

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

Fall 2001 Newsletter

September 11, 2001 – A View from Hanover Square

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Our office at 7 Hanover Square is about eight of those odd-angled downtown Manhattan blocks from the World Trade Center. Less than a half mile as the crow flies. The top third of the towers loom over intervening buildings out my window.

It begins for us innocently and curiously. No sound. Just the glimpse out of the corner of my eye of something odd. Papers fluttering playfully down from a crystal clear sky like New Year's Eve on California Street. "Hey, Mary, come in here and look at this." We speculate maybe some people were having fun throwing stuff out the windows of a building being renovated down the street to the left.

Then we see smoke to the right from the direction of the Trade Center. The light goes on. Smoke, plus playfully fluttering papers from a half a mile away, means a major explosion, not just a fire. God damn it! Somebody bombed the place again! Adrenaline surges and anger sets in.

Then someone shouts out the first radio report. "A plane has hit the Trade Center. They think it's a small private plane." So maybe it's just an accident? A pilot in distress trying to make it to Newark Airport across the Hudson and falling short?

We go down the hall to an office with a better view, and now see the flames shooting out the side. We realize sickeningly that the people above those flames will die.

Word spreads quickly. John's brother is in one of those buildings. Bill tells me his brother's in there too. So is another John's wife and Anne's significant other of many years. Plus we all know that our two major competitors-Marsh and Aon- have their NY offices in there...and on upper floors. Many of us have worked for one or another of those firms, some like me many years ago, others as recently as weeks and months ago. So there's the urgent question—which building is it—#1 where Marsh is or #2 where Aon is?

Then it doesn't matter any more.

I'd gone back to my office to use the phone when I hear and feel the concussion of a huge explosion. I look up and see the monstrous ball of flame. From down the

hall, the people with the better view shout: "Another plane! A huge one! I saw it hit! They hit it on purpose-I saw it! OH MY GOD!"

So it's no accident. Radios and TV's are on in several offices now. Both towers are reported hit by jetliners. More planes are hijacked and in the air. Raw fear starts to build. You try to be calm, but, inside, you can't help being afraid, with so much smoke and flame out the windows and hijacked planes up in the air.

Now some people are sobbing and hugging. Others are talking nervously, incessantly. Others-like myself-are moving from office to office, unable to concentrate on much, stepping in to one or another for a brief look out the window and a brief snatch of conversation, then moving on, working off the nerves. Some are just locked numbly in front of the TV.

We managers begin to meet, try to focus on what needs to be done. Stay? Leave? But to where? Move to the basement?

Then, as I walk past an office with one of the better views, I hear a particularly anguished "Oh my God!", then feel a rumbling. "What happened?", I ask. Jeanie, whom I'd heard, turns to me with a look and in a voice I'll never forget: "Jim...the Aon building just disappeared."

It just kept getting worse.

An initial rumor is shouted around—"It was a third plane!". That later proves incorrect, but we don't know that now. Fear rises to panic in some. Airplanes are diving into lower Manhattan, and we're stuck here. An urge to flee grips everyone—but coupled with the certain knowledge that there is no way to flee, since we've heard on the news that the subways, highways, bridges and tunnels are closed.

But soon we are distracted again. Within seconds of the collapse, we see an ash cloud hurtling down William Street toward the building. I flash to pictures of Mt. St. Helens. Thankfully there is no heat like volcanic ash when it reaches us. But within a minute the building is enveloped, the blue sky now dark gray. We can barely

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see across the street. From twelve stories up, we can just make out people on the street holding clothing over their mouths and noses.

That settles one thing. We aren't going any place soon. We can only imagine the toxins in that cloud, and we imagine the worst: asbestos, dioxin, biohazards and other stuff we had probably never heard of. Going outside comes off everyone's option list. The stress builds. More people start to lose it emotionally.

But within 20 to 30 minutes, the ash cloud lifts. Blue sky starts to peek through, and spirits lift with the ash...until there's another rumble. Another collapse. Another cloud racing down William Street.

For some reason this second cloud is not gray but jet black. Within seconds it's midnight at midmorning on a summer's day.

The air conditioners had been turned off to avoid sucking in the ash. So it's gotten real warm in the building. But up until now, the air has smelled pretty good. But with this second cloud, an acrid, smoky smell starts to build inside the building. A new, niggling fear creeps in. Are we going to choke on this stuff? Are we going to get real sick from it even if we don't die?

It just kept getting worse.

But that cloud, too, lifts after a half an hour. The air inside gets no worse. We hear the bad news about the Pentagon and the crash in Pennsylvania. But we also hear all flights are grounded and the sky's are clear. No more winged bombs in the air. The grip of fear for our personal safety begins to loosen. We may be stuck here for a day or two, and that will suck. But we're not going to die.

But what about the family members and friends?

Almost miraculously, John's brother—whom many of us knew from AON—walks right into our office. People literally run to him in relief and to hear his story. He had left #2 for a meeting just in time to watch from the sidewalk outside as the first plane hit #1. He then watched in horror as almost instantly at least four bodies smash to the pavement near him and burst apart. When he could watch no longer, he simply walked away, finally deciding to stop by and tell his brother the was OK.

Bill then gets word his brother got out OK, and the other John hears from his wife. She's OK. But there's no call for Anne. Tragically we later learn that her partner Andy never made it. They're our age and were going to retire to California in a year or two.

(We also learn days later that about 300 from Marsh and about 200 from AON died, many, many of whom were friends or acquaintances of our staff. Few of us had ever

had friends murdered before. The anger is immense.)

But back at Hanover Square, it's now about noon. A huge smoke plume is visible out the window as the rubble burns. But the sky overhead is a hazy blue again. We're trying to figure out whether to have people set out for home or whether it would be safer to stay put since transportation off the island is so uncertain. Then an announcement comes over the building PA: "Evacuate. No urgency, but you need to get out fairly soon. Downtown is being declared off limit by the authorities, so you need to get at least north of Canal Street."

The resourcefulness of New Yorkers soon takes over. Ferry and cruise boats of all sizes start picking up New Jerseyites at the South Street Seaport and taking them to Hoboken, where those covered in ash are literally hosed down with a fire hose spray, suits and all (A bit extreme?—but it's New Jersey!) They are then put on free buses to their various towns. The Staten Island Ferry starts operating outbound for those folks. Groups form up to walk over the Brooklyn Bridge into Brooklyn Heights from where they can work their way further into Brooklyn, up to Queens or further out onto Long Island on the Long Island Railroad. Manhattanites walk in groups uptown to their apartments.

Sidewalks are crowded with people walking home and those from the neighborhood just standing and talking, commiserating, and trading stories like we do in California after an earthquake. The neighborhood people cheer those walking home heavily covered with ash and soot, bleeding a little, or limping, knowing they had escaped from Ground Zero. They offer them water and other help. In the high rent district of Park Avenue we see Tony Randall and his young wife out chatting with neighbors on the sidewalk just like everybody else.

But one phenomenon captures the mood better than anything else. We're in New York City. The traffic is really lousy. But nobody honks....except an occasional beep to salute people waving American flags. At least for that one day, the enemy was entirely without. And black, brown, yellow or white, rich or poor, we were all friends within, fellow New Yorkers, fellow Americans against the world. And you don't honk at your friends except to say Hi.

After dropping off my passengers I get home about 4:30. Can't tell you how good it felt to be back in the little old leafy village of Pearl River which no self respecting terrorist would bother to mess with. Cocktail hour started early that day.

Thanks for listening. At our age I was afraid I'd forget the details of my hopefully one and only close-up view of disaster before I could tell my grandchildren. Now I can send them the E-mail. God bless and be well. Murph the Younger. ■

APRIL 28, 2001 ALUMNI DAY ANOTHER GRAND CELEBRATION

Over 250 alumni and their wives attended Alumni Day 2001. Special honors were given to the 50th anniversary class, R'51, 40th anniversary class, R'61, 35th anniversary class, R'66, and the 25th anniversary class, High School and College 76.

Members of the Class of 1961 gathered early for an informal lunch. In attendance were Mike Allen, Bill Burns, Dan Dillon, Len Duggan, Paul Feyen, Dick Finkes, Bill Finnegan, Ed Gaffney, Steve Kelly, Ken Kelzer, Arnie Kunst, Al Larkin, Jim MacDonald, Greg McAllister, Mike McLaughlin, Mike McNamara, Peter Martinez, Larry Moorman, Bob Murnane, Mike Murray, Dennis O'Brien, Jack O'Shea, Paul Perry, Tom Sheehan, and Jerry Winkenbach. Many thanks to 'Big Mac' Mike McLaughlin for all of his efforts in arranging the lunch. It was momentous to have all four team captains in attendance: Bear's Murray, Indian's McNamara, Rambler's O'Brien, and Trojan's McLaughlin.

Mass began at 4:00pm; our celebrant was Rev. Ken Bozzo, C'76, homilist Rev. Kevin Gaffey, R'51, and organist, Rev. Paul Perry, R'61. Our special thanks to these men.

For the first time in Alumni Day history, our social was held in the spacious courtyard adjacent to the old Deacon house and present day Vatican II Institute. Men from St. Pius provided music for our event. During the course of the social, the Alumni were treated to a memorable image: Bruce Burgundy, while walking on the bench that surrounds the courtyard pond, managed to perform a one and a half with a tuck and totally immersed himself in the pond. Silence—then relief—as Bruce sheepishly exited the pond and dripped his way into the Vatican II Institute, there to be comforted and clothed by Rev. Gene Konkle, S.S.

Following the social, another wonderful dinner was presented and served by Miraglia Catering, Mike Miraglia, R'66, Proprietor; and once again, all wine, liquor and beverages were provided by Mike (R'61) and Melissa McNamara. Vince Briare, R'48, brought his Serra Club men to provide the bartending services.

The Rhet Class of 1951 broke all previous attendance records for the 50th Anniversary Class—very special thanks to Walt Harrington for his herculean effort in making this happen. In attendance were Phil Anderson, Len Bettencourt, Gene Braun, Bob Burger, John T. Butler, Angelo DeManti, Bill Drury, Rev. Kevin P. Gaffey, Matt Gaffney, Mike Gill, Ignacio Guevara, Walt Harrington, Peter Imsand, Richard McDonnell, Jim McEntee, Brian O'Kane, Chuck Renati, Paul Reyff,

Bernie Savant and Dr. David Stronck. We sincerely appreciate and thank the many wives who accompanied these alums.

The Rhet Class of 1966 also had a record attendance thanks to the efforts of Ron Dizon, Art Reardon, and Tony Vranicar. Present were Vince Alvarez, Jim Bottini, Jim Critz, Jim Cromwell, Steve Dells, Joe Diffley, Ron Dizon, Bob Drakes, Bob Downey, Tony Finkas, Pat Johnston, Joe Kane, John Kennedy, Mike Kennedy, Steve Kolda, Dave Komaroff, Mike Love, John McDonagh, Mike Miraglia, Dennis Nino, John Pelosi, John Prindiville, Tom Pyne, Art Reardon, Bill Robinson, Clint Reilly, Bob Roth, Joe Symkowick, Tony Vranicar and Gregg Williams.

Walt Harrington, Ed Gaffney, Art Reardon, Mike Crilly, Mike Shanahan and Jorge Sousa introduced their anniversary classes during the course of the dinner.

Board Member Kevin Connolly, R'59, announced our Alumnus of Year Award: For the year 2001, the award was presented to M.R. Mark J. Hurley, R'39, Deceased, and his brother, M.R. Francis T. Hurley, R'45, for their years of service to the Church both in California and Alaska.

Our annual Raffle produced the following winners: 1) Grand prize trip to the Whaler in Hawaii, courtesy of Walt Harrington, went to Rev. Vince Mesi, R'65; 2) Oakland A's Luxury box went to Jose Igoa, R'66; 3) SF Giant's tickets, courtesy of Mike McLaughlin, R'61, went to Johnny McDonagh, R'66. We also raffled off two sets of 49er tickets donated by J. Dennis McQuaid, R'59 and Msgr. Peter G. Armstrong, R'48. The winners were Bob Downey, R'66 and John Savant, R'50.

We thank all who participated, and especially, Rev. Gerald D. Coleman, S.S., Pres./Rector of St. Patrick's Seminary and Brett Lowart, Development Director, for their assistance and for allowing us the use of St. Patrick's Seminary.

We give special thanks to those members of the Class of 1963 and 1965 who braved the cold weather at the tables outside the dining room. Two members of the Class of 1963, Dan Folliard and his wife, and Jim Nice, traveled from Oregon to attend the festivities and endure the cold. Thanks for your understanding.

Also present was 'Tommy', the poster boy featured in our Spring 2001 Newsletter. 'Tommy' was later identified as Thomas 'Dink' Conlon, R'53 who now lives in Los Altos. Thanks for coming, Tom!!

Alumni day 2002 will be on Saturday, April 27, 2002. Come and join us. ■

A SALUTATION TO THE RHET CLASS OF 1961

Edward McGlynn Gaffney, R'61, made the following remarks while introducing the 40th Anniversary Class on April 28, 2001.

I want to say a couple of things about my classmates. If Gregory of Nyssa is right in saying that the glory of God is the human person fully alive, then it has been my great privilege to have gone to school with a truly glorious class, because they are human beings fully alive. Poncho Ferrario had some of us for Latin in our 5th Latin year. One saying that I recall vividly from that class was the maxim "Nihil humanum alienum mihi est". Nothing human is foreign to me. Though a pagan wrote it, it is at the heart of the incarnation, and it inspired the beginning sentence of one of the great documents of Vatican II, *Gaudium et Spes*, which affirms that the joys and hopes of the world are those of the church. Our class has taken that teaching to heart. No human endeavor, or at least none worth trying, has escaped the imagination and the achievements of my class.

We are a marvelously human bunch, and have sustained friendships in a remarkable way, though each of us has gone down paths less traveled by and by doing so have made a difference. Tonight there is a quiet happiness at hearing the wonderful things we have done with our lives: the parishes whose lives we have enhanced and the families we have created; the magnificent women we married, from whom we learned that it is not always more blessed to give than to receive; the children whom we have nurtured and who have challenged us to levels of growth beyond our wildest imagination when we were seminarians; the water we have kept safe to drink, and the dirt we have transformed into whole communities; the movements of the tectonic plates we have predicted; the trees we planted, and the trees we caused to be chopped down because of the books we've written or that publishers we work for have distributed throughout the world; the great universities where we have taught philosophy, theology, and other disciplines; the laws we have helped to write, interpret, and enforce; the music and even the films we are making; and the corporal works of mercy we keep performing regularly, above all, feeding the hungry. All these things fill us with enormous joy tonight.

Sometimes our memories are sad. We wonder why the good die young and we miss Bob Carroll's zany presence tonight as deeply as when we grieved his being taken from us. My mind was on Bob when we sang tonight a song of hope and life. When Suzanne Toolan finished the first draft of that song, she thought it was awful and literally threw it in the trash can. One of the students at Mercy High School was resting in the infirmary near her music studio, and Suzanne dropped by to visit her and cheer her up. The student asked, "What was that wonderful tune you were just playing? I loved it." "Oh, it's a new song I'm working on," Suzanne said, and darted back to retrieve it from the trash can, and we have

been singing it for nearly forty years since then. My classmates are like that young teenager. We are very good at affirming one another and at helping one another to see things in ourselves that we might otherwise miss.

It was remarkably easy for us to identify with all of the episodes that Kevin Gaffey recalled in his homily. Today was a day for recollection of memories. We did this in the spirit of Virgil: "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit"—Maybe (just maybe) it will be possible to remember even these things. When we indulge in nostalgia about this place, it was mostly silly stuff that we recalled: the fire in Beansy Campbell's office, probably started by one of his cigars; the sins we'd invent to do the routine of weekly confession; and the smokes behind the barn that were as daring as our violation of law got in the '50s. But we also recognized that those petty infractions of the law led us to understand the duty to resist the law a decade later when our country engaged in an undeclared war and used means of warfare condemned not only by the pacifist tradition of the Gospel, but also by the just war tradition from Augustine to Aquinas and to Vatican II.

Our class has always been a little bit different. When we had finished catching up with what has been happening in our lives, some of us took time to have a small ceremony of reconciliation with our past. The peeves, the hurts—both imagined and real—were reenacted with humor so that they could easily be identified and discarded as the wreckage of our past, and so that we could enter the chapel and this dining hall both to chill and to rejoice.

Kevin Gaffey reminded us of the most famous phrase associated with Joe Riddlemoser: *Das mihi nihil; do tibi nil*. I would like to suggest that my class understood that maxim not as a put-down, but as a challenge both to be full and to be generous. As a learned rabbi once put it, "From those to whom much has been given, much will be demanded." We know that this place gave us a lot, and we are grateful to those who made these gifts to us and we have been passing these gifts on to others in marvelously creative ways. We know too that this place did some awful things, and we have wisely left those things behind and moved on to live our lives as fully as we can, because—to repeat St. Gregory—the glory of God is easiest to discern in the human spirit fully alive.

(At this point, Ed read from one of his favorite poems *The Municipal Gallery Revisited* by William Butler Yeats wherein Yeats describes portraits of heroes of the great movement against imperial rule. Because of limited space I will only print a portion of the last stanza: "You that would judge me, do not judge alone this book or that, come to this hallowed place where my friends' portraits hang and look thereon; Ireland's history in their lineaments trace; Think where man's glory most begins and ends, and say my glory was I had such friends." ■

In Memoriam

Lacey, Rev. George F., R'39, on April 8, 2001. He was the brother of Rev. Thomas Lacey, R'37, deceased. Fr. was ordained on June 16, 1945 and was pastor of All Saints, St. Joseph's and St. Luke's in the Stockton Diocese.

McGuire, John J., R'61, on May 11, 2001 of cancer. John was an attorney for the County of San Mateo for many years and lived in Pacifica. John is survived by his wife, Kathleen, their sons, and John's two sisters, Mary Margaret McGuire of Half Moon Bay and Theresa Norden of Modesto.

Tonna, Charles F. on May 31, 2001 at Santa Rosa, CA., age 64. Charles is the brother of James Tonna, R'57 and brother-in-law of John P. O'Brien, R'57.

Duggan, Sister Claire, SNJM, on April 30, 2001 at Los Gatos. Sister is the sister of Reverends Eugene, R'41, Paul, R'43 and William, R'47 Duggan. Sister had served as Provincial Superior of the Sisters of Holy Names from 1970-76.

Isetta, Andrew, on June 12, 2001 at age 85. He is survived by his wife, Winifred, and his eight children including William Isetta, R'64.

Driscoll, Robert M., R'54, on July 3, 2001 at Stockton, CA. He is survived by his wife, Suzanne and his brother, Rev. James E. Driscoll, R'49. Robert was a juvenile Probation Officer in San Francisco and Deputy Director of Children's Services in San Joaquin County.

Salcido, Juan Sr., H'71, on July 12, 2001 at San Jose, Ca. Survived by his wife and three children. Juan died of cancer at age 47. He was a member of the San Jose Police Department and had been devoted to the young people on the streets.

Gallagher, Rev. Msgr. Eugene A., R'38, on July 17, 2001 at Oakland, CA. Fr. was ordained on December 18, 1943 and was the Director of CYO in San Francisco for many years. He was former pastor of All Souls in SSF and St. Matthias in Redwood City, CA.

Crilly, Daniel P., on August 12, 2001 at age 43. Daniel is survived by his wife, Brigid and three children. He is the brother of Michael Crilly, C'70, former Alumni Board President and James Crilly, C'71. He worked for the GSA Federal Supply Service, Pacific Rim Region.

Garcia, Anita Marie, on October 16, 2001. Mother of M.R. Richard J. Garcia, C'69, and Joanne Foley. A parishioner of Ephiphany in San Francisco.

Ring, Terence C., R'40, on October 31, 2001 at Walnut Creek, CA. He is survived by his wife, Vilma, and three children. He was an attorney for over 50 years in Walnut Creek.

Flynn, Msgr. James B., R'43, on December 4, 2001 at San Francisco. Jim was a priest social worker at SF Boys Home and later became the Director of Catholic Charities. He was devoted to social justice and was pastor of St. Peter's, St. Gabriel's and St. Matthias. Jim will be missed by his longtime friend, Rev. John Sandersfeld, R'60, and the Five Families.

Higgins, Robert E., R'47, on December 11, 2001 at San Francisco. He is survived by his wife, Joan, and three children. A longtime parishioner of St. John the Evangelist. ■

ALUMNI UPDATES

RHET CLASS OF 1945 AND ORDINATION CLASS OF 1951 held a reunion at St. Pat's on June 25 and 26, 2001. Bill Boyle reports that John Ward, S.S. came from Baltimore to say Mass and to see the first class that he ever taught at St. Joseph's. Present were Bill Boyle, Dan Cosgrove, Frank Lacey, Bishop Frank Hurley, Jim Poggi, Larry Walsh, Bill Greenleaf, Phil Reilly, Pat Keane, Joe O'Connell, Frank Pellegrino and John Sullivan. Gerry Coleman, S.S. was a gracious host to this wonderful and renowned group.

Patrick F. Cloherly, R'64, your esteemed President, ascended Half Dome in Yosemite Valley on September 11, 2001. He was supposed to be accompanied by your alumni coordinator, but his companion bailed at the last moment and Clo had to go it alone. He left the valley at 5:00 a.m. with flashlight in hand and reached the Dome just before noon. When he returned to the valley, he was greeted with the stark reality of the World Trade Center and could not

celebrate appropriately. A belated congrats, Festus!!

Conneely, Dudley, R'64, departed recently for Afghanistan. Dudley will soon be in Kabul implementing an emergency food aid program and helping the locals with roads and health clinics. Our thoughts are with him and his wife, Mary, and family who remain in San Francisco. Mary and the children need rental housing in SF. If you have any contacts, let us know.

Henderson, Richard, R'64, an attorney in Ukiah, (as Rick used to say "Ukiah is Haiku spelled backwards") decided to give up the practice and run for a judgeship on the Superior Court. Rick won handily and is now on the Bench in Mendocino County. Congratulations to Rich, his wife, Colleen, and family.

Brady, Thomas, R'64, Maryknoll, is the proud father of Tom Brady, Quarterback for the New England Patriots. Young Tom's uncle is Phil Brady, R'61. Go Patriots!!! ■