission. In the words of our founder Blessed Basil Moreau this Mission is to , "...prepare the world for better times" by transforming one life at a time, one student at a time. I have been fortunate to find a place where I could contribute my small part to that Mission.

* * * * *

JIM FITZGERALD **Alumni Board Member**

I entered St. Joseph's as a "sixth Latiner" and, after graduating Rhet '57, attended St. Patrick's until the completion of First Theology after which I left the seminary. A year later, during a weekend retreat, I had a casual conversation with a Jesuit priest, Fr. Simpson, in which he asked me what I was doing with my life. I told

him I was undecided and searching. He then inquired, "What do you love?" I answered, "Sports". He asked me if I had ever considered teaching and coaching. Suddenly, a light went on in my head.

After serving six months active duty in the United States

Army, I was very fortunate to obtain, at mid-year, a teaching and coaching position in Los Angeles, at a Catholic high school run by the Dominican Fathers. Having had no prior pedagogical training, I had to rely primarily on past experiences. I was continually appreciative of the training and liberal arts education I received in the seminary. While teaching, I often found myself replicating methods, techniques, and strategies that I learned from the Sulpicians. In 1963, after earning a credential, I began teaching and coaching in a public high school in Santa Clara Valley. Since this was the first time I stepped into a public school, I had to remind myself not to make The Sign of The Cross and begin class with a prayer.



Jim Fitzgerald Rhet '57

During my thirty-seven years in education, I spent time as a high school English teacher, coach (basketball at Buchser High School while doubling for four years as the first baseball coach at Archbishop Mitty High School), counselor, principal, and Assistant Superintendent of Personnel. My most rewarding administrative experience was the nine years I spent as the principal of Valley Continuation High School in the Santa Clara Unified School District. We served one hundred and sixty-five 16 to 18 year old students who had not been successful in the larger high school setting. I inherited an excellent program that was well supported and financed by the District.

Each teacher was also a credentialed counselor and was, in addition to teaching, responsible for approximately twenty-five counselees. Although we had our challenges, it was continually gratifying to watch students positively respond to smaller class sizes, individualized instruction, and more personal attention than the comprehensive high schools were able to provide. Frequently, we witnessed the resiliency of the human spirit as students strove to be successful while they encountered numerous obstacles in their home and social lives. Graduations were truly joyful occasions.

After retiring from my administrative position in personnel, I taught as an Adjunct Professor in the education departments at National University and San Jose State University. Throughout my career I have been blessed to work for and with many motivating, supporting, inspiring colleagues as well as memorable students and athletes. Throughout the years I have remained in touch with a number of these students and athletes. Attending their celebrations, weddings, and, yes, even some of their children's weddings has brought abundant joy.

I am so grateful for that fortuitous encounter with Fr. Simpson, SJ, when he asked me that question, "What do you love?" and he suggested teaching and coaching.

* * * * *

RICO ABORDO

I studied for eight years at the seminary and I graduated from St. Joseph High School in 1972 and St. Patrick's College in 1976. After college I worked for Bank of America on Van Ness Avenue and then spent a year in Salt Lake City, Utah as a VISTA (Volunteer in Service to America) community organizer focusing on utility rate reforms.



Rico Abordo C'76

During and after VISTA I was offered several opportunities in education, but I did not have a teaching credential. Thus, I spent the next two years working and earning my credential at SF State. Eventually, I was hired by St. Bernard High School (SBHS) in Eureka.

I retired in 2016 after teaching for 34 years, seven years at SBHS (English and Religion) and then 27 years as an English teacher at Kelseyville High School (KHS). During that time I coached for 25 years primarily track and cross country. Additionally, for the last 11 years of my teaching career, I was the chapter president for the Kelseyville Unified Teachers Association (KUTA).

My teaching and coaching experiences were far different from what I would have imagined as I grew up in the inner Sunset (St. Anne's) and I did my student teaching at Eugene McAteer High School near Twin Peaks. Eureka and Kelseyville (Lake County) are far

removed from the urban life of my youth.

I was fortunate to have many excellent teachers at St. Joe's and St. Patrick's but the two individuals who stand out are Mr. Gordon Lacey and Father Richard J. Basso.

Coach Lacey was the soccer coach, PE teacher, and athletic director. His organizational skills, attention to detail and ability to lead were truly inspirational! Coach Lacey's teams were always well-conditioned and fundamentally sound. Although I did not play soccer, I witnessed with pride the tremendous success of his high school and college teams. Also, I will be eternally grateful that Mr. Lacey had the faith to hire me as an assistant basketball coach for St. Joe's during my freshman year at SPC and then as the head coach for the next three years.

There were several stellar English teachers during my time at the seminary. I enjoyed the wonderful wit of Father Roland Holstein and I was in awe of the scholarship of the eloquent Father Stephen Rowan. However, my favorite instructor was the Reverend Richard J. Basso. Father Basso was a vibrant life force whose first rate intellect was coupled with a passion for literature. His keen insights and commentaries were brilliant. His affable personality made his classes educational and entertaining. My teaching style and coaching philosophy were deeply influenced by these two mentors.

Dr. Thomas Price, a Humboldt State professor, once said, "Attitude is more important than content. Students can learn content from anybody; what they will remember is how you treated them." When I think back on Father Jim Parke, Mr. Donald Dubuque, Father Maurice O'Neill, and Dr. (later Father) Larry Purcell, I remember caring, compassionate attitudes. Likewise, I tried to present a positive attitude in a challenging, academic environment. My classroom focused on respect, accountability, and discipline. All of these factors were values which I learned in the seminary.

In retrospect, I greatly appreciate my freshman and sophomore high school teachers as my behavior was by no means exemplary. They had an incredible amount of patience. I do not think that they would have predicted that I would become a teacher. On the other hand, I think that my classmates would not have been surprised that I coached later in life, but they probably presumed it would be basketball. However, track in particular was a

sport where I implemented the Gordon Lacey principles and during the 14 years I coached at Kelseyville, our girls teams won 10 league championships and 4 sectional titles and our boys teams won 3 league pennants and a sectional crown.

It should be noted that while my teachers played a major role in my development, the greatest influence on my personality were my classmates. "The smartest person in any room" Bob McElroy and the ever studious Alfredo Montelongo demonstrated academic excellence. Jim Farley and Kevin O'Connor were great role models for effective people skills. The humor of Mike Davis and the charm of Charlie Clifford made everlasting impressions. These are but a few of the many classmates who I was fortunate to have as friends.

My wife, Mary Beth, retired in 2020 after 30 years in the classroom. She was a first grade teacher for over 20 years and then served as a Reading Intervention teacher. For a number of years, the students she instructed in first grade, I later taught as juniors in high school! Together we have 64 years of teaching experience and we often speculate on the future of education.

We worry that previously there was a surplus of teachers and now there appears to be a scarcity of qualified candidates. Even more troubling is the political climate about what should and should not be taught in classrooms. Our hope is that teachers of the future will not be overwhelmed by the challenges and pressures they will face.

Notable Achievements and Awards

- **NEH (National Endowment of the Humanities)**
"Teaching Shakespeare" participant, Folger Library, Washington, DC (1986)
- **NEH (National Endowment of the Humanities)**
"Shakespeare Institute" participant, Ashland Oregon Shakespeare Festival (1987)
- **Santa Rosa Diocese "Educator of the Year"** (1989)
- **North Coast Section (NCS) "Track Honor Coach"** (2003)
- **California Coaches "Track Coach of the Year"** (2003)
- **Kelseyville Unified School District "Teacher of the Year"** (2003, 2016)

* * * * *

ROGER J. SCHULTE

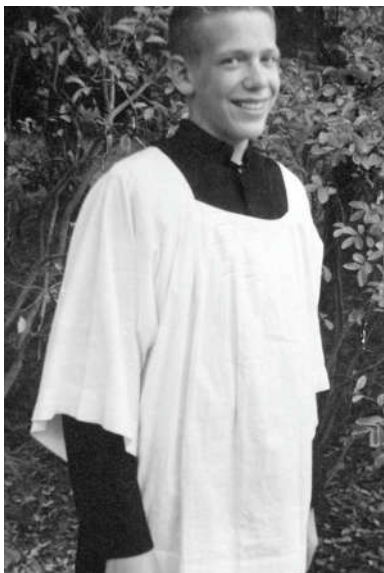
In September of 1958 I ascended those marbled steps through the colonnaded portico into the new life of St. Joe's. I clung tightly to a shouldered metal hanger holding my freshly ironed black cassock and starched surplice which waved in the breeze goodbye to my parents below. I was a Sixth Latiner and, though I did not realize it at the moment, a lifetime member of Rhet Class of '64.

I immediately realized how different I was from my other classmates. I arrived from eight years of public schooling, not from a small Catholic parish school; I was alone, not one of two or three lads from Sr. Felicitas's class; I was not from The City but Danville across the Bay; and my Catholic knowledge was the product of attending Saturday catechism classes instead of playing Little League. (The latter of which would have much better prepared me as one of Dudley Connelly's famed Indians.)

St. Joe's was academically difficult for me. Foreign languages were not my strength, and my English class essays usually came back with words blaring in red: *DO OVER. Creative, insightful but too many misspellings.* I remember never having enough time in the steam-heated study hall to truly master the day's Latin grammatical constructions or conjugations, but it was there every Wednesday night that I dutifully wrote optimistic (though phonetically spelled) missives home. Never did I discuss pending quarter grades. I only wished my pastor, Fr. Benson, did not also receive copies of my report cards. His inquisitions were painful.

Looking back, our priests were generally by the book. Content coverage was more important than creative lessons or, heaven forbid, dialectical discourse. To them grades and our fear of being sent home at a moment's notice were motivators enough. Nevertheless, I looked up to a number of our teachers: Fathers Pete Calegari, Donald Fausel, John Olivier, Eugene Strain, and Paul Cronin. Living in a cubicle next to them, serving Mass for them in the private chapels, kneeling face-to-face

for confession, walking with them to Loyola Corners for a monthly secular eye-opener, and being challenged to a set of tennis or game of handball encouraged me to continue plugging on. I wanted to be a priest. They were my references, ones to whom I could confide, ones who listened. It was these caring individuals who embraced their callings as Sulpicians and reached out to this lonely kid and extended to him their personal interest and understanding.



Roger Schulte

So, what happened? Why did I leave St. Joe's in the middle of my Poet year? Maybe it was a new self-confidence that after passing Fr. Cornelius Burns' 4th Hi Latin midyear retake exam (with hours of patient tutoring by Bill Kenny), I could in fact make it all the way through St. Pats...**if I had a calling.**

During that Poet year I often found myself kneeling in the dimly lit chapel, alone, asking God that question and (naively?) listening for a response. No reply. Never even a whisper, just the sound of basketballs in the gym below. I left mid-year, enrolled in Diablo Valley Junior College for three semesters,

transferred to UC Davis, and graduated on track with a degree in English in 1966.

The Viet Nam War raging, my mantra at the time: *Stay in school.* So I applied for and was accepted into Stanford University's technologically innovative Teacher Education Program. All summer I taught mini-lessons in front of small groups of students which were videotaped on reel-to-reel tape recorders. These lessons were then played back to me with supervisor input. After which I would re-teach an "improved" lesson to a second group of students. During the following school year I was a full-time master's degree student at Stanford Graduate School of Education and taught two periods of freshman English at Los Altos High School. My supervisors (sometimes accompanied by the video camera crew) appeared twice monthly, usually unannounced, to continue this feedback loop.

My first full-time job was an eyeopener for this white,

privileged suburban kid. As an employee of the Neighborhood Youth Corps, a federal anti-poverty program of the 60's, I traveled daily between Richmond, Pittsburg and Antioch providing individually designed lessons for high school dropouts who in turn were provided paid work experience opportunities.



Roger Schulte R'64

After my baptism by fire in the NYC, I accepted a job to teach middle school English and one period of drama in the Moraga School District in the East Bay. Each morning in homeroom at Joaquin Moraga Intermediate School thirty-four 13-year-olds seemed to loudly shout out, "Hi, Mr. S. We're glad you're here." At last I had found **my calling**. During the next seven years I approached spelling for what it was in English, primarily a visual memory exercise; enhanced student acquisition of proper English usage through class-wide oral drills; and improved their writing by having them craft sentences patterned after those of contemporary authors including those they were reading. I was honored to be selected as an English Teacher Specialist for the California State Department of Education. In my classroom students learned through the many games I devised using just an overhead projector. (Oh, how I would have craved to have the technology afforded teachers today.)

At St. Joe's I had tried out for but was never cast in one of its musicals re-written for an all-male ensemble. I, however, was ballsy enough at JM to believe I could direct those budding ingenues. Assuming the principle that each actor needs to shine, I flaunted copyright laws and added lines so each student had his/her moment in the spotlight (yes, many crowd scenes), and I had gifted students script popular biographies at the time (e.g. *Lust for Life* and *The Agony and the Ecstasy*) which we then actually produced on stage. My knowledge of directing was based on only three principles I picked up from someone at St. Joe's, probably an upperclassman or maybe it was John Riley:

- "Upstage foot forward."
- "Turn toward the audience."
- "Enunciate and project."

Now that I reconsider them, not bad dictums for life.

After seven years in the classroom (including one year as a sixth-grade teacher in a self-contained classroom – yes, another wakeup call: moi teaching art and choral music!?!), I applied for and was selected as the school's vice-principal. It was disconcerting, though foreseeable, how teachers I led as their union

president now considered me a sellout even though I disciplined their students for them. During those two years, however, we together redesigned the structure of the school, making it more conducive to the learning process of 12-14 year-olds and not modeled after a high school. We found appropriate ways to include sixth graders into the school's programs. We shortened the periods to 40 minutes, offered seven periods of instruction a day instead of six, taught theme based classes which included State learning expectations but through high interest topics (e.g. "Herstory," "The Athlete in Literature," "Castles, Kings, and Knights," etc.), and adopted a no-cut policy in our after-school sports league by adding additional teams and requiring all students play at least a quarter of a game.

I yearned to manage my own school. It was in my blood, both my parents had been school administrators. In the late 70's there were few principalship openings in Bay Area suburbia, so I moved to Southern California (something I vowed I would never do) and took a position as an elementary school principal in the Upland School District. After four years I was reassigned to Pioneer Junior High. Once again I was home. I was comfortable. I was living **my calling**. I served as its principal for the next twenty years. During which time I was fortunate to hire most of the staff, develop with them a student-centered teaching/learning environment similar to Joaquin Moraga's, and provide learning opportunities and socialization activities which were conducive to the maturational age of the students. We had buses take students to see the space shuttle land, created wild theme assemblies honoring student achievement, sponsored a wide variety of after-school and lunchtime clubs, and implemented a successful peer counseling program.

When people ask me what I did for a career, I say, "I played. I had fun." Sure I had my moments, my challenges, but this was my mindset most mornings as I headed one block from home to work. Based on my formative teaching years back at Stanford and with personal critiques from Upland district master teachers, I viewed my primary role as that of providing frequent lesson feedback to the teaching staff especially to those before they became tenured. Yes, at this upper middle class middle school I had to address drug use issues, noontime fisticuffs, querulous parents, and teacher/student communication rifts. They came with the territory.

Attending St. Joe's had an impact on my educational ideology and my decisions during **my calling** to middle school education:

- At St. Joe's Latin and Greek were examples of setting high learning standards. Schools need such academic standards to challenge and prepare students for future subject matter coursework and eventual workplace opportunities; but the best lessons are delivered in a way which are relevant to the needs and interests of the students.
- People tend to measure ability relative to those around them. I may have had difficulty academically at St. Joe's but that was not the case later. I have come to realize that kids learn differently and at different rates. Understanding this and allowing for accommodations in the classroom is important.
- Hiring staff similar to those special Sulpicians who reached out to us as seminarians is important to motivate learning. When recruiting staff I searched for individuals who genuinely cared for this goofy age of kids.
- St. Joe's was replete with rites and traditions. Building these into a school's core ethos provides a sense of community.
- Gregorian chant was the focus of our arts education at St Joe's. I particularly loved Sunday vespers when we would fill the chapel with harmonious wonder. At Pioneer I allocated staffing so that all students had exposure to the fine and practical arts and also had additional opportunities to excel in them.

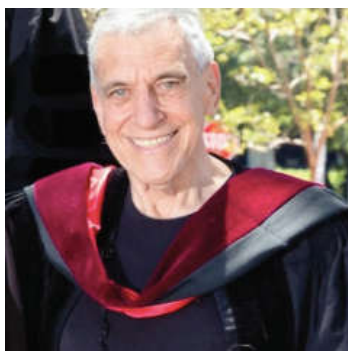
I retired in September 2006 after 40 years in public education, 29 of which were in the middle grades. My last five years I occupied a windowless office "Down Town" as the district's Director of Technology, Assessment and Student Information Systems. I embraced the change, but I missed the middle school. I missed the staff. I missed the kids. I missed **my calling**.

Roger Schulte and his wife, Paulette, reside in Upland, CA, and when possible visit their condo in SF. In 1996 Roger was honored as "Middle School Principal of the Year" by the Association of California School Administrators. Currently he and his wife are coping with his paralyzing symptoms of CIDP.

* * * * *

TOM SHEEHAN

A member of the Rhet class of 1961, I entered St. Joseph's College in 1955 from Mission Dolores Grammar School along with Ed Gaffney, Jim Brady, and Dick Ormsby. All of us had been deeply influenced by the amazing trio of assistant pastors, John Cummins, Warren Holleran, and John Meyer. In September of 1955 I was baptized and confirmed in the Rambler Church by Bob Fox, who went on to lead the Ramblers to victory that year. Later, inspired by Tom Mulsow and Fathers Ron Burke, Don McDonnell, and Jim



Tom Sheehan Rhet '61

McEntee, I spent summers working with the Spanish speaking in Alviso, Tracy, Stockton, and Mexico.

After studying philosophy under Fr. Robert Giguere and theology under Fr. Frank Norris, I left St. Patrick's in May of 1965, following second theology. The faculty vote to kick me out had just taken place, but I got out the door a split second before the boot could be applied to my backside.

That June I met and fell in love with the incomparable Catherine Wilkinson, née Collins, and rode freight trains from California to New York to be with her. I then studied comparative literature at UC Berkeley for one year before going to Fordham University – eventually accompanied by Fr. Dan Danielson, Gene Merlin, and Dennis Lucey – to study for a doctorate in Heidegger, Rahner, and philosophical theology under William J. Richardson.

After teaching at two American universities in Rome (1970-72), I taught philosophy at Loyola University Chicago from 1972 to 1999, after which I taught religious studies and philosophy at Stanford University from 1999 until retirement in 2022. During the revolution of the 1980s, along with my friend and compadre, journalist Gene Palumbo, I worked in El Salvador with Fr. Ignacio Ellacuría, president of the Jesuit university, who was

murdered in 1989. Of the various things I've published, the only one that's worth anything concerns the murder of Ellacuría (attached).

My wife Diana and I have three wonderful sons, Daniel, Matthew, and Patrick, who work respectively in law, China studies, and sociology. Over the last two decades, for better or worse I have fallen under the influence of Dr. John Van Hagen (Rhet 1960), whose recent books on Christianity would certainly have got him thrown out on his ear back in the day. Please keep him in your prayers.

Tom would like to include a reference for which he is the author:

https://religiousstudies.stanford.edu/sites/g/files/sbiybj5946/f/friendly_fascism22.pdf

* * * * *

IN MEMORIAM

Michael Barragan, Rhet '55

Richard Burkhard, H.'72

Msgr. Daniel E. Cardelli, Rhet '51

Robert A. Hempel, R'57

Michael T. Killian, Rhet '63

Rev. J. Thomas Madden, Rhet '47

Rev. Henry Ormand OCD, Rhet'62

Alexander Potter, Rhet'61

Rev. Vincent D. Ring, Rhet '58

Mervin J. Sullivan, Rhet '63

They rest in peace.

Stay in the loop ...

Don't miss our colorful and informative newsletters, our Alumni Day information, and more. If you have moved recently please let us know: write us a note, send us a quick email, or contact us through our school's website. **If items we mailed to you bounced back to us, then we need to delete your mailing label from our file.** Don't let this happen to you!!!

Thank you!

Don Carroll, R'58

Email: donandmaryjocarroll@gmail.com

Contact Information

Please do contact us with any change of address, suggestions, alumni updates, opinions or concerns.

Don Carroll at donandmaryjocarroll@gmail.com

Editor, Jim Harvey

**St. Joseph's -
St. Patrick's College
Alumni Association**
320 MIDDLEFIELD ROAD
MENLO PARK, CA 94025