

# STM Newsletter

St. Thomas More College & Newman Alumni/ae  
Volume 15 Number 1

Spring 1995

*The way we will remember*



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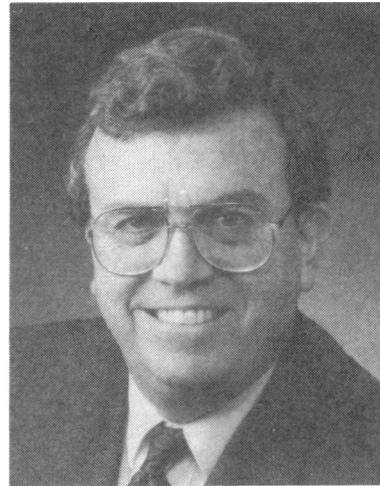
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**BISHOP JAMES MAHONEY**

# Notes from the President



*President John Thompson*

Bishop James Mahoney's picture graces the cover of this issue. Although his death on 2 March left us with a deep sense of loss, we experience gratitude for the gift that Bishop Mahoney has been for us as Bishop of Saskatoon for 27 years. Many of us thought of Bishop Mahoney as our friend. STM was certainly very special to him. This issue contains tributes to Bishop Mahoney from Abbot Peter Novocosky, OSB, Fr. Paul Donlevy, Pastor Vern Ratzlaff, Lorraine Cheke, Vic Karwacky, Tom Molloy, and Marikay Falby.

On 24 January, Father Bob Finn, CSB died at the age of 75 in Toronto. Many of you knew Father Finn during his 19 energetic and memorable years at STM, from 1949 to 1968. On Sunday, 17 September, STM will hold a Memorial Mass with tributes in Father Finn's honour. We welcome you to attend and join STM in thanking God for the gift of Father Finn.

This *STM Newsletter* also covers the second WINDOWS TO THE EAST, held in mid-February. The conference has made a significant impact among Eastern Christians in Saskatoon, and I wish to acknowledge the initiative and leadership of Mrs. Lesya Nahachewsky, with the strong support of Bishop Basil Filevich. In our efforts to strengthen offerings in Eastern Christianity, STM has begun informal conversations with Sheptytsky Institute of Eastern Christian Studies at Saint Paul University in Ottawa.

Many of you tell me that the fondest memories of your years at STM were doing drama. Certainly our students and Father Ed Heidt, CSB are living up to the tradition of Father O'Donnell, CSB in their fine productions of *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Joan of Lorraine*.

As you will know from the news, the Axworthy proposals to change the funding of Canadian Post-Secondary Education did not go forward. I wish to acknowledge the

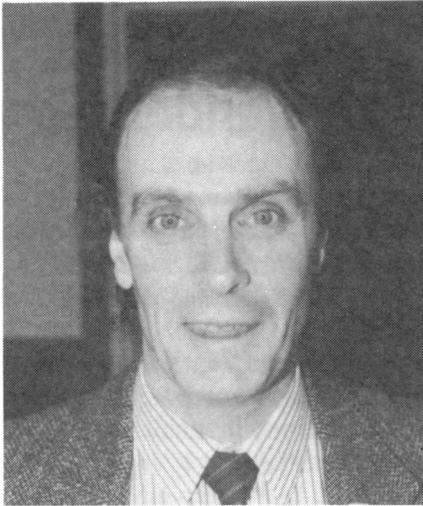
lobbying efforts of students both here at the University of Saskatchewan and across Canada. We are facing, however, a change to funding with the Federal Government's announcing change from the present Federal Transfer system to block funding. Dr. Ivany, President of the University of Saskatchewan, has indicated the potential decrease of funding to Post-Secondary Education in the Province, if the decrease of just over \$90,000,000 for Saskatchewan is passed along to each of the sectors of health, welfare, and education. For 1995-96, along with other Post-Secondary institutions in Saskatchewan, STM will receive no increase to its annual grant.

While in Ottawa for meetings of the Association of Catholic Colleges and Universities of Canada in March, I had the opportunity to visit Father Eugene Cullinane, CSB at Madonna House. Many of you remember him from the middle to late 1940's. I brought greetings to Father Cullinane from STM and those who have told me of his influence on you as students at STM.

This *STM Newsletter* also presents the students honoured at the year-end awards evening on Saturday, 1 April, as well as Sister Dolores (Dodi) Poelzer who received the Heart of STM from the STMSU. We were delighted and honoured that Mr. Victor Zuk, who graduated 50 years ago in 1945, together with his wife Henrietta and his sister Grace, joined us for the awards and dinner. Victor's remarks added a wonderful conclusion to the dinner.

Shortly STM will begin construction to install an elevator for handicapped persons at the head of the stairs just outside the auditorium. While several parts of the STM building still pose difficulty for handicapped

*contd. on p. 9*



*Dean Kevin Corrigan*

## ***From the Dean's Desk***

Greetings to all our alumnae/i! The regular academic year has just come to a close. Exams are over and marked, congratulations are in order to our graduating students, and there is more than a hint of sad partings as students who have been a fundamental part of our community and family leave us for graduate work at other universities or new jobs and appointments. Two students in particular came into my office yesterday, one to show me the \$4000 cheque she had received for a scholarship to study Canon Law in Ottawa and the other to tell me that she had been awarded a \$12000 scholarship to do her MA in English at Dalhousie University! These are but two stories among many others, but how important they are and how proud they make us feel to be a part of their education at STM!

Next year we will also miss a few faculty faces: from Philosophy Steven Snyder and Norman Wirzba are taking up positions in the United States. Our two chaplains, Fr. Leo Campbell and Carol Kavanagh, are also moving on to new appointments. They will all be sorely missed.

Brian Chartier of Psychology, Allan MacLeod from Political Studies, and Cheryl Soulodre from French will be on sabbatical; they will be taking the time, first, to take a breather after the intensive work each of them has been doing for the past so many years and, second, to do some major scholarly work in several significant and exciting fields.

Over the past three months we have been preparing our academic program for next year and it is fair to say that it looks like one of the most exciting programs we have ever offered. A new joint major between Classics and Anthropology/Archaeology, spearheaded and taught by Professor Chris Foley, looks as if it will be a highly popular option with our students, and one that will

complement his major work in archaeology, particularly his international excavation project at Tel Dor in Israel. Chris will be teaching new courses in Introductory Anthropology, Egyptian Archaeology, Archaeology of Mesopotamia and of Israel and Syria. The English Program will probably be the best we have ever offered. Apart from our first year courses, we also have 2 Shakespeare sections, Canadian Literature, American Poetry and Prose, The English Novel in the 19th and 20th centuries, Critical Theory (for the first time ever), Modern Irish Literature, English Literature from the Middle Ages to the Present, and Guy Vanderhaeghe's Creative Writing. In Sociology, we are giving the complete range of family classes 207.6, The Family; as well as 340.3, Marriage, Family, and Society; and 411.3, Family: Developments in Research and Theory. In Psychology, 214.3 Adolescent Psychology, will be a "jumbo" section open to both Psychology and non-Psychology majors. In Philosophy the typical M-prefix (MPhil) has been removed and the 'M' will only remain to designate the section number as in all STM classes. We hope that this will remove ambiguity and open up our classes to more people. Finally, in Religious Studies our two courses in Eastern Christianity will be offered again; Rabbi Pavey will teach 227.3, Introduction to Judaism, and 228.3, Jewish Religious Thought; and Rev. Dr. Ivan Wilson, Pastor of Knox United Church and Chair of the Saskatoon Race Relations Committee will give the 'Eastern' sections of our 2 introductory World Religions courses.

In addition, the Chelsea Program will offer 4 different, related options. First, a mentoring program: first year students will be guided and oriented by a team of 2 upper-year students, a faculty member, and an alumna or alumnus as well as a senior student. The alumnae/i

# The Writing Craft

## Part II: Interview with Guy Vanderhaeghe

*In our last issue of the Newsletter, "The Genesis of a Writer" was a theme that allowed us to glimpse some of the formative influences in Guy Vanderhaeghe's early life. In this issue, our focus shifts to the craft of writing. From March 30 through April 12, Guy's second play, Dancock's Dance premiered at Persephone Theatre in Saskatoon. Its theme is appropriate during this year marking the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II for the play focuses on the psychological wounds soldiers suffer in war. Set in the North Battleford Mental Hospital following World War I, through the interaction of the characters, both patients and caregivers, the complex resolution of haunting guilt and the unique balm of friendship mesh. Intriguing characters, marvellously adaptable and symbolic staging and a versatile cast combine to produce a gripping, thoughtful and emotive response to a moving production.*

*Would you characterize writing as an arduous or pleasurable process?*

In my case it's mostly arduous. I think people who don't write fiction often don't have a conception about it being hard work and a struggle often to go over things endlessly to try and approach what you've actually got in your head. In many cases for me the longer I've been writing the more difficult it becomes, because I have a clearer understanding of the pitfalls. I have a sense of the mistakes I made in the past that I don't want to repeat. Writing is a lot of hard work for me. Once I was two hundred pages into a manuscript, but it wasn't sitting well. After a great deal of puzzling and thought, I decided that the story was being told from the wrong perspective. I had written it from the third person point of view and had to revise all of it so that it could be told from the first person point of view. As you can imagine that changes every detail. Writing is difficult, but I am compelled to do it. I don't know what compels me; I just know that that is the case. Even though it is hard work, that doesn't mean that there aren't moments of satisfaction and very occasionally when what I call a happy accident occurs; something that you had never expected to appear in your fiction, suddenly appears; you have an insight that surprises you, that you didn't realize you could produce. After 15 years of doing this I find it harder and harder all the time to be satisfied with what I do.

*What sort of things inspire a story or get you started on a new project?*

It can be anything. I have written short stories that began with a dream, or a snippet of conversation overheard on the bus, by a character that comes into my head. Then I begin to do the thing that Donald Creighton did, imagining this character in various circumstances. Very occasionally but



*Guy Vanderhaeghe*

not that often it begins with a philosophic idea or speculation of some kind, but almost always with me my fiction tends to be character driven. It tends to begin with people. Virtually anything can do it. Occasionally I will actually read a short story or a novel and think that something has gone very badly wrong and then sort of imagine how I would write that kind of thing and that starts a train of associations that will take me very very far from the original story so that in fact it is not recognizable, so that you wouldn't know what I wrote was prompted by something I had read. Sometimes my reading prompts me to write a refutation. I think that writers argue a lot with the tradition of writing. Not only do you have literary heroes that you emulate and admire, there are other writers who, if they are significant writers, you work towards amending or correcting in some way. So there is a kind of dialogue that goes on not only between contemporary writers, but also with writers from the past. There is a struggle with tradition; there is respect for tradition too.

*You are extremely gifted in writing dialogue and dialect. Are there any tips you might offer aspiring writers that will help them to improve their writing of dialogue?*

The first one is actually to listen to how people talk. Listen to real people rather than listening to television which in my mind is a kind of shorthand that has very little relation to reality and the way people actually speak to each other. Once you've absorbed the vocabulary, the cadences and rhythms that people actually use, then you have to forget about reporting, because dialogue is not about reporting. Dialogue is actually giving a sense about how people speak. Reporting actual conversations is to report banality because 85% of our conversations are things like greetings and weather etc. Beginning writers have to understand that the writing of dialogue is actually the creation of an illusion. You create an illusion of people actually speaking but you don't write what people actually say to one another. You edit and trim it down to the essence. I advise my creative writing students to save their dialogue to reveal character, because when people speak they really announce themselves by how they speak and what they talk about. Secondly I suggest that they save their dialogue for the big moments, the moments of crisis where you actually have characters who are contesting something and confronting each other, wanting something. That will enable writers to boil down dialogue. Really listen. Though readers seldom realize it often the biggest thing in dialogue is what's left out; the gestures you write as an accompaniment to dialogue often tell more. Dialogue isn't just words. It's also the actions of the people who are saying things and how they say it. Often dialogue that really calls attention to itself is not the best dialogue. The best dialogue is the dialogue in which a reader is absorbing stuff that they don't even realize they are absorbing. Sometimes if you actually know what the writer's doing, that takes you out of what John Gardner calls the fictive dream. If you're really in a book you're in the book. If you can step out of it and actually see what the writer is doing that may suggest a problem in the writing.

*Many of your characters trigger a "familiar" response from your readers. We've encountered them in our own experience. Are they people or composites of people you have known?*

I'm not an autobiographical writer so I've never translated anyone directly into fiction. If I were absolutely honest I would say that they tend to be composites of people, though some characters are entirely imagined. What I attempt to do is to be truthful to the psychology of the people that I've known. But that doesn't mean that anybody in any of my fiction is anyone else. I remember an uncle being outraged

with me because he said that I had misrepresented my grandmother. The character was purely a grandmother in the story and he had assumed since I was writing about a grandmother — the only grandmother I could have been writing about was my own grandmother, and the fact that this character had nothing to do with my own grandmother meant that I had misrepresented my grandmother. This was incredibly skewed logic. In his mind it was two things at the same time — it was my grandmother but it was nothing like my grandmother so I had done a disservice to her. It was defamatory. There is often an assumption that what writers do is merely go around and collect interesting types that they then put into their fiction, when even the most autobiographical writers know that whoever they've collected is going to be changed utterly when they appear in fiction. Someone like Philip Roth who is a highly autobiographical writer and is often accused of writing about himself will, for example in *The Ghostwriter*, introduce Anne Frank. Well, how autobiographical can that be. I mean we know that she is dead so what is she doing in this guy's book? The simple answer is that writers pick and choose. Some things they imagine. Some things they record and reproduce. Some things they twist or skew or change in inessentials and some things they change fundamentally. That's what the process of writing is about. I may start out in control, but the characters will often take on an existence of their own. Just like people, characters evolve.

*Relationships, particularly between fathers and sons are often the focus of your stories. I like and commiserate with your old men and at the same time like and sympathize with your young men. People relate to each other on many different levels, but often they don't truly communicate. Is this a central issue in much of your work?*

Yes I think that the failure of communication is a central issue and I think it's a central issue for all human beings. There's a great amount of truth embedded in folk sayings. I remember my father telling me, "You're really three people. You're the person you think you are. You're the person somebody else thinks you are, and you're the person that you really are." Between fathers and sons it becomes more urgent because the father is the man against whom the young man measures himself. And the father is not only a model, but somebody who ultimately the young man has to distinguish himself from. He has to say "I am not that person no matter how much I admire that person or no matter how much that person formed me." So there's always that very curious tension. I suspect the same thing happens between mothers and daughters. There is a very strong identification and yet, there is this

need to separate yourself. And with men my age it is sort of complicated by a number of things. The men of my father's generation were very heroic. They're the men who fought the second World War, or road the rails during the Depression or toughed it out for ten years of drought and that gave them a great prestige — at least in my eyes. On the other hand, men of my generation were expected to reject that stoicism and become sensitive. There is also the chasm that develops between the generations. It may be even more marked than it was before. It's a perennial problem. It's always existed. I think that the chasm or gulf between the generations has to open before communication can truly occur. When the gulf arises then the problem is brought out into the open. Like any adolescent, I had difficulties with my father as a teenager. As far as I'm concerned they are worked out. We get along just fine. I can't speak for him but I'm presuming that he feels the same way. I think I've got an excellent relationship with my father now. I really like him, which I couldn't have said when I was 16 or 17.

*Do the number of revisions decrease with greater experience?*

No. They've increased. Probably because you're less satisfied with what you do. When I first started writing, I was happy just to get from A to Z. Now I know the pitfalls; I know what can go wrong. I'm less satisfied with what I write. I pay much more attention to the way things are written, the way the stories or novels are constructed than I used to.

*Do you have family and/or friends to edit or critique your work?*

The only person who does that is my wife Margaret. She's a good critic. If it doesn't work for her, I know I have a problem.

*Do you think your writing has changed? How do you perceive yourself to have evolved?*

I think my prose has gotten much simpler and more transparent. I'm not as flashy as when I first began to write. I think my first books have more energy. A writer is getting off his chest all the things that have been nagging at him or bugging him. After you've got all that off your chest, I would hope that the work becomes more subtle. I hope that I don't manipulate my readers as much as I did at the beginning and I hope that my readers have a greater sense of freedom when they read the books. I think my early fiction was very black and white and I think the later books

are less so. They are a little more understanding of human foibles and failures, than what you would call a young man's books. Young writers tend to be angry and condemning. I would hope that since I've gotten older that I'm a little more forgiving towards my characters than I was at the beginning.

*Since financial reward in your profession is somewhat precarious and often minuscule, what personal rewards do you get from writing?*

It has afforded me some perks. It has gotten me some places that I would never have gotten to otherwise. I've met a lot of interesting people that I would never otherwise have met. Three years ago I was having dinner with William Golding and I can remember a time when I was studying *Lord of the Flies* when I was 20 years old and I never dreamed that I would actually meet him. There are a lot of things like that. Writing has given me a lot of freedom over what I do and how I do it. I don't have a boss. I also don't have a regular paycheck. I suspect that this is the way that I like to live. I like to have the time to read and think about things in my own unsystematic way. It's the kind of life that suits my personality.

*You have written novels and short stories. Do you write in other genres as well?*

Yes I was asked to write a play. Writing drama is entirely different. It also gave me an opportunity to work with people. Writing is a rather solitary pursuit. Working with the director, set designer, lighting crew, actors I found very interesting. In my first experience with the theatre, I didn't know anything about blocking or lighting. I occasionally do things that I hadn't expected to do. I wrote an essay on the "City in Prairie Fiction," which was included in a catalogue of an exhibition called the Urban Prairie. That helps to keep me a little bit fresh, just changing what I'm doing. Writing a play had some influence on the book that I'm writing now. It is a historical novel. The play is going to be produced by Persephone theatre "Dancock's Dance" beginning on March 30, 1994. The historical novel underway at the moment is set in Cypress Hills in 1873 and Hollywood in 1923. The stories are separated by fifty years, but they are linked.

*Do you get fan mail?*

Yes, I get fan mail, more from American readers than Canadian. They are very direct in their comments, but getting response from my readers is encouraging and gives me a boost.

*A number of Canada's most successful and distinguished writers grew up or live on the prairie. Has the prairie landscape had a conscious and significant impact upon you as a writer? What do you love about the prairies?*

I love the sky, the sunshine, the openness, the people. I spent some time in Ottawa and the dull dreary weather I found to be depressing. Generally, Saskatchewan is a truly egalitarian society. There are some class distinctions, but not serious ones. People are direct, forthright. They don't hide behind veneers. For those reasons they are refreshing and interesting.

*Guy Vanderhaehe's books include Man Descending (Governor General's Award 1982), The Trouble with Heroes, My Present Age, Homesick, and Things As They Are. Another play, I Had a Job I Liked. Once, was honoured with the Canadian Authors' Association Award for Drama in 1992. His essay "The City in Prairie Fiction" appears in the catalogue for the exhibit "Urban Prairie."*

#### OUR COVER ILLUSTRATION

**Mark Abernethy** has captured for most of us the way we will remember Bishop Mahoney. Mark attended Bishop Mahoney High School in Saskatoon and says "I remember him as big, jovial, and a marvellous speaker with an infectious laugh." In fact, Mark recalled that Bishop Mahoney had told the students that he wasn't always a great communicator, that he had to work at it. As a striving artist, Mark is currently studying illustration and graphic design in the Visual Communications Program at the Alberta College of Art in Calgary. He anticipates enhancing his skills in electronic communication design at the Emily Carr Institute of Art and Design in Vancouver. Mark, still a financially-challenged student is a very talented young man who freelances as an illustrator and caricaturist. Those of you in the corporate world who would like a unique and truly valued gift for presentation, might consider a drawing of the recipient by Mark. You may locate him through his mother, Dorothy, who is a librarian at STM.

## Review of *Dancock's Dance*

by Elena Glazov Corrigan

*Because we believe that Guy's play will be performed by other professional theatre companies, we include here a review, so that our alumni/ae located in other parts of Canada may have a preview of a powerful drama that may be coming their way in the future.*

It was about four years ago in May that Kevin and I were sitting in the sunlit cafeteria of the Arts building when Guy materialized from the direction of the elevators and joined us for coffee. Guy was uncharacteristically excited. He had just unearthed from the archives a story of a mental institution in North Battleford. Apparently in 1918 the hospital had been swept by an epidemic and as a result was run by the patients and not the staff. What a dreary subject, I thought! For at the time I was considering all the changes I would make in my garden.

The years passed, and this early spring in the company of several students from the editorial board of *In medias res* I went to see *Dancock's Dance* at Persephone theatre. There are several reasons why someone might wish to go and see a play — to escape, to enjoy, to co-suffer, and (what happens very rarely) to meet quietly the thoughts that lie just beyond the threshold of one's immediate cares.

If the play is able to draw these thoughts, to direct and challenge them powerfully, then the play becomes a real occasion that stays with you as a part of your inner life. *Dancock's Dance* was that kind of play.

Indeed, my initial apprehensions about the bleakness of the subject were only partially justified. What underscored the atmosphere of the play was both the simplicity and the depth of its central questions. The Hospital was run by a capable and intelligent Doctor, whose only shortcoming was that he believed he had to exercise total care over the inner world of his patients. *Dancock*, a hospital inmate and a former lieutenant during the First World War, would not play this game even if he had wanted to, for the simple reason that during his active service, he had himself been possessed of the total care of the souls of the soldiers he had sent into battle, ultimately to their destruction and death. Thus, the central question

of the play became the problematic issue of leadership, and the play located a Canadian crisis of trust in leadership in the events of the First World War. Here I found myself deeply moved not only because of the irrevocable influence of the First World War on the history of this century, but also because the country of my birth, Russia, has never recovered from its participation in that war. The legitimization of murder through the supposedly enlightened command of intelligent officers brought up in the intensely cultured liberal atmosphere of the *fin de siècle* became in Russia a paradigm for understanding the breakdown of the intellectual and moral consciousness of the country itself. Guy had placed the crux of the Canadian moral crisis precisely at the same historical juncture.

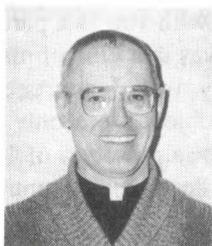
Moreover, he had further intensified the question by drawing Dancock as a man endowed with a gift for leadership. (Do we as Canadians believe that such a gift can be a genuine inner quality and not simply an unfortunate but necessary by-product of the politicized environment?) As I watched Guy's play I caught myself thinking that, strictly speaking, even questioning all of this is not my problem: as a woman and a literature teacher I, by definition, misunderstand and distrust the principles of a politicized existence. Here again, however, the play met me in its central heroine, Dorothea, a voluntary inmate of the institution who truly believes that she destroys and confuses everything she touches, or as Guy has her say, she could "spontaneously ignite" the living.

The impasse on the stage curiously reflected the impasses in life itself, and then came the great turn of fate — the epidemic of Spanish influenza that swept the prairies in 1918. With straightforward simplicity Guy

dramatized the irony of life itself, namely that the healthy break down, but that the sick all the while possess hidden unsuspected resources. Dancock's address to the members of the audience (who find themselves in the position of imaginary inmates) asking them to help cook, clean, nurse, wash, care was an instance where the issue of leadership finally fell into focus. Dancock was not the master of their souls. The inner resources of the psyche were the gift of life which although always at risk, could only be shared in the dignity of choice. In what I thought was an affirmation of the play's imaginative texture, Dorothea then came into her own: afraid to touch the living, she yet had no misgivings about the most feared and disgusting of tasks: washing and burying the dead. Here was the moment when only the sick physician could heal and when life returned to what it was supposed to be: living, coming back to one's senses, returning to oneself.

This is only one of the many threads of a complex play. Four years ago I was momentarily dismayed by the bleakness of the imaginary life Guy appeared to be choosing. This March I was somewhat taken aback by his courage in insisting that in the midst of the dreariness of sickness, political necessity and the appalling calamity of military history, life was meant to be lived neither as a tragedy, nor as a comedy, but as a tragi-comedy, a genre which is termed in Shakespearean scholarship — Romance.

### CONGRATULATIONS FATHER BOYD



on 20 successful years  
of editing and publishing

*The CHESTERTON REVIEW*



Cheryl Soulodre of our French Department has produced a 50-minute film entitled "Panorama littéraire de l'Ouest canadien." In the film, interviews with authors and researchers explore French literature in western

Canada. It is targeted at an audience of university students or students at the grade 11 and 12 level of high school.

While in the Loire Valley, at an International Conference on "French Culture outside of France," participants were very impressed with the film and they bought it. It is currently being marketed through A-V Services here at the University.

Cheryl has also published a book *Ondit, on ne dit pas*. This book is designed for intermediate French in schools. Its 29 modules provide teaching strategies in grammar and communication.

*Upcoming Public Lecture*

**Keenan Memorial Lecture**

late October 1995

**Professor Ewert Cousins**

Department of Theology at  
Fordham University

Dr. Cousins is the General Editor of Fordham University's World Spirituality Project of 15 volumes. This is the first comprehensive undertaking to research all the world's major spiritual traditions. Each volume has its own editorial team of experts and this endeavour is very significant for university life and people everywhere. Professor Cousins is an expert on St. Bonaventure and the Christian mystical tradition. His research interest lies in the "affective" aspect of life as opposed to the strictly "rational" tradition. Although the title and specific date has not been set at STM, he will be talking about the World Spirituality Project.

**Notes from the President** *contd. from p. 2*

persons, this installation will permit handicapped persons to move throughout the building without going outside and coming back in. I wish to acknowledge the financial support of the Facilities Branch of Saskatchewan Education, covering approximately 50% of the construction and installation costs.

As I write these words, students are just completing final examinations. I will see a number of them and their families at Convocation in three weeks as they join the STM/Newman alumnae/i. I thank you for your generosity in supporting STM and Newman Centre. Your gifts in this year's phonathon were more than \$22,000.

Already the Executive of the Alumnae/i Association has begun planning for the 70th anniversary of Newman and the 60th anniversary of STM during 1996-97. I hope you will begin making plans to attend the Homecoming weekend at STM in mid-September 1996. Please let us hear from you. Tell us how you like the *STM Newsletter*. We hope that the efforts of Mary Miller as contributing editor are keeping you informed of the many developments and activities at STM and Newman Centre.

John Thompson  
President

**Congratulations!**

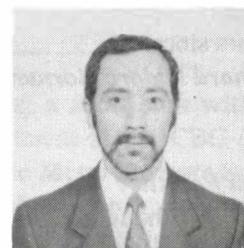


Professor Michael Pomedli of our Philosophy Department has been awarded a Rockefeller Foundation Visiting Humanities Fellowship to perform research activities in the Native Philosophy Project at Lakehead University in Thunder Bay, Ontario. This one-year \$35,000 Fellowship will enable Professor Pomedli to continue his research, publications and lecturing on Ojibwa song and myth. You will recall in our last issue we reported Professor Pomedli's sabbatical research on the power of symbol in Iroquoian thought and the links between Catholic and Iroquoian liturgical celebration. This prestigious award will allow him to continue research in this area and we look forward to his work reporting the results of his research in this most interesting and topical subject of Ojibwa spirituality.

**Congratulations!**



Dr. Karen Chad  
College of Physical Education



Dr. Francisco Otero  
College of Dentistry

Francisco and Karen, both members of our worshipping community here at STM, were recently honoured with "Teaching Excellence" Awards by the University of Saskatchewan Students' Union. Nominations for these awards originate with students and are then assessed with a rigorous questionnaire administered to all students in the professor's class. With such a process it is indeed a great honour to win one of these awards.

## Letters to the Editor:

### A Sense of Humour We Appreciate

*This letter was written by Richard Isidore Hornung '68 in response to reading a notice of his death in our Absent Friends Column in our last issue. Please be apprised that Richard is alive, well and obviously flourishing in Ottawa. We are sorry for our inadvertent error, although the University also had him listed as deceased. We are still perplexed about how this misinformation was in the computer database. In this case such technological wizardry reflects human fallibility.*

Dear Sir/Madam,

I enclose a photocopy of the "Absent Friends" section of your Winter 1994 *Newsletter*. You will note that it lists my name as being "deceased." I thought I had better write to you to tell you that either "rumours of my death are greatly exaggerated" or the prayers of your followers have worked miracles!

I would find it interesting if you could let me know where you got the information of my premature demise. Although I am sure that there were times, during my career, that litigants have wished that fate on me, I am nevertheless alive and well and performing my duties as Vice-Chair of the Canada Labour Relations Board here in Ottawa.

In any event, you can take this letter as my official "change of address" and rest assured that I have learned my lesson to never again write "MOVED - NO LONGER AT THIS ADDRESS" on one of your funding requests!

Yours sincerely,  
Richard Isidore Hornung, Q.C.

*From Pat Riley*

Although I didn't attend STM classes, I belonged to the Newman Club and therefore feel part of STM. My wife Mary and I left Saskatoon 10 years ago and since then I've been employed in the University of Victoria as a lecturer with the Continuing Education department. I'm honoured to be part of the ongoing and ever-fresh approach to learning. My students have proved to be as enthusiastic and as cooperative as those I taught a decade ago at the University of Saskatchewan in the Department of English.

*From Michael Osborne '88*

I have just received the Winter 1994 *Newsletter* which contains news that is for me terribly saddening. I used to visit Fr. Regan from time to time while I was at STM, and enjoyed his stories very much. And I took two

History courses from Prof. Farmer — the first year introductory course and the second year medieval course. I shall never forget the time when he prefaced an answer to a question with "In the twenty-thousand some manor accounts that I have read..." He used to speak very quickly indeed, and every so often my wrist would give up, whereupon I would shake it vigorously. Prof. Farmer would notice, and slow up (for the next minute or so). The solid grounding he provided in medieval history served me very well when I was doing my Master's Degree at the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies.

Incidentally, I am now in my second year at Dalhousie Law School in Halifax. I completed a Masters in 1991 at the U. of Toronto (through the Centre for Medieval Studies and PIMS). I expect I shall have more news once I know where I will be articling after I graduate, at which time I promise to send in a little blurb for you.

*From Maureen Hall (née Paydli) '83*

I am a Speech Pathologist providing services in a skilled nursing facility in Salt Lake City, Utah. We provide combined long-term care and rehabilitation to the ever growing elderly population. My involvement is to assist patients with speech and language issues as well as swallowing disorders and cognitive impairments (i.e., memory, concentration, problem solving, judgment, etc.). We pride ourselves on preserving our patients' dignity while maximizing their safety and independence. Our focus is to discharge as many of our patients back to a home setting as possible. I love it.

*From Brian Burke '49*

I look forward to the "Absent Friends" section. Is there a way to show "newly" absent friends, i.e., those deceased since the last list, as well as all deceased alumni/ae?

*Note from the Editor*

*Yes Brian, we can do what you request, but our listing depends upon our learning of the deaths of our alumni/ae, and now, after our regrettable fiasco we must verify in writing any news that we receive by phone or other means. I am requesting that alumni/ae and their families please use the back cover of the Newsletter to send us notices of bereavement and include a copy of the obituary. Thank you for your help.*



**MARYNIA, DON'T CRY**  
*Memoirs of two Polish-Canadian Families*

by Apolonja Maria Kijder  
 and Barbara Glogowska,  
 with a forward by Benedykt Heydenkorn

Published by the University of Toronto Press

We are delighted to tell you about this recent publication by Apolonja (Pola) Kojder '69

After immigrating with her family, Pola was raised in North Battleford. She has earned a BA, a Masters in Education and is working towards her doctorate. Her book tells the stories of four generations of women in her family over a time beginning in Poland in the 1940's. The bonds between mothers and daughters and grandmothers are the ribbons that become links of steel enabling the generations of women to survive horrific loss, dislocation, separation, and beginning all over again in a new country. These stories of women in their successful immigration demonstrate the determination, drive, tenacity and strength needed to assure a better life for future generations. The title is taken from Pola's great-grandmother's words to her daughter: "Marynia, don't cry. As long as I'm alive I'll help you. And maybe you'll survive longer because nobody will bother you. And later your children will help you."

*From Helena Burnstein, BA '73, BA (Rel.St.) '75, BEd '83, M.Div.(U. of T.)*

With each edition of the STM alumni/ae Newsletter, I resolve to submit information. With each passing year, I plan to visit Saskatchewan. As yet, I have done neither. But I welcome the magazine and read it from cover to cover.

After an afternoon of pondering 'life', as is common on December 31st, I read the latest (Winter 1994) issue which had just arrived. Upon reading the Memorial page, imagine my 'shock' to discover that 'I' had died. While it is true that Saskatchewan soil is 'sacred', hopefully, not visiting since graduation does not imply one's demise!

Indeed, I am very much alive! (At least I think so. The virus that has plagued me through the holidays, admittedly, has me wondering!)

Since graduating, I spent time studying and working in Israel. I then returned 'home' to Toronto where, after

## Mea Culpa, Mea Culpa,

Some of you may have noticed that in our last Newsletter, we inadvertently and mistakenly listed in "Absent Friends" the names of three people who are not yet deceased. We deeply regret the pain and dismay caused to **Helena Burnstein '73**, **Stephen Pastershank '62** and **Richard Hornung '68**. Please be assured that they are very much alive and were disturbed by our serious error. We extend to each our sincere apology.

Father Regan looked after this part of our Alumni/ae affairs and his unexpected death meant that we had to rely on records in our database and that of the University. Unfortunately, databases are only as accurate as the data being entered.

We receive news of bereavements by a variety of means, including telephone, word of mouth, letters and obit notices in the newspaper. Our regrettable error has resulted in some policy and procedural changes here at the College. In future, we will verify information that comes to us regarding deaths with a follow-up letter and form that we will ask the next-of-kin to fill out and return to us. In sending us notices of this nature, we request that you send a copy of the obituary along with the name of the newspaper and date of publication. Our sincere wish is never to have this happen again.

With regret,  
 Don Gorsalitz  
 Office of Alumni/ae Affairs

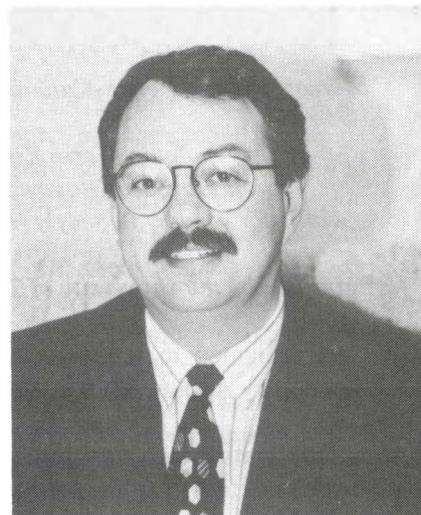
working in a library, and doing a short stint with the Religious Programming Department at the CBC (Man Alive), I began teaching with the Metro Separate School Board where I still remain. I have primarily taught Religious Studies in high school through the years, and also some Music and English-as-a-Second Language.

During a study leave in the mid-1980's, I completed a Master of Divinity degree through Regis College at the Toronto School of Theology. My background in Philosophy and Religious Studies from STM provided an excellent foundation for my studies in Theology.

I am delighted my name remains on your mailing list, or I would not have read of my death! (Could this be an innovative strategy to compel 'lost' alumni/ae to provide updated information?)

To those with whom I 'shared the journey' at STM, I join with Mark Twain in assuring you that "The rumours of my death have been greatly exaggerated!"

## ***A Message from your Association President***



The Alumni/ae Executive has a very busy year planned that we think will go a long way to enhance our contributions to the STM community. I will share the highlights with you in my message and you will find more details about these activities in other parts of this *Newsletter*.

The St. Thomas More Alumni/ae Association is proud to announce the establishment of the Fr. Oscar Regan Bursary. It is a memorial to and in honour of Fr. Regan's numerous contributions to the life of our College as Priest, Registrar, Educator, Director of Alumni/ae Affairs and friend to all who knew him.

The \$500 bursary is for an upper year student enrolled at STM with a major in English. The student must also be enrolled in a minimum of 18 credit units for the current academic term and have an honours academic grade point average. Applications must be completed by September 30 of each year.

The preparations for the 1996 Anniversary Celebrations are now under way. Some ideas we have to involve alumni/ae are a reunion of drama club members in the production of a play. Another idea is to reactivate the STM/Newman Choir to perform as part of the celebration. If you are interested in either activity, please contact Don Gorsalitz at the College.

The Second Annual STM/Newman Alumni/ae Golf Tournament is planned for June 10. Last year a team from Regina took the honours. I encourage alumni/ae to issue a challenge to the Regina team, or perhaps you may wish to challenge a friend to enter a team and have the loser make a contribution to STM. More information about the tournament is included in this *Newsletter*.

Another initiative that we are very proud of is the Mentorship Program that we are working on with the Development Office. The Mentorship Program would be integrated into the Chelsea Program which seeks to facilitate the adjustment to University of incoming students. The plan is to link alumni/ae with incoming first-year students and upper-year students. The activities will include formal and informal networking designed to help students adjust to university life, identify and pursue career directions and opportunities, and perhaps provide a home-away-from-home. We hope many of you, recent as well as not so recent alumni/ae will offer to act as mentors. I encourage you to

contact the Development Office to indicate your interest and commitment.

As you can see from this message, we have been working very closely with the STM faculty and staff to improve our connection to the STM community. The STM Newman/Alumni/ae would like to thank John Thompson, Claude Lang, Don Gorsalitz and Mary Miller for their interest in us and their determination to bring us back to the College in a meaningful way. We all look forward to an exciting year of activity.

Jerome Konecsni  
President of the Alumni/ae Association

**AS A MEMORIAL TO  
Father OSCAR REGAN, CSB  
A BURSARY IN ENGLISH  
HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED.**

Tax deductible contributions to the

***Fr. Oscar Regan Bursary Fund***

are welcome and should be addressed to

Development Office  
St. Thomas More College  
1437 College Drive  
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan  
S7N 0W6  
(306) 966-8918

## A Call for your Participation!

We invite you to be part of the Chelsea First-Year Transition-to-University program. One of its components is Mentorship for our First-Year Students this coming fall. Part of this Mentorship component will consist of a mentoring team of two students and a faculty member as well as a Senior-Junior buddy system to assist new STM students in their transition to university life. As another part of Mentorship, we invite alumni/ae to become involved in one or both of the the following ways:

1. Interest-Networking: We would like to put alumni/ae in touch with students who may be interested in a career in your profession and/or business. If you live in Saskatoon, you will be invited to meet students to talk about their professional and/or business interests. If you don't live here, you might consider contacting interested students by telephone or letter.
2. Home-away-from-Home Networking: Many of our students are from out-of town/ province or country. We would like alumni/ae in Saskatoon to invite such a student or students to their home for example, for Thanksgiving dinner.

If you are interested in this kind of community-building, please let us know.

-----cut along here-----

Your Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_ Fax Number: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ Province: \_\_\_\_\_ Postal Code: \_\_\_\_\_

E-Mail Address: \_\_\_\_\_

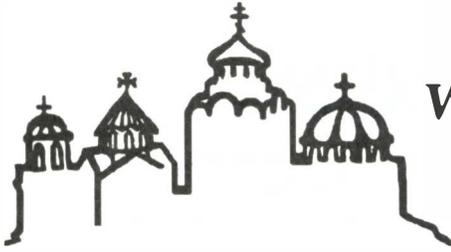
1) \_\_\_\_ Yes, I am interested in being part of the Interest-Networking. My profession and/or business is: \_\_\_\_\_

2) \_\_\_\_ Yes, I am interested in Home-away-from-Home Networking.

3) \_\_\_\_ No, I cannot help in the above ways, but I have the following ideas about how STM Alumni/ae could network or otherwise reach out to STM students.

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

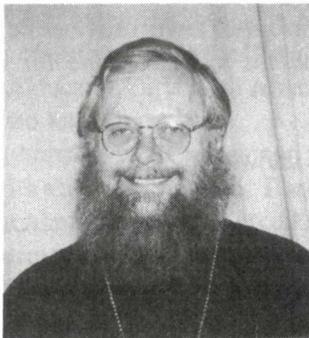
Return to Don Gorsalitz, Alumini/ae Affairs, STM,  
1437 College Drive, Saskatoon, SK S7N 0W6,  
Fax: (306) 966-8904.  
*Thank you.*



## WINDOWS to the EAST Symposium

by Roma De Robertis, SCIC

*The second annual lecture series on Eastern Christianity was hosted by the College on the evenings of February 16 & 17. The planning committee included President John Thompson, Dean Kevin Corrigan, faculty members Lesya Nahachewsky and Chris Foley, along with members of both the Orthodox and Ukrainian Catholic Communities. The lectures examined the Eastern Christian understanding of union with Christ through the liturgical sacrament of Holy Communion, the rich crowning mystery that leads to a personal theosis, the Eucharistic beliefs and practices of the ancient and modern Eastern-rite Church, and the church community as a reflection of the Trinitarian life.*



*Bishop Seraphim*

The Eucharist is central to all of Christian life, two eastern bishops told the second Windows to the East scholarly lecture series hosted by St. Thomas More College.

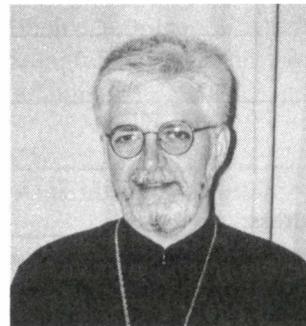
With the theme, "Centrality of the Lord's Table: Eucharistic Perspectives," the series examined the Eastern Christian understanding of union with Christ through the liturgical sacrament of Holy Communion. It was a supplement to the university's current class offering on Eastern Christian thought.

Addressing the series were Melkite Catholic **Bishop Nicholas Samra** of Warren, Michigan, and **Bishop Seraphim Storheim**, bishop of Ottawa and spiritual head of the Archdiocese of Canada for the Orthodox Church in America. Bishop Seraphim is also a member of the North American Roman Catholic-Orthodox Dialogue Committee.

Sponsoring the event were the Eastern Christian parishes of Saskatoon, the Saskatoon Centre for Ecumenism, as well as STM, the Saskatoon Theological Union and the university's Department of Religious Studies.

Bishop Seraphim said "in celebrating the divine liturgy, we bring into the present moment all the past saving acts of the Holy Trinity, and even the future ones," especially the second coming of Christ.

"Who we really are as persons can only be discovered in the perfection of the relationship with who created us." As a communion of life-giving love, the Holy Trinity "invites imitation" from believers in the form of selfless obedience motivated by love.



*Bishop Nicholas*

Holy Communion is the spiritual food by which we hope to come into the kingdom of heaven. Although hindered by sin, we respond by living generously and responsibly as part of Christ's body in all creation.

Jesus brings unity to the whole of our lives and to the entire cosmos. There can be no separation between what we believe and what we do in daily life. Likewise, "the home is the small church" which should foster prayer and thanksgiving.

The divine liturgy unites all the faithful — past, present and future. "The age of miracles is not past." Rather, the wisdom and witness of the early fathers and mothers of the church are alive today.

Those nourished by the Eucharist are still called and graced to respond to Christ's radical demands to love, and to be in the world but not of it, said Bishop Seraphim.

Meanwhile Bishop Nicholas called for a deeper sense of Christian community centered on the Eucharist to

overcome individualism. "God creates family. Christ re-creates that family in the church," he said. Tradition has not ended with the death of the last apostle, but continues in the gift of the church.

The Melkite Catholic bishop emphasized a need for local communities which offer good liturgy, catechesis, sacramental preparation and evangelization. Hospitality is also vital. "Strangers must become insiders when they enter the church."

Eastern Christians exist not only for their ethnic group, but especially for those who are hurting in their midst and around the world, said Bishop Nicholas.

The Melkite bishop criticized the Latin Rite's tendency to promote what he called a uniform, "McDonald's approach" to church structure and practice. Instead, Eastern Christians emphasize the central importance of the local church, as well as the local bishop, the eucharistic community and local traditions.

"The body of Christ is present in every local church," and the Eucharist unites all those churches, he explained. The Melkite Catholic Church, while in communion with Rome, is independent from the Latin Rite in law, traditions and liturgy. Authority rests with the local bishop.

In the Eucharist, Christians bring back to God what God has given them in the bread and wine, said Bishop Nicholas. God changes those gifts into God's own body and blood to make us holy, so that we can go out to nourish the world holy, and to make the world his body.

The most important part of the liturgy occurs when we leave the church bearing God in us to make the world a godly place.

Both bishops also noted differences in sacramental practice between East and West. Eastern churches confer all three sacraments of initiation on the young at the same time, with chrismation following baptism and preceding the reception of the Eucharist. Possible changes to the order and age of reception are being studied in the Latin Rite.

*While your son/daughter experiences his/her orientation to University and our campus, you too will have an opportunity to learn about the academic programs in the College of Arts and Science, the services that will be available to your son/daughter, the pattern of the academic year, the endless possibilities for club membership and social activities because...*

**YOU ARE INVITED!**

**ORIENTATION FOR PARENTS**

**of incoming First Year Students in Arts and Science**

on

**Labour Day Monday, September 4, 1994**

**from 9:00 am to 4:00 pm**

**in St. Thomas More Auditorium**

*LUNCH will be provided*

**INFORMATION:**

- Arts and Science Programs	- Chaplaincy
- St. Thomas More College	- Security
- Housing	- Chelsea Program
- Student Services	- Student Government

**SPECIAL SESSION:** Dr. Gerry Farthing of STM's Psychology Department will talk about the ups and downs of "Parenting a University Student."

***WATCH FOR SPECIFIC DETAILS AND FURTHER INFORMATION IN THE REGISTRATION MATERIALS YOUR SON/DAUGHTER WILL RECEIVE!***

# Looking after their Future: The Importance of a Will

by Rod Donlevy

While many people would prefer not to consider the inevitability of their own death, it is important that individuals prepare a legal Will to deal with the disposition of their assets and estate. A Will is a document of instruction which allows and directs a person's wishes to be carried out when that person can no longer provide those instructions. A properly executed Will allows a person to determine how one's estate will be distributed rather than allowing distribution pursuant to provincial statutes. A Will enables one to keep the promises made in one's life, even when the circumstances are such that they cannot be personally performed.

With these thoughts in mind let us define some of the terms that are used in Wills. A Will is a legal document setting out in writing the instruction of the person (**the Testator or Testatrix**) to another person (**the Executor or Executrix**) on what the Executor/Executrix is empowered, authorized and directed to do on the death of the Testator/Testatrix. The Executor has the power to pay and collect debts, distribute the remainder of one's property and generally carry out the Testator's instruction for handling of the estate.

If a person dies without a Will, one dies **intestate** and the applicable provincial legislation outlines the distribution of the estate. The problem with leaving the distribution of one's assets to be determined by Provincial Statute is that the law does not provide the flexibility to consider a family's special circumstances or needs, or even the expressed but unwritten wish of the Testator/Testatrix.

There are two forms of Wills, the solemn Will and the holograph Will. A **solemn Will** is usually drafted by a lawyer and must be signed by the Testator in front of two witness, the witnesses in turn sign in front of the Testator. Witnesses may not be beneficiaries or spouses of beneficiaries. A **holograph Will** is prepared by the Testator, and in order to be valid must be wholly written in his own handwriting, dated and signed by the individual. Holograph Wills do not need to be witnessed in order to be valid. As the law varies among provinces regarding holograph Wills, one should check to ensure that such Wills are valid in one's province.

A Will allows people the opportunity to provide for their children and dependents and helps avoid conflict over the distribution of the estate. It also may deal with specific bequests of any item in the Estate. Through careful drafting a person may ensure that his or her dependents receive the care and protection that may not be provided for

in the provincial statutes.

While it is not necessary, it is prudent to have a lawyer prepare your Will. Most people underestimate the complexity or uniqueness of their estate. A lawyer is trained to identify the issues that may arise in the administration of an estate. For

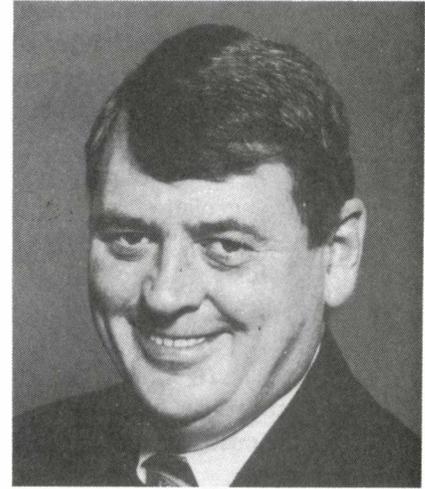
example, in the event of both parents dying, it is important that guardians have been appointed to care for the minor children. While there is provincial legislation establishing a Public Guardian, most people would prefer to choose people they know to assume these responsibilities.

Similarly, providing for the administration of the assets for minors in a Will avoids the involvement of the Public Trustee who does not have the power to consider the uniqueness of individual family circumstances and, therefore, may not provide for the children as the parents may have chosen.

Another consideration when making a Will is the effect of tax laws that come into effect upon the death of an individual. Careful planning based upon advice of a lawyer and accountant can avoid serious tax implications that may affect the size of the estate.

Oftentimes people consider that once they have drafted their Will, it is a permanent document or, that once drafted, it takes care of everything and can be forgotten. It is, however, generally agreed that people should review the provisions of their Wills at least every five years or more frequently if their personal circumstances have changed.

Marriage and divorce are two issues that should trigger a review of one's Will as, in the case of marriage, unless otherwise stated in the Will, the Will is revoked. In the case of divorce, the Will stands and should be re-drafted to reflect the change in circumstances, for otherwise an ex-spouse could be in a position to be a beneficiary while a new spouse may be excluded from receiving anything from the estate. The rights of common law spouses vary from province to province so one should check with one's lawyer regarding one's particular situation.



Rod Donlevy, LLB '72

When drafting a Will one should carefully consider the choice of executors and guardians and their alternates for these are the people who will be left with the responsibility to carry out the wishes of the Testator. It is not necessary that the executor be a lawyer or accountant; however, one should consider whether the individual is in a position to assume the responsibility of administering the estate, particularly if the estate is large or complex.

Even if one believes that one's estate is very small, and a Will would be of no benefit, it is wise to prepare simple Wills which will be the last directions that one can give to deal with all of one's affairs in accordance with one's wishes. Remember too, that should your personal circumstances change, you may revoke or change your Will to reflect those changes.

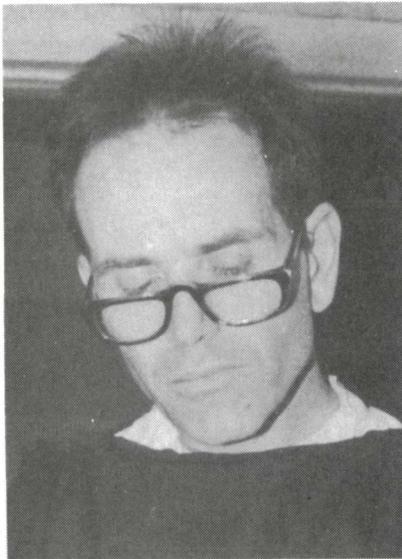
*Sometimes people consider their Wills to be an appropriate instrument for making charitable contributions to an organization. Some opt for a direct donation while others prefer to set up a foundation or trust. There are many ways to give which can be outlined by your lawyer or financial advisor.*

*It is a good idea to discuss your intentions and the various terms of your bequest with the charity at the time of drafting your Will. It is also appropriate and wise to provide the charity with a copy of the clause outlining the bequest for its records.*

*Careful consideration of your charitable bequest allows the Testator the opportunity to examine various ways to donate funds.*

## HOLDING A MIRROR to the MOUNTAIN

### Fr. Ed Heidt - More "Fringe" Benefits



*Father Ed Heidt will be taking his play about Thomas Merton, **Holding a Mirror to the Mountain** on the Fringe Festival circuit this summer. Attention all alumni/ae! He will be in Manotick (near Ottawa) from May 23 through June 5, in Montreal from June 5 through June 19, in Minneapolis from June 19 through July 1, in Toronto from July 1 through July 10 and finally in Winnipeg from July 12 through July 23. Good Luck, Ed. Break a leg!*

### *Newman Players*

will be performing  
Harold Pinter's

### *The Dumb Waiter*

at the  
Saskatoon Fringe Festival  
August 4 - 13, 1995

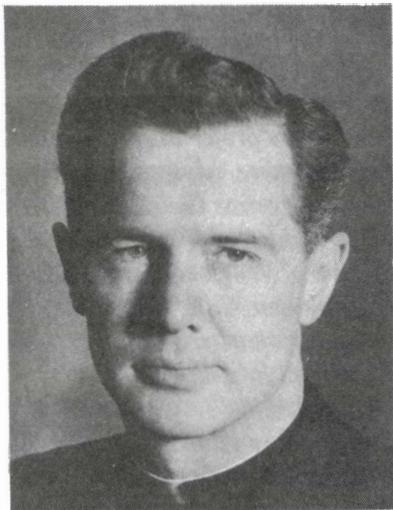
### *Newsletter Staff*

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**Photography**  
Dan Jiricka

**Design**  
Jack Skrip



## *Requiescat in pace*

**Fr. Robert William Finn, CSB  
1919 - 1995**

It is with deep regret but fond memories that alumni/ae will learn that on the afternoon of January 24, 1995, Fr. Finn died at the Basilian Fathers' Residence in Toronto. The Very Reverend Robert J. Barringer, CSB, Superior General of the Congregation of St. Basil, was the principal celebrant of the Mass for Christian Burial on the morning of January 28.

Vivid memories of Fr. Finn abound particularly with alumni/ae of the 1950's and 60's when they recall their years at STM. His stride was "like a dance." "He used his whole body in directing the Glee Club." "His marvellous laugh rippled throughout the corridors." "He was an excellent teacher." "He encouraged inquiry, yet at the same time was entrenched in church devotion and

liturgy." Father Finn spent nineteen years at STM. He is fondly remembered for many reasons. He was an ace ping pong player. He was active in Sunday evening amateur nights all over the campus. As musical director of the Glee Club he stamped his feet to keep time. He radiated marvellous Irish humour; in fact, he had a card file of jokes and many of his students would collect jokes for him, putting them on a recipe card for his file, and some continued doing so long after they left the College. He excelled at the art of humour, carefully timing the punch line after the appropriate build-up of expectation. He was also very musical. In fact he wrote lyrics for a special song that all enjoyed and remembered. Set the following lyrics to the music of the "Synchopated clock."



*St. Thomas More Glee Club, Holy Thursday 1954*

*Dear Saskatoon, Sas-ka-che-wan  
Home of U. of S., of wonderful renown  
We love you cause you're oh so nice  
We like to live preserved in ice.*

*Dear Saskatoon, Sas-ka-che-wan  
Oh such a wonderful town  
Your summer is the nicest thing  
It's coming and coming, then gone*

*Dear Saskatoon, Sas-ka-che-wan  
Home of U. of S., of wonderful renown  
We love you cause you're oh so nice  
We like to live preserved in ice.*

For many, Fr. Finn had his own charisma. He was young, warm, responsive and incredibly approachable. Lifelong friendships were forged during those years and when Fr. Finn visited, he always looked up former students. Surely, Fr. Finn exemplified the spirit that emanated throughout the College in those years. There was fun, deep friendship, earnest pursuit of knowledge and understanding, and a joyful community of faith.

Robert was born in Medicine Hat, Alberta on December 12, 1919 to William and Mary (née Quinlan) Finn. Later moving to Calgary, Robert studied at and graduated in 1939 from St. Mary's Boys' High School. He joined the Novitiate in 1939, studied Philosophy at Assumption College in Windsor, obtained his BA from the University of Western Ontario in 1943. For a year before beginning his theological studies he taught Freshman Latin and Algebra at St. Thomas High School in Houston.

He was ordained to the priesthood on June 29, 1947 by Bishop Carroll of Calgary. In 1949 he obtained a licentiate from the Pontifical Institute. Following his long and productive sojourn at St. Thomas More College, Fr. Bob Finn was Principal at St. Mark's College, Acting Superior at St. Joseph's College and involved in teaching and pastoral ministry in Kelowna and Calgary. Declining health brought him back to the Basilian Fathers' Residence in Toronto in 1986.

Fr. Finn was predeceased by his parents, and sister Eileen and brother Quillan. He is survived by a sister, Marion Masih, and three nephews. We extend our condolences to his surviving family, and would wish them to know that many alumni/ae of STM feel themselves to be surrogate family and share their loss.

**A Memorial Mass  
for  
*Father Finn***

will be held at  
St. Thomas More Chapel

on  
Sunday, September 17, 1995  
at  
11:00 a.m.

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**From the Dean's Desk** *contd. from p. 3*

networking advantages from this should be considerable. If you are interested in helping please fill out the form on p.13 of this *Newsletter*. Second, a skills option: reading, writing, library, etc. Students do not usually know how much they need these skills until they get their first essays back! But then everything changes. Third, an interdisciplinary encounter: This option gives students the opportunity to debate, discuss, and write about critical historical and current issues and events from the perspectives of several different disciplines. Finally, volunteer projects: Student will again have the opportunity to reach out in service to the campus and community by conversing with international students, tutoring students at St. Mary's School, visiting or entertaining the elderly at

Luther Special Care Home, etc. One's own problems can seem a lot more manageable from the perspective of service to others. In addition, of course, it is a marvellous opportunity for students to 'give something back' to those who are often least advantaged in our society. Any or all of these options are open to any student.

On behalf of our faculty and staff I wish you all a happy summer. Remember: if you happen to come to the University, please come and visit us in the new Dean's Office downstairs (Room 146) in STM across from the cafeteria.

Kevin Corrigan  
Dean

# Those were the days,



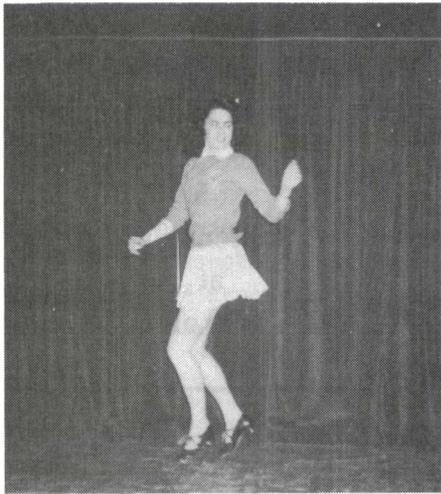
*Newman Club Party*

*l to r: Eileen McGeough, Jack Schaeffer, Irene Miller, Joe Gagne, Marg MacDonald, Tom Saunders, Ace Lockhart, Tom Emerson, Phyl Bell*

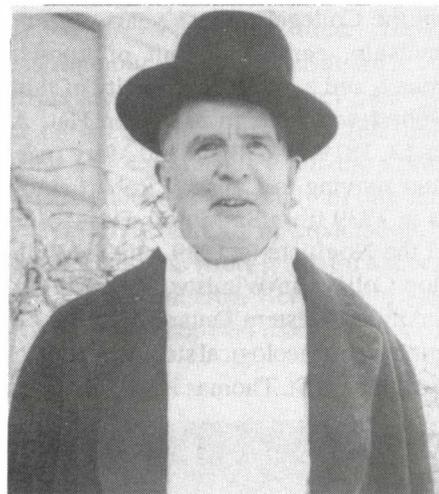


*Grad 1945*

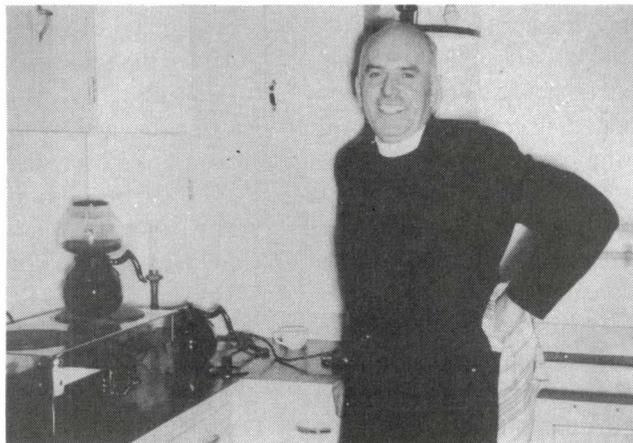
*l to r: Betty Quinn, Marion Bell, Teresa Connolly, Phyl Bell*



*Dodie Lydiard tap dancing at Newman Sunday Nite concert*



*Fr. Carr*



*Fr. McGahey*

# my friend.

## "College Night" Presentations



*"The Seven Stages of Women"*

*l to r, back: Marion Bell, Josephine Mamczasz, Marcia Maloney, John Maloney, Nano Nagle, Noreel Molard, front: Terry Boyle, Phil Simonson*



*Betty Quinn in "Permanent Anaesthesia"*



*STM Football Team 1946*

*Runners-up in the league which Engineers won*

*l to r, back row: Father Munnely - Coach, Bill Brystai, Gerry Dolan, ??, Jack Flannigan, Harry Prystai, Jack Hall, Fred Kanuka, Burke Nagle, Sliver Flegel  
front row: Carl Hanselman, Doug McKinnon, Pat Dolan, Pete Fieger, Adrian Smith, Bernard Daly, Ace Lockhart, ??, ??, ??, Tom Saunders*

## Students in the Spotlight

# They are honoured and we are proud.



**Gregory Hoiness** received the **Professor Steve Gradish Award** in recognition of his considerable contribution to the College. At spring convocation Greg will receive his BA in Philosophy and hopes to continue his studies in the College of Education in the BEd after degree program next fall.

While at STM Greg was a second year representative on the STMSA and later became President of the STMSA. Throughout his university years he was an active member of the Newman Club. He was also an organizer of the popular Arm Wrestling Tournament which raises money for Muscular Dystrophy. For fun, Greg enjoyed "Kaiser" in the cafeteria, scrub floor hockey, and all the Coffee Houses. As a singer at these events he and his cohort Elmer Schroeder often sang their own original songs. When asked about his worst memory of university life Greg vividly recalled the stress and tension of the all-night study sessions in the cafeteria during exams. But the overwhelmingly dominant view of STM was the wonderful camaraderie and the warmly welcoming ambience of STM. Greg was very insistent that he be allowed to extend his sincere thanks to all those helpful people, particularly in student services, who provided him with invaluable academic advice and warm friendship during his years at STM. We wish you much success in your future, Greg.



**Lyle Skrapek** is the honoured recipient of the **Father Paul Mallon Award** for outstanding contribution to the College. Lyle has earned his Honours BA in Philosophy and a 4 year advanced BA in Sociology. While at STM Lyle was a member of the Pastoral Community Council for one year, a member of Corporation for two years, on Newman Council for three years and most significantly, Director of the Coffee Houses. Coffee Houses happen twice each semester and last usually about three and a half hours. The task of organizing the acts and being responsible for all the details fell on Lyle, but he loved every minute despite the many frustrations and glitches that occurred. He proudly recalls some of the outstanding successes of some of the acts he was involved with. A group named "The Drowned" has put out an album on alternative rock with a Celtic flavour.

Ken Wilde and Daryl Fournier, a comedy team, have also put out an album. Matthew Ledding is at National Circus School in Montreal and Jeff Staflund who plays guitar and piano does contemporary folk music on CBC radio. Lyle hopes to continue his career in the entertainment business by attending a Recording Engineering Course in Music or TV with a view to work as a sound engineer or camera person. On the side he will continue to write comedy just because he loves it. Lyle plays the clarinet and is learning guitar. He characterizes his life at STM in a Dickensian way — "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times." The "best" were the excellent friendships with fellow students, staff and faculty. The variety was delightful ranging from "wild eccentrics through intense cerebrals." The "worst" was the illness and death of his Dad in his second year, but he will always remember the extraordinary support system at the College that helped him to survive his loss. Throughout he has learned to know himself and have the courage to stand up and express views which may not be popular but in which he has a firm belief. The mixture of wisdom, cynicism and humour he has experienced has allowed his spirituality to grow and flourish. He has found that learning to laugh at oneself puts a more valid perspective on those things that matter — reality. We wish you much success in your future Lyle, and we look forward to the joy and laughter you will give to many.

**Brenda Santer** was awarded the **Father Carr Award and Buckwold Prize** to honour outstanding academic achievement as well as valuable contribution to the life of the College. Brenda hails from Estevan originally and is pleased that she is the first member of her family to earn a university degree. In Brenda's case this was no small



achievement for as a mature student, she is also a single mother of two sons. At convocation she will receive her Honours BA in Psychology as well as an honours certificate in Sociology. In the fall she will begin a Master's program in Sociology. When she came to university, her initial plan was to take a year of Arts and then proceed to a nursing degree, but her interests and goals changed that first year at STM. At the moment she anticipates the possibility of a PhD and life in the academic world. Her four years at STM have been "exhilarating" and she looks forward to more of the same. In fact, her eldest son is currently a second year STM student and her younger son is doing very well in grade 11. For Brenda the many evenings shared by the family in the library has been a positive modelling for her sons. Besides the joy of learning that they share, they enjoy mutual empathy when essays and exams hover, with the result that the burdens of meal preparation and housecleaning are graciously shared. While at STM Brenda served as Treasurer and later President of STMSA, was a coordinator for the Arm-Wrestling Tournament one year, served as student representative on Forum for one year, on the Board of Governors for three years, on Corporation and a number of College committees. Like her sons who are "supportive and proud" of their Mum, so too are we. We wish you and your family continued happiness and success in your future, Brenda.

## Days past — days present — days future

*At the liturgy preceding the celebration of the Awards Banquet, Fr. Ron Griffin captured the ambivalent feelings in the graduates, students, faculty and family members with this homily. Because it has much to say to all of us, as well as being crafted like a rich and complex tapestry, we would like to share it with all our graduates.*

There is something very good about the readings of this Sunday for the occasion of a year-end celebration. They bring to mind an old Hollywood movie that I am sure most of you never saw. In this movie, entitled "Comeback Little Sheba," Burt Lancaster plays the part of a recovering alcoholic who is bored out of his mind with his wife's endless talk about the good old days. Throughout the film she goes out onto the porch calling for Little Sheba, their dog that has disappeared, the dog that has become a symbol of bygone days, a symbol of dashed hopes. For twenty years the couple goes on living what Thoreau called "lives of quiet desperation."

That film provides a good image for something each of the readings of today's liturgy, in its own way, is saying. Each passage stresses the notion of past, present and future. Together they provide a powerful lesson for us as a church, particularly as some of you draw closer to the end of another stage of your academic and life journey. They provide an excellent reminder of something we easily overlook in the busyness — and difficulties — of our days.

The passage from Isaiah (43:16-21) is especially pertinent. He addresses the Jews in exile, living in Babylon. They look back nostalgically to the good old days of their ancestors — the days of liberation from bondage in Egypt. Their glory days, as they see them, were those forty years spent in the wilderness, in the Exodus, when God delivered them from the bondage of Egypt, when he fed them with manna from heaven, and finally led them into a land flowing with milk and honey. As with all nostalgic memories, though, it is just that — nostalgic. It is only good in relation to what they now experience and very rarely do people ever understand accurately their immediate experience.

The version of things that Isaiah's listeners recall seems to overlook a number of salient factors. It seems, for example, not to take into account the hardship entailed in that journey. The Israelites had not been magically transported to the promised land; they were not carried literally "on eagles' wings" despite the retrospective

description of things in this vein by the writer of Exodus (Ex19). Rather, the journey was full of difficulties, crises, struggles, and the sojourners were frequently dissatisfied, often provoking God who then had to be appeased through the wandering about, but it was a march toward a goal, a moral progress, a transformation. The men and women who reach the promised land are literally and figuratively, not the same men and women who left Egypt. Omitted is the fact that God had to keep them in the wilderness long enough so that they could be thoroughly transformed, which meant that very few of them would have seen the journey through to its end.

The great paradox of the Exodus, and to which Isaiah alludes in our first reading, is the people's simultaneous willingness and unwillingness to put Egypt behind them. Even the first of God's chosen people were

nostalgic. They yearn to be free yet they yearn to escape their new freedom. They long for the good old days when things seemed so good to them, but the "good old days" were days of bondage, of slavery. Yet compared to their present — wandering endlessly as it seemed in the desert — the past looked very good. They longed for the fleshpots of Egypt. The fleshpots meant, literally, regular meals of meat, and figuratively, a time when they knew who they were. Nevermind that that meant being without the great dignity of human freedom.

So Isaiah charges those now in exile in Babylon: "Remember not the former things, nor consider the things of old. Behold I am doing a new thing; now it springs forth; do you perceive of it?" The prophet urges them to look forward to a new and greater Exodus, their return from Babylon to Palestine. But most assuredly he wants them not to look back, but forward, to be faithful, and to put their trust in God who is ever faithful.

So too in the gospel, Jesus says to the "woman taken in adultery" — whom he knows to have been falsely accused — that while there is a past, she should not let that inhibit her. And while he does not minimize that past nor trivialize it, he tells her that she should not in any way

**ST. THOMAS MORE STUDENT UNION  
AWARDS 1994-95**

***STMer Award for overall contribution  
to College Life  
Jeff Froehlich***

***Rookie of the Year  
Cory Neal Henry***

***Executive Award  
Jason Aebig***

remain a captive of her past, that she does not have to be fearful or live in shame. The past is the past, he tells her; what is important is the future; "sin no more," he tells her.

The situation is similar with Paul, the author of the second reading. He has by his own admission been one of the worst persecutors of the Christian church. Yet as we hear him today, now a prisoner himself, he writes: "One thing I do: Forgetting what lies behind and straining forward to what lies ahead, I press on toward the goal for the prize of the upward call of God in Christ Jesus. (Phil 3:13-14).

If we look at all of this from a theological point of view we learn something about our relationship with God. It tells us that salvation is not something that occurs in some far off remote space. It involves real flesh and blood people. It involves you and me. It has a history. It happens in and through living communities. Communities like those at STM and like the ones that you who leave here will be in and hopefully contribute to.

God's hand is present in this community and it will also be there in the communities to which some of you will journey in the future. It will be in your lives, in your work. And just as it was wrong for the Israelites to think in idealistic or nostalgic terms of their past so it is wrong for us. Yet, the past is important; the memory of it is equally important. Nothing could be more clear from the Scriptures.

The psalms — the great prayers of the church — are filled with references to the great events of the past. As our Jewish brethren remind us, if there is one message the Bible gives us — it is "remember!" The memory of God's dealings with them is a revitalizing thing. So too must it be with us. The Israelites had to bring to mind often God's liberation of them from the slavery of Egypt, his feeding them in the wilderness, and his guiding them to their promised land, his unique covenant with them.

So too, for the woman caught in adultery. She stands for you and me insofar as we all are in need of forgiveness, and must never forget that. She also stands as a reminder of the frailty not just of ourselves but of those who surround us, who journey with us. But most

of all it reminds us of God's incredible patience with us and his unlimited forgiveness, one that will not allow us to draw lines to separate ourselves from one another. This is the story of salvation, a story of sin and mercy, of sin committed and sin forgiven.

So our past is important. It is a part of ourselves, individually and collectively. It is not something to be expunged from our memory. STM is a significant part of our lives because God visited us here; he brought us to this place of pilgrimage. We must never forget that and all that accompanies that in the years ahead.

But while we must recall the past and the lessons it teaches us, there is a danger in living in the past. There is a way in which people sometimes imagine God's indifference in the present compared to his vital involvement in the past. So we yearn for a yesterday, despairing of God's saving act today and tomorrow.

The woman taken in adultery knew that she could not live in the past. For her to do so would be for her to wonder how she could ever be forgiven — by God, by her husband, or above all by herself. She had only Jesus' words in the present about the future.

We have to learn to live off the past, but not in it. We are to recall God's working with us and in us in the past — individually and collectively, as persons and as church. But like the exiles in Babylon, we must give up any ceaseless yearning for the past —

whether that be for the church of certainty of the 1950's, when priests were real priests and nuns were real nuns so that it was easy to recognize one when you saw one, when dissenting voices were no voices at all, when there was no such thing as a kiss of peace and when protest in the name of anything was unheard of.

There were some very positive things about that church, just as there were some very positive things about the community of faith that journeyed through the Sinai desert so long ago. And there is nothing wrong with nostalgic feelings and thoughts regarding that era, so long as it remains nostalgia. It is disastrous for us, though, if we try to live there. That is not to say that everything that surrounds us is good, or even that all the elements that have

#### **NEWMAN CENTRE AWARDS 1994-95**

*Newman Spirit Award*  
*Sarah Dawson*

*Outstanding Graduate*  
*Jason Cody*

*Rookie of the Year*  
*Greg Borysko*

*Most Active Woman*  
*Cara Dorgan*

*Most Active Man*  
*Luc Bussière*

*Most Helpful Woman*  
*Candace Yeudall*

*Most Helpful Man*  
*John Sanche*

come into our faith lives are acceptable. We have always to remain alert and to remove anything that is foreign to the exercise of faith. But we must realize that we are a church in exile, a pilgrim people journeying through a wilderness, groping for a God we cannot touch, mumbling and grumbling ever as much as the Israelites did, making all sorts of human mistakes.

Yet, we are still God's community of salvation; God still acts here. If we find that we are living in Babylon, let us not pretend it is Jerusalem, or any previous utopia. Call to mind the words of the prophet Isaiah: "Remember not the former things, nor consider the things of old. Behold, I am doing a new thing; now it springs forth; do you perceive it?"

Personally and collectively as a community of believers we must also journey on as the woman in the gospel, not caught up in our guilt over past offenses, not afraid of hell, nor impotent to making peace with our

human frailty. This is not why God became human, one of us. He came to instruct us, as he did for the woman caught in adultery, that we are to fix our eyes not on yesterday's sin, but on today's forgiveness and tomorrow's hope. Repent, yes, but knowing that the repentance that saves and enables is not ceaseless self-scouring but fresh self-giving, a new birth of love.

So as you go on with the rest of the journey, remain open to the Spirit, knowing that the Spirit will take you places you would never otherwise have gone, into circumstances you might otherwise have wished to avoid, but places too that are magnificently graced with the

presence of the Living God. The journey at times will seem harsh and trying both to faith and to life in general, but as with those who first journeyed it shaped them into a true people of God which differed significantly from the people of God they thought they already were, but so much a better people of God.

*Chaplaincy  
Award  
Jason P. Cody*

## The Heart of St. Thomas More College Award



**Sr. Dolores Poelzer** of STM's Sociology Department was honoured by the students of the College with its highest award, the "Heart of St. Thomas More College Award." Dodi, as she is lovingly called by all of us, has given an enormous contribution of time and heart to the students of the College. She has loved, cajoled, supported, advised and comforted many as they struggled through structural and functional change in the STMSU. She is mentor and friend to many as she works to "evoke their gifts" and has found that with a little encouragement and faith, their self-confidence blossoms and allows their gifts to shine. When asked about her reaction to this honour, Dodi replied, "I'll never forgive them. They're sneaky. It was a surprise." She was "dismayed that the students had prevaricated, but appreciative of their loving gesture. I love them also." Relationships such as these energize the spirit and community of STM. Thank you, Dodi.

# Old Bones

by Amy Jo Ehman who is a student in Guy Vanderhaeghe's creative writing class

"Speed up. I don't want to be late."

Jack looked at the speedometer. The highway cut black and flat across the prairie. There were no other cars on the road. The morning was still and cool, pale colours under a gentle sun.

"We won't be late," he said.

Marina sat cross-armed on the passenger side, her bare shoulder pressed against the frame of the door, her head turned towards the prairie. She wore a denim skirt and a sleeveless top that pinched her flabby arms and pressed against her bosom, and white sandals with short, sharp heels. Her sunglasses sat large and square on her round face.

"We better not be late. I've been looking forward to this," she said.

Jack didn't reply. The cool air tugged at his shirt sleeve and twisted his thinning, grey hair. The sky was clear blue, empty. Marina sat silently, watching the landscape pass by. The earth was as flat as a bedspread; a giant quilt patterned the squares of blue and yellow, green and brown.

"Three hours for a pile of bones." Jack shook his head. "We live in a pile of bones and you want to drive three hours to see a pile of bones."

"Huh?"

"Pile of bones," he said. "Regina used to be called Pile of Bones. They were buffalo bones, left in a pile after years of hunting. A landmark, so people knew where they were going."

"Oh." Marina turned back to the window.

"You better BONE up on your history," he said. He caught his own eye in the rearview mirror and laughed.

Marina eyed him sideways. "You're a BONE head," she said. "A real modern dinosaur." Her breath was warm against the glass.

Marina leaned her head against the window, watching how the far-away prairie moved more slowly than the prairie close-up — a field of yellow canola in slow motion in the distance; the ditch close-up a blur of wild sweet clover and dandelions going to seed.

"We better speed up," she said.

They pulled into Eastend at ten minutes to noon. The main street was wide and deserted. The wooden shop fronts glared white, their windows made black in the overhead sun. Several large windowpanes were hand-painted with colourful scenes of prehistoric landscapes, palm trees and dinosaurs. A cowboy with a

wide, white hat stepped off the curb and walked slowly across the street, kicking up dust with his boots.

Jack parked the car in the shadow of the squat brick bank. They got out of the car. The shade was no relief from the heat. Jack stretched his shoulders, tugged up his pants under his belly and tucked in his damp shirt at the back. Marina slung a small white purse over her shoulder and crossed the street to the office of the town hall.

Jack walked along the sidewalk to the edge of the shade and turned back. Another car arrived. A man and two boys got out. Jack nodded hello. Their license plate said New York. Jack read the other license plates as he walked: Alberta, Manitoba, Oregon and New Brunswick.

Marina called to him from across the street. He walked over and they went behind the office to a parking lot where three vans stood in a row. A small group of people crowded into the narrow shade under the overhang of the roof. Marina fanned herself with a glossy brochure labelled with the large green letters "T. rex." Perspiration seeped through her blouse. The light fabric tacked itself to her shoulder blades. She sat heavily on a plastic milk crate and fanned her face.



The van doors were opened and they climbed in one by one. Marina pushed towards the first vehicle and they took a seat near the front. The driver wore a brown cowboy hat and a string tie. He talked as he drove, telling stories of the early ranchers at Eastend, peopling the landscape with characters of humour and strength. Jack listened and watched as each still farmyard passed by.

"I can't hear," said Marina. "The air conditioning is too loud."

"He can't turn it off," said Jack, leaning close to her.

"I want to hear. I want my money's worth."

"He's not talking about the dinosaur anyway. He's talking about old-timers."

Marina shrugged her shoulders and crossed her arms. The van turned into a pasture, and soon stopped in a wide, shallow valley. The hills on either side were low and flat on top, their round, brown rumps pointing towards the valley floor. The passengers walked in single file along a dirt path, down the hillside towards a grassy stream at the bottom of the slope. The heels of Marina's sandals stuck in the dry soil, and she took short, tugging steps.

"I forgot my hat," she said.

Jack walked close behind. His tall, broad body shaded her back. The heat was rising from the soil and his feet were hot. He watched the growing patch of perspiration on Marina's blouse. He saw in it the shape of a butterfly, no, a pterodactyl. He laughed.

She's always up front, he thought, but I see more.

At the stream, he took a step ahead and held her hand as she stretched her foot from one grassy edge to the other. Small round rocks were embedded in the bank, and she stepped carefully to keep her balance. Once on solid footing, she pulled her hand away and looked around. She was startled by the still white face of a curious cow, then quickly closed the gap in the line.

At the other side of the valley floor, the path rose and rounded a rump of earth and halted at the excavation site.

"We're here," said Jack.

Marina brushed her hair from her damp forehead and looked up. Ahead of them, the side of the valley wall had been cut away, leaving the flat floor of the excavation area, surrounded on three sides by the rising slope of earth. The area was skirted by a blue string tied to a series of stakes, to mark the boundaries of the work area. Inside, three men put down their tools, stood and stretched their backs.

"Welcome to the Pleistocene. You are walking back sixty-five million years," said the driver. "Watch your step."

Jack followed the line of the string, scrambling up the steep slope of the hill to a spot where he could look down on the work site below. Two men worked without shirts, their skin deeply tanned and moist. The third, taller man, wore a dusty, short-sleeved shirt and a floppy hat. He took a silver object from his pocket, and stretched it out to become a long pointer with a knob at one end. The bones were scattered in the hard soil, yellowish and undefined.

"This Tyrannosaurus rex died here about sixty-five million years ago, give or take a few million," said the tall man. "This was an ancient stream bed. The dinosaur's bones were preserved in the mud. But as the stream bed shifted, the bones moved, so today they are not lying in proper skeletal form."

He pointed at several bones, naming each one — a rib here, another there, a pelvis, a femur, several teeth. The silver pointer connected the bones. Jack imagined the dry, brown prairie turned into a luscious stream bed, palm trees and bamboo, waist-high horsetails and exotic flowers. A hulking grey creature lay on its side, its giant mouth close to the water, its giant stomach rising and falling in a final breath.

"Why did he die?" asked Jack.

The tall man shook his head. "We don't know. We're looking for clues."

The questions continued. What are the bones worth?

As if you could put a dollar figure on such a creature, thought Jack. The tall archeologist circled his pointer over the bones. "The entire skeleton, two-hundred million dollars. One tooth, five-thousand dollars."

Several people whistled. The archeologist held up a tooth between two fingers. It was longer and thicker than a thumb. The group began moving down to the base of the hill. Jack saw Marina sitting on the low edge of the excavation site. He slid to her side.

"It doesn't look like much of a skeleton," she said.

"It's better to see it from above."

"Well, I expected it to look more like a skeleton."

The archeologist stood at the other corner of the work area with the tooth on a handkerchief in the palm of his hand. One-by-one the group filed by and examined it. Jack put his hand under Marina's elbow to help her up, but she waved him away.

"You go look," she said. "I'm okay."

Jack wiped his hot hand on his pant leg then touched the tooth with one finger. It was smooth and black. He put his hand in his pocket. The line moved single file back towards the valley floor. Jack talked with the boy in front of him. The boy was animated and talked excitedly of the eating habits of Tyrannosaurus rex. He wore a peaked cap with a dinosaur stitched in green across the front.

"Where did you get that?" asked Jack.

"At the drugstore." The boy also wore a souvenir T-shirt and from his pocket he pulled out a keychain in the shape of a dinosaur tooth. "There are fridge magnets, too," he said. "I got them at the restaurant."

The afternoon sun had slipped to the west and cast short shadows in the valley. It had not cooled. The still air grew heavier, and black-blue clouds formed a line on the horizon. The long line of people slowed as it reached the up-slope on the other side of the valley floor.

A sharp cry came from the back of the line. Jack stepped off the path and looked behind. Marina lay on the grass at the side of the stream. Other members of the tour knelt around her. He hurried back. Marina whined in pain.

"Jack. Jack, I heard a bone snap," she cried.

Her sandal was off. A woman gently lifted Marina's foot and turned the ankle left and right. Marina howled. The woman said it might be broken.

Jack slid his arms under his wife's back and tried to lift her. Marina was limp and heavy in his arms.

"I can't. It hurts."

"You can't stay here. The van will leave," he said. "Marina, try to help."

Steel-grey clouds hung low on the hills ahead of them, and the air was cooling. Jack and the driver lifted Marina to her good foot. Each man pulled an arm around the back of his shoulders, and they carried her to the parked van. Her

bare skin was warm and sticky on the back of their necks. The clouds were nearer, and the fresh wind carried drops of rain.

They lifted her onto the front seat of the van.

“My sandal,” she said.

Jack looked at the driver. He shrugged. Marina leaned back and shut her eyes.

The van hit the storm head-on on the gravel road. Rain swept over the windshield and beat on the roof. The wipers swung quickly back and forth.

Back in Eastend, the passengers ran stooped from the van to the office door. Those who had hats wore them, and those with sweaters draped them over their heads. Marina had neither. The driver pulled the van up close to Jack’s car, and they slowly carried her from one vehicle to another. The rain soaked her hair. Her makeup ran in a black trickle down both cheeks.

The driver stood at the window and gave Jack directions to the clinic. Rain water dripped from the brim of his cowboy hat. At the clinic, the nurse ran out with an umbrella, and held it over the three of them as they moved slowly inside. She gave them each a towel, and Marina draped hers over her head. The nurse wrapped the ankle in a stretch bandage.

“I don’t think the bone is broken,” she said. “You should have an X-ray when you get home.”

When they left the clinic the rain had stopped, but the sky still hung dark and oppressive over the town. Jack drove down main street and parked in front of the restaurant.

“What are you doing?” asked Marina.

“It’s a surprise.”

“Just get me home.”

“Something to drink?” he said.

“I’m not thirsty. I’m cold.”

Jack turned on the heat and left the car running. The restaurant was called Jack’s. The other Jack stood behind the till, dark-skinned with an aquiline nose and greying hair. On the wall behind him hung a reproduction of the Parthenon floodlit at night.

Jack bought two coffees, a ball cap like the boy wore, and a keychain in the shape of a dinosaur tooth.

“I have a surprise for you,” he told Marina. He was just turning the car onto the highway and picking up speed.

She held her coffee cup in both hands, her bandaged ankle stretched out in front of her. Her hair was still damp, but it was warm in the car. Jack pulled the keychain out of his breast pocket and dangled it where she could see.

“What is it?” she asked.

“The dinosaur tooth. It’s a keychain.”

“It’s stupid,” she said.

Jack put the keychain on her lap. She did not touch it. It’s horrible, she thought. She remembered the miscarriage; Jack brought a teddy bear to the hospital room. It squeaked when he squeezed it. A stupid toy. She left it behind.

“I got myself a cap,” he said.

Jack leaned the front of his head towards her, but she did not turn to look.

“It won’t seem so bad when you get home,” he said. “When you’re dry. You’ll look back on this and laugh.”

He laughed.

“It’s not funny,” said Marina. She rolled open the window and tossed the keychain outside. “It’s stupid,” she said.

Jack began to brake. He looked in the rearview mirror, and realizing how impossible it would be, accelerated again, and drove on in silence. Marina flicked on the radio and shut her eyes and cried.

The slow-moving storm was ahead of them now, making an early dusk in the east. Lightning flashed. The car moved more quickly than the clouds and within an hour they were driving into the storm. The rain was furious. It beat on the roof of the car and made the pavement slick and shiny in the headlights.

Jack saw an animal on the road just ahead. Marina saw it too, and shouted. Jack braked and turned the steering wheel to the right and left. The wheels of the car caught in the water and lost their grip on the pavement. The car slid over the centre line, onto the gravel at the side of the ditch and back on the pavement again. Then it spun around and stopped. The back wheels were on the shoulder, the nose in the ditch, pointing in the direction they had just come. Marina grasped the dash with both hands.

Jack stepped out into the rain and ran around the car. Two bright lights of a truck pulled up behind, and Jack talked to the driver. Then he opened his door and spoke to Marina.

“We have a flat. This guy will take us to the next town until the rain stops.”

“I’ll wait here,” she said.

Jack stood in the open door, rain-soaked, looking at her.

“It hurts to move.”

Jack slammed the door shut. The truck drove away. The sound of thick rain on the rooftop filled the car, and made a blind across the windshield. Marina reclined in the seat and pressed her face against the window. She could see nothing outside, but the grey sky and the rain making a black river on the pavement.

## Reminiscences

*We are bereft since our beloved Bishop Mahoney died. In talking to many people who worked closely with Bishop James or knew him over many years as pastor, teacher, shepherd, friend or colleague, one impression was strongest. He treated all with deep respect, was a listener, was understanding and a man of deep humility. In the testimonies that follow one can glimpse the breadth and texture of the friendships he shared over many years as well as the deep regard within which he was held by all who knew him.*

*Lorraine Cheke worked closely with the Bishop as his secretary for more than 16 years, and her reminiscences reflect upon the man she knew as Boss.*

At age 40, as a single parent with 3 sons, Lorraine returned to Secretarial School to upgrade her skills so that she could earn a living and raise her family. During her last week of school she was talking to her parish priest, then Fr. Blaise Morand about finishing her exams. He mentioned that "I might have a job for you." After some conversation in which she indicated she would be looking for full time work, she inquired as to who would be doing the interview. The response was "I am and you've just had it." A few weeks later the Bishop interviewed and hired her. During the interview Lorraine indicated her delight at the prospect of working for the Church. The Bishop's retort was "If you are looking for a short-cut to heaven, you won't find it here." For Lorraine, God must have been looking after her for the employment seemed like a gift from heaven. On reflection Lorraine feels that in a way she and Bishop James were kindred spirits. Her life trying to balance her work, raising a family and all that that entails, — looking after a home, cooking etc. was very complex. In a very different way the Bishop's life was also complex, trying to balance all the obligations and responsibilities placed upon him. Although their lives were different, the constant juggling act that both were engaged in established a rapport and deep trust. Their work relationship evolved and grew over time, so that Lorraine could anticipate and respond appropriately to whatever came her way. He also developed an aversion to the beautiful word "share" because it had become a worn cliché. He would say "Don't share with me, tell me." Often the Bishop would test ideas or letters that he was sending to his flock by requesting her honest and typical response. Joining the staff at coffee regularly and for lunch on many occasions he showed his friendship, but also that he was a true egalitarian. Lorraine marvelled at his writing ability that seemed to flow so easily, but he acknowledged to her that it was hard work to express complex concepts in a succinct, clear yet compassionate manner. Lorraine realized that "We all knew the same man. What you see is what you

get." The integrity of our Bishop was always apparent. "He accepted people and what they said to him without judgment. He too carried burdens and pain, but did so with a humble compassion." In fact, Lorraine indicated that even when she knew he was very tired, he never complained. He exemplified what "being poor in spirit" meant for Lorraine. He was always available to people. There were no unlisted phone numbers. He was extremely generous with his time, yet at the same time was careful to protect Lorraine. She could literally feel the hesitation on his part when deadlines meant he had to give her more work, when she had lots to do as it was. On one occasion Lorraine recalled that the Bishop was a bit testy, but trying really hard not to show how he felt. Lorraine, in being discreet tried not to notice, but in adjusting his chair, the lever responded to his adjustment too well and he dropped a greater distance than he expected. This incident broke the tension on both sides and they had a hearty laugh. He enjoyed music, particularly opera and classical. He would say "Doesn't that just grab you?" Lorraine thought "no" but admitted that although she is moving in the direction of his taste in music she has not wholly arrived yet. Since his death, her strongest memory is the vigiling at St. Paul's. Those going past his casket, he would have known by name. As a shepherd he knew his flock and all their kinship relations. In fact she regrets the loss to the diocese of his vast "corporate memory." The last letter he dictated was in hospital following the sudden death of his brother. In it there was humour and sorrow that he could not be comforting to his family. Lorraine observed that he always minimized how much people liked him. He didn't credit himself personally for the successes in the diocese. His true humility showed in his self-deprecating style. He was both human and humane. For Lorraine there is still a void, an emptiness and at times she expects him to walk through the door. She believes that he lived what he believed and smiles to herself when she recalls all the jokes about meeting Peter at the gate. "Now," she says, "If only Bishop James could come and tell us the truth now."

*Vic Karwacky, Principal of the new St. Joseph's High School opening in September, never dreamed that his life would be so integrated with Fr. James Mahoney's when he walked into his English class at St. Paul's High School so many years ago.*

Vic was a student of Bishop Mahoney, later was hired by him as a teacher at Holy Cross High School and has known him well in his professional capacity as Principal of E.D. Feehan High School and also as a friend. In recalling his own high school days, Vic marvels at the skill of Fr. Mahoney as an English teacher. He recalls his great gift of language and ability to speak publicly. He recalled the regular practice of having students give speeches in front of the class, and even though it was very difficult to do so in front of one's peers, it proved valuable experience for the future. Bishop Mahoney also taught Vic that expressions were subject to interpretation. "What a baby!" when commenting to a mother whose child may not be beautiful is received by her positively. In those days corporal punishment was a common practice, but to Vic's knowledge our Bishop never administered it. Instead, if two culprits had been fighting they would have to administer the corporal punishment to each other. Sometimes Fr. Mahoney would tap guys on the face in the halls and then quip that he was "practicing to be Bishop." When Vic moved into the new Holy Cross school he encountered the Bishop's legendary tardiness. Vic who lived nearby had a key to open the school early, for the Principal would often breeze in jovial and joking about 8:40 am. Although not a great administrator, — he would often shove bills in the drawer claiming they would send another shortly — he was a dedicated and compassionate educator. His advice was to have lots of clubs in a school to appeal to the interests of every student so that they could really "belong." He was truly caring of students and reluctant to tell a kid to pack it in despite the pressure he often felt from his staff about some individuals. He truly understood the importance of a sense of belonging in young people. This insight also lay behind his personalizing every greeting manifesting his genuine interest in people. For Vic, he always inquired about "Nic the Greek," Vic's small daughter. And if the Bishop didn't know you personally, he soon established your kinship and where you belonged in your family tree. While Vic was Principal at Feehan, he remarked that the Bishop always attended the High School Graduation ceremonies, and knowing how long they could be, one can appreciate that his commitment to education was a solid one.

*Tom Molloy, once a student of Bishop Mahoney, resurrected a speech he wrote for a presentation to Fr. Mahoney, after he was named Bishop, but before he was consecrated. The occasion was a dinner to honour him given by the Alumni of St. Paul's High School. The following excerpts are reflections on our Bishop that capture the perspective of youth, yet have not been coloured by a retrospective lens.*

When I was first asked to perform this function tonight I was deeply honoured and pleased. I was honoured in being able to represent such a fine group, and pleased that I have known our guest for a good many years; in fact, if memory serves me correctly I believe I served at his ordination. However, since sitting here this evening I have become somewhat reluctant and a good deal nervous, for it dawned on me that for several years Father had the misfortune of teaching me English, which included public speaking... and I can hear him say "Egad Molloy, didn't you learn anything?"

Since the announcement of his election as Bishop I have been running through my mind what one thing about him was most likely to have made the greatest impression on us. Perhaps it was those famous expressions. Who will ever forget? — "Bind it to your hearts with whooops of steel," or "Throw enough mud and some of it is bound to stick," or "Stick with me kid and you'll wear diamonds."

Or, was it his ability to get a laugh from a three-week-old *Prairie Messenger* joke? Perhaps it was as matchmaker? Remember those famous, or should I say those infamous Rosetown excursions — when we would be led like cattle to the slaughter.

Could it have been his enthusiasm for sports? I'm sure he never missed a St. Paul's game and for that matter could usually be found at other games as well, despite a heavy work load. In fact, if you ever missed the Saturday night wrestling matches from the Palace Pier in Toronto with Jerry Hip, Father could be counted on for a blow by blow description come Monday.

Were we impressed by his boundless energy and ability to take on fantastic work loads? Full time teacher, parish priest, lecturer, confessor, and councillor, all at one time. Perhaps it was as a confessor or councillor who, despite a hectic schedule, could always find time to listen, put the whole problem in the proper perspective, and offer faultless advice and guidance. Or was it the enthusiasm that he could generate in the classroom?

These are but a few of the many memories that each of us here tonight could relate, but they can all be quickly discarded for there is only one that sticks out as being the most important, and that is, that no matter where he was or

who he was with or what he was doing, Fr. Mahoney was always first and foremost a priest and an ideal example of the Christian way of life. Father, you have played a large part in our lives, have given us many happy memories and have provided an ideal example of how to live our lives.

It is our hope that we have in some small way contributed to your life. We would be more than pleased that as you take on your new role as Bishop, we serve as a reminder that when the going gets tough, you can look back on your days at St. Paul's and say, "If God gave me the courage and the grace to get through that, together we can conquer all."

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*Father Paul Donlevy, now Vice-Chancellor of our Diocese, had lots of memories of Bishop Mahoney. His mother Helen grew up in the Bishop's neighbourhood; Father Paul was taught by the Bishop and later ordained by him in 1971; and since then they have worked together over many years.*

Father Paul remembers his mother Helen saying that the expectation had been that John would become the priest in the family rather than James who was always rambunctious and a bit of a prankster in his youth. As a teacher the Bishop would sail in, at times late, but in his classroom you learned more than the literature and grammar on the curriculum. "Let's talk about that," became a familiar phrase as their teacher would go off on the tangent that was important to the adolescent boys bursting with hormones in his class. Despite the many detours, in the last quarter of the year they seemed to bulldoze through the rest of the English course, and come the departmental exams, the students did as well as others, so that the digressions had no deleterious effect. One of those famous dictums that was very direct but seemed to stick was "Girls are not boys' toys." When asked if Bishop Mahoney had ever lost his cool in the classroom, Fr. Paul remembered one time he did when one fellow had lit a small fire in one of the desks where one would shove books. As it turned out when a student in the next class pulled out his assignment to hand it in, it was half burnt. The Bishop's booming voice roared that day. As with all who knew him Fr. Paul commented upon his humour. Even in liturgy he had a sense of humour flicking the holy water on the altar boys as signals for the next move. But he never used his humour to destroy someone. Bishop James knew God gave him the gift of speech and he had to use it for His greater glory. He was a man of great heart. Fr. Paul recalled that at one meeting of priests, the Bishop took on a priest and later discovered he himself had been wrong. The very next day, in

atonement he drove a long distance to apologize personally. One must recall that the Bishop was a mere 39 years old when he was consecrated Bishop of his home diocese. In 1967 the changes of Vatican II were new and for some upsetting; some were leaving the priesthood. Under these circumstances it would be a very difficult adjustment for everyone. First of all, everyone knew the Bishop well. Moving priests older than himself when they might not be inclined posed difficulties that required considerable diplomacy. All relationships had changed and working out the *modus vivendi* placed a very heavy burden on a young man. But Bishop Mahoney was a man of prayer and deep faith. All saints have warts and Bishop Mahoney's were procrastination when it came to correspondence and problems with punctuality. Once arriving a half hour late for an event at the Abbey in Muenster, he apologized for being late, but having to stop for that red light in Humboldt had delayed him. The Bishop didn't like "putting things in ink" he said because it might "delay his canonization." Because people liked and loved him he never had to lean on his authority as Bishop to get things done. Sometimes as a teacher he would send assignments home that had to be paraphrased. Lines such as "Marriage is a meal in which the soup is better than the dessert," would create some consternation. When the boys needed interpretations from their mothers on such lines, it might often result in a phone call to the teacher. Bishop Mahoney worried about the shortage of clergy, and about burn-out with his priests. When he brought over 14 Polish seminarians, without consultation, he got roasted at Priests' Council. He could be faulted for "process", and could take criticism, but his motivation was never faulted. He was doing what he thought best to find some relief for his overworked priests.

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*At the Monday morning prayer service at St. Paul's Cathedral, Abbot Peter Novecosky, OSB in his homily commented upon Bishop Mahoney's leadership.*

"With you I am a Christian; for you I am a bishop." These words were used by St. Augustine centuries ago to sum up his role as bishop in the church of Hippo in Africa. These words could well summarize the life of Bishop Mahoney. "With you I am a Christian; for you I am a bishop."

Bishop Mahoney was a Christian with you for many years. He was born in Saskatoon. He lived here all his life. It was here that he was taught the faith — by his parents, by his family, by his parish community, and in the environment of the Prairies and the experiences of the Depression and World War II. It was here he was ordained

priest to serve the diocese as teacher, as pastor and, for 27 years, as bishop.

With you he was a Christian. He was from you and he was with you. The fact that so many people are here today, and will be here all day and all night to keep vigil, is a tribute to how Bishop Mahoney was one with you. It shows how you loved him and how he loved you...

...As a Christian with you, Bishop Mahoney was motivated by these words of St. Paul to the Ephesians: "Lead a life worthy of your vocation. Bear with one another charitably, in complete selflessness, gentleness and patience. Do all you can to preserve the unity of the Spirit by the peace that binds you together." These are the qualities that mark a Christian community....

The second half of St. Augustine's motto was, "For you, I am a bishop."

Bishop Mahoney offered his gifts of leadership to the Church of Saskatoon for many years. He was a gifted teacher, an inspiring preacher, a caring shepherd, a priest who celebrated liturgy with joy. As bishop, he challenged you. He challenged you to reach out to the poor of Brazil, and at home. He challenged you to reach out to the handicapped and the sick. As bishop, he challenged you to ecumenical dialogue and inter-faith cooperation. He challenged you to fidelity in married life and to Christian family living. He challenged you to support Christian education for students and for adults. And, you also challenged him as bishop. You challenged him to grow in social justice, in collaboration and collegiality, and in accepting mature lay leadership.

Bishop Mahoney shared with us the gifts that God had given him. And a gift he shared in such abundance was the gift of joy and humour. An how we will miss that...

..."With you I was a Christian; for you, I was a bishop." It's hard to put these words in the past tense as we think of Bishop Mahoney, but that is the new reality we face in the church of Saskatoon and Saskatchewan...

...And now it remains for us to ponder the mystery — that death is the doorway to new life, and that God has promised fullness of life and eternal joy, to those who trust in his way.

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*At the evening prayers the night before the mass of Christian burial, Pastor Vern Ratzlaff of Nutana Park Mennonite Church spoke of his relationship with Bishop Mahoney. The excerpts we have chosen reflect the friendship and regard of Christian confrères for our Bishop.*

...The deep pain of losing a good brother, a trusted counsellor, a gifted mentor, a loyal friend, a consummate visionary — all these are part of the cost of loving when in

vulnerability we place ourselves hostage to the possibility of loss...

We are not alone in grief, anymore than we are solitary in joy, for the God who moulded us from earth's clay, who knit us together in our mother's womb, weeps with us when our friends die. The Hebrew poet poignantly reminds us, "The death of the devout costs Yahweh dear." (Ps 116:15)

God does not take death lightly. God does not take your pain, our pain, lightly. This means that the life we live is not merely a meaningless interlude between birth and when we will be released. God takes seriously what we do. And we do well to follow that. Bishop Jim took seriously what he did — although with a full sense of humour that attempted to see things from a divine perspective. Of greatest terror to him was life that was boring. Life was not just a pause, but was meant to be undertaken energetically; joyously, but never flippantly. "Costly in Yahweh's sight is the death of his faithful." — for the faithful carry out the work of Yahweh, reflect the concerns of Yahweh, represent Yahweh in the marvellous world that has been shaped in mystery and conceived in beauty. And the work that Bishop Jim did, work representing Yahweh among people, in the whole community — that work each of us can speak to, for we saw different parts of it. I can speak of that part I saw as one who felt the grace of friendship, in collegiality, as we met regularly as leaders of Saskatoon denominations, met for sharing, for prayer, often with no real agenda other than to see how we could better do — and support each other in doing — the work of ministry. It meant that we exchanged terrible jokes (and I suffered more than once from having mine turned against me by him, even on public occasions), but I also recall his weeping as he shared the grief he felt over actions of those who had caused pain to others and were now wounding the Bride of Christ. I was deeply moved by his openness (and extension of friendship) to me — a newcomer to the city, representing a splinter group of the body ecclesiastic. And on one occasion he checked me rather abruptly when I made some cynical comment about those who trusted in prayer rather than in action, and he reminded me — me, an evangelical pietist — reminded me of what true piety consists of. He was a dangerous man to invite, I found. After the last time he spoke in our congregation, I vowed not to ask him again, because if there had been a vote for pastor, he'd have been in and I'd have been out. "Costly in Yahweh's sight is the death of his faithful."

Thank you brother Jim, for all you have meant to us, for all you gave to us, for all you have done for us. Thank you for being friend and mentor, counsellor and confidant...

*contd. on p. 38*

**Upcoming conference at STM**



**COMMUNITY, MODERNITY AND RELIGION:  
EUROCENTRIC/ABORIGINAL CONVERSATION**

FROM SUNDAY, JUNE 25 THROUGH TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 1995  
AT ST. THOMAS MORE COLLEGE

*"The objective of this conference is to explore the conceptions and experience of contemporary community, against the backdrops of modernity and religion. In the past such discussions have had a decidedly eurocentric accent: in those who have voice, in their ways of understanding and experiencing community, and in their places of power in society. Aboriginal voices, ways of understanding and experiencing community have been missing from most of the discussion of community in the context of contemporary society. The subtitle of the conference reflects our intention to involve scholars of aboriginal ancestry as counterpoints to this conversation."*

**Three sub-themes structure the overall conference theme:**

*"Community and Voluntarism/Obligation"*  
*"Community and Altruism/Healing"*  
*"Community/Kind-ness and the Canadian State"*

**Some of the Distinguished Scholars from both Canada and  
the United States include:**

PROFESSOR ROBERT BELLAH, University of California at Berkeley  
PROFESSOR GREGORY BAUM, McGill University  
PROFESSOR SAMUEL OLINER, Humboldt State University  
PROFESSOR MARIE BATTISTE, University of Saskatchewan  
PROFESSOR KENNETH WESTHUES, Waterloo University  
DR. JAMES YOUNGBLOOD HENDERSON, Native Law Centre, University of Saskatchewan

Conference Fees: Registration \$70.00  
Banquet \$30.00

For further information or to register, contact

Mary Miller  
Conference Registrar  
St. Thomas More College  
1437 College Drive  
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan  
S7N 0W6  
Phone: (306) 966-8900 or  
Fax: (306) 966-8904

# GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY GRADS

## Then: 1945 — Now: 1995.

*In the twentieth century, 1945 marks a momentous year. The second world war ended, much to the relief of all. The atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki initiated the Cold War that, until recently, determined not only the course of international relations but the level of anxiety for ordinary people. Our 50 year graduates have lived through momentous times and we marvel at their resilience.*

Marion M. Bell  
Regina

### From the Greystone

Marion besides being a good student, was active around the College and the Newman Club. As house convener of Newman Club she was dubbed Coffee Queen. Along the sport line Marion played inter-fac basketball and was prominent in fencing and curling.



### Today

Marion lives in Houston, Texas with her sister, Phyllis. Marion got a degree in Commerce and then finished a Social Work degree at the University of Toronto. Both she and Phyllis worked for Catholic Charities in Houston. Marion is not yet retired.

Alan James Young  
Regina

### From the Greystone

Our "fair-haired" lad. Alan has really gone through some trying experiences to get his degree. Remember those Tuesday afternoon Histology labs? Anyhow, he'll be able to pick a really good wife. Alan was secretary-treasurer of our society in 1944-45. He also dabbles in sports, but modestly refuses to give any report on them.



*We were unable to contact Alan.*

Phyllis Muriel Bell  
Regina

### From the Greystone

Phyl was prominent on debating teams and on S.T.M. and Newman Club executives. Being versatile, Phyl also took an active part in sports as well as in the more literary lines. Basketball, hockey, curling and fencing are her outstanding activities.



### Today

Phyllis and Marion share a home in Houston. Phyllis has a number of degrees — in social work and two degrees in law, from Saskatoon and San Francisco. In Houston she agreed to help out a friend for six months at Catholic Charities and ended up spending her whole career with them. She is presently retired and enjoys travelling. She has visited Australia, New Zealand, India, Europe. This spring she and Marion will be travelling to Egypt to participate in an archaeological dig, and they look forward to more trips in 1996 to Africa.

Stella Florence Chaban  
Buchanan

### From the Greystone

Stella is the youngest graduate of the College, being only 17 years old. She is going into Education next year and plans an active career in teaching. Stella has been a member of Newman Club. Her sports activities are skating, badminton and swimming.



*Stella is deceased.*

## Helen Lydia Bubniuk Saskatoon



### From the Greystone

Helen majored in English and minored in French. A student of languages, she is interested in radio work, and incidentally has a lovely voice. She was a member of Alpha Omega Society and Newman Club. Helen participated in College Nights in 1943-44. Loves all Engineers.

### Today

Helen Bobyn lives in Ottawa with her husband who is retired. Shortly after graduation Helen worked briefly at CFQC radio station in Saskatoon as the first woman announcer, but was married in October of '45 to Edward who was an engineer in the Armed Forces and they moved to Quebec City. They lived in Quebec for 15 years, in Baltimore, Maryland for 2 years, back to Quebec city, then for three years in Holland, in Ottawa briefly then in Alberta till 1968, back to Quebec for 4 years and then a move to Ottawa where they have remained since 1973. Edward worked as Chief of Research and Development for the Department of National Defense. They have 6 children: James is an engineer with a Master's degree in power engineering who lives in Montreal and has one son; Joan is a pharmacist at Royal University Hospital in Saskatoon, is married and has 4 children, 2 of whom are currently students at U. of S.; Dennis has his Ph.D. in Biomedical engineering from U. of T., teaches at McGill University and runs a research lab at the Montreal General Hospital focusing on hip replacements. He is married and has 3 sons. Diane lives in Ottawa, has an Art History degree from Carleton and works for Stats Canada; Stephen is a mechanical engineer (Queen's) and works for National Defense (the navy) in Ottawa. He is married and has 2 children; Michèle is completing her Ph.D. in zoology at U. of T. and her particular area of research interest is DNA testing of reptiles including really ancient ones. Although Helen says she never worked, I somehow doubt that, for she has certainly done a fine job as a "Mum." She loves to read and does a lot of sewing and embroidery. In remembering VE day, she recalls that it fell on a day when all the liquor stores were closed, but she recalls that she was very glad about the news for it meant that her Edward would not be going overseas.



## Madeline Volk Tramping Lake



### From the Greystone

As an S.T.M. graduate, a member of Newman Club and of the Biology Club, Madeline will be missed as a club member. Her main activities were fencing and bowling and she is also a member of the Shooting club in Saskatoon.

### Today

Madeline is 82 and has not yet been a senior citizen. She wrote "It is 10:00 pm lambing time and I go to the barn 4 times a night — so I must end this anecdote." In telling of her activity and exploits over the last 50 years I was astonished at her energy. Following graduation in 1945 she returned to Prince Albert and taught for one year in a Separate School for \$100.00 a month. She remarks that at that time Catholics were not permitted to teach in Public Schools. In the Spring of 1946 she applied for an office job at a Machine Shop for \$350.00 a month and never looked back. After the CCF came into power, that machine shop moved to Edmonton and she along with it, to become Office Manager, Credit Manager and Chief Accountant of Grosser Parts Limited owned by Nelson O. Grosser. In 1953 at age 40 she married Nelson Grosser. They spent many holidays in Mexico. On her first trip she looked up the Basilian Fathers to go to church and many became lifelong friends. Madeline and her husband Nelson became very involved in the provision of schools in Mexico and their generosity and interest resulted in the construction of 3 schools. Throughout her life, Madeline was a keen hunter, writing "I got my moose every year, food for dogs — one did not eat moose meat 30 years ago. Today I have moose sausage, elk sausage and deer sausage." She also shot at skeet and trap all her adult life. In 1955 she was in Alaska for the Kodiak Bear hunt. She got hers with a single shot-rifle, Weatherby.300, tailor made for her in Los Angeles. In 1964 the noise of Edmonton seemed too much and she and Nelson purchased a quarter section of land near Sherwood Park. In order to retain farm status of the land, Madeline stayed home from the office and raised sheep which she still does. Bravo Madeline!



## Teresa Josephine Connolly Saskatoon



### From the *Greystone*

An enthusiastic sportswoman, Teresa excelled in figure skating, basketball, swimming and fencing. In 1943-44 she managed the Figure Skating Club. A forceful executive, Teresa served on S.T.M. Council as secretary and vice-president, and was an active Newmanite. She was *Greystone* Activities editor for two years and is on the Pente Kai executive.

### Today

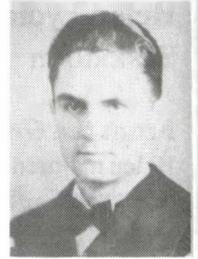
Teresa lives in Edmonton with her husband Adrian Smith. Following graduation with an Arts degree, Teresa continued at school earning her law degree in 1948. Teresa claims that she was too busy with 9 children to practise law, but she did some part-time law for several years in the mid-seventies with Ned Feehan STM '44. Teresa's son Kevin is a dermatologist in Niagara Falls where he lives with his wife, who is a daughter of Justine Dantzer, STM '43. Son Vincent is an engineer who lives in Edmonton and has 1 son. Brien owns "The Bikesmith" motorcycle shop in Campbell River; Mary Jane has 5 children and lives in Austin, Texas; Sally has her B.Comm. degree, is a Chartered Accountant, has 3 children and lives in Calgary; Virginia has her B.Sc. degree in Home Economics, has 3 children and lives in Edmonton; Linda has a Phys.Ed. degree, is a local golf champ and lives in Edmonton; Nancy earned a Bachelor of Commerce degree, has 1 child and lives in Calgary; Roger has a B.Comm. degree as well as an LLB from U. of S. He has 1 son and lives in Edmonton. Teresa belongs to bridge clubs, and a bible study group and still enjoys hiking, golf and cross country skiing. She also has an abiding interest in painting which she does for pleasure and for profit. Special thanks to you Teresa for providing all the '40's pictures in the centre of our *Newsletter*.



STM Library 1946

l to r: Noreen Mollard, Grant Maxwell, Mary Boyd

## A. John J. Lentsch Swift Current



### From the *Greystone*

John transferred from Toronto to finish honoring in Philosophy here in Saskatoon. John is a member of the Newman Club, and belonged to the Glee Club in Toronto. Played basketball and excelled in track work in Toronto.

### Today

John is retired in Ladner, Delta municipality in B.C. He married Dorothy (née Ruetz) of Swift Current and they have two sons. John earned his Education degree in the summers and was a teacher and administrator throughout his career of over 40 years. He taught in Regina and Assiniboia where he was a Principal. He then left for B.C. and taught senior English, was a Vice-Principal for 13 years and later was a Principal of Delta Manor school for 10 years. He and Dorothy have 2 sons: John, is married and living in the United Arab Emirates. He earned his geophysics degree from the University of British Columbia. He works in computer software for oil drilling companies in the Middle East. Their other son has his education degree and worked as a teacher for 3 years and has since had a variety of careers. He is married and has two children, a daughter 17 and a son 14. Today John Sr. has a spare time job raising money for lepers in the Phillipines. Close to \$100,000 has been raised and he finds this activity keeps him very busy. He and Dorothy are bridge players and enjoy gardening for they have a large property to look after. John will be 81 after Christmas and 4 years ago he and Dorothy celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary.



Newman Executive 1944-45

l to r, back row: John Maloney, Julian Reynaud, Fr. Munnelly  
second row: Clarence Chouinard, Terry Boyle,  
Phyl Simonson, Al DeRoo  
front row: Tom Sullivan, Phyl Bell, George Duey

## Victor Zuck Hafford

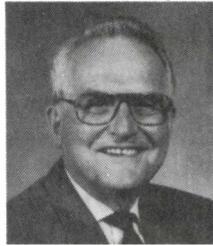


### From the *Greystone*

Victor is a member of the Newman Club and Alpha Omega Society, of which he was secretary-treasurer in 1944-45. Majoring in Biology, Victor is thinking seriously of entering the College of Medicine next year.

### Today

Victor is retired, so to speak, and living in Regina. In 1949 he married Henrietta Elizabeth Krawchuk who was an undergrad student at STM prior to switching to the College of Education in 1948. They have five children: Patricia Marie who is manager of "Off Broadway" Ladies wear in Regina; Vincent Paul who is Associate Head of the Coronary Care Unit at Royal Alexandra Hospital in Edmonton; Jonathan Anthony, a sound engineer in Regina; Andrea Louise Clark, who works in the legal Department in AMOCO, Calgary; and Gregory Victor who teaches English in Geos Schools in Osaka, Japan. Victor had a long and distinguished career in education: He was Principal of Krydor School Division from 1945-49; he was Principal of Torquay School Division from 1949-1960; he taught Biology at Sheldon Williams Collegiate in Regina from 1960-65; was Principal of O'Neill High School in Regina from 1965-69; was senior Biology teacher at Sheldon Williams Collegiate from 1969-81. As well, from 1965 to the present Victor has been a sessional lecturer in Biology through the University of Regina to students in the SUNTEP Programme (Gabriel Dumont Institute) and to students in the NORTEP Programme in La Ronge. On a number of occasions, Victor has been team leader on "Project Overseas" through the Canadian Teachers' Federation on trips to Belize (1976), Jadhya Pradesh, India (1978), Botswana (1980) and Bulawayo, Zimbabwe (1984). He has also been the recipient of National Science Foundation Study Grants/Scholarships in support of further study in Denver, Colorado (1964), at Wellesley College in Massachusetts in 1967, and at Wilkes University, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania in 1975 where he earned his Master of Science degree.



The Zucks spend their time travelling to Edmonton and Calgary to visit their children and grandchildren, and being active members of the University of Regina Seniors' Centre. Currently, Victor is studying advanced French and advanced Spanish. Victor claims that "Retirement is good to and for us. We're enjoying it to the full and hope that it lasts, and lasts, and lasts....!"

## Elizabeth Irene Quinn Prince Albert

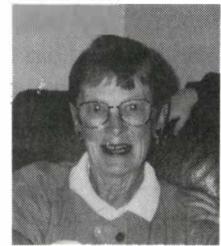


### From the *Greystone*

Betty, a staunch supporter of the College, played an active part in its direction. Her last two years with the College saw her as music director, secretary-treasurer, and on Students' Association. In sports, Betty excelled in fencing and was junior fencing champion in 1942-43. Always cheerful, Betty will be missed around the College.

### Today

Betty lives in Edmonton with her husband, Clifford Joseph "Bus" Farrell. Following graduation, Betty earned a Diploma in Social Work at the University of Manitoba in 1946 and began working at Family Services in Edmonton. She married in 1949 and was a mother, homemaker and community volunteer over the years. Betty has 10 children: Shannon is with the Faculty of Theology at Laval University; Shaun works in Propane Sales and Service in Wolson Lake, Yukon; Tim is with the Northwest Territories Commission; Michael works in the Alberta Social Services Department; Rory works with Farrell Engineering; Jody Ann is a journalist in Grande Prairie; Mary Noreen (Hyland) is a teacher in Calgary; Patti (Purich) is a doctor in Sherwood Park; Terence is the North Alberta representative of Alberta Distillers; Erin is an Animal Health Technologist in Fort Vermilion, Alberta. Betty is the proud grandmother to 18 and great-grandmother to 1. When recalling her days at STM she particularly remembers the humility and wisdom of Fr. Henry Carr, the unforgettable English classes taught by Fr. Joe McGahey, and the friendships begun at Newman Club which are still treasured and maintained, especially with the Engineer she married.



## Muriel Katherine Marsh Netherhill



### From the *Greystone*

Muriel was an active member of S.T.M. and Newman Club. A great sportswoman, she directed girls' sports for her College in 1943-44. She played Inter-fac basketball and was manager of the S.T.M. team in 1943-44. She took honours in women's bowling at the bowling party in 1944-45.

### Today

Mrs. Muriel Baltis lives in retirement with her husband in Calgary. She has two grown sons, one in Calgary and the other in Courtney, B.C. Her grandchildren Christopher and Tori live on Vancouver Island. Muriel taught school throughout her career, retiring in 1988. She loves travel and has visited Australia, Europe, Hawaii, the Southern U.S. and Barbados. She looks forward to more travel in the future. Now that she has more time she is challenged by "Bridge" and has found that lots of playing allows all the rules and conventions to become second nature. In fact her current motto is "Bridge forever, housework never."

## Genevieve Moreau Hoey



### From the *Greystone*

Genevieve was always a welcome person at the "College," and her liveliness and optimism gained her many friends. Her hard work brings her a well-deserved degree and plenty of success in line.

### Today

Genevieve is living in retirement in Edmonton. For 37 years she taught high school French, most of the time in Alberta, although she taught for a brief stint in B.C. and enjoyed a teaching exchange position in Britain for one year. She has travelled throughout Europe and has spent a number of summers in France. Genevieve spends considerable time with volunteer work. In the winter she enjoys cross-country skiing and spends her summers kayaking at her cottage in the foothills. Because she was a science student (Biology) Genevieve's memories of STM involve mass and the social activities of Newman. In terms of the future she hopes to "keep doing" for a long time. Genevieve extends her wishes for everyone to enjoy good health and lots of activity as she does.

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## Reminiscences *contd. from p. 33*

*Marikay Falby has had a long relationship with our Bishop that extends back to her days in high school at Sion. As librarian for many years in the Catholic school system and currently in information services for the Board of Education, Marikay has had lots of association with Bishop James, but here she speaks of the very personal relationship that he had with her family.*

Marikay belonged to a singing group known as the "Sands of Time" which Fr. Mahoney nicknamed "Temporal Grit." On the occasion of his 25th anniversary as Bishop she put together an audio-visual presentation which included a number of photos of the Bishop and the script she had written to accompany them. Marikay enjoyed roasting the Bishop, but his booming laughter on the occasion demonstrated that no one enjoyed it more than himself. On many occasions he would call Marikay to see if she had any new jokes that he could use for a forthcoming occasion at which he would be speaking. Bishop Mahoney knew her family well. In fact, he was like a son to her mother. Marikay recalled that he would drop by the house to visit and on such occasions he would enjoy one of his favourite snacks at the kitchen table -- cheese toast and jam. Sometimes when he came he would ask Marikay if he could smoke his cigar and she would want him to smoke outside,

but her mother would interfere and allow him to smoke inside, revealing her inclination to indulge him as she would a son. When Marikay's mother was dying the Bishop visited and he and Marikay would reminisce about old times together. Despite her inability to communicate verbally, Marikay's Mum would touch their hands and with other gestures participate in the conversation. Bishop James teamed up with Dean Blackwell of St. John's Anglican Cathedral for an ecumenical funeral when Marikay's mother died. Prior to going however, the Bishop phoned Dean Blackwell and asked "What are you going to wear? I don't want to outdress you." For Marikay, Fr. Mahoney didn't change when he became Bishop. At the time it was the practice to kiss the Bishop's ring, but he didn't go for that, and would turn his hand in such a way that the person would be briefly confused, but the Bishop's hand would roll into a firm handshake of greeting. Marikay often would cringe when media people mispronounced the Bishop's name. She recalled that he would teach groups the pronunciation by telling them to think of "Ma" and "honey" and to put the emphasis on the first syllable. He was a great teacher who always used humour, first to allow people to relax, to grab their full attention, but most importantly as a hook for the very serious message he wished to convey.

# ST. THOMAS MORE COLLEGE UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

*ALUMNI/AE AND FRIENDS  
2ND ANNUAL GOLF TOURNAMENT  
SATURDAY, JUNE 10,  
THE WILLOWS GOLF & COUNTRY CLUB*

*TEXAS SCRAMBLE*

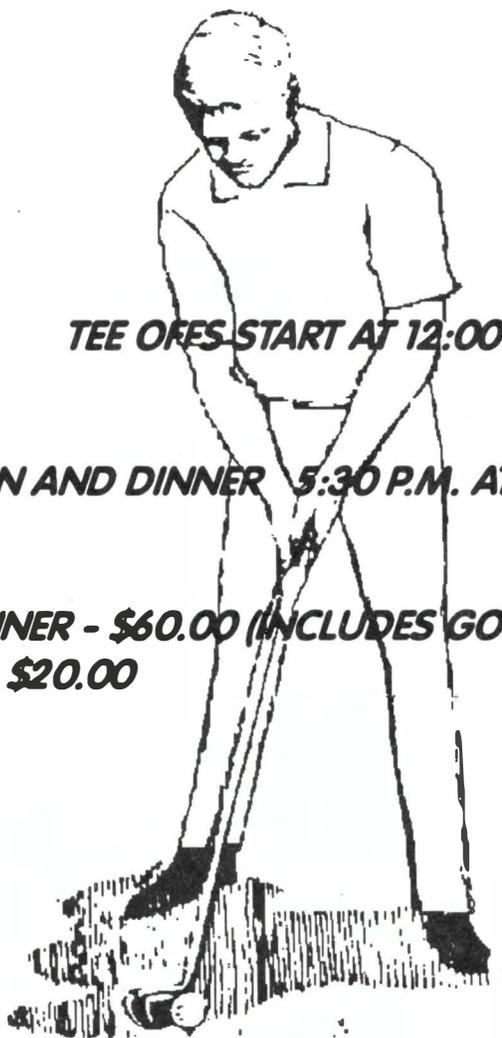
*PRIZES*

*ENTER A TEAM  
OR INDIVIDUALLY*

***TEE OFFS START AT 12:00 P.M.***

***RECEPTION AND DINNER 5:30 P.M. AT WILLOWS (BARN)***

***GOLF AND DINNER - \$60.00 (INCLUDES GOLF, GOLF CART, DINNER)  
DINNER ONLY - \$20.00***



***DEADLINE FOR TOURNAMENT ENTRY IS MAY 26 OR THE FIRST 50 ENTRIES***

*TO ENTER PLEASE MAKE CHEQUE PAYABLE TO ST. THOMAS MORE COLLEGE,  
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PLEASE STATE NAME OF PLAYER AND AVERAGE SCORE  
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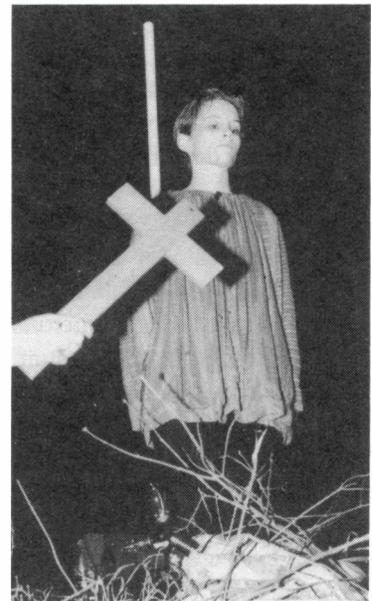
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*Newman Student Retreat at St. Peter's, 1995*



*Alix Hayden in "Joan of Lorraine"  
 1995 drama production*

## Saskatchewan's 90th "Birthday Song"

STM had a background role in nurturing the successful and innovative career of Stan Garchinski, the winning composer and lyricist of Saskatchewan's 90th birthday song "We Sing Saskatchewan." The contest for the anniversary song was sponsored by the Saskatchewan Broadcasters Association and the Saskatchewan 90th Anniversary Office. In competition with over 75 other contestants, Stan's song was selected. Its lyrics reflect the theme of this anniversary — pride in our past and optimistic anticipation for our future. They also blend the beauty of our landscape and the all-enveloping sky with the community of people who make this province that familiar haven called home. Words and music merge to create that sense of pride and celebration so appropriate for our 90th birthday.



*Lori, Stan, Justin and Jenelle*

If one would characterize Stan's student days at STM, the phrase "actively involved" would come to mind. One contemporary described Stan as "a hyperactive bundle of energy, ingenuity, creativity and mischief." Instrumental in the success of STM's Coffee Houses in the early 1980's, Stan lined up the emcees and the acts that ranged from classical musicians to belly dancers. I understand that the piano literally smoked when Cameron Wasychuk performed his ever popular "Razzmatazz" number. Who can forget the Basilian Nostalgia Choral group consisting of Fr. O'Halloran and Fr. Kirley singing those heart-rending Irish ballads, or Fr. Boyd's advice column "Miss Piggy's Diet Tips?" Some of the starting bands included the "Hemorrhoids" who if they did proceed to greater fame, discovered they needed a name change. (I understand that today a number of their members are currently upright, prominent, and professional citizens.)



*Peter Barboluk and Stan Garchinski*

Because a lack of equipment was limiting to the readily available talent on campus, with the approval of the administration the "Sounds Good Christian Campaign" was established to raise money for sound equipment such as speakers, amps and microphones; it was eminently successful. Stan was also responsible for encouraging a number of retiscent students to risk the limelight as emcees. By nudging and encouraging those who were shy, he enabled a number of hidden talents to be revealed.

Stan also has a serious side. On the Saturday night of a Newman retreat he composed a contemplative song which was performed the next day as part of the wrap-up session.

I suppose the most infamous story of Stan at STM was the day that he got stuck in the dumb-waiter used for moving books either down to or up from the stacks. Somehow his weight or girth in such a small enclosure caused the doors to jam. Eventually he got out of the elevator but not before he caused a bit of a stir. On another occasion, Stan won the arm-wrestling in the 'light-weight' category. Others will remember Stan as the fellow with his own chair on wheels (obviously to facilitate research rather than socializing) in a back corner of the library. Still others will recall the tremendous success of the book sales auctioneered by Stan.

Such a person of versatility and spontaneity one would expect to have an interesting career. Stan has been a very successful entrepreneur in the entertainment business putting out his own album "Small Town Living." He is currently a member of the "Hot Tamales" with Peter Barboluk, whom he originally met at an STM coffee house. They have put out three albums, "Greatest Hits," "Never

Enough Accordion" and their recently released third album "Polka Fever." Lynn Freistadt, currently in our Student Services Offices, indicates that the back-up group known as the "Smiling Enchiladas" consists of a group of amateur volunteers who need considerable coaching on the timing of their "la-la-la" contributions. In fact, the "Hot Tamales" *et al* have an international fan club. Stan's next musical project involves a children's album.

When not performing, Stan is a jingle writer, producer and vocalist. Some of his jingles include the theme music for Louis Riel Days and a jingle for Old Grouch's Restaurant in Alberta.

Stan is married to Lori (née Paydli) whom he met and courted at STM, and married soon after graduation. He has two children - Justin (5) and Jenelle (4). Lori, like Stan, was heavily involved in Newman Club particularly after he moved to the College of Commerce. I suspect that Lori is the stabilizing factor in Stan's life. In his profession being

accessible is crucial. Since getting a cell phone he can now simultaneously be on the move and yet never out-of-touch.

Stan began his performing career in the family dance band "The Cavaliers" when only 14. He earned his B.Comm. and his B.A. from the University in 1985. In 1983 he was a member of UP WITH PEOPLE that toured through the U.S.A. and Europe. In 1984-85 he was a member of SASKATCHEWAN EXPRESS. He was the writer of the "Best Country Song" in the UP WITH PEOPLE International Song Festival in 1990. He also is employed as an Advertising Consultant for four radio stations and is branching out into other uniquely different enterprises. The latest brainstorm is to raise hedgehogs for sale.

Congratulations Stan. It was fun when you were around the College and it seems you have transformed your sense of humour, your energy, your ingenuity and your sense of mischief into a very successful career.

Mary Miller



## WE SING SASKATCHEWAN

### Verse 1

*Lookin' towards the future  
With pride from our past  
Our hearts in this land  
And the rivers running fast*

*Over wheatfields, sandhills  
northern lakes and trees  
that endless prairie sky  
wraps her arms around me*

### Chorus

**WE LIFT OUR VOICES A MILLION STRONG  
WE SING TOGETHER AS ONE  
WITH PRIDE AND PROGRESS FOR NINETY YEARS  
O ... WE SING SASKATCHEWAN  
O ... WE SING SASKATCHEWAN**

### Verse 2

*As neighbours and friends  
Some old and some new  
We come together  
Celebrating with you*

*Under city lights, northern lights  
Wherever you may be  
Our pride keeps on growing  
This is home to you and me*

### Chorus

### Bridge

*We open our hearts ... we open our minds  
We show the world our way  
We stand together ... we stand with pride  
We celebrate today*

*Acappella Chorus (no last line)*

*Chorus (tag last line)*

**STM/Newman Alumni/ae Association**  
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Please send us name and address changes by mail to:

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