

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

[www.saintjosephscollege.org](http://www.saintjosephscollege.org)

Winter 2020 Newsletter

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

## Certificate of Appreciation for Mike Miraglia

The following was included in a Certificate of Appreciation, presented to **Mike Miraglia**, by President Tom Dillon, on September 24, 2020, on behalf of the Board and the Association:

The Board of Governors of the St. Joseph's-St. Patrick's College Alumni Association salutes our esteemed Alumnus, Michael Miraglia, R'66 for all the years he has provided catering services for Alumni Day and other events, from 1982 to 2019. We express the regret of the Alumni Association that the Covid pandemic forced the closure of the family business, and we honor Michael for his faithful service to the Alumni Association.

## SAVE THE DATE

DAY OF RECOLLECTION  
NATIONAL WEBINAR  
Saturday, February 27, 2021  
9:00 a.m. PST

Covid-19 has forced your Alumni Association Board into thinking creatively about our annual Day of Recollection which conventionally has been held in person at St. Patrick's Seminary in Menlo Park.

In 2021 we will expand to a national webinar using Zoom. This will allow so many more alums to participate and to do so from the comfort of their own homes. We are excited to be able to do this for all of you.

Our themes will come from the message of Pope Francis' October encyclical *Fratelli Tutti*. Our nationally drawn speakers will include **Sister Joan Chittister, OSB**, renowned writer and lecturer, and our own alum, **Bishop Robert W. McElroy**, the Bishop of San Diego. Reflections on the speakers will come from our own **Jim Purcell**, **Mary Claire Caron** and **Brian Cahill**.

This will be FREE! Invitations will come out in January, 2021.

MARK YOUR CALENDAR!

## Dues Time Again

You are so generous that we hate to bring up the annual pitch for "voluntary dues". As you should know, we do not get financial support from any other source than you, the alums. The annual letter, with an envelope, was recently sent out. If you have already given, thank you. If you have not, please consider what you can do. We have a great Day of Recollection planned by webinar (see the related article above). We are increasing the number of Newsletter editions, and we hope to resume Alumni Day later in 2021.

Many thanks,  
St. Joe's Alumni Board of Governors

## Frank Brady, R'54, Retires from the Alumni Board

After many years of service to the Alumni Association, Frank Brady has retired from the Alumni Board of Governors. He will be remembered for all his hard work and time spent for our Association, including two terms as President, and also for his soliciting great donations to the Raffle.

Thank you Frank!

## ALUMS IN LAW ENFORCEMENT

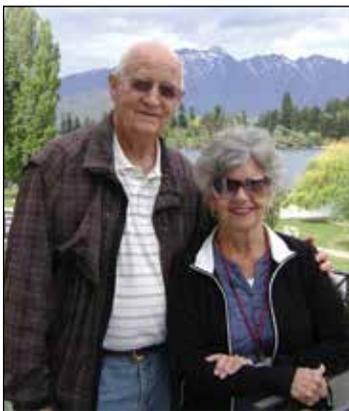
In this issue we feature some of the wonderful Alums who took their Seminary values and went into careers in Law Enforcement. The biographies of Ed George, Jose Salcido, Dave Donovan, and Vince Simpson follow. They are just some of those Alums who chose to serve others in Law Enforcement. We hope you enjoy their stories.

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### Edward George

#### Prison Guard - A Brief Summary of a Career in Criminal Justice

After five and a half years in the Seminary, I departed from St. Patrick's in the middle of my second year of philosophy. I joined the Navy, learned how to land on an aircraft carrier and stayed until the Korean war ended. Upon discharge, I returned to San Francisco, completed a bachelor's degree at USF and married Beth Ann Sullivan, the love of my life, a Bishop O'Dowd graduate and mother of our six children.



*Ed George and his wife*

My first job in the real world was as a social worker for Alameda county. I applied for a probation officer position but found no openings. My training at the Seminary gave me a great foundation for taking civil service exams and enabled me to compete at a high level especially with my writing skills. Raising my family the first few years was tough. I discovered police officers made far better salaries than social workers, so I took a few exams and came out number one on the City of Alameda Police Officer test. Just like that, I was a cop. It was pretty much a public relations job. Such a peaceful town, nothing exciting ever happened there. Well, maybe two things, I almost got rundown by a drunk driver while investigating a hit and run on a dark and a rainy night. The culprit came back to the scene while I was standing beside the earlier damaged car. He came back down the street and seemed to be aiming directly at me. He glanced off the rear bumper of the patrol car, then, slid by me as I hugged the patrol car. With a piece of jagged metal protruding from his car, it cut through my rain gear, my uniform and both my legs. Then, he kept going. I scrambled for my gun and pulled it out as he drove away. I took one shot at the car as it turned the corner. My partner who was in the patrol car took off, leaving me standing in the rain. I ran after him and when I reached the corner, I saw that my partner had pulled him over halfway down the block. As I ran toward the suspect's car, my partner opened the driver's side door. The suspect fell out onto the pavement like a sack of potatoes and remained motionless. My God, I thought, I hit the guy. A chill shot through me.

As I drew closer, I asked, "Is he dead?"  
"Yes," my partner replied, "dead drunk."  
Thank God. A sense of relief came over me. I have never believed in the death penalty.

The other thing was when I delivered a baby in the middle of the night, the pro-life thing to do. In the back of the ambulance with the mother as we raced to the hospital, she asked me if it was a boy or a girl. I told her, "Sorry, I didn't look."

After two years, I took a position as a correctional counselor at San Quentin, a job I found more challenging and had a better

chance to advance. Besides, the night shifts were killing me. I had started teaching Latin and English classes at Galileo High School in San Francisco from ten AM until noon hoping to complete my teaching credential requirements. I had to give that up out of pure fatigue. Another reason to change was to start a career with the Department of Corrections and then workout a transfer to the San Francisco parole office. After one year, I made the move. Working the streets of my hometown, San Francisco, as a parole officer was a dream come true. I had parolees all over town, the Tenderloin, Haight/Ashbury with the Summer of Love going on, the Mission District, North Beach, and the old Barbary Coast. My goal was

not to send parolees back to prison, but help them re-establish their lives. I wanted to be on the rehabilitation end. That was so much a part of my seminary training. The one Bible passage that has always stuck in my mind is, "Whatever you do to the least of my brethren, you do unto me." That became my mantra.

After various assignments and promotions, I ended up back at San Quentin placed in charge of Death Row and all the maximum security housing units, including the infamous adjustment center out of which George Jackson attempted to escape in August 1971 and was shot to death. Three Correctional Officers were killed that day, the darkest day in San Quentin's history. When I arrived in July 1975, San Quentin was seething with racial tension. The media and the Grand Jury were all over the place. Charles Manson had arrived on death row and stabbings by inmate gangs were on the increase. My job was to develop programs and stem the violence. When I asked the Warden why he asked for me to come and manage the units, he told me he wanted a social worker type, not a hard nosed correctional Lieutenant.



I made a lot of risky changes. Many were resisted by the custody staff, but many of them worked out and saved lives. It was there that I first met Charles Manson and started a forty year relationship with him and many of his infamous family members. Manson died a few years ago, but I've kept in touch with many inmates who finished their time and adjusted back into the community. I could go on and on about my fascinating

career, but if you'd like to know more about how I dealt with the emotional and mental side of working with inmates and parolees, you will have to buy, "Charles Manson: Conversations with a Killer". Sterling Publishing Co. Released, May 2020.

**Jose Salcido, R'72**  
**Santa Clara County Sheriff's Office**

As a young boy graduating from a Catholic grammar school, I believed I had a calling to the priesthood, but as the saying goes, "Many are called but few are chosen."

In my case, God had a sense of humor for I can now see he sent me there to meet my lovely wife, Mary Jane Davis, sister of Mike Davis '72. We have been married for over 40 years.

I followed my brother John, another seminarian, into the law enforcement field. We both graduated from the San Jose Police Academy. He remained with San Jose PD and I chose to transfer to the Santa Clara County Sheriff's Office.

Over a 32 year career, I worked Patrol, Corrections, the Sheriff's Police Academy, Internal Affairs, and the Investigations Bureau.

Little did I know that my seminary days would play an integral part of my years in law enforcement. It provided me with a solid educational foundation for college, where I completed a BS degree in Business Management and a Masters degree in Public Administration from SJSU. That same foundation also gave me the confidence to promote up to lieutenant and to run the Deputy Sheriff's union for six years.

Throughout my years of service to the community, my faith has kept me centered. When you think about it, law enforcement and the priesthood are not all that different.

I often talked with my brother, John (San Jose PD) and my brother-in-law, Mike (retired Santa Clara PD) about our experiences in law enforcement. Both were very balanced in dealing with the brokenness that causes people to commit crimes. We all agreed that good police work required us to recognize the dignity of each person.

I recall a case when I was assigned to the Robbery/Homicide Unit where my faith background compelled me to reach out to a murder suspect.

In 2001 four gang members committed a robbery in Cupertino where a security guard was killed. The crime led us to Southern California where we discovered the gang was responsible for 8 killings. All of the murders happened during robberies of high



*Jose Salcido*

end jewelry stores throughout California and Nevada.

A task force was formed under the direction of the FBI and the gang members were eventually rounded up.

I flew to the Los Angeles County Jail to interview the shooter of our homicide. The interview was short lived because the suspect requested an attorney. Seeing a relatively young man before me who had squandered his leadership skills to run a gang, I felt inspired to challenge him on a spiritual level.

I guaranteed him that he would spend the rest of his life in prison and asked him to consider thinking about his immortal soul. I explained to him that after this life we would all be held accountable for our actions here on earth.

I went so far as to tell him the story of St Paul's conversion and compared him to St. Paul, who persecuted Christians and yet became one of Christ's greatest apostles. He never responded to me, but I hoped I had planted a seed.

Ten years later, after retiring from the Sheriff's Office, I opened the Mercury News and read that the suspect had finally been sentenced to life in prison. The article recounted how the daughter of one of his victims approached him in the court room and handed him the book, "Purpose Driven Life" by Rick Warren. This was yet another example of the Holy Spirit working through us to save someone else.

Did that inmate ever change his ways, I may never know, but everyone should be given the opportunity to do so.

Each one of us can tell how our seminary days has influenced and impacted our chosen professions. There is no doubt that those lessons learned have stayed with us through the years and helped us to grow God's kingdom. Clearly, we have more than just fond memories from our seminary days.

We have a strong moral compass that can guide us through the difficulties of life.

God Bless, Jose Salcido

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**Dave Donovan, C'69**  
**Seminarian to Cop in Five Days**

Nearing the end of eight years at St. Joe's and St. Pat's, and after observing and interacting with numerous priests of varying degrees of pastoral competence (mostly of high competence), I concluded that I would not become a very

good priest. For plan B, I applied for a job with the Oakland Police Department.

I had not, of course, been trained in the Seminary for any

## Dave Donovan *Continued*

particular job; I knew that the Police Department would train me for the job I was to do. The job appealed to me because it offered a variety of daily experiences, worthwhile goals in serving the public, and an opportunity to work (mostly) outdoors. Five days after college graduation I was sworn in as an officer.

The Seminary had well prepared me for some of the important aspects of the job: good study habits in recruit school, report writing, reading comprehension, public speaking, and adequate physical conditioning ("Go Bears!"). I finished near the top of my fifteen week long recruit class. The ability to follow rules and superiors' direction, as well as the ability to apply rules correctly, was a natural fit. (My first police supervisor, Sgt. Mike Hoefling, coincidentally had attended St. Joseph's a few years before I had. He mentioned that upon leaving the Seminary he found Marine boot camp to be a piece of cake. "Have they put padding on the kneelers yet?")



*Dave Donovan*

Regardless of religious training, the "golden rule" was generally the most helpful approach to problem solving in public, though a firm hand was sometimes required. For example, I found that addressing drunks as "mister" or "sir" resulted almost always in their cooperation.

The two drawbacks to seminary education that come to mind were a lack of knowledge about cars ("Is that a Chevy or a Pontiac that I'm chasing?") and the lack of experience in dealing with liars. Dealing with lying by suspects, of course; but also by "regular" citizens, who may, for example, exaggerate their loss in a burglary. The general population is composed of more than just Poets and Rhets.



my three decades career.

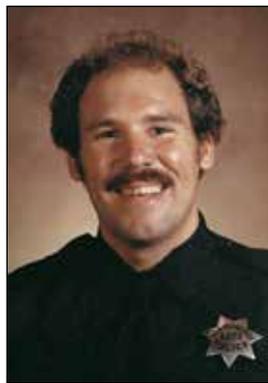
So a combination of Seminary and recruit school training helped me successfully handle the great many and varied requests for service, and few scary incidents, that comprised

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## Vince Simpson, C'72

### Walking and Riding the Beat and Volunteering

After graduating after five years from St. Joseph's High School in 1972, I decided not to pursue a vocation to the priesthood. Instead, I continued my education at San Francisco State University. During my fourth year in college, I began to seek out a profession that offered similar values like those I had experienced in the Seminary. Values such as service to your community, spirituality, competitiveness, and perseverance were some of the things that a career in law enforcement could provide. So in 1977, I joined the San Francisco Police Department and after graduating from their training program, I was assigned to work a radio car in the Haight Ashbury district of the City. Besides taking reports and responding to crimes in progress, I also walked a foot beat along Haight Street. That assignment enabled me to build a strong connection with both the merchants and neighborhood residents. I also felt a lot of compassion towards people who were struggling with addiction and homelessness. Rather than resorting to arrests or citations, I instead steered them towards treatment centers, shelters, and other social services. In addition, I volunteered each summer with a police youth fishing program taking inner city kids out fishing on the ocean and at the local lakes. This enabled me to engage with these kids on a personal level and help alleviate some of their fear and apprehension of talking with police officers.



*Vince Simpson*

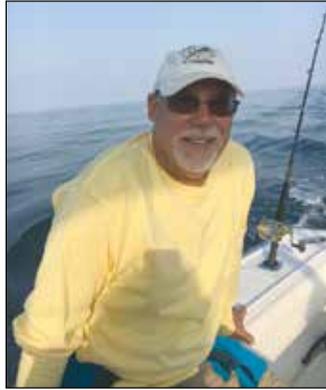
Later I transferred to a downtown station that dealt with high incidences of criminal activity and was assigned to train recruits who had just graduated from the Police Academy. Just like the priest who taught me in the Seminary, I was able to share my knowledge and experiences with young recruits to prepare them to become successful Police Officers. Perhaps, one of my most rewarding experiences in the Department was when I was assigned to the Mounted Police Unit. During my four years there, I patrolled both Golden Gate Park and Downtown on horseback. Unlike riding in a patrol car where people avoid contact with the police, I found riding a horse broke all those barriers, and instead, the public was enthusiastically drawn toward the officer and his horse. It was during that time, I also volunteered to teach drug education and prevention courses in a number of middle schools throughout the City, where students learned about the negative effects of drugs and alcohol. I even rode my horse, Fred, to some of these schools and let the students feed him treats as a reward for completing the program.

Upon my subsequent promotion to sergeant, I returned to patrol and supervised a number of officers at the district stations. I also was assigned to work as the station's liaison officer and assist both the district's community and business representatives with maintaining security for different events and moving some of

## Vince Simpson Continued

their quality of life issues. During my last eight years before retirement, I supervised the Taxicab/Public Vehicle For Hire Detail which enforced the City's taxicab and limousine rules and regulations.

After retiring in 2009, I moved to San Rafael and began volunteering at various non-profit organizations including Habitat for Humanity and The Marin Community Foundation. Currently, I volunteer for the National Park Service and Trout Unlimited where I assist these groups in the restoration of fish habitat and the raising



people who are in need.

of trout in school classroom aquariums throughout the County. I also volunteer at the Marin Community Court which assists individuals with little or no income to work off their outstanding fines by volunteering at local non-profit organizations and services.

Looking back at my career as a police officer, I attribute most of my success and growth to not only my family and fellow officers, but to the community of teachers and students at the Seminary who inspired me to serve and protect

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## The Narrowness of the Church Doors Today

Excerpts from a sermon by the Rev. Robert Guguere, St. Ann's, Palo Alto, November 9, 1986. Father Giguere was a Sulpician who taught both at St. Joe's and St. Patrick's Seminaries. He was a bigger than life teacher and confessor. He also served the Stanford Newman Club in Palo Alto when Catholics were not welcome on campus as they are now.

*"It all comes from not making doors big enough," said Pooh as he found himself wedged in Rabbit's hutch door." . . .*

Church doors have often been narrow, cut down by the ideas of legalists, overzealous, over-righteous Christians. We need to ask ourselves how wide is this door of ours? If it is not wide enough, there is no vision, no dance, no true humanism. I wonder whether Jesus could get in His own Church today! How catholic is the Roman Catholic Church? The early Greek fathers of the Church were very excited about it being

"catholic", embracing all our human brothers and sisters, no matter what their ancestry or former religion or lifestyle. St. Paul said there would be no more male or female, no more Jew or Greek, no more slave or master in this new Church established by Jesus Christ. It was a Church called catholic with a small "c". Now we can lament over what the Roman Catholic Church is not, or we can come together and make it what it can be. Prophetic anger and protest at narrowing these doors is justifiable and necessary. But if the dream is to be made real, it must start in deep spirituality, a revolution of prayer to get in touch with our Source of love. Revolution must start in politics but it must end in mysticism. Narrow doors and hearts restrict the vision of the Church. We must keep faith and pray for the Lord to touch us so we can reach out to others in compassion and understanding, to make this Church catholic with a small "c".

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## Association Expenditures

The Board of Governors at its regular meeting of September 24, 2020, directed that this Newsletter carry a short article describing some of the uses the Board has made in the name of the Association.

The Board continues to incur expenses for all events and newsletters. In these difficult times when Covid has temporarily done away with some events (Day of Recollection, Alumni Day, Coach Gordon Lacey's 80th party), the Board is pivoting to put out more Newsletters and to present the annual Day of Recollection on a "distance" basis. We will be incurring expenses for these that we have not before incurred, but if they successfully reach more alums, then that is the whole point of what we want to do.

The Board also makes donations to organizations affiliated in some way with our history or with the life's work of particular alums. For example, in the prior fiscal year we responded

to a request from the Sulpicians and gave \$2,500 for use in a Sulpician seminary in Africa. In this fiscal year we have given \$2,200 to St. Patrick's Seminary in lieu of the table we take each year to support its "Gala", an event cancelled for this year by Covid. (We pay nothing for our use of the chapel, dining room and other facilities at St. Pat's.) We have given \$4,500 to the De Colores Foundation in Chula Vista to support the work along the California border by our alum, Fr. Jim Hagan (Rhet'63). And the Board has also given \$1,500 to the Kino Border Initiative in honor of the work that our alum John Shasky (Rhet'64) and his wife, Ginnie, are doing on the Arizona border. (Also see the last edition of the Newsletter.)

While there are obviously limits to what the Board can do to help alums and we cannot always help each year, we know you share the Board's pride in being able to support the noble work done by our fellow alums in the "field hospitals" of our current troubled world.

## A Letter to the Alumni from “Padre” Jim Hagan, R’63

At a recent meeting of the Board of this Alumni Association, the Board voted to send a donation to the work of Fr. Jim Hagan (“Padre Jaime”) in northern Mexico along the California border. Our last Newsletter featured an article on Jim and his ministry with the poorest of the poor. Here follows a note of thanks received in long hand from Padre Jaime.

October 16, 2020

Dear All,

The other day someone asked me about my seminary formation. I answered saying that I spent 12 years studying and preparing for the priesthood. The next question was how did you last that long. I answered that it was a wonderful experience. One could not have asked for any better companions in a spirit of solidarity and trust.

Further reflection led me to conclude that the most favorable part of my life was spent with the friends who still remain in touch after 63 years. I recognize the unselfish and mostly unrewarding donation of time, study, tolerance of the exceptional Sulpicians, but even more so to those who put up with me over the long haul.

I am grateful to all of you for your generous contribution to De Colores Foundation. I want to use the funds to start up a cottage industry for our kids of other capabilities making solar cookers. Families throughout Latin America destroy forests for fine wood. Solaria Chile has published and designed a parabolic reflector which interests me.

Also for some time we have been organizing people to form a team to make devices for the mobile impaired people. The pandemic has slowed our plans but the project remains. We are slowly opening our chapels for outside masses. Before March I had 5 Masses on Sunday. The pandemic has been a rest but more time to work on our food programs.

I include a brief update of activities and pray for all in thanksgiving for your exceeding generosity.

Sincerely, Jim Hagan

### The “Update” from Padre Jaime

Time for the children to go back to school. But there is no school. Classes are on line, but the children in our area do not have computers. Time to go back to work, but jobs are scarce. Time to go to church, but we opened one chapel out of four. Our schools for remedial education remained closed. The one area that remains open is for kids of other abilities. However activities have been curtailed. Candelaria, who has been with us for fifteen years, pleads to go to equine therapy. We do not gather the children from different homes to celebrate birthdays. Our Canoa Center has continued to provide therapy, with masks for the all, social distancing, thermometer check, disinfectant, thirty minute limit, no singing, etc.

In the meantime we have opened up a new house right next to the parish church on the East side of Rosario with the hope that churchgoers can take interest and support the project. We only had to paint, fix the roof, and rework electricity and plumbing, and build new wheelchair access ramps and new kitchen cabinets. Roberto lives here, fifty years old, movement impaired evidently by sliding six inch steps, retarded, (He still plays with his box of hot wheels.) but a truly marvelous person. He exudes kindness, consideration of others, graciousness, benignity, a deeply felt laughter, and a wonderful sense of humor. He and David get along splendidly. We envision this house to take in older folks. The one overwhelmingly worry of parents with challenged youngsters, is what will happen to them when I die. We also want to respond to the growing incidence of Alzheimers among young people with down syndrome as they advance in years.

With the help of Serving Hands International, we purchased a mobile classroom which we are slowly turning into a residence for our challenged people. We redid all the electricity including changing to LED, built a bathroom which will hopefully experience all interior connections tomorrow, repaired the entire room, and built a ramp-garden area which would correspond to a twelve by forty foot deck and ramp. Instead through a friend who works for the city, we acquired eleven dump truck loads of rubble and dirt which we move by pick and shovel to form a shaded area for the children, complete with dwarf plants and trees. A refugee family from El Salvador is scheduled to move in today to start caring for our kids. We will have three houses connected to each other in administration, provisions, and supervision, separated ten minutes from each other. I do not believe in large institutions that do not provide personal care, but rather in family groups to support and watch out for one another. I strive to initiate SOS which started in Australia at the end of WW2 with the great number of orphans in Europe and has spread all over the world. They have a home in Tijuana where one of our young people was the director. I have also visited their home in Tres Rios on the outskirts of San Jose, Costa Rica. The challenge is to adopt the system of family type units to the historical and cultural circumstances at play in our area.

If official transactions required x amount of time before the pandemic, they now require 7x. A water connection to CANOA, a simple eight foot hook up to a new meter, extended over seven months. It took ten months to open a bank account to conform with revised laundering. Rest assured that I have enough trouble washing David’s and my clothes, let alone money. I do confess to finding coins in the bottom of the tub. All of this does not include hours waiting in line to be told to come back another day. Isais 30, “For thus said the Lord God, the holy one of Israel: by waiting and calm you will be saved, in quietness and trust shall be your strength.”

## Jim Harvey, Editor

There was a request for me to throw in a little copy about myself along with a photo. I attended St Joseph's College in the year 1961/65, only for one year. So I am a short timer, but that short time had an indelible affect on me and a desire to associate with all of you fellow Seminarians. I feel privileged to hang out with all you guys, all of whom have dedicated your lives to service and distinction.

My fondest memory of the Seminary was sitting in the Chapel a week prior to Christmas break, and seeing Father Dillon, Sheriff Matt, say to all of us as the flu had been making its rounds, that if he heard one more cough, he would cancel our leaving for Christmas break. Immediately every Seminarian started coughing, and he just threw up his hands and walked back to his chair. It was funny, at the time.

I really liked Latin and continued taking Latin for a further six years through UC Berkeley. I started my medical science carrier at Pacific Medical Center at the Old Stanford Hospital on Clay and Webster in San Francisco, as a biochemist working to determine the amino acid sequence and structure of Alpha One Anti Trypsin, which is a protein made by a gene, and which, if produced through a mutation, causes emphysematic lung changes in persons, having smoked or not, depending on the genotypic pairing.

My career next took me Stanford where I worked for 30 years as a Pulmonary Physiologist, studying the structure and function of the transplanted lung before and after the lung transplantation procedure. I also worked on the causes and effects of pulmonary fibrosis, otherwise known as interstitial lung disease. Working with organ transplant patients was a privilege and very important. I have found over the years that transplant patients and their families are very special and courageous people.

And I have spent the last 25 years serving as an elected director on our San Mateo County, Coastside, water and sewer boards. Water and sewer often involve aggressive political interests and divisive factions, and I feel it is important to keep the processes flowing, so to speak, properly and fairly, in the interests of the health and safety of the community.



Jim Harvey

## In Memoriam

*Alums who have died in 2020. May they rest in Peace.*

Anthony M. Alioto Rhet '65  
Adolph (Andy) M. Anderson Rhet '53  
Rev. Brian Costello College '75  
Rev. Patrick Curran Rhet '54  
Thomas Dowling Rhet '56  
Frank C. Griffin, M.D. Rhet '57  
David L. Haynes Rhet '65  
Gerald Hilliard Rhet '62  
Donald Holden Rhet '59  
Bernard J. Kirk H. S. '67  
John Kriel Rhet '62  
Alfred Langen Rhet '61  
Melvin J. Loftus Rhet '56  
Louis J. Luini Rhet '61  
Rev. Richard B. MacDonough, PSS, Professor  
Rev. Dr. Loring M. McAllister Rhet '57  
William J. McGuinness Rhet '55  
Msgr. Edward P. McTaggart Rhet '49  
Rev. John F. Mattingly, PSS, Professor  
Msgr. Joseph J. Milani Rhet '44  
Eugene H. Miner H '67  
Walter S. Nicholas Rhet '65  
David D. Nolan Rhet '59

## 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!

Chuck Smith, R'60, Alumni Board Member  
Email: [CPSmith@garlic.com](mailto:CPSmith@garlic.com)

## Contact Information

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

Don Carroll at [donandmaryjocarroll@gmail.com](mailto:donandmaryjocarroll@gmail.com) or  
Chuck Smith at [CPSmith@garlic.com](mailto:CPSmith@garlic.com)

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Alumni Association**  
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*Merry Christmas*



*Happy New Year*

Join us on  
**DAY OF RECOLLECTION**  
National Webinar  
Saturday, February 27, 2021

## WINNERS OF 2020 RAFFLE

Thanks to all who support our raffle. The winners are:

1st PRIZE: **James Stack, R'63**

Hawaii (one week plus \$1,000 for travel), courtesy of Mark Wandro, C'70

2nd PRIZE: **Michael Jacobsen, R'61**

Sonoma Wine Country Getaway (lunches, tours), courtesy of Bill Isetta, R'64

3rd PRIZE: **Jose Salcido, H'74**

Case of wines from Grgich Hills Estate, courtesy of Dennis McQuaid, R'59

4th PRIZE: **Gerry Dunn, R'64**

Wine from Mahoney Vineyards, courtesy of Kathleen and Francis Mahoney, R'65

5th PRIZE: **James White, R'58**

Tom Brady autographed football, courtesy of Tom Brady, R'64

6th PRIZE: **Jim Bernie, R'54**

Wines from Taft Street Winery, courtesy of Marty Tierney, R'64

7th PRIZE: **Jim Bristow, R'63**

Two premium seats to S.F. Giants, courtesy of Portsmouth Financial & Dan Collins, R'54