

WINTER 2012

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# MARIST

W E A R E O N E

# MARIST

VOL. 3 • NO. 2 • WINTER 2012

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### COVER

(cover photo by Samantha Bock '13)  
Cold January mornings  
produce frost that blankets  
the campus in white

#### MARIST MAGAZINE

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This issue (and all back issues) of the *Marist Magazine* are available for download online, at <http://www.marisths.org/marist-magazine.html>

## FROM THE PRINCIPAL



Mother Theresa of Calcutta

*“Dear Jesus, help us to spread your fragrance everywhere we go . . . Be so in us that every soul we come in contact with may feel your presence in our soul. Let us preach You without preaching, not by words but by our example, by the catching force, the sympathetic influence of what we do, the evident fullness of the love our hearts bear to You.”*

*Cardinal Newman, (Morning Prayer of Sisters of the Missionaries of Charity Order, Mother Theresa).*

Jay, what I really need from you . . . how about an ‘atta boy?’” Too busy in my own world, the colleague’s simple but heartfelt request hit me like a hard tackle on the 40-yard line. I’d just read hours before the words of Newman and Mother Theresa as I did some quiet time before heading to school. Now, clearly, bluntly, God was reminding me, giving me a firsthand example, calling me to “spread Christ’s fragrance.” A spiritual perspective for daily work that is admittedly too infrequent. Do I need a prayer card to remind me?

Our Marist staff is working this year on the charism, the spirituality of our work—doing more than just being a good math teacher or an effective office assistant or a strong leader as an administrator. Studying the path of John Baptiste de la Salle, patron saint of educators, as a model for our already very rewarding and meaningful work.

The Newman prayer and the details of the loving response to the call of their faith by the sisters who have given their life to helping the poor and sick of Calcutta—that is the perspective, the focus, the vocation we are examining as educators. How do we live it out, how do we spread the fragrance?

Focusing on the needs of others—students, parents, fellow workers.

Seeing and spotlighting the “gifts,” the uniqueness in others.

Encouraging, challenging and cajoling students. Picking them up after a setback, simply smiling at them as they walk by, greeting them by name as they enter the class, or, offering to take a minute to just listen. Holding them to high expectations, celebrating their victories and giving understanding perspective for their “defeats.”

It’s clearly one of the differences of Marist—seeing “ordinary” things from a spiritual perspective, approaching our work as a vocation, not just a job, being part of a special fragrance.

“Thank you, God, for the blessings of our Marist work.” Amen.

In faith, and with deeply humble gratitude,

Jay Conroy, Principal



# AROUND & ABOUT

WITH KATHY YOCUM

*Each issue we invite you to come with Kathy Yocum to visit a physical place in the school that represents the heart and soul of Marist. This issue we invite you to come with us as we show you around and tell you about the many places Mr. Bob Devereaux produced and directed musical theater for twenty years.*

## Musical Theatre in the Devereaux Years

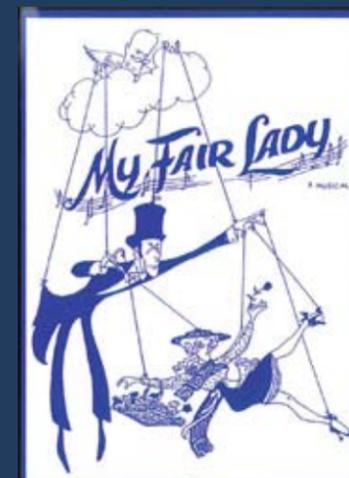
Theatre compels the audience to suspend their disbelief through use of their imaginations. Now imagine creating a theatre program that involves 143 actors, 50+ parent volunteers and 19 crew, crisp choreography, stirring music, stunning costumes, and nights and days of unparalleled entertainment, without a rehearsal area, without a budget, and with no stage for rehearsing or for the performances. Mr. Devereaux suspended disbelief that such a thing could happen not once, but many times. Here’s the story:

After directing *Guys and Dolls* on the gym stage in 1994, he moved to a classroom to do *Sound of Music* and then to the Lecture Hall to do two subsequent productions. In 1998 he produced and directed *My Fair Lady* on the cafeteria stage with 60 students in the cast. But those efforts were not big enough to satisfy his imagination.

“Let’s do *Music Man* in the gym!”

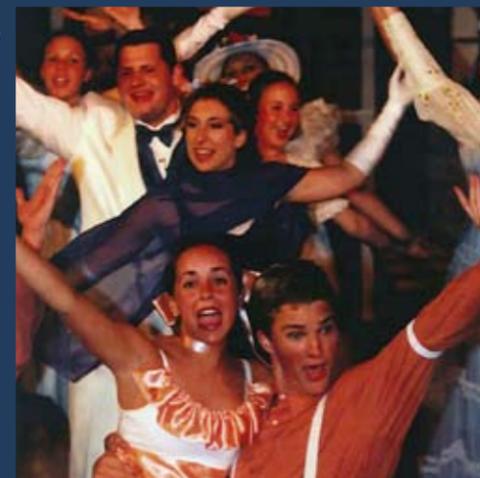
Parents built platforms for seating that could be dismantled and put away for each performance. Comfortable seats were rented. A parent who worked as an acoustical engineer built panels for sound control. A contractor built a house for the stage that was 16’ x 12’ x 14’ high. Under Mr. Devereaux’s direction, the tech crew constructed four triangles which could be moved to produce 32 feet of different sets. A stage coach was built. Parents built a false floor of plywood to protect the gym floor from the stage coach, set pieces, and the live pig and dog that were brought in every night!

Everyone wanted to try out for the show. Mr. Devereaux double-cast most of the roles so that more students were able to be involved. Teacher Jon Nuxoll began each performance as the train conductor, bringing the entertainment in to the audience. KVAL news came in to tape the show. The Register Guard theatre critic, who “never” evaluated high school productions,



## MAJOR DEVEREAUX MUSICAL PRODUCTIONS

- *Guys and Dolls* – on gym stage in 1994
- *Sound of Music* – classroom in 1995
- *You’re a Good Man, Charlie Brown* – lecture hall in 1996
- *Godspell* - lecture hall in 1997
- *My Fair Lady* – cafeteria in 1998
- *Music Man* – main gym in 1999
- *Hello Dolly* – gym in 2000
- *Godspell* – soon to become The Bob Devereaux Theatre, 2001

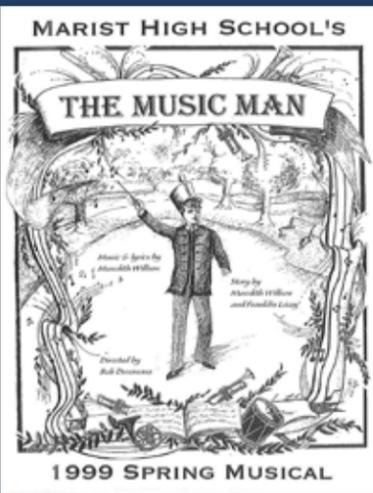


*Tim Devereaux, Brianna Crawley, Brianna Albertini, Brian Stater in "the Music Man," 1999*

# BUILDING THE NEW BOB DEVEREAUX THEATRE

Still with no real theatre or rehearsal space, Mr. Devereaux found himself sifting through options. In 2001, the movie theatre on West 11th closed. A Marist parent was the general manager of that theatre and told Mr. Devereaux that people were standing in line wanting the curtains, the seats, and various fixtures. At an auction that year, Sid Voorhees asked Marist supporters to donate to the theatre. When donations reached \$20,000, Mr. Devereaux says, it was a moving moment.

Being “moved” in the heart fueled the muscle movement that came later that year when Mr. Devereaux and his family and many parent volunteers spent an entire summer gutting his classroom and building the inside of the theatre featuring acoustics and a sound system in the ceiling, and real theatre seats! Mr. Devereaux credits the Marist community for building the theatre and the theatre program over these many years and says that they deserve a standing ovation for their efforts.



Brianna Crawley, Alexandra Edmonson and T.J. Coffin sing in the show in the 1999 performance of "the Music Man"

Marist teacher Jon Nuxoll tips his hat to the crowd, as the Train Conductor in the 1999 performance of "the Music Man"

produced a glowing review.

Other big-cast, major musicals followed, such as *Hello, Dolly!* which featured a huge, curving, double staircase for Dolly to make her big entrance. But the biggest entrance Mr. Devereaux created was for the spirit of God to enter students' lives.

In Mr. Devereaux's words, "(Theatre) was a spiritual experience." There would always be conflict if you were producing a play, but students and parents would "transcend it for the good of the kids. It was beyond us. God stepped in and people were willing to set aside their egos."

In every production, Mr. Devereaux would look for and find five or six students who were shy or at a critical moment in their lives. Sometimes these students had difficulty following directions, but Mr. Devereaux would encourage them and give them a chance. The students thrived and he never gave up on

them. He would never overlook the child on the sidelines. If Mr. Devereaux could give them a boost in their lives, he did.

Mr. Devereaux would tell you that he owes the success of these mammoth productions to his wife Debbie, who was his strong right arm, to Marilyn Crawley, who adapted the music to student talent, to Sue Abraham, who choreographed thundering herds of students, to Mr. Jim Reinking, who enthusiastically provided live music and musicians for every performance, to Barbara Brazelton, who acted as production manager, to Sarah and Stephen Edmonson who acted as costume designer and linguist/ head chef respectively, as well as countless parents who came to rehearsals, saw a need, and joyfully filled it.

Mr. Devereaux likes to step out of the limelight and give the credit to God. But it was his willingness to suspend his disbelief that these huge productions could happen and his trust in God to do His work that resulted in miracles. Bravo, Mr. D!



Full cast photo from the 1999 performance of The Music Man.

The Barbershop Quartet from the 1999 performance of "The Music Man."



photo by Alex Seaver '13

# THE DEVEREAUX GODSPELL

Mr. Devereaux had been so inspired by his college theatre friend's vision of Christ that in 1983, 18 years before he himself had a theatre, he decided to produce "Godspell." Mr. Devereaux knew that if the production was consistent with the gospels, people would be touched and moved. He decided, "I'm going to bring Christ to these people."

Mr. Devereaux saw the play beginning with a light tone where Christ is attracting His apostles, and for this, he encouraged the actors to add their own creativity and references to popular culture with jokes such as "Where's the beef?" The play then shifted to a somber demeanor where Christ says, "Now it

begins." In some of the many productions of this play Mr. Devereaux would have "All God's Gifts" accompanied by sign language to point audience attention to the crucifixion. In 2001, Jeff Weinkauff said the last words of Christ on the cross in Aramaic and then English; then Christ was lifted and carried in the form of a cross around the theater space. The tone turned to joyfulness as Christ re-emerged, transformed, in white.

In 1983 Mr. Devereaux put on this play at St. Alice, St. Peter's, St. Mark's, and twice at St. Jude's. In 1988, he brought the show to the Treehouse Restaurant for a dinner theatre. Kids said, "I've heard these gospels, but now I see it."

This play was the first production in the new Mr. Devereaux Devereaux Theatre. It is fitting that in the space that bears Mr. Devereaux's name he did, indeed, bring Christ to His people.



The Cast of the 2000 performance of Godspell.

Bob Devereaux directs the show

Take

5 questions in less than 5 minutes.

By Tom Simon

Brantly Millegan '06 played Jesus in the 2006 Marist production of "Godspell," directed by Tony Rust. He took our phone call to tell us about the experience and answer

**Brantly, thanks for taking my call. So what have you been doing since Marist?**

After Marist, I went to Wheaton College where I met my wife Krista. We have one child, Elijah, and are expecting our second child in March. I am currently working as the Director of Family Faith Formation at St. Francis Xavier Parish in Buffalo, Minnesota where we live, and am also taking classes for an MA in Theology at the St Paul Seminary School of Divinity in nearby St Paul, MN.

**What was it like to play Jesus in the last Marist production of Godspell?**

It was a big honor and a lot of fun. We had such a great cast; it was definitely one of my best experiences at Marist. It was a spiritual experience as well. You realize you are saying the words of the Lord but you feel you are also saying them to yourself. Jesus was someone who loved everyone, and not just in a sentimental sort of way, but with strength and confidence. While I was supposed to be acting like Jesus, I would ask myself, "Why am I not acting more like Him all the time?"

**Do you believe that a Catholic school like Marist approaches Godspell in a different way than a public school would?**

I would hope so! For the actors who are Christians, they are not just saying and acting the lines, they really mean what they're saying. We had a lot of great believers in our cast and it definitely had an impact on how our production turned out.

**Beyond Godspell, how did Marist affect your spiritual journey?**

A lot of ways. Along with St. Paul school, Marist was my first experience with the Catholic Church, which I joined four years later during my senior year of college. I look back on those I met at Marist, the people I knew, the Masses I went to... Marist was a key part in my journey to the Church.

**Do you have any message for the Marist community?**

Follow God, follow Christ. Take advantage of this wonderful time and place where you have so many ways to seek God.

Brantly with his wife Krista (who is due with baby number 2 in March!) and their son Elijah this last Christmas. Photos provided by the Millegan Family.



Brantly Millegan performs in the 2006 production of Godspell.

# MARIST THEATRE: NOW AND INTO THE FUTURE



If the Marist Theatre hadn't been such a lovely space to work in, frankly, I don't know if I would have taken the theatre teaching job. The Bob Devereaux Theatre is exactly what I spent many years in New York City working in: an intimate and variable black box space. It was the hook that got me involved, and continues to keep me involved here. As I work through my seventh year at Marist, I find myself looking back a bit in order to look forward.

The first musical I did here was *Godspell* in the Spring of 2006. I heard of the amazing productions of the show in the past here, and dove in with a wonderful cast that was determined to really shine. We got a donation of wild and wonderful costumes from Mary Mikkelsen, enlisted Marist's own Rick Martin to play guitar with the student musicians, and led by Brantly Millegan as Jesus and fellow student Allie Boyden as choreographer, we were off and running. It was a lovely return to the show for me, as I had directed and played Jesus in a production of *Godspell* that had performed in the parks of Eugene some 25 years earlier.

During the next couple of years, I worked with the students to continue building our after-school theatre program, putting up three shows a year, mostly in the Bob Devereaux Theatre, but with a couple of forays into the larger space of the gym. We managed to continue to grow and prosper while remaining in the black due to good ticket sales and responsive donors. As the after-school program moved forward, we added more fine arts electives classes in the theatre world by adding a playwriting, a Shakespeare performance, and a digital film class. Building on my years of experience as a New York City theatrical carpenter,



*Tony Rust, the Marist Theatre Director, has been at MHS for seven years. He also acts and directs plays locally at the Cottage Theatre and spent 20 years in New York as an actor, director, and scenic carpenter.*

we added a technical theatre class to build and paint sets and props. This year we expanded the theatre space by converting the adjoining classroom into a greenroom/tech/sewing room in which Toni Cooper now teaches sewing as part of the expanded technical theatre class.

Two years ago we started our Marist Arts Angels donor program. This organization of our arts fundraising has made a great beginning. We surpassed our fund-raising goals last year and we have high hopes of doing the same this year. Arts Angels are one of the major ways we pay for all the amazing arts Marist students are involved in with music, theatre, fine arts, and visual arts.

Our future goal is to build an endowment fund as a vehicle for ongoing giving. This will allow us to make sure that donations to Marist Arts are used to continue to build our programs, and hopefully point us toward larger goals and a particular dream: an expanded Fine Arts building where all the various components of the arts department can be in close proximity with a larger audience space and more room for more great performances.

Our hope is that Arts at Marist in all its different guises can continue to prosper, allowing students to explore, perform, experiment and grow.



*1. The cast of Godspell perform 2. Jessica Perry ('12) performs "Turn Back, O' Man." 3. The cast sing "God Save the People." 4. Kendra Greenwell ('12) and Michael Busse ('12) perform "God Save The People." 5. Braden Bollinger ('13) sings "All Good Gifts." Photos by Toni Cooper and Samantha Bock '13.*



# Joyas Voladores

an ESSAY by BRIAN DOYLE

# SO MUCH HELD IN A HEART

*Our purpose each issue is to expose the heart of Marist. With this intention, we present an essay on the heart, written by the editor of Portland, the magazine of our sister Catholic school to the north, Portland University.*

Consider the hummingbird for a long moment. A hummingbird's heart beats ten times a second. A hummingbird's heart is the size of a pencil point. A hummingbird's heart is most of the hummingbird. Joyas voladores, flying jewels, the first white explorers in the Americas called them, and the white men had never seen such creatures, for hummingbirds came into the world only in the Americas, only here, nowhere else in the universe, more than three hundred species of them whirring and zooming and nectaring in hummer time zones nine times removed from ours, their hearts hammering faster than we could clearly hear were our elephantine ears pressed to their infinitesimal chests.

Each one visits a thousand flowers a day. They can dive at sixty miles an hour. They can fly backwards. They

can fly more than five hundred miles without pausing to rest. But when they rest they come close to death: on frigid nights, or when they are starving, they retreat into torpor, their metabolic rate slowing to a fifteenth of their normal sleep rate, their hearts sludging nearly to a halt, barely beating, and if they are not soon warmed, if they do not soon find that which is sweet, their hearts grow cold, and they cease to be. Consider for a moment those hummingbirds who did not open their eyes again today, this very day, in the Americas: bearded helmetcrests and booted racket-tails, violet-tailed sylphs and violet-capped woodnymphs, crimson topazes and purple-crowned fairies, red-tailed comets and amethyst woodstars, rainbow-bearded thornbills and glittering-bellied emeralds, velvet-purple coronets and golden-bellied star-frontlets, fiery-tailed awlbills and Andean hillstars, spatuletails and pufflegs, each the most amazing thing you have never seen, each thunderous wild heart the size of sand, each mad heart silent, a brilliant music stilled.

Hummingbirds, like all flying birds but more so, have incredible enormous

immense ferocious metabolisms. To drive those metabolisms they have race-car hearts that eat oxygen at an eye-popping rate. Their hearts are built of thinner leaner fibers than ours. Their arteries are stiffer and more taut. They have more mitochondria in their heart muscles. Anything to gulp more oxygen. Their hearts are stripped to the skin for the war against gravity and inertia, the mad search for food, the insane idea of flight. The price of their ambition is a life closer to death; they suffer heart attacks and aneurysms and ruptures more than any other living creature. It's expensive to fly. You burn out. You fry the machine. You melt the engine. Every creature on earth has approximately two billion heartbeats to spend in a lifetime. You can spend them slowly, like a tortoise, and live to be two hundred years old, or you can spend them fast, like a hummingbird, and live to be two years old.

The biggest heart in the world is inside the blue whale. It weighs more than seven tons. It's as big as a room. It is a room, with four chambers. A child could walk around in it, head high, bending only to step through the

valves. The valves are as big as the swinging doors in a saloon. This house of a heart drives a creature a hundred feet long. When this creature is born it is twenty feet long and weighs four tons. It is waaaaay bigger than your car. It drinks a hundred gallons of milk from its mama every day and gains two hundred pounds a day and when it is seven or eight years old it endures an unimaginable puberty and then it essentially disappears from human ken, for next to nothing is known of the mating habits, travel patterns, diet, social life, language, social structure, diseases, spirituality, wars, stories, despairs, and arts of the blue whale. There are perhaps ten thousand blue whales in the world, living in every ocean on earth, and of the largest mammal who ever lived we know nearly nothing. But we know this: the animals with the largest heart in the world generally travel in pairs, and their penetrating moaning cries, their piercing yearning tongue, can be heard underwater for miles and miles.

Mammals and birds have hearts with four chambers. Reptiles and turtles have hearts with three chambers. Fish

have hearts with two chambers. Insects and mollusks have hearts with one chamber. Worms have hearts with one chamber, although they may have as many as eleven one-chambered hearts. Unicellular bacteria have no hearts at all; but even they have fluid eternally in motion, washing from one side of the cell to the other, swirling and whirling. No living being is without interior liquid motion. We all churn inside.

So much held in a heart in a life. So much held in a heart in a day, an hour, a moment. We are utterly open with no one, in the end – not mother and father, not wife or husband, not lover, not child, not friend. We open windows to each but we live alone in the house of the heart. Perhaps we must. Perhaps we could not bear to be so naked, for fear of a constantly harrowed heart. When young we think there will come one person who will savor and sustain us always; when we are older we know this is the dream of a child, that all hearts finally are bruised and scarred, scored and torn, repaired by time and will, patched by force of character, yet fragile and rickety forevermore,

no matter how ferocious the defense and how many bricks you bring to the wall. You can brick up your heart as stout and tight and hard and cold and impregnable as you possibly can and down it comes in an instant, felled by a woman's second glance, a child's apple breath, the shatter of glass in the road, the words I have something to tell you, a cat with a broken spine dragging itself into the forest to die, the brush of your mother's papery ancient hand in the thicket of your hair, the memory of your father's voice early in the morning echoing from the kitchen where he is making pancakes for his children. §

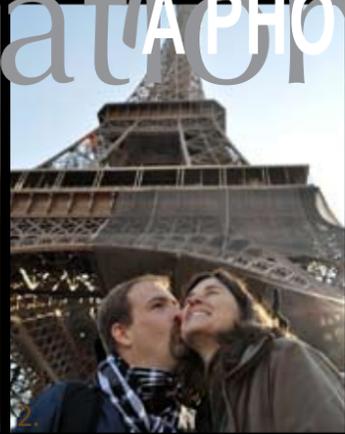


*Brian Doyle is the editor of Portland Magazine at the University of Portland, in Oregon. This essay is drawn from his new book The Wet Engine, which will be reissued in Spring 2012 by Oregon State University Press.*

A hug, A handshake, A consoling embrace...  
 First and second year Marist photography students were asked to  
 "picture" **RELATIONSHIPS** from any angle.

This is what they discovered...

relationships relationships relationships  
**relationships**  
 A PHOTO ESSAY



PHOTOS BY:  
 9. Tyler Beyerlein-'12.  
 10. Amy Miller-'12.  
 11. Jenna Laver-'13.  
 12. Amy Miller-'12.  
 13. Emitt Cummings-'13.  
 14. Amy Miller-'12.



PHOTOS BY: 1. McKenzie O'Leary-'12. 2. Amy Miller-'12. 3. Samantha Bock, '13. 4. Amy Miller-'12.  
 5. Celine Whitely-'12. 6. Samantha Bock-'13. 7. Emma Pindell-'13. 8. Emitt Cummings-'13.



# COACH...

## INSPIRED

Marist Football Coach Frank Geske is passing on a legacy of inspiration. His inspiration doesn't come from his win/loss record or because of his State Championships, although they are inspiring, not because of his schematic knowledge of the game of football, though he has that. He is inspired by his awareness of heroes in his world. And he models his life on the pride and dedication and truth he finds in those heroes every day.

When Coach was in Little League, he loved what his mentors meant to him. When he was in fifth grade he played ball as an All Saints Rambler. His grade school teachers were almost all nuns. He'll never forget Wally, his first coach. Wally Shepherd was his instructor for basketball and football and Coach looked up to him. Wally lived in the house behind Coach, and Coach would jump the cyclone fence to retrieve balls from Wally's yard.

Every little fellow wants to grow up to be a fireman or a policeman or some kind of hero, and Coach wanted to grow up to follow his heroes and be a coach or a priest. Wally was an outstanding athletic teacher. Fr. Tobin was an outstanding priest. Coach would watch each of them and tell himself, "I love what that guy does." He felt that each of the heroes in his life got more out of him than he could ever get out of himself.

Coach Wally and Father Tobin taught Coach that he could make a difference in a young person's life. Their attitude was that they would never sell him short. Coach learned that they would never tell a person that he can't do it. They would just find a way to make it happen. That's what good coaches do.

Coach would like to think that he is being to his players what Wally Shepherd was to him. His athletes in most cases haven't learned to throw the switch into high gear for themselves. With constant vigilance and supervision, they develop the confidence and knowledge that will allow them to throw the switch themselves.

Coach teaches his players to "get after it." He adds his street-wisdom:

It is the same way in the business world. If you play it safe on the practice field, and you take that fear out onto the playing field, it is like the death penalty. Someone is going to get hurt. A lapse of focus or intensity or discipline, a flickering of concentration, just for a moment, can have disastrous consequences.

On a practice field, an athletic coach can arrange equal match-ups, and then in practice, it's a fair fight; but in a game, a player can be mismatched. Coach feels that if he doesn't do his job, which is to consistently take his players to the highest level, injuries can occur which could have been prevented.

The players know Coach sees everything. That's part of his promise to them. Each day he says, "I am going to make someone better today. You can't make anyone better if you don't make comments."

Coach knows that no kid wakes up in the morning wanting to be average. He feels that it's a disservice to the players if he does not set that bar high. He feels that "Good coaches have a tendency to make dreams attainable. Even if they might not be attainable, a good coach can give you hope." Coach always loved that idea of chasing dreams.

Coach stresses that his players are not all the same. Each person has an individual gift. When each person does his personal best, transformation happens in that person, in the team. When all do their best, "get after it," become aggressive, there can be an explosion of excitement.

Coach had a third-grade CCD teacher who taught him to use what he's been given and that if he helped one person every day, he'd end up with a valuable gift. Each day he wakes up thinking, "I will use the strengths and the gifts I've been given to help someone today." He ends every practice with a directive to his players that urges them to use the strengths and gifts they have been given to help someone else that day. From this teacher he learned the basic idea for what has become known among his players as "the motto":

*We are only one but we are one.  
And while we can't do everything, we can do some things,  
and that which we can do we ought to do.  
And that which we ought to do, by God's grace we will do.*

Coach based this prayer on a quotation from Edward Everett Hale<sup>1</sup> and on conversations with admired coaches and team chaplains, and over the years changed it from the original. The idea is important to him because without having consistently high standards, then in times of high stress, ideals can deteriorate. He particularly appreciates Marist because unlike in other schools in the past, he feels that it lets him be who he is.

One of his former Assistant Coaches says that Coach is a genius in the way he makes difficult schematic concepts simple for the players. Fundamentals can be dry but Coach can put them in a way that makes them actually enjoyable for his players, but that basic understanding makes it very, very difficult for his opponents. He is purposeful and



Garret Holiday shakes Coach's hand after defeating Willamette High School.  
Photo by Emmitt Cummings '13

insightful. He never deviates from his goal.

Because Coach has had some players for four years now, they have become players coaching each other. That's his definition of a team. If a person is trusted in his job, he can go out and help the next guy. And in this way Coach carries on the legacy of heroes inspiring heroes through the generations.

<sup>1</sup>Edward Everett Hale, American clergyman and writer, 1822-1909: "I am only one, but I am one. I can't do everything but I can do something. The something I ought to do, I can do. And by the grace of God, I will."

# When The Saints Came Marching In

## Lessons From the St. Francis 1960 State Basketball Championship

Written by Tom Simon, photos and online video by Steve Barth

The 1946 St. Mary's High School six-man football team of Eugene was the first Catholic high school in Oregon to win a state title. Like the St. Mary's Gaels, the 1960 St. Francis Saints set a record as the first Catholic school in Oregon history to win a basketball title. Members of the team came to Marist in July of 2011 to see the banner honoring their championship and reflect on lessons that could still apply to all the teams that followed them.

### LESSON #1: IF YOU COME FROM A SMALL SCHOOL, YOU'D BETTER PLAY AS ONE UNIT.

St. Francis enrollment in 1960 was less than 200. There were only two divisions in Oregon athletics and St. Francis played much larger schools. But the school was a very close community.



**"My mother worked in the cafeteria so I could afford to go to the school. I spent every day at St. Francis. It was a family. All our parents were working stiffs and we all felt we all had more than one set of parents. They were my mom and dad even when my mom and dad couldn't be there."**

**- Don Carson '62, center**

"Almost half of us started together in first grade. We still come together even 50 years after graduation."



"There has never been a distinction between any of us. The doctor's kid was there the same as the lumber mill guy."

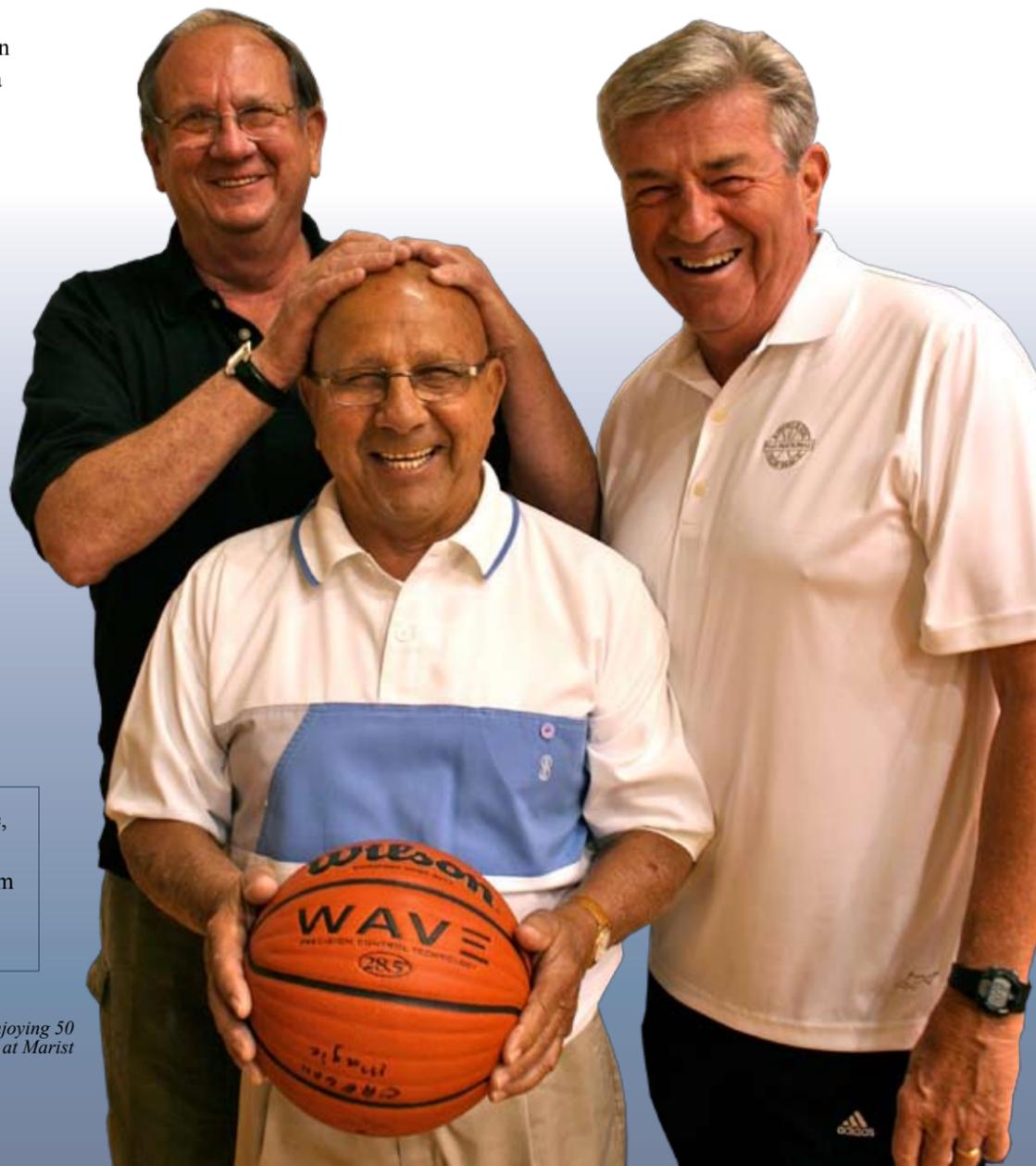
**- Jim Seven '62, guard**



**"From the moment I walked in the gym for the first time, I saw the unity of the kids, the honesty. There was a rapport with them at the school that I had with all of them as a family. They hold a special place in my heart."**

**- Coach Jim Souza**

*Mike Waske, Coach Jim Souza, and Don Carson enjoying 50 years of camaraderie, as they reunite at Marist*



**"I always imposed an early curfew and they had to accept it. If you don't find what you are looking for by 9:30 pm, you're probably never going to find it anyway."**

**- Coach Souza**

"I remember the year before in a game against Oakridge that the coach came up to us and told us that we were losing because the other team was outscoring us. It seemed the dumbest thing to say. We were down by 18 at half time."

"But he told us we would win by playing defense. That they only had so many points in them. In fact, he ordered us to run the stall! We thought he was crazy but everyone just did what he said. Oakridge couldn't believe what we did and went nuts. They only scored 11 points the rest of the game and we won by two. We never questioned coach again."

"Coach Souza had us pray at every timeout. He could do the Hail Mary in ten seconds and then scribble slashes on a chalkboard. No one could possibly have a clue what they meant but we all seemed to know what to do. It was a rhythm we just came to expect."

**- Steve Cottnair '62, forward**



*The St. Francis 1960 Varsity Basketball Team:  
Front: Roger Guthrie, James Seven, Tom Spies, Phil Nickoli. Back: Manager John Hebert, Steve Cottnair, Michael Waske, Don Carson, John Balloun, Dennis Palanuk, Dave Nord, and Manager Bill Allen.*



**LESSON #3: DON'T QUIT IF THINGS FIRST GO WRONG. IT'S NOT HOW YOU START BUT HOW YOU FINISH THAT COUNTS.**

The team started out 0-7 and the season looked lost. But they then won 21 straight and beat much larger teams to advance to the championship.



**“I never gave up on them and insisted they never give up. I finally found the right combination and it worked.”**  
- Coach Souza



“Even when losing, there was always a confidence. We were always the underdogs. But the belief in ourselves followed us. To have that belief as a teenager was incredibly important. We believed we were going to get better. And that belief led to believing in each other.”  
- Mike Waske, forward

“Defensively, you have to believe that you will and the other guy won’t. If you believe you will get the ball and that he won’t, more often than not it will be your ball. Win your individual battle. If everyone plays that way, your team wins.”  
- Don Carson



**LESSON #4: WHEN YOU ARE AT “THE BIG GAME,” DON’T DO ANYTHING DIFFERENT FROM WHAT GOT YOU TO THE GAME IN THE FIRST PLACE.**

St. Francis had to play a best 2 of 3 against Junction City and won the series’ last two after being crushed in the opener. The team then beat a hard-pressing Woodburn team. Defensively, they shut down the talented Dave Wilcox of the Vail Vikings to make the championship. Through the games, they stuck with their style that was counter to what most teams ran.



“We played man-to-man because we always played man-to-man. Seven out of the eight teams at the tournament played zone. **Defense, defense!** That’s the Catholic tradition. They can’t beat you if they can’t score. I had a confidence that we were going to win because we were going to do what we had done all year.”  
- Coach Souza



“I definitely felt we weren’t the most talented team. To me it felt that we never knew any better than to do what coach said and do our best. We just kept working and it’s how things broke.”  
- Jim Seven



*Cottnair, Waske, Souza, Carson and Seven, July 23, 2011*



*Jim Seven, Mike Waske, Don Carson, Steve Cottnair and Coach Jim Souza reunite to discuss their basketball memories.*

**LESSON #5: PLAY WITH CLASS AND YOU WILL BE RESPECTED FOR YEARS.**

St. Francis trailed Willamina by 7 after the first quarter. But the St. Francis players remained calm and poured on a scoring deluge in the 3rd quarter. Following what they did all year, St. Francis won the first school championship 51-40.



**“I truly thank Coach Souza for teaching us to win with class. It reinforced for us that sense of community. I truly feel that I didn’t win the state championship; St. Francis High School did.”**  
- Mike Waske

“In developing A-2 title contenders for next season, coaches in every district will inspire their teams simply by reminding them of the come-from-behind determination of the fighting Saints of Eugene.”  
- Register Guard, March 18, 1960



“KVAL invited us down to the studio and gave us a tour around. We felt like we were representing Eugene and not just our school. It really gave us a sense of pride.”  
- Steve Cottnair



**“I would tell a kid today to have confidence in himself. ‘If it’s going to be, it’s up to me.’ I felt that sense and it gave me a sense of community. I carry it with me and these guys to this day.”**  
- Don Carson

Postscript: To learn more about the story of the 1960’s basketball team, and hear from the team as they share their memories, visit the Marist Blog ([blog.marisths.org](http://blog.marisths.org)).



*Written by Tom Simon, based on player interviews held July 23, 2011. Tom has been the Marist Development Director for 4 years. He enjoys running marathons around the country.*



*Photography and online videography by Steve Barth, Marist Marketing/Advancement. Steve has been producing videos for Marist for 9 years, and has been with the school full time since last May.*



WINTER 2012 | 21

# Dust, Anne, and The Dude

By Beth Wirth

While I was completing my Masters in Education, I took a great course that invited us to not only teach writing to our students, but to be writers with them. My professor encouraged us to simply “be awake to life,” as we looked for topics. So, I crafted stories and journal entries with my students. We didn’t always share our writing with each other, but it was a great way for me to do something that was fun and enriching for my professional and personal life. After writing a few pieces for my course, I wanted to have an audience. This piece is something I shared with some friends and aspiring writers.

Before I attended a liturgical service, I didn’t really acknowledge Ash Wednesday. It has grown into a day when I don’t fear death as much as I do other days. As Solomon writes, “Remember that you are dust, and to dust you shall return.”<sup>1</sup> Through some miracle I came from dust, and someday I will return to the same. As my priest is making a small smudge of a cross on my forehead, I remember how very fleeting my existence is. However, this is not just about giving something up; it is about moving toward something.

In the days leading up to Easter we are reminded that there was a point in history when our salvation was in jeopardy. We are asked to suspend the knowledge of grace, mercy, and heaven. All of this is supposed to help us anticipate their arrival in the form of Easter. Some of the time we give up sweets, alcohol, or as my friend Anna has done, the snooze button

(a fantastic idea). I think we can all agree that these sacrifices are of minuscule comparison to the sacrifice that was made for us, but this is okay, because we are just barely scratching the surface of what has been given to us. And, grace is, after all, an undeserved state.

I have taken to reading Anne Lamott’s essay, “Ashes,” every Ash Wednesday, and this essay both confirms and contradicts the simplistic nature of death. She recalls spreading the ashes of her friend Pammy, who died of cancer. Anne acknowledges that these ashes are not a clean dust, but sticky and rough. Some of the ashes are grainy, indicative of the bone and flesh that once filled out Pammy, while other bits are smooth, soft and sandy. These ashes adhere to Anne’s and Pammy’s husband’s hands. “The romantic vision of ashes riding the wind into the distance is far from reality. Death sticks to those of us who are left to deal with it, and it is complicated.”<sup>2</sup>

This also reminds me of one of the final scenes in *The Big Lebowski*<sup>3</sup> when Walter and The Dude are dealing with Donny’s death. (For those who, perhaps wisely, have not seen this movie, Donny’s death was caused by a prideful choice of Walter’s, and The Dude is always along for the ride.) In a fit of cheap insensitivity, The Dude and Walter decide to not buy an urn for Donny’s remains, but place them in an old Folgers can. As these two strange characters are spreading poor Donny’s ashes on an anonymous mountaintop, the ever-passive Dude yells at Walter as the ashes spray and stick to his face. It is both sad and comical seeing Jeff Bridges

covered in the gritty grey ashes. But, it invites the viewer to grieve Donny’s fictional life. And, it makes us wish that The Dude would have stood up to Walter much earlier, because maybe Donny would have not have been dust. This little dysfunctional pseudo-family we have watched for two hours is broken in front of our eyes, and we join them in their grief.

I will still fear death every now and again, but I will remember that this time is not just about leaving something behind; it is about moving toward something. So,

as you may be considering what sacrifice you want to make for these forty days, consider one that will push you closer to the person you hope to become. Like advent, this season is about anticipation, and, with intention, we can use it to shape our identity. All mediums of art and life attempt to access the mystery of death, and occasionally we are confronted with its reality. But, in the ever-anticipatory nature of life’s liturgy, we still get to anticipate Easter’s hopeful coming.



Beth Wirth is in her first year of teaching at Marist. She teaches the 9th grade Literary Genres course and moderates Student Council. She completed her undergraduate work at Westmont College and her Masters in Education from Azusa Pacific University. Her hobbies include cooking, reading, writing, and playing with her 22-month-old little boy, Anderson.

<sup>1</sup>Ecclesiastes. 3:20

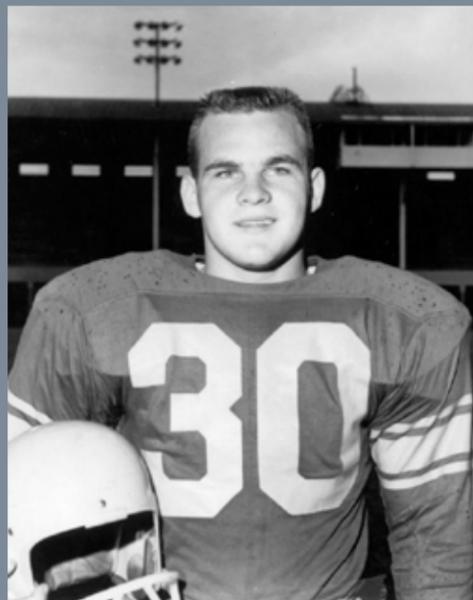
<sup>2</sup>Lamott, Anne. *Travelling Mercies*. Random House: New York, 1999.

<sup>3</sup>Coen, Joel and Ethan. *The Big Lebowski*. Polygraph. Filmed Entertainment: New York, 1998.



Fr. Dave applying ashes to the forehead of Sarah Morris, '12. Photo by Audrey Hart '11

“The romantic vision of ashes riding the wind into the distance is far from reality. Death sticks to those of us who are left to deal with it, and it is complicated.”



Bob Jeremiah wears his football uniform at Cottage Grove High School, 1964. Photo provided by Jeremiah family.



Bob Jeremiah weight lifting (525lbs) at the Oregon State Penitentiary with the Oregon State University weight lifting club, 1966. Photo provided by Jeremiah family.

# Blink Twice for Yes

## The Bob Jeremiah Story

By Andy Oldham

When Bob Jeremiah was in sixth grade, he was a pudgy non-athletic boy. When he was 50 he was confined to a wheelchair and incapable of taking care of himself. Over the course of the 38 years in between that humble beginning and that ignoble end, Bob refused to let himself be defined by limitations. Through courage, hard work and a positive, can-do attitude Bob became a heralded linebacker on the OSU "giant killers" team, a successful businessman, a loving husband and a devoted father.

In 1995, Bob's son Kris Jeremiah (Marist class of 1993) was a student at The University of Idaho. He was working toward his degree in Mining Engineering and was planning to help his dad run BJ Equipment Company, a Lane County business that Bob and Sandy, his wife, built from the ground up. Kris's time as a student at Marist had helped prepare him for success in college. Nothing had helped prepare him to understand how his father could be diagnosed with Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis

(ALS), Lou Gehrig's Disease, a progressive disease of the motor neurons which robs its victims of everything but the ability to watch themselves slowly disintegrate. What had been a distant plan for the future of the family business quickly became a race against time in order for Kris to gain the necessary training and government certifications to run a mining company. Training and certifications that only his father held. Training and certifications that the company absolutely needed to survive.

Beginning in 1978, Bob's wife, Sandy, had helped him build the company. She had been a devoted and supportive wife and mother up until the diagnosis. Within two years of the diagnosis, with Bob in a wheelchair, Kris at college, and their youngest, Katie ('97), in high school, it fell to Sandy to run the company. She would load Bob in the van (the van he had spent a small fortune converting so that he could sit up front in the passenger's seat...Bob refused to be placed in the back of the van) and they would go to work together. Although Bob lost his ability to

speak, his voice in decision-making was loud and clear. Until the day of his passing, Bob had the final authority in all major decisions of the company. He would communicate by blinking once for "yes" and twice for "no." If more detail than "yes" or "no" was needed, Sandy would go through the alphabet and Bob would blink to spell out the word. Even without the ability to speak, Bob led negotiations for major equipment purchases and participated in the daily details of running the business.

Katie Jeremiah, a junior at Marist at the time, was the baby of the family. Her teachers, including this author, saw that she was committed to excellence and success in everything she did. The trajectory of Katie's life had always been vertical and there was no ceiling in sight for her: ASB Student Body President for two years, high g.p.a., AP classes, varsity athlete, and the ultimate people-pleaser. Katie was born with a smile on her face and she radiated capability and positivity. Prom? Graduation? Stanford? Medical School? Law School? These were the questions and problems that plagued Katie. That her strong, stable father and family could be threatened by a terrible disease was not something she was ready for. Katie solved problems and got stuff done. This was a problem she could not solve.

How can this story end in any way other than tragically? If we stop where Bob could only communicate by blinking, then this story would be a tragedy. If we stop where Bob and his family surround him in his final days, then this story would be a tragedy. If we stop where Sandy loses a husband and Kris and Katie lose a father, then this story would be a tragedy. But this story doesn't end there; in fact, this story doesn't end. It continues today.

In 1999, as Bob died, his final word was "Mom," his nickname for his wife Sandy. And so today, "Mom" continues to carry Bob Jeremiah in her service of and generosity to the Marist community that surrounded her in her family's moment of need. Kris continues to carry Bob Jeremiah in his running of the family business. Katie continues to carry Bob Jeremiah in her work as a lawyer. Marist, in turn, continues to carry Bob Jeremiah in its development of young men and women of character and substance.

Ask the Jeremiah family. They will tell you that Bob's story is inextricably bound to Marist. He did not attend Marist but recognized that it offered something his children needed to be remarkable people.

In her junior year, with her father's health declining, Katie walked in to her Marist counselor's office with a plan to shoot for Stanford University. Katie wanted to prove to the world how strong and capable she was. Here is the part in the ideal scenario where the counselor supports the student by encouraging her to shoot for the stars. Right? No.

Continued on Page 30



Kris on the job at Quality Rock in Ashland, OR in the role he took over from his Dad. Photo provided by Jeremiah family.



Kris, Katie and Sandy at a wedding in Palm Springs. Photo provided by Jeremiah family.

**Enjoying the Outdoors**



Freshmen Jacob Kiefer and Joseph Jacobson load the crab pots which helped the group catch 72 crabs. Photo by Jeff Dreiling

On Veterans Day, the Marist Outdoor Adventure Program embarked on their annual crabbing trip to Newport. Ten students took turns pulling in crab pots, measuring crabs, and throwing the crab pots back on the trip led by club moderator Jeff Dreiling.

**Overflowing With Life**



Junior J.D. Rivas has his blood pressure checked before donating his blood to the Lane Memorial Blood Bank. Photo by Tyler Beyerlein

The Marist community overflowed with life in early December as 68 students and faculty donated over 60 pints of blood at the annual Marist Winter Blood Drive organized by English teacher Bill Ferrari and seniors Margaret Quartararo, Amy Miller, and Courtney Volta along with Lane Memorial Blood Bank. Ferrari began the blood drive in response to the tragedy of September 2001 and has coordinated the drive every fall and spring since, earning Marist much thanks from LMBB for the amount of blood donated each year.

Later in the month the National Honor Society collected money, cold-weather clothing and personal hygiene items for Catholic Charities to help people in our local community.

**Speakers Inspire students to Think and Engage**



Sr. Helen Prejean speaks to a small group of student in the theatre about the process of writing and publishing her book *Dead Man Walking*. Photo by Toni Cooper

In late October Marist was graced with a visit from Sister Helen Prejean, a well-known and ardent activist against the death penalty best known for her book *Dead Man Walking*.

As a part of a series of talks all over Oregon, Prejean spent the morning at Marist speaking to students, in her strong Louisiana accent, about the realities of death row. As the spiritual advisor to more than one death row inmate, she wants our youth to understand the pain, guilt and needless suffering brought about by executions — both to the accused and to the prison employees who must carry out the sentences.

Instead she stressed the importance of forgiveness and mercy rather than swift retribution when dealing with cases of capital punishment.

After speaking with the entire student body, Prejean met with a smaller group of theology and literature students in the theatre, many of whom were reading her book *Dead Man Walking* at the time. She spoke about the importance of

action by young people and told stories about how she collaborated with book editors and movie producers to change the way people talked about the death penalty.

Later in December, Marist was treated to another guest speaker, Mike Patin, a quick-talking Southerner with an inspiring message for high school students. Using his combination of energetic, auctioneer-paced stories and thought-provoking seriousness, Patin urged the Marist student body to look at matters closely before making conclusions. According to Patin, it's all a matter of perspective and being a Christian can help us see life through the lens of prayer, learning, unity and service. As an example



Sr. Helen Prejean takes a moment to answer some questions from junior Sean Champoux. Photo by Toni Cooper

of this, three students were asked to quickly read a sign that read "GODISNOWHERE"; while two read "God Is Nowhere," one saw "God is Now Here." Along with speaking to the entire student body, Patin started and ended the day facilitating a leadership workshop for members of the Christian Leadership class and the retreat team.



Guest speaker Mike Patin entertains the Marist student body as he delivers his message of hope to young Christians. Photo by Toni Cooper

**A Capitol Outing**



Standing on the steps of the State Capital, Jay Conroy's AP Government class gets ready to board the bus back to Eugene. photo by Jay Conroy

AP Government students traveled to the State Capital in mid-January to study the three branches of our government in action. They attended two hearings in the Oregon Supreme Court; one about campaign spending and the other about a DUI case, along with touring the Capitol and the Supreme Court buildings. They were also able to meet with State Representative Andy Olson to ask questions.

**Educating Lunches — Brown Bag Style**



Doctors Lance MacDonald and Sue Colasurdo present information to students about their mental health professions. Photo by Josh Reay

At least once a month for the past two and a half years, Marist students have had the unique opportunity to sit and visit with professionals from

**Mother-Son Dinner Dance**



Sophomore Brennick Thompson and his mother, Nicole Ferrell, enjoy the music and dancing at the Mother-Son Dinner Dance. Photo by Toni Cooper

Marist moms and their sons teamed up in January for a sports-themed Mother-Son Dinner Dance in the main gym sponsored by the Marist Parents Association. Mothers and sons, dressed as athletes, had their photos taken, ate the typical hot dogs, pizza, and snow cones offered at sporting events and spent the rest of the time dancing. But not just any dancing: dance team coach Sarah Foster and Marist parent Sarah Beth Byrum

taught a choreographed hip-hop dance to the fun-loving and willing group before the night was over. Because of this fundraiser MPA was able to gift

Marist with \$3500 for tuition assistance. Over 190 students are receiving help to pay tuition and MPA is an important supporter of this effort.

Marist history teacher Jon Nuxoll enjoys the Mother-Son Dinner Dance with his mother and sister. Photo by Toni Cooper



**Meet the Spartans**



The votes are in and 21 young men and women have been selected for this year's Mr. Spartan team which has already begun raising money for the Children's Miracle Network and the Neonatal Intensive Care Unit at Sacred Heart Hospital. The fundraiser will wrap up with the ever-popular Mr. Spartan Pageant on April 14. Tickets will be on sale soon.

## CLASS NOTES

1963

**Joena (Shay) Buckholz** ('63) was admitted to a hospital on December 15th with advanced phase pneumococcal septic shock while visiting Joena's daughter in Germany. She is in serious condition and still in Germany. The family asks for the prayers of all alums for her recovery.



1992

**Leah McMahon** ('92) wrote and published a book titled *At First Sip*, a collective of six short stories including reflections on her stint as an OSU Women's basketball player and her first marathon experience. *At First Sip* is available for purchase on Amazon.com.

1996

**Norine Anne (Madden) McGrath** ('96) completed residency and fellowship at the University of Chicago Hospitals, then moved to Washington DC to be near sisters Mary Elizabeth Madden ('98) and Meghan Madden ('01). She is now an Attending Emergency Medicine Physician at Georgetown University Hospitals and chair of the Medical Bioethics Committee at Washington Hospital Center. She and her husband had their first child, Norine Ella McGrath on March 16, 2011.



1997

**Rebekah Graham** ('07) received a Fulbright Grant to teach English in Taiwan after graduating Summa Cum Laude from Seattle Pacific University with an English major and business and Spanish minors. She will be an ETA (English teaching assistant) in the city of Kaohsiung.



2006

**Caitlin Breitenstein (Delegato)** ('06), married her best friend and Marist alum Eric Breitenstein ('06). While they didn't date until college, they met in the first grade, and attended their freshman Homecoming Dance at Marist together. Caitlin attended Gonzaga University while Eric attended the University of Oregon. Eric proposed in the first grade classroom where they originally met, at St. Paul Parish School, and the couple married in the St. Paul Parish Church. Caitlin is now the Reading Specialist, Technology Teacher, and ASL Teacher at St. Paul Parish School and Eric is the Marketing Coordinator for the Duck Store.

## REUNIONS

### Class of 1960

On Friday evening, July 16, 2010, 19 members of the actual graduating class of 1960 of St. Francis High School, and 11 others who had attended St. Francis at some time in their high school years, gathered to catch up and celebrate their 50th reunion. Several spouses joined them at the Eugene Country Inn to visit, laugh, eat and reminisce about the "good old days" — and what has happened in the last 50 years. Many had not seen each other in all those years or at least since their last formal reunion in 1990. They hope to meet again in 2015.



50th Reunion of the Class of 1960 of St. Francis High School  
 Front Row, kneeling: Mike Davis, Dave Stewart, Phil Nickoli, Ron Hebert. Second Row: Mary Pat Thatcher Adair, Joann Furrer Rissberger, Linda Roche Gates, Judy Calavan Norman, Carol Stout Wehner, Darlene Kemp Easterla, Edith Ritzman Gillette, Ellen Murphy Oicles, Jim Dutton. Back row: Pat Nord Smith, Chuck Mickalson, Jerry Evoniuk, Gordon Waske, Pat Casey, Dave Shepard

*If you have recently had some big news in your life such as a new job or promotion, wedding, new children born, anniversary, or anything that you would like published to your fellow Marist alumni, please send the update to [sbarth@marisths.org](mailto:sbarth@marisths.org) If you include a photo, please send high quality photos (not sized for use on the web).*

Keep up with the latest Marist, St. Mary's and St. Francis Alumni news, and events on Facebook!

Friend our Alumni Facebook page:  
[Facebook.com/maristalumni](https://www.facebook.com/maristalumni)

## REUNIONS



**Class of 1981 Reunion** In the Fall 2011 issue of Marist Magazine, we incorrectly labeled photos from the Class of 1981 reunion. They actually held their reunion in August 2011 over the course of two evenings: one at Billy Mac's and the other at B2 Wine Bar. Left Photo: Mark Murphy, Carolyn (Doble) Oliveira, Mike Barclay, Mari (Oien) Galvin. Right Photo: Diza (Hoglen) Hilles, Carolyn (Doble) Oliveira, Mary DeFrank, Mari (Oien) Galvin.



## UPCOMING REUNIONS

1957

The class of '57 will hold its 55th class reunion July 27-29 at Roaring Rapids Pizza on Franklin Blvd on Friday, July 27 at 5:30pm. On Saturday, a dinner will be held at the Knights of Columbus Hall starting at 5:00 p.m. Sunday, we are hoping to have a Mass at the Marist Chapel and attend the all-school BBQ afterwards. Mass time to be announced. If you need information, call Pat (Bray) Major at 541-688-0425 or Dick Bauer at [umpquafty@cs.com](mailto:umpquafty@cs.com) and 541-688-4980. Hope to see you all there!

1987

The Class of '87 is planning a 25-year reunion with a two-day event on July 13 and 14, 2012. All details have not been worked out yet, so please look for updates on the Marist Alumni Facebook page: [Facebook.com/maristalumni](https://www.facebook.com/maristalumni) or the Reunion page on the Marist website at [Marisths.org/reunion-schedule.html](http://Marisths.org/reunion-schedule.html) If we do not have your current contact information, contact Kent Frey at [kentfrey@hotmail.com](mailto:kentfrey@hotmail.com).

**NOTE:** Planning a reunion? Contact Steve Barth at [sbarth@marisths.org](mailto:sbarth@marisths.org) to get your reunion information on our website. We are posting the upcoming reunion schedule at [www.marisths.org](http://www.marisths.org) under our "Support Marist" tab.

1982

Save the date for our reunion being held July 20, 21, and 22. Information will be sent out in February with more specifics. Facebook has been a great way for the classmates to connect. For more information, please contact Roberta (Palmer) Kellis via any of the following avenues: [grkellis@gmail.com](mailto:grkellis@gmail.com), [www.facebook.com/rkellis](http://www.facebook.com/rkellis). 541-484-2315

### ALL-ALUMNI BARBEQUE JULY 29, 2012

If you are planning your class reunion for 2012, we encourage you to consider planning your event in conjunction with the "all-alumni" gathering to take place in the Marist courtyard. Join us for a barbeque, viewing items from the Marist Archives and the chance to visit with friends from many classes. Not scheduled to have a class reunion in 2012? No problem! Join many of our alumni who use this as an annual get-together. BBQ details: All Alumni of Marist, St. Francis and St. Mary's — July 29, 2012 in the Marist Courtyard from 12:30-3:30 PM.

## IN MEMORIAM



**Sally Sue (Burrell) Hickman** ('57) passed away Oct. 07, 2011. Sally is survived by her husband, a sister, three children, five grandchildren, one great-grandchild, and eight nieces and nephews. Please visit

[www.zellerchapeloftheroses.com](http://www.zellerchapeloftheroses.com) for more information.

**Kevin Teller** ('71) died December 8, 2011 of brain cancer. He was 59.

**Lawrence Gieber**, father of Lawrence ('71), Daniel ('72), Michael ('73), Timothy ('75), Jon ('76) and Laurel ('79) died of heart disease on January 11, 2012. Larry was a fervent supporter of Marist and an active volunteer leader. He was a leading force in the start of the first Marist auction. He will be missed by many.

**Dean and Lois McBee**, parents of Doug McBee ('89), both passed away in October of 2011. Lois McBee died of breast cancer on October 11. Dean McBee passed away of natural causes on October 24. Anyone who had one of Lois's cookies or heard Dean's jokes will always remember them. They will be greatly missed.



**Erin Gangle** ('94), passed away from an aneurysm dissection and heart failure, on June 1, 2011 at the age of 33. Erin was an RN at Riverbend Hospital for 8 years, and loved being a nurse and caring for others. Her brother, Corey Gangle,

and sister, Ashley (Gangle) Corradi '01, were also students at Marist

**Doug Bustrin**, father of Steven Bustrin ('10), passed away on Sunday, October 16, 2011. Douglas was a resident of Eugene, Oregon.

**Kent Hardin**, father of Sam Hardin ('10), passed away in June, 2011 after a year-long illness.

Instead, Cheryl Brelsford, Katie's counselor, tells her that just because a person can do something, that doesn't mean she has to do it. They talked for a long time about what was really important in life and together they arrived at a plan that would allow Katie to go to school and stay close to home. Katie shares with us today that without that encouragement she might have lost out on those last years with her father. And there you have it. Bob knew that his children had to be at a school like Marist that puts what matters first.

A year before he died, Bob's dear friend Tom Greerty (former Lane County prosecutor and devout Catholic) helped him get baptized. Bob had not been raised Catholic. Bishop Steiner came to Eugene, and in a single day, Bob received five of the seven sacraments: baptism, Holy Eucharist, reconciliation, confirmation, and anointing of the sick.

The story doesn't end with death. Christ promises that none of our stories end with death. We believe His resurrection teaches that our stories do not end but are transformed into something far more powerful than our short lives could have achieved on their own. Through love, faith, community, and fidelity, our lives are transformed into hope and promise. Somehow Bob Jeremiah's

death has transformed those he touched into people with an increased capacity for love and service.

Katie says, "Faith in God was one of the greatest sources of strength for our whole family while my dad was sick. To share that faith with such a large community like Marist only made us stronger, even though there was such a huge temptation to reject that faith in the face of a disease that is so evil."

In the face of evil, faith, love, and community can become no longer values or ideas, but vital, tangible realities. As we move through our own messy, difficult, painful lives Bob Jeremiah, his family, and their blessed connection with Marist serve as witness and a reminder that the Resurrection is real. Christ does not promise to relieve us of our suffering; he promises to transform that suffering into something good. Ask the Jeremiah family. They know.



Andy Oldham has taught English at Marist since 1994. He currently teaches American Literature and AP Literature and Composition.

# CONTINUING THE LEGACY OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION

We would like to thank the generous supporters who have funded two NEW scholarships that will be added to the Marist Foundation scholarships awarded each spring.



The **Jill Richardson Family Scholarship** was established to honor the memory of Jill Richardson '92. Jill was Valedictorian of her class and served as the President of the National Honor Society, in addition to working to help pay her own tuition. This new scholarship will be awarded for the first time this spring to a worthy student who displays the same dedication to their academic pursuits.



The **Kathy Yocum Scholarship** was formed last spring to honor her distinguished service as a beloved English teacher. This fund is close to reaching endowment level and once endowed will award a yearly scholarship in her honor. Our goal is to endow this scholarship before the end of the year. Numerous alumni and friends of Marist have contributed to this fund. If you would like to join them in support of this scholarship we invite you to make a donation.

For more information on endowing a scholarship, or making a donation, please contact the Development Office at (541) 681-5470 or [development@marisths.org](mailto:development@marisths.org)



**We are Pleased to Announce**

the chairs for the 2012 Marist Auction,  
**Dr. Brian and Debbie Jewett!**  
Brian and Debbie will lead the charge and be joined by an all-star team of Marist volunteers. To volunteer or donate to the auction, being held May 12, 2012, please email us at [development@marisths.org](mailto:development@marisths.org).



**BE PART OF THE MARIST MAGAZINE!**

**We want readers to contribute. In the Spring issue, we are creating a photo essay on Mary.**



From: Mark Jaskowski ('75)



From: Anonymous (Staff Member)

**Send us images — paintings, photos, sculptures, etc. to: [sbarth@marisths.org](mailto:sbarth@marisths.org)**

**ANNUAL APPEAL UPDATE**



We did it! Due to the tremendous response of the Marist community, we received \$108,356 in donations to our Annual Appeal before December 31st with \$54,050 coming from new donors or those increasing their donations over last year. Those donations were matched by an anonymous donor who offered a \$50,000 "challenge gift." Our sincere thanks goes out to all who have supported the Annual Appeal to date.

During the Lenten season, we call on all alumni – St. Mary's, St. Francis and Marist – to show their school pride through the Alumni Challenge. By "giving back" our alumni help make a difference for all students at Marist. In the spirit of healthy competition, we ask alumni to show their class pride and make a donation. Our goal is to have each class represented with a donation.

**Help support the Annual Appeal by making a donation today!**



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# CALENDAR OF

## Upcoming Events



March

- 14 Winter Music Concert: Jazz & Concert Bands, Reflections Choir and Marist Strings Ensemble, 7:30 pm, Marist Theatre
- 15 Winter Music Concert featuring Marist Rock Band, 7:30 pm, Marist Theatre
- 17 Irish Echo Concert to benefit Project Starfish, 5:00 pm, Marist Activity Center. Call John Stacy at 342-8073 for tickets.

April

- 14 Mr. Spartan Competition, 7:00 pm, Main Gym
- 27-28 Spring Play, *The Odd Couple*, Marist Theatre

May

- 2 Founder's Day Mass – 11:00 am, Marist Courtyard
- 12 41st Marist Auction, "Game Day," 5:00-11:30 pm, Marist Gym and Activity Center
- 23 Spring Music Concert: Jazz & Concert Bands, Reflections Choir and Marist Strings Ensemble, 7:30 pm, Marist Theatre
- 24 Spring Music Concert: Rock Band, 7:30 pm, Marist Theatre

June

- 2 Last Waltz Concert & Art Show, 7:30 pm, Theatre and Art Room
- 9 Class of 2012 Graduation Ceremony, 11:00 am, Marist Gym

July

- 29 Marist Alumni Barbeque, 11:30 am, Marist Courtyard