

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

www.saintjosephcollege.org

Winter 2024 Newsletter

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

ALUMNI COMING EVENTS

Day of Recollection

On February 24th we will present our annual Day of Recollection. It is FREE! You can come in person to enjoy the beautiful grounds at St. Pat's beginning at 9:00 a.m. or attend remotely by Zoom. The Director will be our own Fr. Jim Fredericks (C'73). Jim is a retired emeritus professor of theology from Loyola Marymount University and especially skilled in the interface between the spiritualities of Christianity and those of the East such as Buddhism. Jim currently is a pastoral treasure for the people of St. Leo's in Sonoma. Please contact Sal Chavez at Salchavez53@gmail.com or Don Carroll at donandmaryjocarroll@gmail.com. You are welcome even at the last moment!

42nd Annual Alumni Day - Save the Date!

Msgr. Jim Gaffey, Dakin Matthews, and Jim Harvey to be Honored.

Alumni Day will be Saturday, April 27th with Mass at 12 Noon followed by a lunch in the Dining Room of St. Pat's. Many alums appreciated our switch last year to a luncheon format from a dinner because of the ability to avoid driving in the dark. We will honor with Alumnus of the Year Awards two distinguished alums, Dakin Matthews (R'59), star of stage and screen, and Msgr. Jim Gaffey, (R'53), noted Church historian, teacher and pastor. We will give the James P. Murphy Award for outstanding contributions to the Association to the esteemed editor of our Alumni Newsletter, Jim Harvey (R '65). The principal celebrant of the Mass will be Rev. Mario Farana, Pastor of St. Paul Parish from the 60 year Anniversary Class and the homilist will be Rev. Larry Percell, from the 55th Anniversary Class and retired clinical psychologist and pastor, father and grandfather.

Honoree Classes will be:

Rhet '64, College '69, College '74, High School '74, College '79. High School '79, & College '84.

THE DATE! Look for the formal Invitation in March. Items for our Raffle are always welcome!

THE SYNOD ON SYNODALITY, A REPORT

Don Carroll, R'58

As readers will recall, the Alumni Association engaged you in a national Zoom conference to develop a submission to the Synod on Synodality, as invited by Pope Francis. As we reported earlier, we did make a submission, and we have an acknowledgment (in four languages!) to prove its receipt in Rome.

The first phase of the Synod took place this past October. It will resume and then conclude this coming October 2024. This interim period is dedicated to study, reflection, and prayer. So, no real results yet.

There is a 42 page summary report from this phase.

This summary was voted upon paragraph by paragraph with each paragraph requiring a two-thirds majority vote of the voting participants.

This summary doesn't always reflect some topics as fully as a topic was actually discussed by the attendees. Examples of this include the ordination of women deacons and also the failure to even use the acronym LGBTQ+ in connection with the discussions of this topic. Disappointing to some but also reflective of the fact that many Catholics are not of the same mind. Nonetheless, everyone seems anxious to assure the

world's Catholics that all topics are still "on the table" for the final phase this October.

There was also a proposal added to this summary that would be of interest to some alums. This proposal would take men who have left the priesthood and put them back into "a pastoral service that enhances their training and experience." To what end is the natural question. But at least the topic is open. So many of our alums who left the active ministry years ago deeply desired to continue some forms of ministry and have died without seeing that happen.

Finally, the one "plus" that may be most enduring is the process itself that this Synod is following. Pope, cardinals, priests, nuns and laypeople seated at round tables, rotating from table to table, listening to one another, praying for the Spirit's guidance, is an image that is totally new for synods. It is the fulfillment perhaps of Lumen Gentium's promise that we will move from an

exclusive papacy to collegiality and now we will mix in synodality with all the People of God. In the opinion of several bishops and cardinals there will never again be a synod without voting lay participants. The summary report says that "[t]he exercise of co-responsibility is essential for synodality and is necessary at all levels of the Church".

One moment of interest to me was a report of a cardinal walking out because he could no longer take listening to views that were not his own. He was so confident that he already knew the mind of the Holy Spirit that he was unwilling to listen for that Spirit. This is exactly what we went through with Vatican II: the fear of change. Yes, Truth does not change; but our ability to grasp it fully remains fully finite. Something erroneous does not become any less erroneous just because it is repeated over a great deal of time. Humility seems to be a prerequisite for listening to the Spirit this next October.

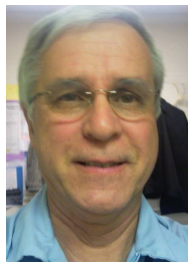
STORIES OF LIFE AFTER THE SEMINARY

As a continuation, this Newsletter issue covers Medicine, to Emergency Medicine, to Police Service, and then onto Firefighting. We are moving on to highlighting any and all professions which St. Joseph-St. Patricks College Seminarians have undertaken. Whatever your calling turned out to be, consider writing and sending in an article describing your profession and how the Seminary influenced and continues to influence your life. Send to Jim Harvey at ja_harvey@yahoo.com.

Mark Wandro, C'70

I could write a book about my experiences at St. Joe's. I loved it and sometimes hated it, but it left a deep impact on me. I came from a very Catholic family. Two of my mother's sisters were nuns and her closest sister had two boys who were priests in the diocese. It was only natural when I was asked, in 8th grade at St. Gregory's, if I had ever thought of becoming a priest. I said I had and next thing I knew I was taking a tour of the seminary, I got enrolled and I moved in as a Sixth Latiner. It was great having my own room, though I didn't spend much time there. I did like the studies and did well. But I was a little guy and did not have a natural aptitude for sports. Some of my bigger classmates bullied me, even in chapel. I found living by the rules made life easier and I found that if I helped some of the "athletes" with their Latin, I could be part of the group, especially the bunch that played guitars and sang folk songs outside the 2nd High Study Hall. I had a few best friends, and we spent many a free afternoon walking the beautiful grounds talking philosophy and how we planned to live our lives.

I learned my place in the seminary hierarchy, with the priests at the top. They lived in suites, ate at a separate raised table, and were our teachers, some very memorable.



**Mark Wandro
RN, BA, BSN**

But even they were below the Archbishop, who showed up a few times a year for visits. We would dress up in our suits and wait for him on the front porch. The main teaching I got from him is that we were to avoid the "evils of the flesh". More on that later.

In Second High, a couple of students and I came down with Hepatitis A. It seems that one of the kitchen workers did not wash hands properly. I spent a couple of nights in the Infirmary with a 104 fever, hallucinating and wandering the hallway before our good nurse took me back to bed and sat with me. I ended up in the Isolation Ward at Chope Hospital for a couple of weeks and I missed 3-4 weeks of school. When I came back, I had a stutter that impeded my speech, but the priests and my fellow students understood and supported me.

I joined the library where I became a bookbinder and learned how to repair books and glue magazines into volumes. At one point, in Third High, I got the job of Bellringer. I had to get up early every morning to ring the wake-up bell. And I got to ring the Angelus bells in the courtyard. I tried to get in some of our plays, but I had little skill as an actor or singer. But I loved the music and singing, especially the choir as directed

by Fr. Olivier. It did not seem that I was getting much experience as a priestly leader, just following the rules.

As the effects of Vatican II were being implemented, we were given more freedom. By Fourth High, I had my own car at SJC and soon after I had a part-time job. By Junior year of college (we were the first class to spend all four years of college at SJC), I was doing some volunteering in the local parishes, mainly CCD classes after school. I even got to lead the singing at my local parish. I was starting to live my own life. I met some young ladies; we became friends, and I invited them to some of our open Masses at SJC. They became known as “Gunky and Groovy” and I was able to make up for all the dating I missed in High School. Somehow, I became involved with an evangelical Christian group. I loved the feeling of love they exuded, and the singing was wonderful. At one point we were having our weekly meetings in the front parlor at SJC!

Then, at the end of junior year, my younger brother, who never understood my vocation, followed his own vocation to join the Marines. He was killed after only 3 months in Vietnam. I didn’t realize it at the time, but I was never the same again. At the same time, many priests, and even some of our Sulpicians, were leaving the priesthood, some to get married. I decided it would be best for me to leave SJC after my 8 years of high school and college and go out into the world to get more

life experience. I decided to finish college there first. At about the same time, I got word from my advisor that the faculty were asking me to leave. Sounded like a real message from the universe.

Weeks after graduating, I joined the Tootell family (two of my professors) and Roy Folger on a trip to Europe. I stayed with them briefly at their villa in Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat and then set out on my own to hitchhike through Europe and the US for the next three months. That is another story, but I returned to the Bay Area and got a job in the San Mateo County Health Department – Venereal Disease Clinic. Here I learned a lot more about the “evils of the flesh” and taught classes in the local schools about sexual disease and safe practices. I learned a lot more about the world and my place in it. I got married and was definitely off the seminary track. Through my work with nurses in the clinic and a Men’s Group I joined, I saw my vocation as serving in Health Care and advancing the equality of the sexes by integrating Nursing with men. I graduated from UCSF in 1977 with a BSN and proceeded to work as an RN, mostly in the Emergency Department, until my retirement in 2014. Nursing had its own hierarchy and my seminary training prepared me for that. It allowed me to serve the people of God (saving lives literally), deal with my sexuality in a healthy way and raise a family.

That is how the seminary affected my life and got me into an alternative helping profession and lifestyle. ■

Michael Sheehan, H’71

For nearly 30 years, I worked as co-founder and CEO of a natural medicine company based in Cotati, California, retiring in December 2022 when two employees purchased my shares and took over the reins. Since its inception in the 1990s, BioResource Inc. distributed to medical practitioners throughout the United States two innovative lines of German-made medications free of side effects: the PEKANA homeopathic-spagyric remedies for detoxification, regeneration and organ regulation, and the sanPharma immune-metabolics to prevent and treat bacterial, viral and fungal infections.

The St. Joseph’s connection in founding a natural medicine company that featured German remedies was both vital and serendipitous. After receiving a graduate degree in Science Journalism in 1980 from Boston University, I worked as a technology writer – first at NASA Ames Research Center and then for Silicon Valley companies for about 12 years – when I first learned about German Biological Medicine (GBM) from Peter Gosch H’70. Peter and I were varsity soccer teammates during high school, and became even better friends at St. Patrick’s



College before I left the seminary during my sophomore year. Over the next decade, we stayed in touch, especially when he visited his sister in San Jose each summer.

Pete had been born in Germany, but raised in California, and was fluent in both German and English. He’d returned to live in Germany following graduation from St. Patrick’s in 1974, and over time had developed friendships with a number of German medical professionals. Pete had experienced chronic health problems related to his teaching job at a US Air Force base, and when his conventional medical doctors were unable to help, he turned to a heilpraktiker (health practitioner) who used German natural medicine to restore his vitality. Hearing about his recovery, I decided we needed to introduce the basic concepts and remedies to North America by writing a magazine article. This idea eventually turned into a 1990 book co-authored with a Swedish medical doctor. We also started referring to writing the introductory book as our mission from God because of the many so-called “coincidences” that happened to make it possible.

Once health care professionals discovered the

existence of GBM, a number of medical doctors, naturopaths and chiropractors contacted me to find out how they could get their hands on the remedies. A light bulb went on, and I contacted Pete about the possibility of starting a distribution company for American practitioners. We knew it involved taking a big financial risk, but also strongly felt God's guidance would show us the way. During the early days of getting things up and running, Pete personally met with the presidents of each German company to check out their production operations, lay the foundation for solid, long-term partnerships, and help smooth the introduction of their remedies into the American market. During this period, he also decided not to participate in everyday operations at BioResource, but instead became a paid consultant.

Here in the U.S., I set up the corporation, found an office-warehouse space, worked with investors, handled the time-consuming and sometimes frustrating process of FDA drug registrations, and initiated a marketing campaign to inform practitioners that these new high-quality remedies would soon be available. We also talked about the need for a company slogan. Pete suggested – in a light-hearted manner – that we use “Heal the sick, raise the dead,” and I countered with “More quality products from the same people who brought you World War II.” We settled on “The Next Level.” In addition, we emphasized the need for educational materials, and over the years produced numerous publications, including a 400-page Medications and Therapeutic Applications Guide and a Vital Energy Medicine book about the PEKANA remedies.

Looking back, our training at St. Joe's High School and St. Patrick's College served us well. One key lesson learned from the Sulpician fathers that we wanted to follow was the idea of doing good while doing well. In other words, helping other people to the best of our abilities while being self-reliant and successful. Operating a viable company means it must make money to stay in business. That's a reality. But meeting our business goals also allowed us to provide a safe, effective form of European medicine to American health professionals that enhanced their ability to help patients battle acute and chronic diseases.

In fact, many of the business principles we based BioResource on can be traced back to what we learned in the seminary about how to treat people: always do what you say you'll do; strive for honesty in all your relationships, including with customers, suppliers and vendors; if you don't know the answer to a question, let the customer know you'll find out and call them back as quickly as possible; and trade value for value by offering great products because, as we quickly learned, people vote with their dollars and will support a high quality company. Without a doubt, one of the greatest joys of running a natural medicine company was receiving phone calls and emails from doctors thanking us for making available these gentle yet highly effective remedies that made such a difference in their patients' lives.

Today, although under new ownership, BioResource continues to thrive. Thanks to the Lord and the Sulpician fathers, we spent many enjoyable years doing work that made a positive impact on thousands of people's lives. ■

Fred Rowe, R'65

I chose to leave St. Joe's in September 1964, about ten days into Rhet year, with the stated intention of one day becoming a physician. That did eventually happen, but it took about eight years longer than I had anticipated. I got admitted pretty quickly to Santa Clara University as a biology major for the fall trimester; since the Poet-year course load had a lot of units, I was a sophomore, but since four of my Poet year courses were languages, I was essentially a freshman science student. They didn't even give me credit for Brian O'Kane's chemistry class... said it was high school level. I compounded the problem of starting “behind” by changing my major after a year, going from “squishy” biology to more math-oriented chemistry. All this became a problem in the spring of 1966, when my draft board discovered that I was not going to graduate in 1967; they regarded five years in college as draft dodging and pulled my student deferment. Now SCU



had ROTC, and they had a new two-year plan (as opposed to the usual four years), so I signed up, figuring that maybe by 1968, all the nonsense in SE Asia might be over with. I subsequently changed my major a few more times, ultimately graduating in 1968 with a BA in... get this... philosophy, and a commission as a second lieutenant in the US Army.

I had gotten pretty gung-ho in ROTC, and I requested jump school and an assignment to the 82nd Airborne Division, so for my first year or so, I jumped out of aircraft a few times a month. But one day a pilot friend of mine took me flying in a small observation helicopter and let me fly a little, and the next thing I knew, I was in helicopter flight school. That pretty well punched my ticket to Vietnam, so on April Fools Day 1971, I departed for my year at Vinh Long in the Mekong Delta. At this point, I was thinking about staying in the Army, but the year-plus after I returned

made me change my mind, and I got out in August 1973 to return to school at San Jose State and be pre-med for real. While at SJSU, I met my wife when we both had part-time jobs dispatching tow trucks for AAA Road Service. Back then, it was a bit of a challenge getting into med school at age 30, but in 1976 I was admitted to UC-San Diego. I graduated in 1980 and did a rotating internship in Portland and an emergency medicine residency at the county hospital in Fresno. I then practiced at several Kaiser-Permanente facilities in the Sacramento area from 1984 to 2005 and have been retired since then.

So... why medicine? And why emergency medicine (EM)? Why Kaiser? And how did it all work out? I'd say that I ended up in medicine because of Catholic education's emphasis at all levels on the importance of the helping professions, things like teachers, health care, and the clergy, and my interest and aptitude in science. Even after my five year detour in the Army, the chance to be of service and actually get paid for it remained a motivating factor for me. Who knows... that may also account for my joining the local Rotary club soon after retiring... their motto is Service Above Self.

The choice of EM resulted from some personality traits I had, like the ability to make quick decisions based on less information than I would prefer. That actually also stood me in good stead both as an air mission commander during combat operations and in my first volunteer avocation upon retiring, volunteer (and school-trained) Little League umpire. Another skill that most ER docs have are the ability to quickly achieve rapport and gain the confidence of a person in a stressful situation. One of the rewards of EM is the chance to rapidly make a difference in the outcome of a case.

Practicing at Kaiser allowed me to do what I was trained to do, take care of acutely ill and injured people, without worrying about the business end of medicine (unless I really wanted to). EM was a relatively new speciality when I got into it and many "ER docs" were not trained or board certified in EM; Kaiser recognized that care was better with training and certification and began to require them pretty early.

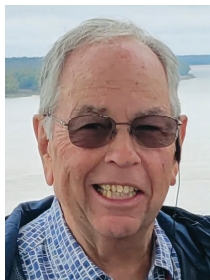
All those positives about EM and Kaiser in the last few paragraphs were balanced by some drawbacks. EM's nickname is "bad hour medicine" and I worked rotating ten-hour shifts 24/7/365; once I had kids, it all became trickier getting daytime sleep and managing the holidays. I was amazed at how good I felt after I retired and slept the same hours every day. As the years went on, the pace in the ER became a big problem; the occasional 2am-4am lull in patient flow disappeared and was replaced by a constant feeling of being overwhelmed, something I don't miss at all. But in general, I loved what I did and have the satisfaction of knowing that there are/were a number of people who are alive or in decent health because I took care of them, even if they don't even know my name.

Finally, how did my years at St. Joe's play into all this? Probably not much more than a strengthening of the ideal of service and being of help, to tell the truth, because although many anatomical structures have Latin names, I didn't find myself ahead of the game in anatomy lab, and my skimpy background in science during Poet year ultimately attracted my draft board's attention. That being said, my years at St. Joe's are a huge part of who I am, and I value dearly the years I spent there and the friends I made there. ■

Joe Reilly, C'72

I was fortunate to be visiting Montreal a few years ago, where I joined a guided walking tour of the old town center. The itinerary included a visit to rue Notre-Dame Ouest and the Basilique Notre-Dame du Montreal. As we crossed the plaza, walking toward the Basilica, our guide began describing the significance of this locale and I could see the familiar Sulpician Monogram on the basilica's façade.

Having experienced the Sulpician tradition in my high school and junior college seminary education, I knew the story of the Compagnie des Pretres de Saint Sulpice, the Seigneurs de Montreal, their role in founding the city, and how they eventually arrived in Baltimore. Saint Sulpice Seminary, the "Vieux Seminarie", founded more than 330 years ago, was right next door to the Basilica. Six years of Latin study helped



me work through and make some sense of the French inscribed plaques and historical markers.

My family lived in Holy Name Parish in San Francisco's outer Sunset, from where I entered SJC in 1964. I recall the parish priests occasionally visiting St. Joe's to see how the parish seminarians were doing. During Christmas vacations, the pastor at the time, Msgr. William Flanagan, would enlist us to set up the large Crèche in the church.

My class was one of the first to graduate from SJC High School under the 4-4-4 system. I remember meeting with Fr. Giaquinto sometime afterward, who told me that I was being recommended to SPC "with reservations", so some introspection was probably in order. I left SJC in 1970 and finished undergraduate studies at San Francisco State

University. While there, I was happy to find several other SJC alumni. I also reconnected with Fr. Richard Kalkman S.S., who was teaching in the SFSU Classics Department. (Some years later, as I was walking by a bakery in Manhattan one morning, there was Fr. Kalkman seated at the window counter with coffee and a Danish pastry).

My plan was to study city and regional planning at the graduate level in Berkeley. In the meantime, I joined the San Francisco Police Department, not expecting to make a career out of law enforcement, but that's exactly what happened, and I did not look back. I retired from SFPD in 2012 after 35+ years. During my career, I worked at several district stations, including that of my old neighborhood in the Sunset District, and the San Francisco International Airport. My final 10 years were spent in the Administration Bureau, where I was appointed Secretary of the San Francisco Police Commission in 2004 and served in that role for six years. I also served on the office staff of three successive Police Chiefs as a staff Lieutenant.

I gained a new appreciation for my early SJC education which served me well in my later career, and

proved to be a competitive advantage in assignments and promotions.

Certainly, the deeper understanding of English that the study of Latin provides, the ability to clearly articulate one's thoughts and observations, and the skills of elocution were key to producing an effective preliminary investigative police report. The report taken at a crime scene and filed by the responding officer is the first component of a successful investigation and eventual prosecution. (A San Francisco District Attorney once famously blamed poor quality police reports for the lack of convictions by his Office).

Since my retirement, I have worked part time as the Corporate Secretary of the Police Credit Union of California and as a paralegal. My spouse Patricia and I have lived in South San Francisco for 48 years.

My thoughts often drift back to SJC, especially during Holy Week. Many of my SJC classmates are still in touch after all these years and we enjoy a yearly get together as well as the SPS Alumni Day.

I was happy to help the Association with the recent archives project, and I look forward to now serving on the Board of Directors. ■

Emmet Monahan, HS'69

Three months after I graduated from St. Joseph High School in June 1969, I began a 36 year career with the fire department for the State of California. It was formerly known as CDF Fire. Today, it is known as Cal Fire. I retired as a fire captain 36 years later in July, 2005. I very much enjoyed my career as a firefighter. It is almost a continuation of my years at the seminary. As a seminarian, one is preparing to be a priest and be of service to the community. The job of the firefighter is also to be of service to the community. In fact, it was an alumnus in my class at St. Joseph, Tom St. Laurent, who had worked the summer before as a firefighter with CDF Fire, who first alerted me to working for CDF Fire.

Many people mistakenly believe that Cal Fire is just a wildland firefighting department. It is both a wildland fire department and a city fire department. We are responsible for emergency incidents in the unincorporated areas of each county. We have engines that are the same as the engines that a city would have and it responds to incidents – medical calls, structure fires, vehicle fires, rescues etc. that a firefighter in the city would respond to. We also have the wildland engines. You can be sent anywhere in the state on these

engines. If the fire is locally in your unit (I was in the San Mateo-Santa Cruz Unit) or in the adjoining unit (Santa Clara Unit) you would be dispatched as a single unit. Anything further than that, you would go as a strike team, which is five fire engines and a strike team leader, a battalion chief in a fire department vehicle. Cal Fire is the perfect fit for any firefighter who wants to get experience in all types of emergency incidents. I spent half of my career on the structure engine (termed Schedule A) and the other half on the wildland engine (termed Schedule B). If you work as a firefighter with Cal Fire, you will need to get used to extremes in temperatures. I was at the Lower Springs Fire just west of

Redding and it got up to 119 degrees. I was also at a fire at the Condor Sanctuary in Ventura Co. in December and it got down to 10 degrees.

People are shocked when I tell them how large the wildfires in California become. Consider that the entire land area of the City of San Francisco is 30,016 acres. I have been on several fires larger than the City of San Francisco. When I began with Cal Fire in 1969, the largest fire in California history was the Matilija Fire in Ventura Co. in 1932 which burned 220,000 acres. In



Daughter Agnes, Emmet Monahan, and wife Agnes

1977, I was on the Marble Cone Fire in Monterey Co. for 17 days. It burned 177,866 acres, almost six times the size of San Francisco. That fire was the second largest in state history until eclipsed by the Cedar Fire in 2003 in San Diego Co. which burned 273,246 acres. Since that time, the sizes of the fires have exploded in size. The Marble Cone Fire that I was on in 1977, was #2 in size as recently as 2003. Today, it is not even in the top 20. In one year, in 2020, California had five of its ten largest wildland fires in its history. It had #1 (1,032,648 acres); #4 (396,624 acres); #5 (379,895 acres); #6 (363,220 acres); and #7 (318,935 acres).

In all my years with Cal Fire, I was only sent out of state once to a fire. I was sent out on a strike team to Yellowstone Park in Wyoming in August, 1988. We were there for three weeks. All told, the fires in the park burned 793,880 acres, 36% of the 2.2 million acre park. My strike team was on the largest one in the park, the North Fork Fire, which burned 410,000 acres. That is the largest fire that I had been on in my career.

The first 25 years from 1969-1994, I worked as a firefighter with Cal Fire. I always enjoyed doing the fire investigations and determining how the fire started. So in 1994, I requested a transfer to the Cal Fire Arson Investigation Unit. In order to be on this unit, I had to become a peace officer and go through the police academy in order to arrest arsonists. The Fire Academy and the

Police Academy for Cal Fire are at the same location in Ione, Amador Co. The firefighters at my station were joking with me when they said to me what do all Irish Catholic mothers want? She wants to have three sons. One to become a priest, another a firefighter and another



Battalion chief, Kirk Landuyt (l) & fire captain Scott Jalbert (r)

a cop. They joked with me that with me going to the seminary and also being a firefighter and a cop that my mother got all three in one son. I like that type of good natured kidding. I worked the next nine years on the arson investigation unit until 2003. I missed being a firefighter and going to fires, so I requested a transfer back to the fire engine and spent my last two years

as a firefighter before retiring.

On the three large Lightning Complex Fires that burned near the Bay Area in 2020, which I had just written about, I had quite a few friends that called me and asked about Cal Fire and the equipment and methods that we use to put out the wildland fires. I typed up a 7 page information sheet that I sent to my friends which contains a lot of information about Cal Fire. If any of the alumni have a member of the family or a friend interested in a career with Cal Fire, you can e-mail me to send this report to you and I will send it. Cal Fire has over 60 fixed and rotary wing aircraft. It has the largest civil aerial firefighting fleet in the world. I devote quite a bit of time talking about the aviation program in this report. My e-mail is agnesemmet@aol.com. ■

Rudi Leonardi, C'69: A Life worth Reviewing

Joe Barile, C'69

Dear former classmates,

Many of you, who follow Facebook or X more than I do, may have already heard that our former classmate Rudi Leonardi has died surrounded by his 2 brothers and 3 sisters. With my poor memory I decided to review his time in the seminary and beyond as he most eloquently told with humor and grit I never knew he had. Here is his intro to his bio on our webpage. I treasure my time in the seminary...what an awesome place to grow up, to navigate how to be of use, to meet such interesting from around California, and just figure it all out with spirituality and service. It wasn't always easy for a Wyoming/Utah boy, but I laughed and cried and grew up with some remarkable wonderful human beings. Yes, "boys were boys" slung mud, played competitive sports, danced through a rigorous curricula, and survived in a cloistered environment...". More of Rudi's rich life and refreshing antics in the Sem and beyond can be found here:

<https://jobarlives.com/sjs/bios/bio.leonardi.html>

The long version IMHO is the best.

ADDENDUM: Apologies for trying to cut and paste from our webpage, and having the computer see things differently. Thanks to Jim Harvey for pointing this out, for Jack Snider for having a mass said for Rudi (as he has done for others) at 6:45 am at Benicia on February 6th. (I'll be there in spirit cuz traffic at that time is crazy.) And for immediate responses about Rudi from Buz, Mike Huvane, Mike Splain, Tom Hanson, Frank Cardinelli, and others to come. One particular story I was impressed about was how the Sulps got the word out to various parents to take in a few of the guys from Utah who couldn't afford the trip back home over Easter break. We had several over at one time, so did the Splain family who housed Rudi himself. Hoping you are as well as you can be at this stage of our lives.

Peace and Love.

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Thank you!

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