

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

December 1998 Newsletter

END OF A CHAPTER DEMOLITION OF ST. JOSEPH'S - ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE FINAL THOUGHTS FROM PINNACLES RANCH

by John H. Olivier, S.S.

(When asked to pen a few words, Fr. Olivier responded: "Murph, your invitation to tap out a few remarks is welcome; there's much in my heart that surfaces when I recall those years at SJC, and all the folks I lived and worked with there, and sometimes the eyes get wet with remembering.")

On my last visit to the SJC property—in company with Fr. Gene Strain, who had suggested that we shed a last tear over the place where we had spent many pleasurable years—we were greeted by two fierce German Shepherds who had been 'hired' to guard the ruins, but whose efforts seem to have had meager success in preventing the sad vandalism that met the eye. The original wing had long since fallen and was lying as rubble in some nameless landfill; the "New Wing", by now some forty years old, stood silent, waiting for the wrecker's ball soon to come. Memories crowded in on me and, had I been alone, would likely have set me awash with sentiment as names and faces and events of former years flashed in review before my mind's eye. Being with Strain, of much sterner stuff, I dared not reveal my true feelings. (Nor dared he, his, I'll bet!)

Often since then, visiting friends at the neighboring low-cost housing project known as the FORUM, I've looked from their balcony down on what remained of the College, especially the chapel, not without pain and much regret that the institution, like so many other former certainties, was no longer needed or useful. While not being a *laudator temporis acti*, I can identify with Virgil's foresight which rings truer with the passing of the years: *Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit*. (How comforting not to be obliged to translate these old chestnuts for the ALUMS!)

The old College, the faculty, the great numbers of wonderful students whom I meet now as fathers, Fathers, grandfathers, Monsignors, clerics, laymen who have enriched my life—these are the reminiscences that continue to delight and make golden my present years and those yet to come ■



College Wing, Top of Circle-June, 1998



College Wing with Mary Knoll and Forum in background-June 1998

Next Year's Alumni Day will be Saturday, April 24, 1999
at St. Patrick's Seminary

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

Patrick F. Cloherty, R'64

I've been President of your Association for just over one year, and now I must confess that I had some misgivings about whether or not I would be able to complete my term.

In December of 1997, I was diagnosed with prostate cancer, and on February 13, 1998, I underwent surgery. I missed the first Day of Recollection because I was recovering, and, during my convalescence, I had some dark moments.

I pushed myself to learn all that I could about the disease, and as I reflect back, I found that the simple act of walking with family, friends, and classmates renewed my spirit and gave me the energy to return to daily life quickly. I am pleased to announce that I feel fantastic!

The Alumni Association has experienced a very busy year: First Day of Recollection on February 21, 1998; Alumni Day festivities on April 25, 1998; final demolition of SJC-SPC in June of 1998; and now Christmas and the new year are fast approaching.

I want to wish all of the Alumni and their families a very merry Christmas, and all the best in 1999 as the Millennium draws near. I especially want to thank Fr. Jerry Coleman, S.S. for his continued support and cooperation with the Association.

I extend a warm welcome to my friend and classmate, Jim Murphy, R' 64, and I feel confident that he will prove an able successor to Ginny Sullivan; I look forward to working with him. We go back a long way, and I'm certain that you will come to know and respect him as I do.

Finally, on behalf of the Association, I wish the faculty, staff, students and Alumni of St. Patrick's Seminary a heartfelt congratulations as they celebrate the Seminary's 100th anniversary.

NEW ALUMNI COORDINATOR

On Saturday morning, February 21, 1998, around 11:00 a.m., I was sitting in a dimly lit St. Patrick's chapel. There was only one other individual present, Wally Nicholas, R'65. When I saw Wally at the opposite end of the Chapel, I smiled peacefully, closed my eyes, laid my head back and allowed my mind and heart to take me to the Fall of 1968. I sat in the same Chapel, late at night, talking to my Maker, seeking the answer to the Big Question—after 10 1/2 years in the seminary, should I become a priest or should I go on to another vocation? Little did I know, that at age 24, I was completely immersed in what we now call 'discernment'.

A mere 32 years later, I was attending the Alumni's First Day of Recollection led by Jerry Brown, S.S., and asking a similar question: now that I've been married for 28 years, have raised four children, and practiced law for 25 years, what do you want me to do with the rest of my life?

Approximately 40 Alums attended the Day of Recollection: Carroll, McQuaid, Ravnik, Killian, McMahon, Ryan, Smith, Anderson, Canelora, Connolly, Holmes, Rogers, McLaughlin, Carter, Kelleher, McGuire, Nicholas, Owens, Casey, Finnegan, Percell, another Murphy—just to name a few. I looked around our meeting room (a portion of the former refectory), and I felt at peace. I was serene. I simply felt good!!

In June of 1998, I visited St. Joseph's with Pat Cloherty while its demolition was in progress. There he recruited me for the Alumni Coordinator position. With Pat in mind, I now publicly proclaim "Now, look what you've gotten me into, Ollie!!"

I look forward to serving you as the Alumni Coordinator, and I especially want to thank Ginny Sullivan (Coordinator from 1981-1998) for her assistance and sage advice during this transition. My gratitude also goes out to Pat Cloherty, Don Carroll, Bill Finnegan and Chuck Smith for bringing me up to speed on many issues. I accept the responsibility of working with the present Board in achieving and developing the Association's goals. I feel renewed after rekindling an old friendship with Fr. Jerry Coleman, and look forward to working with his staff, especially, Mr. Brett Lowart, Director of Development, of St. Patrick's Seminary.

A brief note about myself: I attended St. Joseph's from 1958-1964 and St. Patrick's Seminary from 1964-1968. Thereafter, I attended Santa Clara Law School and have been in the private practice of law since 1973. In 1970 I married Mary Purcell (sister of Jim Purcell, R' 60 and Larry Purcell, R' 64), and we have raised four children: Jim (26), Mary Elizabeth (24), Jenny (22), and Barbara (21) ■



James P. Murphy R'64
Alumni Coordinator

REMINISCENCES IN PURPLE PROSE

by James J. Marchiano R'63 (Former Superior Court Judge in Contra Costa County, Jim was recently appointed to the California Court of Appeal, First Appellate District)

It was not on the playing fields of Eton where our wars were won, characters formed, victors immortalized and the vanquished forever forgotten, but on the fields of Troy—not the Troy of Achilles and Schliemann fame, but the St. Joseph's fields of the real Trojans and Indians, Bears and Ramblers. Some wore the yellow banner of the Indians or the green uniforms of the mighty Ramblers, the blue of the Bears or the Trojan reds. These colors bonded young men seeking momentary fame by scoring the winning run in the bottom of the seventh, or netting the last basket in the barn from the ten foot sideline while being shoved against the narrow out of bounds wall, startling the nesting swallows.

These were the arenas where charity gave way to the zeal to win, hope was in a teammate's ability to hurl a discus, and faith was self realized. These teams were assisted by a guiding word from the senior captain who learned his techniques from his captain, who was steeped in tradition to pass on what he had learned. These were the venues of softball, played on a clay hardened surface of unusual infield caroms like some drunken cue ball; soccer played in oozing mud and no quarter given, so that as the final whistle blew our clothes looked like those of the black knights of old. Dripping nature's earthen particles, we retreated from the field of battle in the dusk, silhouettes up the hill, past the grotto, into a lukewarm two minute shower, quickly so we would not be late for the 5:55 p.m. clanging bell and the 6:00 p.m. Angelus.

These same fields smelled of fresh cut grass in the spring. Recently groomed and artistically lined diamonds and oval track waited patiently for the baseball and track heroes. They anticipated the welcome silence of the three hour triduum of meditation on good Friday afternoon as weary warriors rested and read quietly on the soft blades of grass. These battlefields were seasonally manicured by the players themselves.

Years from now archeologists may search for the walls of St. Joseph's and sift for artifacts from the playing fields now covered by the latest suburban mall. Perhaps the names of some of the heroic captains such as Harrington, McLaughlin, O'Brien, Cahill, Gorringer, Laveroni, McNamara, Conneely, Murray, Folliard, and other stellar leaders will be unearthed— names written on pages of a withering score book. Historians would learn that those were democratic and egalitarian times when team captains were chosen by vote (subject to approval by Sports Commissioners Canfield and Gregoire), and the points scored by a frosh in swimming were equal to the points scored by the fastest senior winning the 100 yard dash. One sport was as important as another in the overall standings; a simple arithmetic computation determined the standings. Everyone who wanted to play did play. The laurel wreath went to the one who was faster or stronger, went higher or farther. But in the end, the army that fought as one and accumulated the highest point total from all of the sports was the one who celebrated together, like Agamemnon and Odysseus celebrated their triumph together.

A.E. Houseman reminded us that: "And early though the laurel grows, it withers quicker than the rose." But even if Chariots of Fire does not now echo up the hill from those hallowed grounds, the memories of the inspiring sounds of young Bears and Ramblers and Trojans and Indians still endure, urging aging warriors "to strive, to seek to find, and not to yield." ■

Second Day of Recollection

Our Second Day of Recollection, conducted by Fr. Jerry Brown, S.S., R'58, will be held at St. Patrick's Seminary on Saturday, February 20, 1999. Lunch will be provided by the Seminary, thanks to Fr. Jerry Coleman, S.S., President/Rector. Registration and further details will follow in a subsequent mailing. Over 40 Alums attended the First Day of Recollection last February 21, 1998, and we urge you to set aside the time for a personal and private "day off" from your usual schedule.

Give yourself a Christmas gift and join us this February 20, 1999.

We especially invite Alumni clergy to attend.

Here are some photos of the First Day of Recollection.

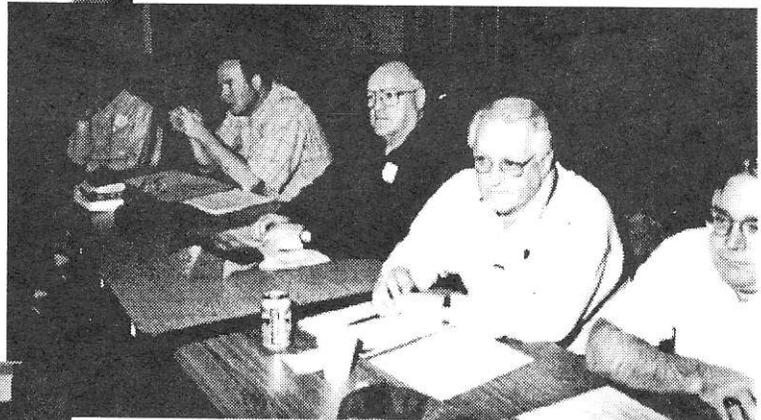


*Bill Killian, R'59
Bill found his old Latin philosophy book under the same flower pot where he left it 39 years ago.*



*Tom McMahon, R'48
Ed Chiosso, H'65
Jim Casey, R'51
and Angelo De Manti, R'51*

*Larry Percell, C'69
Chuck Smith, R'60
Kevin Ryan, R'53
Mike McLaughlin, R'61
Mike Carter, R'62*



*Kevin Ryan, R'53
What is he thinking?*

*Kevin Connolly, R'53
Jim Tonna, R'57
Andy Anderson, R'53
and Larry Percell, C'69*



IN MEMORIAM

Foudy, Rev. Denis D. S.T.D., former professor at St. Joseph's College and retired pastor of St. Monica's in San Francisco; brother of Msgr. John T. Foudy, R' 34 and Mary M. Foudy.

Kohles, Brother Boniface George, F.S.C., brother of Don Kohles, R' 52 and Richard Kohles, R' 59.

Murnig, Ryan, son of Guy (Guido) Murnig, R'64.

O'Neill, Rev. Vincent, R' 65, Diocese of Santa Rosa

Riley, Dr. Thomas J., R' 59, brother of John Dillon Riley, R' 64.

Dr. Thomas J. Riley, R' 59, died at the City of Hope Hospital in Duarte, CA on October 3, 1998 from Leukemia. Tom was a native San Franciscan from St. Cecilia's Parish who graduated from St. Joseph's College in 1959 and St. Patrick's Seminary in 1965. He taught at Serra High School, received a PhD from the University of Notre Dame in Indiana, and at the time of his death was the Superintendent of Schools for the ABC School District in Cerritos, CA. Our prayers go out to his wife, Eileen, his daughter, Mary and son, Thomas, Jr., and his brother, John Dillon Riley, R' 64. The advice given by William F. Riley to his four sons years ago rings true in this age of divisiveness: "One for all, and all for One"!!!

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DUES REMINDER

Recently you received our annual request for voluntary dues as a means of participating in and supporting your Alumni Association.

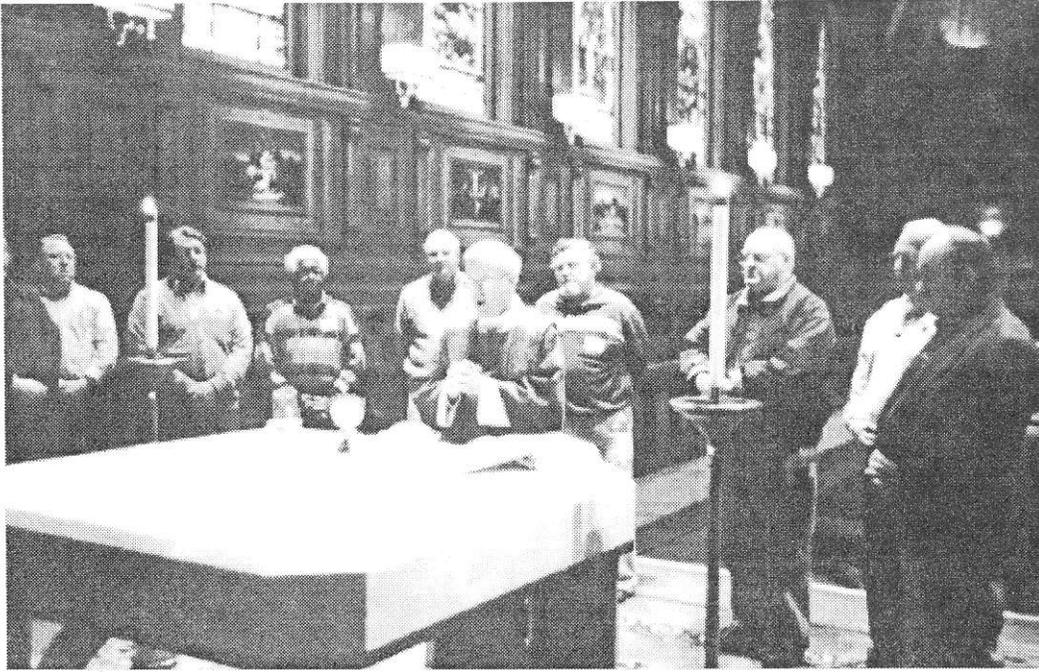
We sincerely thank those who have already responded with their contribution, and we deeply appreciate your continued support.

For those who have not yet responded, we urge you to do so now. Without your support, your Association cannot continue.

If you need to contact our Alumni coordinator with any Alumni concern (opinions, suggestions, alumni up-dates, changes of address), you may write Jim Murphy at St. Patrick's Seminary or you may contact him directly as follows:

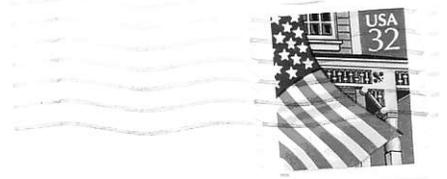
James P. Murphy
1710 Robin Whipple Way
Belmont, CA 94002-1851

Phone: (650) 591-3492
EMail: MURPUR@aol.com
Fax: (650) 654-3503



Mass at 1998 Day of Recollection
*Tom Dillon, Wally Nicholas, Les Rodgers (Mary Knoll), Bill Finnegan,
Rev. Jerry Brown, Bill Killian, Kevin Ryan, Mike McLaughlin, and Ed Cannelora*

St. Joseph's - St. Patrick's College Alumni Association
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Merry Christmas
&
Happy New Year

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