When Harry Carlin entered the Society after graduating from SI in 1935, his father told him, “Go. I’ll see you in a week. You’ll miss your movies too much.” He spent the next 70 years in service to the greater glory of God.
This has been a momentous year for SI, one that has seen the end of the sesquicentennial celebrations, the announcement of Fr. Sauer’s retirement and the selection of his successor, Fr. Robert Walsh, SJ ’68. (Look for more on Fr. Walsh in this issue and the next.)

It has also been a hard year, as so many of the Old Guard — those who have helped define and exemplify SI spirit — have passed away.

Since last August, the SI community has seen the deaths of legendary faculty members Col. Vern Gilbert and J.B. Murphy, as well as alumni Jack O’Dea ’28, Dante Benedetti ’36, Fr. Ed McDermott, SJ ’36, John “Jack” Riordan ’44, George Millay ’47, and, on Ash Wednesday, Fr. Harry V. Carlin, SJ ’35, the founder of the modern SI.

SI has also lost several prominent women who have given the school much, including former Ignatian Guild President Constance “Connie” O’Connor (also a former development director for Riordan High School), Loyola Guild stalwart Evelyn Brandi, and Helen Purcell, whose nine children include two SI alumni and two SI faculty members.

These men and women teach us that greatness is still possible. Just look at what they have done with their lives. Atop the sand dunes of the Sunset District, Fr. Carlin built one of the finest schools in California, following in the footsteps of his predecessor, Fr. Anthony Maraschi, SJ, who, in 1855, purchased a patch of sand on Market Street for his first school. It is appropriate that, on March 9 at Santa Clara Mission Cemetery, Fr. Carlin was laid to rest just 40 feet from Fr. Maraschi’s grave.

The others have equally notable achievements, from serving as president of the first Jesuit Secondary Educational Association (Fr. McDermott) to founding SeaWorld and bringing Shamu to public acclaim (Mr. Millay).

Others have lived out the Jesuit credo in more subtle ways. Jack O’Dea came to every alumni event I can remember and was, by far, the oldest alumni at these gatherings. I doubt anyone ever had more school spirit than he.

I will always cherish the stories Dante Benedetti told me while we sat in his New Pisa Restaurant. He spoke of his friend Joe DiMaggio and gave me the best advice I’ve ever received regarding how best to watch my son’s baseball games. He told me, “Don’t shout out anything to your son. Let the coach do all the talking.” That advice has served me well and spared my son much embarrassment.

I loved hearing Jack Riordan’s tales of his days at SI, but could only publish some of them in Spiritus Magis. Suffice it to say that cats tended to avoid the Stanyan Street campus after the pranks pulled by Jack’s classmates.

George Millay came up from San Diego two summers ago to help celebrate Admiral Daniel Callaghan ’07, who received the Medal of Honor posthumously for his bravery aboard the USS San Francisco. I sailed with Millay, then, on the USS Potomac, where Callaghan had served as FDR’s Naval Aide before WWII, and came to respect Millay as a bold innovator in his field.

The passing of the Old Guard reminds us of all that came before us and gives us hope for what lies ahead. These men and women practiced integrity and lived fully. They model for our students what we teach in the classroom and on retreats.

I recently attended a Kairos retreat with 50 or so seniors. These teenagers impressed me with their willingness to pray and to believe that their lives have meaning and purpose. Their tears and prayers and laughter helped me see in them the great chain that links those very first SI students, 150 years ago, to students today, who, one day, will wear the mantle of Old Guard.

— Paul Totah ’75
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On the Cover: Fr. Carlin was laid to rest at St. Ignatius Church on March 8 as the SI & Jesuit communities gathered to pay tribute to this great priest. Photo by Paul Totah.
Fathers’ Club Auction Has One Million Reasons to Celebrate

Cruisin’ the Sunset, the Fathers’ Club Auction, spun a jukebox full of records on March 4.

The auction brought in record gross revenues of $1 million in a new venue and a record number of guests. More than 780 came to bid on such items as a 1966 Austin Healy (purchased by Tony Bonino ’71), vacation trips, restaurant dinners and an array of fine wines.

Guests also bought raffle tickets for a year’s tuition at SI and a wine cooler featuring more than 50 vintage bottles.

Led by Chairman Bob Guglielmi and Vice Chairman Don Mancini, the night also inaugurated the Last Big Cat Standing contest, a bidding event that raised $120,000 in one item alone and left Raymond Dell’Isola ’57 with that title after a bid of $20,000.

“Ray tore up the room in every category, from live auction to super silent items,” said Guglielmi. “He proved himself to be the biggest Cat in that room!”

Those who came enjoyed music and dancing provided by Johnny B. and the Speedshifters (made up of members of the Class of 1975); a gourmet feast courtesy of chef Tom McGuigan ’86; vintage cars; and a spirited auction led by George Noceti and Bob Sarlatte ’68, flanked by two big screen TVs.

Guglielmi praised Gary Brickley ’71 who ran the technical side of the show. “He brought the auction to a completely new level. Many people told me that it looked more like the Academy Awards than an SI auction.”

He also praised Mancini for his able work as second-in-command and McGuigan for providing meals for 780 in the McCullough Gymnasium, two blocks from the McGucken Hall kitchen.

Guglielmi also thanked the 23 corporate sponsors who donated $135,000 to the auction, the 200 volunteers and committee chairmen who made the night a success, and Fathers’ Club President Sal Rizzo and Vice President (and last year’s chairman) Dave Pacini for their leadership and support. “The only sad part or this year’s event was the loss of the auction matriarch Stella Muscat, who died last year. But with the help of SI’s Shirley Minger, Katie Kohmann, Tom Casey and Paul Totah, I know Stella was looking down and saying, ‘Good work!’”

Even though Guglielmi passed the $1 million mark this year, “next year, I expect Don Mancini to break that record,” he added.

Mancini, in turn, sang Guglielmi’s praises. “Although it takes the work and dedication of many people for an auction to reach this level of success, Bob’s vision, perseverance and dedication led the way. I could not have asked for a better auction mentor than Bob.”
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Opposite page: Auctioneer George Noceti, MC Bob Sarlatte ’68, Fr. Sauer and his secretary Shirley Minger get ready for the wine raffle. Clockwise from top left: Raymond dell’Isola ’57 earned the honor of Last Big Cat Standing; Thomas Lloyd-Butler was one of the finalists in that contest; students Nikki Mancini and Darcy Lundy helped display auction items; Johnny B. and the Speedshifters rocked the house; Jim Sangiacomo ’78 and his wife, Gerry.
We especially thank the following lifetime friends who have made provisions in their estate plans — bequests, charitable trusts, gifts of life insurance or retirement funds — to support SI’s Endowment Fund. Such gifts provide for the long-term welfare of SI and may also provide donors with valuable tax and income benefits during their lifetime. The forethought and generosity of the following is most appreciated:

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Clockwise, from top left: Auction Chairman Bob Guglielmi; Nunzio ’67 and Joey ’69 Alioto; Tony Bonino ’71; Gene Bugatto ’78; Fr. Sauer and Joyce Guglielmi; Auction Vice Chairman Don Mancini and his wife, Jeannine.


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Clockwise, from top: The auction was held in the new gym for the first time, allowing for record attendance; SI Principal Charlie Dullea ’65 and Kerwin Allen ’78 and his wife, Annette; Dan Linehan ’83 shows Wildcat pride; Fathers’ Club President Sal Rizzo with last year’s Auction Chairman Dave Pacini.
New Piazza Named for Director Chris Columbus

The kids in the Ohio town where Chris Columbus grew up, like kids everywhere, loved to make crank calls. They would open the phone book, find the name for Alex Columbus — Chris’s father — dial, and then ask to speak to Christopher.

“My father would hand me the phone, and all I’d hear on the other end were howls of laughter,” said Columbus. “The crank callers didn’t expect to actually find someone named Christopher on the other end.”

Faced with jokes all his life — “Hey Christopher: Is the world round or flat?” — Columbus knew he could either ignore the taunts or develop a sense of humor and embrace his name. He chose the latter. His company, 1492 Productions, and his daughter’s name (Isabella) give witness to this.

So, too, will the new development on the west side of the campus. Thanks to his $1 million gift to the school, the new plaza overlooking the Pacific Ocean will be named Columbus Piazza in recognition of the film director’s Italian roots and the sense of discovery that he shares with the famous explorer.

Chris Columbus’s creative spirit has already led him to write 15 scripts and to direct 17 and produce 18 films. He sold his first script while a sophomore at NYU and has since become one of America’s most successful filmmakers, having directed Home Alone, Mrs. Doubtfire, the first two Harry Potter movies and Rent.

Columbus is now supervising the production of Night at the Museum, currently being filmed in Manhattan with Robin Williams and Ben Stiller. He took time from his busy schedule to speak with GENESIS V editor Paul Totah.

Q. What motivated your generous gift to SI?
A. My daughter Eleanor transferred into SI in her sophomore year. When she came, she fell in love with the place. She introduced me to the world of SI and to what a truly amazing place it is.

I felt the gift was an important donation for many reasons. High schools often take a back seat to universities, but they shape the future for so many kids. I rarely have seen a high school as strong or as committed to each student as SI is.

Q. At the premiere of Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire, you compared SI to Hogwarts. Can you elaborate on this?
A. SI is similar to Hogwarts in that it cares for and pays so much attention to all its students. With other schools the size of SI, certain kids can get lost. I can’t imagine that happening here. As a graduate of a Catholic elementary and high school in Ohio, I also know the value firsthand of Catholic education.

Q. You’re from New York and the industry is in Hollywood. Why do you make your home now in San Francisco?
A. Three of my four children were born in Manhattan, where I lived for 17 years. I thought I would live the rest of my life there. When I came to San Francisco in 1993 to direct Mrs. Doubtfire, I fell in love with the city. I saw some cultural similarities with New York — San Francisco is really a hybrid of New York and many European cities — but this is an easier, friendlier place to rear children. Making Mrs. Doubtfire was such a wonderful experience, that my wife and I realized we wanted to move here.

Q. Which film do you point to as your best work?
A. I’m most proud of the film version of Rent. It’s the best work I’ve done, with the Harry Potter films being a close second. Rent was an emotional experience. I waited eight years to do this project, and I persisted because it’s a movie that kids need to see. It deals with issues of diversity, acceptance and tolerance — words that have lost their power and importance in today’s world. The movie gave me a chance to remind kids of these values and to tell an emotional story. I like doing stories that sweep up audiences and move them somehow, either to laughter or to heartbreak.

Q. What gives you more satisfaction — writing or directing?
A. I like alternating between the two. When I write, I find that the hours are better, and I spend more time with my family. But I also like directing because I have complete control over the process. I also like the excitement of going to the set every day and making decision that will last forever on film. There is a certain intensity to shooting a film; if it’s a good experience, you never want to leave it. But I also need to take some quiet time to write between projects.

Chris Columbus and his wife, Monica Devereux, and their children (from left), Eleanor ’07, Violet, Brendan and Isabella.
Fr. Robert Walsh, SJ ’68, Named New President of St. Ignatius

Fr. Walsh (second from left) was welcomed by Principal Charlie Dullea, SI Controller Terry Dillon and faculty member Bob Drucker.

Fr. Robert Walsh, SJ, will serve as president of St. Ignatius College Preparatory starting July 1. A fifth-generation Californian, a San Francisco native and an SI grad from the class of 1968, Fr. Walsh has served as a priest, teacher, novice director, campus minister and administrator since his ordination in 1980.

Fr. Walsh succeeds Fr. Anthony P. Sauer, SJ, who has served as president since 1979. “I cannot think of a better choice for president,” said Fr. Sauer. “I taught him in high school and have watched him through the years. I think he is a wonderful Jesuit and administrator.”

Fr. Walsh will be SI’s 26th president in the school’s 150-year history.

In an address following the announcement, Fr. Walsh told the faculty that “we are not just lucky but blest to be called and included in the SI community, and it is a blessing that I am humbled and grateful to share with you, my new colleagues and my fellow alumni and sister alumnae. How thrilled I am to be with you, to serve you, to lead you, and once again to learn from you! May God bless you.”

A search committee made up of faculty and staff, regents and trustees, current and former SI parents, and alumni started looking for candidates for the job shortly after Fr. Sauer announced his retirement last December. They contacted more than 50 Jesuits across the nation and made a unanimous recommendation to SI’s Board of Trustees, which met March 20 and voted to hire Fr. Walsh.

“Our goal was to find a Jesuit who was pastoral and collegial and whose management style evidenced humility,” said Bob Lalanne ’73, who led the search committee. “I have every confidence that Robert will do an excellent job. He clearly articulates the founding principles of Jesuit education and will be a tremendous leader for the SI community.”

Fr. Walsh was born in San Francisco on Aug. 30, 1950, and reared in Westlake, where he attended Our Lady of Mercy. He entered the Society of Jesus after graduating from SI; he studied at Loyola Marymount and Gonzaga Universities, graduating in 1974 with a Bachelor’s degree in philosophy; in 1976 he earned his teaching credential from USF and six years later earned a Master of Divinity from the Jesuit School of Theology in Berkeley. He went back to USF to earn a Master’s degree in private school administration in 1990.

He entered the Society of Jesus after graduating from SI; he studied at Loyola Marymount and Gonzaga Universities, graduating in 1974 with a Bachelor’s degree in philosophy; in 1976 he earned his teaching credential from USF and six years later earned a Master of Divinity from the Jesuit School of Theology in Berkeley. He went back to USF to earn a Master’s degree in private school administration in 1990.

He has worked as a teacher of French, history and theology at Loyola High School (from 1974 to 1977) and as campus minister and religious studies teacher at SI (from 1981 to 1985) before working as director of novices in Santa Barbara.

After a stint as assistant principal at Bellarmine (1990 to 1992), he returned to Loyola High where he served as principal (1992–1998) and, later, as president (1998–2005).
listed here are the SI freshmen and transfer parents who have pledged monetary support to the school over the next four years. We thank them for their generosity and present them to you, below:

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Kurtela Scholarship Honors Father’s Volunteer Work

Steve Kurtela knew the best way to honor his late father, Nick Kurtela, was to establish an endowed scholarship at SI, even though his dad had graduated from Lowell.

Nick Kurtela, who died last August at the age of 80, felt connected to SI in two ways — through his son, who was a member of the Class of 1973, and through the CYO and PAL track programs, as he used SI’s field for grammar school and high school summer competitions shortly after the Sunset District campus opened.

“My father worked as a lithographer all of his adult life after leaving the Coast Guard in 1946, and he didn’t feel comfortable that he had enough knowledge regarding the sports he had volunteered to coach,” said Kurtela. “He volunteered to coach soccer and track because they were new sports for the CYO program. He wanted to help my soccer team when I was in third grade and, later, my track team at St. Gabriel’s, so he went to the library and got books on the subject to teach himself how to coach those sports. St. Gabriel’s ended up being a powerhouse in track and field thanks to him, and went undefeated in track for the six years he coached.”

When the city’s Catholic grammar schools started fielding track teams in the 1960s, competitions took place at Kezar and City College. “Then my father met Terry Ward ‘63, who coached track at SI,” said Kurtela. “Thanks to that connection, my father organized three of four summer track meets with the help of Mr. Ward. These meets were open to all comers from eight to 18 years of age and were sponsored by the Police Athletic League (PAL). The meets started using the track at City College and then moved to SI’s new track. My father brought volunteers with him from the PAL and CYO to help. The meets lasted long after my participation. It was a summer ritual for more than 10 years with thousands of participants.”

“It’s that spirit of volunteerism that inspired Kurtela to create the fully-endowed scholarship. “SI helps kids understand the importance of service,” said Kurtela. “That’s the same spirit that guided my father. He loved everything about SI. I told him I wanted to go to Lincoln because my Pop Warner friends were going there, but he just laughed and said no. Even though he went to Lowell, he insisted I attend SI. He loved the Jesuits and had Fr. Sauer and Fr. Allender over to the house for dinner many years after my graduation.”

After helping the CYO program launch the track and field program, Nick Kurtela brought the sport into the Police Athletic League in 1969. He worked with the PAL as coach, judge and official and served on the PAL track and field committee until the mid 1980s.

Steve Kurtela and his wife, Jeannine, hope that their four children — Sean ’05, Jaclyn ’06 and 10-year-old twins Brennan and Christian — will learn the lessons of service that he and his father both learned so well thanks to the SI community.

Tribute To Memory of Jean Travers ’35

Jean Travers’ graduation at age 15 from SI in 1935 was the result of academic talent and family necessity.

“He felt he had to contribute to the support of his family after his father died,” his widow Elizabeth Travers of Redwood City said, explaining his early graduation. “He worked for Crocker Bank right after high school.”

Mrs. Travers, who established the Jean Travers Scholarship shortly after his death in 1992, wants her husband to be remembered for his lively intellect, gentlemanly demeanor, easy wit and breadth of knowledge. “I remember someone telling him at a cocktail party that he must be Jesuit educated,” she said. “I was impressed with that.”

She was also impressed with the scope of his library when she met him for the first time with a friend on the way to a play. “We were going to see The Lady’s Not for Burn-
Facing It


IN THIS SECTION, WE OFFER STORIES OF SI ALUMNI, FACULTY & STUDENTS WHO HAVE DONE THE SAME THING: THEY WRITE ABOUT A LITANY OF TERROR AND TRAGEDIES — OF THE TSUNAMI, A SHARK ATTACK, THE WAR IN IRAQ, AIDS ORPHANS, A MOTHER’S DEATH FROM DIABETES, GANG WARS AND AUTISM.

THEY RECOUNT HOW THEY FACED WHAT THEY HAD TO AND HOW THEY FOUND LESSONS OF HOPE AND COURAGE AMIDST THE STRUGGLE TO LIVE OUT THE WORDS OF THE “PRAYER OF ST. IGNATIUS.” HERE ARE THEIR STORIES.

They’re Our Children, Too

Story & Photos by Mary Ahlbach

So far, 20 million Africans have died of AIDS. Every 30 seconds, a child becomes an orphan. One hard-hit country is Tanzania, where 1.5 million children have lost one or both parents to HIV.

The numbers are overwhelming and depressing. The pandemic of AIDS has ravaged an entire generation in the countries of Sub-Saharan Africa. In many villages you will find the young and the old but no one in between. They are all dead. By the year 2010, there will be as many as 40 million AIDS orphans worldwide, many of them HIV positive and most of them in Africa.

I am a middle-class, middle-aged white woman, working at a Jesuit college preparatory in San Francisco, teaching Christian social justice to 17 year olds who will soon grow up to be “in charge” of figuring this all out.

How do I make this tragedy real without overwhelming these students? We painted a beautiful 10-foot map of Africa on our back wall. We researched statistics. We watched tear-jerking videos. We prayed. We wore ribbons. But it all just seemed as if we were stuck in a fantasy-land and Africa was not even in the theme park.

Then, in the spring of 2003, the Holy Spirit sent Sr. Godbertha Muganda to room 212 at SI prep.

Someone had called me up out of the blue and asked if I wanted a Tanzanian nun to come and speak to my classes. I said yes, but probably not for the most noble of reasons. (But that’s how the Spirit works.) Her visit changed my life and the lives of some of my students forever.

Sr. Godbertha Muganda belongs to the St. Therese Sisters, a community of native religious who live in the diocese of Bukoba, Tanzania, and also in neighboring Burundi. They work in various ministries, from education to medicine and farming — whatever is needed. From time to time, a few sisters come to the U.S. for college when they can find scholarships. They then return to their work in Africa, bringing invaluable knowledge and training.

After Sr. Godbertha’s visit, my students decided to become involved with the sisters’ AIDS Orphans Ministry in Bukoba. What was missing from our curriculum was suddenly at our feet. What was once removed and unreal has become “ours.” With Africa, we have replaced “studying about” to “being connected to.” And what a difference it has made.

The sisters support 1,500 orphans in 16 elementary schools one secondary school, nursing programs and a university. For other young women, they offer a three-year sewing program; at the end each girl receives a foot-powered sewing machine — her ticket to independence. Young men are taught carpentry skills.

The sisters also help the village elders who precariously care for the young people. The sisters supply uniforms, shoes, pencils and notebooks so that each child can attend at least elementary school, which is free in Tanzania. Secondary education tuition costs $250 annually, so the sisters offer scholarships for this as well as for nursing school and university. Education brings both hope and a brighter future, and these nuns are supplying both.
The more I grew to know Sr. Godbertha these past three years, the more I was drawn to go and see for myself what her sisters were doing in Tanzania. I went there, finally, in June 2005, hoping to bring back pictures of the orphans for whom my students were raising tuition money. I thought I might as well put Africa on my “been there, done that” list.

However, this wasn’t going to be my usual tame “adventure” vacation. I learned early last year that the sisters were trying to build a center for their Orphan Project. They had no space from which to run the project: nowhere to keep supplies, do administrative work, cook or offer accommodations — all that they wanted to do for the orphans. They planned a three-year building project, but they were stopped halfway through the first phase for lack of funds.

One day last January, I remember the moment, I realized that I was going to visit them and show up with the needed funds. When I shared this revelation with my students, a handful of them also decided we had to do this. We had to help Sr. Godbertha and her sisters build this center. It was one of those “have-to’s” that seem amazingly clear. SI knows how to build and how to fund raise and, as Fr. Sauer’s license plate says, “WE ARE SI.” We would raise $30,000 by May to help the sisters finish the first phase of their project.

We held numerous bake sales, car washes, a “Tanzi Trot” around Lake Merced and dinners. We sold t-shirts and mailed pleas to everyone-who-had-ever-stood-behind-us-in-line-at-Safeway. Finally, after too-many-to-count coins later from students and parents from SI, Mercy and Riordan, we reached our goal.

On Pentecost Sunday, I counted the last few dollars that put us $5,000 over our target. I had never seen such initiative and commitment on the part of students in my 15 years at SI. Crossing the finish line on Pentecost Sunday was no coincidence.

Thus, last June, more nervous than I had ever been, I boarded a British Airways flight to Dar Esalaam, Tanzania, to see for myself and for my students what these sisters were all about and, of course, to see our building. We had wired the money as we went along so the sisters could continue finishing the first phase. It was now near completion.

I spent five weeks in Tanzania where the St. Therese Sisters treated me as if I were the reincarnated founder of their order.

They live very simply, with no running hot water at the Bukoba Mother House where the orphan center is located. But twice each day a bucket of boiling-hot water was delivered to my room. They cooked me three meals a day, with lunch and dinner consisting of five or six courses, as they wanted to make sure I had something to my liking. I think I’m the only person who has gone to Africa and gained 14 pounds.

For the next two weeks, I participated in all their ministries throughout northern Tanzania. It was so impressive as to be awe-inspiring.

Often, in the more rural areas, people have to travel 10 hours to get to a hospital, so the sisters opened dispensaries to cut that distance in half.

They farm on coffee and tea plantations and are starting to harvest timber in hopes of making the community self-sufficient. They have a successful secondary school and an elementary school in Mwanza that is considered one of the best.

Five of the sisters run the Orphan Project in Bukoba on the northern shore of Lake Victoria near the Ugandan border. And there, at the orphan center, I walked through the almost completed Phase One building, so much larger and more beautiful than I had imagined, with tears in my eyes. I touched the walls, thinking so gratefully of our hundreds of benefactors, and thought, “Yes, it was all worth it. And how blessed we are to be able to do this.”

I also felt blessed to know these sisters. They do what needs doing with courage, hope and unfailing energy. And they laugh a lot. But I also know that the sisters who work directly with the many, many orphans sometimes find it all a bit much to take. That’s when they find themselves in their chapel or find support from people such as those in San Francisco. And they go on. Joyfully.

The stories of the sisters’ courage in caring for their orphans are numerous. One young orphaned girl in her second year of the sewing program, who lived with her grandmother, was kidnapped by a man from a distant village who decided she would make a good bride. Her grandmother could do little to stop him, but two of the nuns will go after him to bring her back. (I would not want to be him when Sr. Feliciana and Sr. Gaudentia come to his door.) Sadly, these sorts of stories are not rare.

Another time, five sisters of the Orphan Project had a daylong meeting with a roomful of village elders, single parents and guardians of the orphans to cajole and challenge them to pull their weight. “We’re all in this together,” they told the crowd. I sat there the entire day, and even without any Swahili, I knew exactly what was transpiring and silently cheered them on.

The sisters also know how to have fun. One night, after the power went out (a typical occurrence), one sister found me in the darkened hallway and took me by the hand to the kitchen, where we lit the lantern. She said it could go on for the entire weekend. My solution was to get the bottle of wine I had brought from Dar Esalaam. (I told them that is what Americans do in blackouts: open the wine.)

In trying to open the bottle in the kitchen where the one lantern was perched, I broke the corkscrew inside the cork, and for the next half hour three nuns, the young cook and I all huddled over this bottle of wine trying every gadget in the kitchen to remove that cork. I thought they would give up after awhile and offer it up, but they finally pulled it out by hand, with the same determination they used in all their work. They filtered every last cork piece with their tea strainer, and we happily drank the bottle.

I’ll never forget my time in Africa, including a 20,000-foot ascent of Mt. Kilimanjaro. I visited African Jesuits in two places, and for three weeks, I got to be with the St. Therese Sisters. I came to know that the energy to make that climb was a tiny fraction of the energy it would take to work with either of these religious in Africa.

Sr. Winnie and an orphan student at an elementary school in Mwanza. Her parents were among the many victims of AIDS in Tanzania.
I took 900 pictures, but there so many images of Africa I couldn’t capture on film:

- My visit to four of the 16 elementary schools supported by the sisters, each one putting on a show for me, with children dancing, singing and reciting. At each school, as many as 125 orphans raised their hands in their crisp blue and white uniforms, each one there because of the sisters.

- The myriad Africans walking or bicycling on the red-clay roads, including one father on his bicycle taking to school his three little girls, one in front and two behind.

- The 5-year-olds, so little in their neat uniforms, walking hand-in-hand with a brother or sister along the road, on their way to school, maybe an hour away. I vowed to think of them when any of my SI students complained about school (and to try to refrain from choking them on the spot).

I will remember the African woman with loads of wood or a water jug on her head (carrying it without using her hands), a baby wrapped in a kanga on her back and a small child walking beside her holding her hand. She is the Black Madonna, regal in her strength and dignity.

Tanzania is a poor country. If these 400 sisters weren’t ministering and empowering here, who would be? The few words I know of Swahili are those of greeting, and that’s really all one needs to know. This is a culture rich in customs and in people who take the time and care to be hospitable no matter how poor or busy they are. People work hard just trying to pull together food, water and fuel, but they always find something to give away and always have time to offer. I came away knowing that I, we, are the ones who are poor.

I miss the people of Tanzania and especially the sisters. At the farewell dinner, Sr. Tryphina stood up to speak; she thanked me and then warned me not to feel overwhelmed or to take on all the problems of Africa. She’s right. I can’t do anything about the genocide in the Sudan, the chaos that is Somalia or the poor in Tanzania other than pray hard for them. But here is a light in this darkness. In one diocese in Tanzania I found some amazing sisters who are helping many orphaned children. I can send money to them and know it will be used to build a wonderful facility and to keep many children in school against some pretty enormous odds.

Someone said to me last spring, “You’re not going to do this again next year, are you?” I smiled. Of course we are. And the year after that. And the year after that.

As I left Bukoba, one the sisters and the sewing girls lined up with their arms outstretched to bless me as I drove away. I continue to be blessed by them. All involved in the “Tanzi Project” continue to be blessed by them. We can feel it. We know it. They are our friends. We are their partners. These sisters, with our friendship and financial help, will make a significant difference in the future of Africa. Like the little ones hand-in-hand along the road, we can do this if we walk together.

Mungu iberiki Africa. May God Bless Africa.

To get more information, send an email to mahlbach@siprep.org. Donations can be sent to the Sisters of St. Therese, c/o Mary Ahlbach, 001 37th Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94116.

Mary Ahlbach has taught religious studies at SI for 14 years and serves as the moderator of the Social Justice Club and the coordinator of the Tanzi Project.

Below left: Mary & her new best friend (who followed her around all day) at the sisters’ farm in Kanjaguti in north Tanzania by its border with Uganda.

Below right: Students at a local elementary school in Bukoba, many of whom are orphans, gather to thank Ahlbach for the donations that help keep them in school.
Last July, Brooks Allen ’94 ran stark naked into the 34-degree waters of the Arctic Ocean off Prudhoe Bay and submerged himself for 20 seconds.

It may sound crazy, but for Allen, it was the perfect way to start a 19,500-mile bike ride from the Arctic Circle to Tierra del Fuego. By October, he hopes to have reached the waters off the southern tip of Argentina and to have raised $50,000 to fund research to fight diabetes, the disease from which his mother died in 2002.

Allen’s plunge into the chilly waters of the Arctic Ocean earned him membership into the Dead Horse Polar Bear Club and actually warmed him up a bit, as the air temperature then was 18 degrees Fahrenheit.

For Allen, doing something extraordinary to help others is par for the course.

At the University of Oregon, for example, he was the school mascot and donned a duck suit for three years to cheer on the school’s teams.

He landed that job when he and his SI and Oregon classmate Chris Fogarty went to a basketball game. “I told him I could do a better job than the mascot at the time. Later, he showed me a poster that read, ‘Dare to be the Duck’ and challenged me to try out for the job.”

At the auditions, Allen found himself competing against students who had rehearsed complicated dance routines. “I brought a recording of ‘Bad to the Bone’ and a bunch of stuffed animals representing mascots from the Pac10 schools we competed against. I tore them apart to the music.”

After college, Allen studied at the Cordon Bleu in Paris for nine months. “My parents were amazing cooks, and I wanted to catch up with them. I also needed an excuse to study abroad.”

He returned to the U.S. and worked for five years for Charles Schwab in advertising and marketing. During that time, he was part of Team Schwab for the AIDS Ride from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

“I was inspired to see all these people come together for a single cause. The camaraderie was spectacular, and it helped me
do something I never thought I could do — ride a bike 5,500 miles and make it in one piece.”

The experience taught Allen two lessons — that he had a passion for bike touring and a skill for fund-raising. Each rider had to raise $1,700 for the trip; Allen raised $11,000.

Later, he learned that not all the money from that ride went to charity. The organizers, he felt, had spent too much on marketing.

In 2002, he and a friend from college, Gregg Bleakney, decided to do another ride again — this time from Seattle to San Francisco — but to pay their own expenses out of pocket and donate all the money they raised to the American Diabetes Association. The two rode 1,050 miles in 10 days and raised $10,000 in memory of Allen’s mother, who had suffered from diabetes.

“We didn’t know what we were doing. We used the wrong kinds of bikes and carried too much weight.” Despite their mistakes, the ride would prove fateful. They met another bicyclist who was riding from Argentina to Alaska. “And we thought our ride was long,” said Allen. Shortly after that meeting, the two decided to make the same ride, though in the opposite direction.

To prepare for the transcontinental ride, Allen biked 700 miles solo from Boston to Forestport, New York, in 2003 to raise $4,000, with all of it going to the ADA. The next year, both Allen and Bleakney rode from Calispell, Montana, to Jackson Wyoming, an 850-mile jaunt through Glacier and Yellowstone National Parks and the Grand Tetons, through cold weather and up more than few tall mountains, to raise $5,000.

They began their current trip last July 26 out of Prudhoe Bay and, to receive donations, they started a non-profit company called Ribbon of Road. They first hoped to raise $20,000, but, with $22,000 collected before they began, they increased their goal to $50,000. They are paying their day-to-day expenses out of pocket, and plan to donate nearly all they raise to the ADA.

Donations began pouring in thanks to publicity the pair received from TV and radio stations in Fairbanks, Portland and San Francisco, where they were interviewed by SI classmate Mike Mibach ’94, a reporter for KTVU.

As of this writing in December, the two have made it to La Paz in Baja, California. Allen flew back to San Francisco to be with his family and fiancée, Nathalie Dvorsky, for Christmas. “I asked Nathalie to marry me before I left, and she said yes. She has known about the trip from the day she met me and has supported me all the way. Her love gives me the strength to get back on the bike every day.”

Allen has found the long-distance ride a remarkable experience thus far. “We have met so many wonderful people, and many of these folks have put us up for the night. This is the most intimate way to travel; you would never meet so many folks traveling by car. One day in British Columbia, we rolled into an RV park and asked someone if we could camp under a shelter. He was a long-distance cyclist himself and let us stay in his house. He cooked us a meal that I’ll never forget.”

Allen documents his adventures in a journal, which he updates online once a month on his website at Internet cafes along the road. (You can check out his progress by going to www.ribbonofroad.com) “Each morning I wake up knowing something memorable will happen; I don’t know where or when it will take place, but it always happens.”

Riding through Alaska and Canada, Allen felt connected to the natural beauty of the landscape. “Staring at the Salmon Glacier was one of the most humbling experiences of my life. I sat there and my jaw dropped. It made me realize how small I am. It’s good to be dwarfed sometimes.”

Brooks Allen Update

On March 31, Allen returned to San Francisco after riding 8,200 miles and after escaping an attack in the Chiapas region of Mexico earlier that month. Two men brandishing machetes and wearing black masks leapt out of the jungle cover and chased them.

The two, nevertheless, continued their two-wheeled journey to Antigua, Guatemala, to see how comfortable they would feel being back on the bikes.

Allen sent this message to SI after his return:

After much thought, I have decided which way to turn at the fork in the road. This decision has been a tough one for me, one that I have gone back and forth on for the last few weeks. Should I continue to pursue a dream that I have been chasing for years or count my blessings and lay up a bit short? The bottom line is that I don’t feel comfortable about continuing south on a bike. Always worrying about how safe the road ahead is makes it hard to enjoy the daily experiences that traveling by bike brings. Of the 19 cyclists that we know of who have ridden through Southern Mexico into Central America in the last four months, nine have been robbed or attacked, six of whom violently. Although I am more than willing to band over anything that a thief might request from me, I’m not so willing to get gashed by a machete in the process. It is the first time that the risk has ever outweighed the reward and has changed the way I ride. A secluded dirt road, a lonely mountain pass and a curious roadside view have all lost a bit of their purity.

Still, I am very proud of what Gregg and I have accomplished thus far. We have gathered a lifetime of memories in the 8,000-plus miles that we have ridden. I might not reach my goal of riding into Tierra del Fuego, but I still do plan on reaching our goal of raising $50,000 for the American Diabetes Association. I will continue with our fundraising and set new cycling targets to shoot for.

If this ride has taught me one thing, it’s that life is full of highs and lows and that you should never get too used to either of them. I’m excited to return home and find a new life adventure, whatever that may be.
He Andaman Sea on Dec. 26, 2004, could not have been more peaceful. We boarded our boat at nine in the morning and headed out for a day of snorkeling, swimming and scuba diving. I finished applying the last bit of sunscreen to the bridge of my nose and pulled on my Michigan baseball hat.

The captain turned on the engines, and we headed out across the tranquil water. I thought about the Christmases of my childhood — midnight Mass, eggnog, a light dusting of snow on the ground. That Normal Rockwell memory faded into the lazy sun that shone over southern Thailand.

Our first stop took us south of Krabi. We docked near an alcove. Most of the twenty or so passengers got out to walk the beach and take in the tropical scenery. Vendors peddled their silks, and I decided to take a short swim. The clear water felt ideal — as if it were a tropical drink that just had its last ice cube melt into itself. I remember swimming out about 200 feet and looking back to Janel and her family on the boat. They happily lay on the beach together.

That moment remains frozen in my mind. The captain signaled us that it was time to return to the boat, and after we shuffled back on board, we headed out to sea.

That part of Thailand — where the Andaman Sea meets the Strait of Malacca — is speckled with rock formations. In the distance, maybe 500 yards ahead of us, I saw a rush of water surround the midsection of a huge rock, nearly three stories high. I turned to Janel and said, “Did you see that? This is going to be an incredible trip. The water is amazing out here.” We had only been away from our first beach for about five minutes.

After turning to look, the captain said something to one of his mates, and my sense of excitement gave way to anxiety. They were speaking in Thai, but I could tell from their tone that something was not right. I looked again at the rock formation, and water was still rushing around its waist at an incredible rate.

My eye then caught the first wave approaching the formation, and I began to trail its edge. The wave extended as far as my eye could see in both directions, and suddenly the world turned two-dimensional. Somewhere in the recesses of my mind, I recalled a PBS special concerning Crescent City, California. I knew that this was a tsunami and that my life was about to change forever.

A quiet panic soon took over our boat. Everyone began to stare at the first wave as it approached. Our captain, God bless that man, reacted as any normal human being would. He turned the boat away from the oncoming locomotive and raced back to shore. It did not take long for all of us to realize the futility in running from our problem. Later I would learn that tsunamis travel anywhere from 90 to 300 mph, and although I did not have a speedometer handy, even a simple Midwesterner like me could tell we were not going to outrun that wave. If we could have, the price for rushing back to shore would have been our lives. It would have crushed us like it did hundreds of thousands of others.

When I think back to this part of the story, the scene in my mind slows down, and I can only hear the roar of the water.

I sat at the front of the boat, on the captain’s left, and saw him gradually turn the wheel. We all realized he intended to head toward the oncoming wave. A moment like that does not lend itself to a democratic process. Our captain and, as Homer might put it, his ready wit would determine our fates.

I made eye contact with him. I knew he was scared, and that made sense to me. I looked up at the wave ahead of us, which resembled the top of a huge building. Newspapers would later report that when the two waves hit the shore, they reached a height of thirty feet. The wave’s height was certainly intimidating, but its volume, ferocious speed and never-ending length made it seem otherworldly.

My thoughts and feelings came to me quickly and clearly. I was sure I was about to die, and that bothered me. I stamped my foot on the ground a bit childishly and thought, “I can not believe I am going to die today. I can’t believe it.” I then began to feel tremendous guilt because I was not going to be able to say goodbye to my mother.

Then, things seemed to simplify. I understood that the problems in my life that had bothered me for so long were completely surmountable. Next, I realized that life is good. It was that clear.

I looked back into the eyes of our captain, and he was still scared. But, as Faulkner’s Sam Fathers would say, “Be scared. You can’t help that. But don’t be afraid.” And he was not afraid. He was driving
us into a tsunami, and that seemed to be the best idea. I did not feel afraid either — which struck me as odd. I decided that no matter how bad it got, I wasn’t going to go down without a fight. The guys I graduated with back at St. Xavier High School in Cincinnati would have expected nothing less. I thought about how I was going to help Janel and her family reach land after our boat flipped.

The boat met the base of the first wave, and the captain turned the craft slightly to allow us to ascend the wave at a diagonal, much like a skier who traverses a black diamond descent. The left side of the boat was closer to the wave, and I could have touched the wall of water as we crawled up its side. I had one wish and one thought: I hoped that the top of the tsunami would not crest any time soon, and I wondered what the other side of the wave would look like.

When we neared the top, the captain made the critical and unexpected decision to turn off the boat’s engines, allowing the wave to slip under us. Of all my experiences that day, this one fascinates me the most. When we reached the top, we literally slid down the back of the tsunami. The experience, at the time, was peaceful. Now, looking back on it from the safe distance of time and place, I find great lessons.

I cannot say enough about our captain and his decision-making process. His improvisational skills, acute intelligence and steely nerve saved our lives. I admire him for so many reasons: He exhibited all the qualities of leadership I look for in a person, and he did it within the most dangerous of situations. More, I appreciated the guts it took to turn the boat around and charge directly at the tsunami. In doing so, he not only took us paradoxically closer to the danger — which seemed absolutely antithetical to instinct — but also simultaneously admitted to everyone on board that his original course of action was incorrect. I found the gesture to be humbling and enlivening. Imagine. Without words, he admitted that he had made a terrible mistake at a crucial moment and that he was not going to give up. In fact, he was going to head straight for the danger. And when we reached the chaos, he beat it with an easy candor as if he had outsmarted the tsunami.

After we glided down the back of the first giant wave, our collective spirits raised a bit. By no means did I feel secure, but we survived round one. A few of the passengers and crew were talking on cell phones by now, and the word “tsunami” made its way around the boat. There had been an earthquake somewhere.

The second wave appeared in the distance, and we approached it as we did the first. Later, when we reached the shore, I asked Janel, “Are you okay?” and she exclaimed, “That was so much fun!” Our experiences were decidedly different.

I remember watching the waves roll toward the shore after we descended, and I have no metaphor to use to paint that sight of the enormous power of the waves. I knew the devastation would be immense, and somehow I realized that being out at sea was strangely safer than being on land.

We headed back to the shore after we escaped the second tsunami. I do not know how our captain knew only two waves existed, but somehow he did. I almost argued with him not to return, but realized it was not my place.

At 300 yards from land, we saw that the shore as we had known it no longer existed. The area where our boat had been docked prior to the trip had been wiped out. What had been calm and clear water an hour previous was now turbulent and brown.

For the second time, the captain turned the boat around and headed out to sea. No one knew if further waves would come, and I felt as I did after Sept. 11, wondering if more horrors would follow.

As we blasted away from the shore, the devastation began to take shape. We passed a small set of islands, and about thirty people bobbed and waved at us as our boat ripped through the choppy current. Our captain shook his head at a crew member who had obviously suggested that we stop and try to save survivors. The decision was a hard one, but I believe the captain felt his first responsibility was to his crew and passengers. Stop to take on even one survivor and eventually the boat would be overrun. It seemed unbearably Darwinian, but we did not stop. I felt cognitive dissonance, at once regretting the decision and glad to be moving.

The captain began to run the boat parallel to the shoreline, and we drove south looking for safety. The churning water slammed against the bow, and I felt sure that the boat would shatter into pieces. We all held on tightly, and I remember double-checking to see if my backpack was fully zipped. All the Advanced Placement essays I brought with me to grade were still secure.

Then suddenly, as if touched by God, the captain turned the boat — again — to the shore, and we headed in for the final time. He found a slight inlet that had somehow escaped the tsunami’s harm. As we approached the mouth of the cove, he slowed the engine to keep his wake to a minimum. We made our way down the hidden corridor, and as if it were meant to be, the captain found a slight dock for us to use. We disembarked, gathered ourselves together and hailed a tuk tuk to take us back to our hotel.

Before I left the boat, I turned around to take a picture of the captain. When I snapped the shot, I thought he looked proud. Later, when I saw the print, his eyes seemed shattered, no doubt by the memory of those two awesome waves which reigned down destruction on so many but quietly slipped under the lives of twenty lucky people.
“Do you think you’ll be needing a bullet proof vest?” my mom asked as I attempted to stuff a few more pairs of socks into my already bulging duffel bag.

“No, mom,” I sighed exasperatedly. “I want my precious darling coming back all in one piece, you know.” She enveloped me into a warm, tight hug, after sneaking a small bundle of letters from my dad, brother and sister in with my socks. Though a little nervous about leaving my family for the first time, I was soon to become part of my Immersion family.

As brave as I seemed in front of my mother, I was filled with qualms about the fast approaching East Los Angeles Immersion trip. Already having been inundated with statistics and facts by my paranoid parents, I knew well that East LA was one of the most crime-ridden cities in California. I was worried that the people I would meet would resent us and think we had come on a field trip to study them under a microscope.

Upon entering East LA, I saw a community outlined by a canal and two highways. Against the LA skyline stood stop signs, like warnings, riddled with rusted bullet holes, as a police helicopter circled ominously overhead. Graffiti demarcated the boundaries of the many gang territories within the neighborhood of Boyle Heights, each tiny three to four block radius with its own soccer field and baseball pitch.

Full of misgivings, we entered Dolores Mission Church for Mass. Vibrant murals took the place of vacant statues and real bread replaced the paper-thin hosts we were used to receiving. The entire congregation exploded in song, led not by a professional cantor but by a 16-year old boy, a little girl and a dad. In contrast to the ominous outside, the color, music, and palpable unity of the community inside this church filled my soul. This was real, and I wanted to be part of it.

The priest spoke in simple Spanish and moved among his people during the homily. Our common humanity bridged the distance between us as we reached across the aisles to hold each others’ hands during the “Our Father.” As the Mass ended, the priest beckoned us to join him at the altar. The community of Dolores Mission parish rose as one and extended their hands over us in solemn blessing. Somehow, I was home.

The following morning at 5:30 a.m., we stumbled, timid and intimidated, to breakfast with the Guadalupanos, a group of homeless illegal immigrants. We shared a jug of coffee and simple meal of beans and eggs. As I struggled to swallow, Juan insisted on making rapid conversation while I repeatedly interjected, “No comprendo, no comprendo.”

Later that week, when I finally succeeded in getting Juan to slow down his Spanish, he told me his story. He had crossed the Mexican border 10 years earlier only to find in East LA the same oppression, exploitation and false promises he’d left behind in Central America. His dreams shattered, he now sleeps on the filthy street he once thought was paved with gold. Amid tears, he told me that his hope had been extinguished, but with the openness and willingness to listen we’d shown him, it had been ignited once again. Though he believed he would not see change in his lifetime, he called us his “guardian angels,” for he believed change would come because of people such as ourselves.

He then presented me with a guardian angel figurine to remind me of my experience and to never forget him and the reality he represents. “There is a lot of goodness in you,” Juan told me. “Allow it to blossom and bear fruit. One day your branches will reach back here, and I’ll be waiting.”

As well as working with the Guadalupanos, we worked with Homeboy Industries, an organization that serves by helping ex-gang members reintegrate themselves into society. Joe Aleman, a former gang member, led one of the most inspiring lives we encountered in those three weeks. At barely 13, he joined a gang for security, acceptance and identity. Now, 22 years later, he helps ex-gang members piece their lives back together. He bears his battle scars with regret rather than pride. Crushed in three places, his misshapen forehead is the living memory of the night a rival gang member attempted to kill him.

This was not the first time he almost died; as a key member of his gang, he was a marked man. On one occasion, in a drive-by shooting, his five-year old son was killed and his pregnant girlfriend shot in the stomach, killing their unborn child.

Facing Your Fear in East LA

Story & Photo by Jamie Lundy ’06

The East LA Immersion group: Claire Herbert, Dominic Salbatera, Jamie Lundy, Kevin Aguirre, Jessie Balsham, Aron Gragnani, and Gianna Galletta

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What the Shark Taught Me

Story by Jonathan Kathrein ’00

Like every college student, I tried to figure out what I wanted to do when I graduated. I didn’t really know where to begin. I took the classes I thought would help me make a difference in the world. I wasn’t sure if that difference was going to be making money, searching for fame or influencing government.

I took as many business and political science classes as I could. I spent a summer with my brother Michael ’02 as a Senate intern in Washington, D.C. I spent another summer writing business plans for a corporation in San Francisco. I worked in a law firm, spoke for a nonprofit organization trying to save sharks and helped teach a political science class.

My experiences taught me surprising lessons: I never seemed to like the fields I thought I would like. Just before graduating, I studied abroad in Ireland and was reminded how important my friends — now distant — were to me, the same lesson I learned after my attack. The following summer I worked with a firm selling commercial real estate in Hawaii. There I discovered that it wasn’t fortune that motivated me; it was people.

In Hawaii I heard the story of the Parry family, whose son had been killed by an IRA bomb in a small town of England. After their son died, they dedicated their lives to stopping violence and, hoping to make a difference in the world, founded Children For Peace.

Something clicked. I knew this was right for me. When I graduated from Cal in December of 2004, I decided to get involved and worked full time to establish a nonprofit corporation, Future Leaders For Peace, dedicated to teaching conflict prevention and character building in young people. To prepare myself, I spent a month in England working with the Parry family and Children For Peace.

My organization has developed workshops to present to young people in schools, youth groups and detention centers to teach a simple lesson: Peaceful solutions are better than violent ones. We inspire young people to treat each other better, to be leaders and to resolve problems nonviolently.

I was surprised to learn that violence is the leading cause of death for young people in the state of California. If the lessons taught by Future Leaders For Peace can prevent some of that violence, we are taking a small step in the right direction. If we can get more people involved, then these small steps will become giant strides to help us on our way towards a more peaceful future.

To accomplish these goals, I work with a team of young volunteers who go to classrooms around the Bay Area to develop conflict prevention, character building, and leadership skills in every-

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I have had the opportunity to travel to Iraq four times in the last year for the International Republican Institute (IRI), a non-profit, non-partisan, private organization based in Washington, DC, that is funded by the National Endowment for Democracy and committed to advancing democracy around the world.

The IRI runs its operation through offices in more than 50 developing nations on five continents, and our capacity stretches from supporting opposition groups against closed authoritarian regimes to working with state officials in democratic countries that aspire to develop greater productivity in their nation’s governance. It is the IRI’s philosophy that a democratic government will not go to war with another democratic government, and that human rights and civil liberties have the greatest potential of succeeding through transparent democracies.

My trips to Iraq ranged from 10 to 20 days, and I had the opportunity to live and work in Baghdad and Erbil, a city in the northern region of Kurdistan. The experience called for me to reside in what is known as the Red Zone. This term refers to the sections of major Iraqi cities outside their heavily fortified Green Zones, which house both military bases and government offices and require strict identification checks to enter. Many employees of international organizations working in Iraq are limited to the Green Zone, and they only venture into the Red Zone during trips to and from the airport.

I had a completely separate and more immersive experience. The Islamic call to prayer from the local mosque became my alarm clock. In my four trips combined, I spent three days in Baghdad’s Green Zone. The rest of my time was spent meeting with members of Iraqi political parties, members of Iraq’s transitional National Assembly that was mainly responsible for the implementation of the country’s first democratic constitution in the lead-up to the nation’s December 2005 election, and working alongside IRI’s staff of 13 expatriates and 50 Iraqis in the organization’s Red Zone compounds.

Security was tight, and I constantly felt as if I were working and traveling in an air-tight bubble amidst an unpredictable and volatile environment. The IRI has contracted an American private security team to carry the responsibility of managing the protection of IRI employees. This security team usually comprises former special operations soldiers who left the military for the more lucrative private security business. We travel to meetings and the airport in a convoy of armored, semi-low profile sedans packed with our security team. Military checkpoints are abundant in Baghdad, and special passes issued by the Department of Defense allow us to glide smoothly through their gates.

I experienced the unpredictable work of the insurgents on numerous occasions while in Baghdad. The most jarring were a gunfight that lasted about 20 minutes only a few blocks from the IRI compound, a mortar landing a few hundred yards from a Green Zone tent where I was meeting U.S. Department of Agriculture employees, and the bombing of the Slovakian Embassy 400 hundred meters from the hotel we were using to host a training on leadership skills and political party organization.

Despite this consistent barrage of intimidation tactics, what I heard in every conversation with the Iraqis was hope for the future of their nation coupled with a strong sense of patriotism to oversee a successful democratic Iraq come to fruition. The IRI’s monthly national polls have shown an overwhelming majority of Iraq’s citizens feel their lives are currently better than under the Saddam regime, while about half think Iraq is headed in the right direction. The frustrations of a dilapidated infrastructure and daily threats to their personal security certainly weigh heavily on the Iraqi population, but a considerable percentage of Iraqis accepted employment with the nation’s security forces, government and international groups, while the vast majority of the population joined the democratic political process through voting in the two national elections and constitutional referendum over the course of 2005.

The greatest challenge outside of the unstable security environment is persuading many of Iraq’s political candidates and a large part of the electorate that they should not base their platform strategy nor vote solely on ethnic or religious identification. For 30 years, Iraq was a one-party state rife with corruption that oppressed many religious and ethnic groups, sometimes with acts that could arguably be considered genocide. In reaction, after the fall of the Saddam regime, all of continued on page 24

Brendan Fitzgibbon is working to bring democracy to Iraq.
and endangering her chances of ever becoming pregnant again. “I believe there’s a diamond in every one of us,” Joe told us. “Only it’s hidden in a rock. Every time someone hurts us, a piece of that rock is chipped away. You can’t go through life without being hurt, but if we grow a little every time we’re hurt, eventually the rock is gone and everyone can see the beautiful, priceless diamond we are.”

My entire life I have been a rock. I have been protected by a bulletproof vest of comfort and distance, ignorant of life beyond my comfort zone. Now I have the choice to ignore what I saw in Boyle Heights; I can turn my back, close my eyes, and remain focused on myself and my success. Never before has the pain of the world filtered through the thick metal of this vest. I have been naïve about the actual hardships and tragedies communities like Boyle Heights face. This summer, I removed my bulletproof vest. My Immersion family and I walked with this community, learned, hoped, cried, loved, lived.

A human conscience, when faced with this reality, is left with a choice: feel guilty or act.

It is a wound on the soul that cannot heal itself.

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Fitzgibbon, continued

Iraq’s ethnic and religious groups came to the surface of the political environment and campaigned or voted based on their own specific demographic. The reason for this is simple: There is a lack of trust for other demographics. The world has heard about the major rift between the three major groups: Sunni, Shi’a, and Kurds. There are many other religions and ethnicities that comprise Iraq, and the nation’s political environment will continually be segregated upon ethnicity and religion until the political players understand that the country as one nation can only benefit when political parties organize their campaign platforms on issues, rather than identity.

The members of IRI’s Iraqi staff are true patriots. Sunnis, Shi’a, and Christians, Arabs and Kurds work alongside Americans and Europeans to engage the Iraqi population in voter education activities through the media and civil society organizations. In addition to its direct work with civil society groups in encouraging Iraq’s voters to become involved in the political process, IRI runs a media studio for its voter education projects, televising and airing over the radio waves debates between political candidates; interviews with leaders from the political, government and civil society sectors; and broadcasting non-partisan discussions. The environment is excruciatingly harrowing. Each day the IRI staff and many other Iraqis working for government and international organizations change the route and time of their daily commute in an effort to avoid suspicion of their true professions.

Outside of work, Iraqis do not speak English because of the chance that an insurgent sympathizer may overhear their conversation. It is usually only the spouse, parents and possibly a sibling that may be trustwor-thy enough to keep the sensitive information of working for a Western organization or the Iraqi government secret. The Iraqi culture is expressive and social, very much like ours, creating an environment that breeds rumors and spreads stories. I have called many of my Iraqi friends on their cell phones, only to hear a response in Arabic because they have family or friends in the room, or they may be out shopping and will not take the risk to be overheard.

However, most Iraqis continue to persevere because they remember what life was like under Saddam and they now have an opportunity to transition from his Ba’ath Party’s intimidation politics to a transparent democracy where free speech is encouraged and corruption is punished. Political party members arrive in droves for our training not just because they are eager to learn how to be effective leaders in a democratic environment, but they are now free to share their opinions. There will be no more government mercenaries flying helicopters over the city looking for satellite dishes on roofs, and women can now walk freely without the risk of being kidnapped.

The most difficult challenge facing Iraq is its diversity. Most Iraqis are mainly interested in building a free society and distancing themselves from the work of the insurgency, but they currently face challenges that make mutual compromise difficult. Iraq’s leadership understands the only way to prosperity is through democratic transparency and economic globalization. Once they overcome racial and religious tension, the Iraqis will find a muted insurgency, a greater freedom of expression and an improved infrastructure.
Leaving Silicon Valley for a B&B

Three years ago, Kevin Walsh ’81 and his wife, Lorri, looked like the quintessential Silicon Valley couple. They had it all: high-powered jobs in the high-tech industry and stock options and salaries that helped them afford a house in the hills above Los Gatos.

When their first two children were born — Brendan in 2001 and Logan in 2003 — they started to sense that something was wrong. “We realized that daycare was raising our children,” said Kevin. “We worked long hours during the week and spent the weekends rushing to take care of the house and rushing to take the kids where they needed to go. We weren’t spending time together as a family.”

By November 2003, the Walshes decided to look for a job that would give them that time. Then, a few months later, they received news that convinced them they had made the right choice: Brendan had been diagnosed with autism.

“When I first heard the word ‘autism,’ I was in shock,” said Walsh. “I didn’t want to believe it. I wanted someone to tell me that it was all a mistake.”

By July 2004, Kevin and Lorri left the rat race behind and moved to Napa, where they rented an apartment for themselves and purchased the Hennessey House, a bed and breakfast built in 1889 in the Queen Anne style. The next month, they took over the business.

“We work seven days a week now,” said Walsh, whose daughter, Leia, was born in September 2005. “But our hours are flexible. I can take my kids to the park in the afternoon and to and from preschool. Now I actually have time to sit and play with them.”

Brendan, thanks to an early diagnosis, his own high intelligence and the care his parents are giving him, is responding well to treatment and is doing well at preschool.

Kevin hoped that by moving to Napa he would achieve “a balance between family and business. Money has never been our goal. We took a big hit in salary and in lifestyle, but now we’re living the kinds of lives that make sense to us.”

The Walshes also had another goal in making the move. They wanted to pursue their passions of architecture, wine, gardening and hospitality. They host tastings at their bed and breakfast in conjunction with local wineries, and they are part of a wine tour involving the inns and wineries of the Napa Valley.

“It’s all about the guests,” said Walsh. “We meet many wonderful people who come to the Hennessey House to escape the kind of rat race we know all too well. They arrive here tense, but all that washes away as they relax and enjoy the surroundings. This has turned out to be a job we truly enjoy.”

Guests at the inn enjoy homemade granola, muffins, cookies and brownies as well the Hennessey House blend of coffee. Kevin sees a connection between this hospitality and his education at SI. “All the jobs I have involved service. I enjoy making people feel at home. It reflects the way I was raised and the Ignatian values I was taught.”

Walsh praised the faculty at SI, who taught him those values, especially Jose Mena ’67, Peter Devine ’66, Joe Parker and Bill Love ’59 and his track and cross country coaches Terry Ward ’63 and Br. Charles Jackson, SJ ’60.

After SI, Kevin attended UC Davis where he majored in solid state physics and minored in English. He then worked for a string of high-tech firms first in Sacramento and then in Silicon Valley, ending up as director of marketing for one of the divisions of IDT. “With the background I had at SI and Davis, I was able to succeed in this industry because I could understand the technology and articulate it well.”

He loved the excitement of being with several start-ups, despite the long hours and traveling, but that wore off with the birth of his son.

Now, in addition to spending time with his family, he manages a staff of eight at one of Napa Valley’s most beautiful inns. He likes to show guests a book that highlights the 250 most beautiful rooms in the world. Inside, you’ll find eight of the Hennessey House’s 10 rooms featured in its pages.

If you’re interested in staying there, go to www.hennesseyhouse.com for more information.

Kathrein, continued

one from kindergarten through high school. Future Leaders For Peace is growing and gaining momentum. We are working in more challenging environments including schools with at-risk students in Hawaii, the Bay Area and Sacramento. We are always greeted with open arms, and I find this to be especially the case with our work at a high school in Richmond, the most dangerous city in California.

People in our communities need help in dealing with conflict and we can only hope to keep up with the great demand. It is an exciting time, and I feel I can make a difference in the world. I found something I love, something simple I learned at SI. I give back to my community and do not count the cost.

To find out more about Jonathan Kathrein and his nonprofit organization, Future Leaders For Peace, please visit his website at www.FutureLeadersForPeace.org or email jkathrein@flfp.org.
Fr. Harry Carlin, Founder of the Modern SI

Fr. Harry V. Carlin, SJ, known as the “founder of the modern SI,” died March 1 in Los Gatos. He was 89.

As president of St. Ignatius High School from 1964 to 1970, Fr. Carlin oversaw the 1969 move to the school’s sixth site in the Sunset District and its rechristening as St. Ignatius College Preparatory.

As executive vice president from 1970 to 2005, he worked to raise funds to pay for the new campus and to increase the school’s endowment funds to help all students attend SI, regardless of their ability to pay tuition.

In his 70-year ministry as a Jesuit, Fr. Carlin went from being a strict taskmaster of both students and scholastics (those training for the priesthood) to an elder statesman for the school, known for his compassion and wisdom.

The youngest of six children born to William and Evelyn Carlin, Fr. Carlin grew up in Berkeley and moved to St. Agnes Parish in San Francisco at the age of 13. His father worked for the Bannan family at Western Gear Corporation, and years later, Fr. Carlin would ask Bernard Bannan, the son of the company’s founder, to join SI’s first Board of Regents.

In 1931, he entered the brand-new SI campus on Stanyan Street, and by his junior year, he knew that he wanted to become a Jesuit. He entered the Society after graduating from SI in 1935, and his father told him, “Go. I’ll see you in a week. You’ll miss your movies too much.” He worked hard at his studies and at picking grapes with the other novices at Los Gatos. “From early morning to late afternoon, with only a break for lunch, we’d pick grapes,” he recalled. “After two weeks, our Levis could stand by themselves from all the dried grape juice on them.”

In 1942, Fr. Carlin returned to SI to teach English and coach basketball, and he led his 110’s team to the city championship. From 1945–1949 he studied theology at Alma College, and in 1948 was ordained to the priesthood. Although he felt that teaching was his true calling, he was asked in 1950 to serve as Loyola High’s vice principal — the school disciplinarian. He impressed his superiors so much that they sent him to Brophy College Preparatory in Phoenix, where, according to his superior, the “newness of the school, the lack of traditions and the greater freedom of spirit of the boys in Arizona” required a strong hand.

“I used to tell the students,” recalled Fr. Carlin, “that I didn’t want to hear their excuses for being late unless their car blew up and they brought in the parts to prove it. The next day one student walked in late rolling a tire. He said his car blew up. I had to let him go. I just laughed at his ingenuity.”

In 1957, he returned to SI where he once again proved a firm disciplinarian with both students and faculty, Jesuits included. “If a young scholastic or lay teacher couldn’t handle a tough class, Fr. Carlin would give him a quick lesson in classroom management skills,” noted veteran SI teacher and coach Bob Drucker ‘58.

Pat Sullivan ’61 recalls, with gratitude, being sent to JUG for three days by Fr. Carlin. “While I can’t recall what I did wrong, I do remember that I got all my homework done by the time I was out.”

Fr. Carlin left in 1959 to work with scholastics as vice president of Alma College, and then was offered the president’s job at SI in 1964, which he reluctantly accepted. He had hoped to teach students instead of running a high school.

Fr. Carlin began his presidency by carrying out his predecessor’s plan to move the school to a new campus that would allow for modern science labs and more classroom space. He began raising funds for this endeavor by launching the Genesis campaign in November 1964 and hiring Duane Press, former director of development at St. Mary’s College, to help with fund raising as assistant to the president.

In 1965, the San Francisco Unified School District put up for sale the 11.374-acre Sunset District parcel, located on 37th Avenue between Rivera and Pacheco Streets and asked $2 million for it. Fr. Carlin bid $2,001,100 “just in case someone bid against us,” he noted. No one else did, and on the property went to SI. Fr. Carlin always regretted the extra $1,100 he spent on the property.

Now that the school had purchased the land, Fr. Carlin had to pay for it. Archbishop Joseph McGucken aided SI with a $1 million donation, the largest gift the school had ever received, made “in recognition of the contribution of the Jesuit community during their 110 years of service to the city and the archdiocese.”

Fr. Carlin also assembled the first SI Board of Regents — men and women whose generosity and talent would prove invaluable to building a new and modern campus. They gathered for the first time in
1966 and reconvened regularly over the years since then to advise the school in its mission.

Fr. Carlin worried that he didn’t have enough money to build the entire $8.1 million project, and initially planned to construct the library and Commons at a later date. “I thought we could use one or two classrooms as a library. But the board advised me to borrow the money to build it all. ‘It will never be cheaper,’ they told me. I’m glad we did. We saved a lot of money in the long run.”

He soon became famous among SI alumni for being an effective fundraiser. “At first I didn’t like doing it, but I got used to it, as I knew we had a good cause.” One of his strategies was to ask certain donors to pay the interest on the debt while the school worked to pay the principal. “People responded well to that idea.”

Bulldozers began work in July 1967 and on March 1, 1968, the school held a formal groundbreaking ceremony. While classes opened Sept. 13, 1969, much of the campus still had not been finished, and the 1,185 students left at 1 p.m. to allow workers time to finish the newly named St. Ignatius College Preparatory.

Fr. Carlin, who ushered in the modern age of St. Ignatius, stayed on as president until 1970, the end of his six-year term of office. When he returned from summer vacation, he discovered that the school had named the commons in his honor. “It was a nice gesture,” he said, “But we probably could have raised money by naming it after someone else.”

Even though SI had a new president, Fr. Carlin’s days at SI were far from over. “The provincial told me, ‘You built this; now you pay for it,’” as SI still owed $1.7 million for the school. Fr. Carlin then served as executive vice president until 2005, working in the development office and raising money through Cadillac Raffles, Stagecoach West fund raisers, auctions and the time-honored method of shaking hands, looking people in the eyes and asking for donations. Many of those who met this determined man ended up digging deep to help the school.

Tom Carroll ’43, who served on the Alumni Board and the Board of Regents, recalled spending many off-duty hours driving Fr. Carlin as he visited parents and other potential benefactors while fund-raising for the new SI campus. “For 10 years, Fr. Carlin and I would leave SI around 9 a.m. and head for downtown to begin a full day of visits.”

Thanks to Fr. Carlin’s efforts, SI paid its debt in full in 1981. Fr. Carlin kept the last cancelled check as a memento of all those years of planning, building and paying off the 2001 37th Avenue campus.

“It’s amazing what he did with no experience,” said the late Edward McFadden, SJ (and former SI principal), in a 1990 interview. “Without him, there would be no new SI campus.”

In addition to naming the commons after Fr. Carlin, the school honored him in 1999 by giving him the highest award
it bestows upon alumni — the Christ the King Award — and USF gave him an honorary doctorate for public service in 1980.

In his later years at SI, Fr. Carlin led a quiet, prayerful life that impressed many, including Rita O’Malley, head of adult ministry at the school. “Harry Carlin was a man of God and a man of history,” she noted. “Everyone who knew him was struck by his profound love and care for each person, by his daily faithfulness to his prayer and by his obvious devotion to the Eucharist. As such, he made his way into all our hearts.”

“In all, Fr. Carlin devoted 50 years to SI — 46 as Jesuit and four as student — a third of the school’s 150-year history, a record of devotion and service, a legacy for future generations to enjoy,” said Fr. Anthony P. Sauer, SJ, SI’s current president.

He added that “I’ve known Fr. Carlin since I was a junior in high school. I admired him then and have respected him greatly through the years; indeed, through the years, I have come to love him as a most pastoral priest who has always been there to serve. He has the image of the fund-raiser, but he’s much more than that: He was the spirit of SI in his loving care for others.”

Fr. Carlin is survived by his nephew Arthur C. Latno, Jr., and his wife, Joan; and their children: Jeannine, Michele, Arthur III, Mary Suzanne, and Patrice; and their 12 children; grandnephews Gregory, Chris, Rob, and Kevin King; grandniece Katie King; and his cousin Lenore Cresalia and her family.

Donations may be made to the Fr. Harry Carlin, SJ, Memorial Building Fund at St. Ignatius College Preparatory, 37th Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94116.
Paul Hanley ’63 turns life of Ignatius into DVD

People at SI know Paul Hanley ’63 as the creator of SI’s first web site. They now can add another title to this veteran religious studies teacher: filmmaker.

During his sabbatical last year, Hanley created nine short films about the life and spirituality of St. Ignatius of Loyola. He shot all the footage, edited them on his home computer and created 350 DVDs, many of which he has distributed to Jesuit high schools and colleges in the U.S.

The nine videos all fit onto one DVD, entitled Ignatian Project: Understanding Ignatian Spirituality, which contains such chapters as “The Life of Ignatius,” “Spirituality: An Inside Job,” and “Faith and Justice.” Six more video shorts define such Ignatian vocabulary as “AMDG,” “cura personalis,” “Finding God in All Things,” “Discernment of Spirits,” “Magis,” and “The Examen.”

Hanley, like many lay teachers in Jesuit schools across the country, worries what will happen as the number of Jesuits teaching in those schools continues to decline. He hopes that through his videos, teachers and students “will still understand Ignatian spirituality and be challenged to continue living Ignatian lives.”

Hanley had his start making movies while a student at Loyola Marymount University. That background proved valuable as he edited the dozens of hours of videotape he had collected interviewing students, teachers and Ignatian experts (such as Tim Muldoon and Fr. Tom Weston, SJ) in Boston, New York, Houston, Cleveland, Cresson (in Pennsylvania), Oakland, Tacoma, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

“I sat down with 54 people, many of whom were total strangers,” said Hanley, “and I left having made friends. During the interviews, I would forget that the camera was on, and we would have a colloquy. I would learn so much from them and felt a genuine interest in their spiritual journeys.”

Hanley hopes that the nearly 50 Jesuit high schools in the country will use his DVD in religious studies classes. “All of these schools, as different as they may be, have a common thread of Ignatian spirituality running throughout them as well as a real connection to each other.”

Thanks to a grant from SI, Hanley was able to send the DVDs to the schools as gifts. Anyone else who would like a video need only pay $10 to cover the cost of burning and shipping the DVD.

Halfway through the project, Hanley’s hard drive crashed, and he lost all of the editing he had done. “It turned out to be a blessing in disguise. It turned out much better after I re-edited it. God works in mysterious ways.”

He had another systems failure, of sorts, when, after editing the nine videos, he had cataract surgery. “After the surgery, I took a look at the videos, and the colors were so saturated that everyone looked like Bozo the Clown. I had to color-correct most of what I had already worked on.”

The experience deepened his appreciation of how Jesuit high school students are carrying out the Ignatian vision. He spoke with students at St. Ignatius in Cleveland who delivered warm food to homeless people living under freeways. “Their service showed just what it meant to be ‘with’ others rather than just ‘for’ others.”

He also felt “humbled by the simplicity and straight-forwardness of the students and teachers. I learned how good people were. I was blown away by the amount of service students do.”

If you are interested in receiving one of the DVDs, send Hanley an email to phanley@siprep.org.

Since March, SI religious studies teacher Paul Hanley ’63 has taken students to San Francisco International Airport to help the USO welcome home soldiers returning from Iraq. Pictured above are seniors Michelle Vinnecombe, Ashton Leone and Jillian Cunningham.
One member of the SI faculty has a wife with a debilitating illness. Twice a week for the past four years he has gone to a refrigerator on campus to pick up a pre-cooked meal for his family.

This faculty member can thank the Ignatian Guild’s Sunshine HUGS program. (HUGS is short for Helping Us Give Support.)

Guild President Jennifer Ohanessian likes to call her members “mothers serving SI.” She sees their role as going beyond the traditional and important events of the fashion show (which raises money for the scholarship funds) and the international food faire (which celebrates the school’s cultural diversity). She decided to formalize and expand this activity and established the Guild’s new Sunshine HUGS committee.

Mrs. Ohanessian asked SI moms Carolyn Lensing and Kate Coyne to head the committee in order to meet special concerns and immediate needs of members of the SI community. In addition to cooking meals, the group offers support to individuals who suffer serious illnesses or families who have experienced the loss of a loved one. The group has also provided funds to help a family that suffered from Hurricane Katrina.

While most of the money raised by the Guild supports the school’s scholarship fund, Sunshine HUGS is funded by personal donations from Guild members, from the sale of spirit wristbands embossed with AMDG and from a used cell phone drive. “Someone brought in 50 cell phones that he collected at his office,” said Mrs. Coyne. “And Denise Traina-Morris also gathered unused phones from colleagues in her office.”

The group has started working with the SI’s Magis Program, which serves low income and first generation college bound students at SI, to supply students with calculators, books and other school supplies.

Sunshine HUGS also supports the Angel Club, made up of faculty who donate money towards the purchase of school jackets, rings and prom tickets for students who can’t afford them, thereby allowing all students to participate fully in school activities.

About 20 Guild volunteers originally volunteered for the Sunshine HUGS committee, but as the year progressed and needs arose, nearly every Guild member has participated in the program in some way by cooking a meal or through donations. “We’re here to support everyone in the SI community who needs help,” added Mrs. Lensing. “No one in the SI community should suffer in silence or be in need when we have so much support to offer.”

Both women hope this inspires others, especially their children and other students, to live out the Ignatian ideals of service. “I hope my children will always be able to see people in need,” added Mrs. Coyne. “Their needs aren’t always obvious at first glance. The more you get to know people, the more you discover their pain and loss and what you can do to help them.”

Carolyn Lensing & Kate Coyne
Students were treated to a Mochi pounding ceremony in January performed by Kagami Kai and sponsored by SI's Japanese class and instructor Nobuko Takamatsu. Mochi pounding is a New Year's tradition in Japan where steamed rice is pounded into sweet cakes in a rhythmic dance set to music.
The Class of 1956 celebrated its 50th Golden Diploma reunion with a Mass in SI’s Orradre Chapel March 19. Pictured, from left, are classmates Rich Murphy (who organized the event), Robert Maloney and Terrence Kelley.

Science, Engineering & Psychology Fair
Last March, SI held a Science, Engineering and Psychology Fair to showcase student projects. At right, sophomore Gabriel Abinante demonstrated the electrical effects of magnetism with seniors Andrew Bollman and Jordan Knox (not pictured). The trio shocked the crowd with an amazing display of homemade lightning produced by a Tesla coil.

Students Learn to Govern at Boy’ State
SI sent its annual contingent of seniors to Boys’ State in Sacramento last summer, sponsored by the various posts of American Legion in San Francisco. From left are Nicholas Roessler, Tom Costello, John Kolenda, Scott Erickson, Brian Del Castillo, Scott Goossens, Chris Harders. Fr. Paul Capitolo, SJ ’53 (moderator), Paul Zmuda, Taylor Wroolie, and Jordan Knox. Inset is Mikhail Sundukovsky. Not pictured is Brendan O’Callaghan.

Every year, the National Council of the Teachers of English holds a writing contest for 2,500 top juniors across the country. This year, SI’s John Bonelli and George Mattson (now seniors) were among the 680 students selected for this nationwide honor.
Wildcats Find Ties that Bind at Monster Cable

Call them the Monster dozen. Eight SI grads, including the son of the company’s founder, currently work at Monster Cable, headquartered in Brisbane, and four SI grads formerly worked there, including one who helped ink the deal to rename Candlestick Park after the firm.

The current Wildcat Monsters — a relatively young group — include Kevin Lee ’86, the son of founder Noel Lee, and Dave Tognotti ’87, the firm’s general counsel. The others are Claude Nelson ’81, Kevin Tsung ’89, Rob Tapia ’90, Marwan Salfiti ’93, Marc Maniscalco ’99 and Jonathan Abinante ’04.

Former employees are Peter Radsliff ’75, Mario Casteneda ’86, Jim Murphy ’86 and Tom Badillo ’75.

In addition, several employees have close connections to the SI family, including Phil Abinante (whose wife, Mary, works at SI and whose children include Jon ’04, Natalie ’06 and Gabriel ’08), Anne Carlevaris (married to John Carlevaris ’87) and Sue Sami, whose three brothers, father, and uncle (Fr. Charles Gagan, SJ ’55), all attended SI.

When you see the ‘49ers perform at Monster Park, you can thank both Tognotti and Radsliff, Monster’s former director of marketing, for giving Candlestick a more colorful address.

The firm wanted their moniker on the stadium for reasons beyond name recognition. “We wanted to give back to the community that has given us so much,” said Tognotti, who noted that half of the $6.8 million the firm paid for the four-year naming rights will go to San Francisco’s Recreation and Parks Department to support a variety of programs.

“We also thought the city and the Niners might benefit from having such a cool name,” added Tognotti.

He is proud that his company supports both the city and the Niners and points out that nearly 80 percent of the firm’s employees live in the city.

Monster’s hiring of immigrants also pleases Tognotti, who is happy to see the firm support people trying to make a start in their new country. “After all,” he adds, “that’s how the firm’s founder, Noel Lee, got his start.”

Lee’s parents left on the last boat out of China in 1945 while Lee’s mother was pregnant with him. They worked hard in the U.S. and eventually sent their son to Cal Poly. Lee later worked for the Lawrence Livermore Lab as a laser fusion engineer. “He did what every good Chinese boy is supposed to do,” said Noel’s son, Kevin.

Lee’s true passion, however, was music, and he quit his job to play drums in a band in Hawaii. The gig didn’t work out, and he landed back in San Francisco in 1972 where he found a way to fuse his audiophile’s hunger for great sound with his engineering know-how.

He knew the weak link in most stereos was the speaker cable, and he designed new cables and connectors before launching his own business out of his Lake Street home.

For Kevin Lee, growing up as an audiophile’s son was far from a dream come true. “My parents’ bedroom became the office, they slept in my bedroom, and I slept on a platform built above the washer and dryer.

From left are Kevin Lee ’86, Marc Maniscalco ’99, Marwan Salfiti ’93, Rob Tapia ’90, Dave Tognotti ’87 and Phil Abinante.
Monster, continued

One night, I rolled over and fell six feet onto the concrete floor.”

Noel also assigned Kevin the task of rewiring his elaborate sound system at the home. “My dad would tell me to switch out speakers and cables, and I would work until 3 a.m. to get it done. Then he would position me behind the speakers where I would move them an eighth of an inch at a time to get the sound just right. It was a real pain growing up with an audiophile dad.”

Then again, few of the students living in Kevin’s dorm at Cal had anything to compare with his top-of-the-line stereo system.

Since the company’s start in 1979, it has grown into an international firm with 800 employees and offices in five countries. It also expanded its products beyond cables and connectors to include home theatre equipment and furniture, sound equipment for cars and boats, computer games and accessories for iPods and mobile phones. It also launched a music label — Monster Music — and produces CDs and concerts.

The SI grads who work at Monster have found similarities between their alma mater and their company — similarities that they say makes the company successful in a time of cutthroat competition and consolidation of retailers.

Both SI and Monster, for example, “encouraged me to think outside the box,” said Monster’s Rob Tapia. “SI opens your mind and teaches you to look at things from different perspectives. That kind of thinking carries you far here at Monster.”

Marc Maniscalco sees a link between the branding that occurs both at SI and at Monster. “At SI you learn to be men and women for others. That same philosophy carries on here at Monster, where we believe in giving back to the community and in doing far more than just making good cables. SI and Monster both engender a unique pride.”

The company also attracts SI grads because Tognotti likes to hire fellow Wildcats. “I’ve had good luck hiring SI grads,” he noted. “Marc worked here for three months and was doing a great job before I discovered he had graduated from SI. Then it made sense. It all fell into place. He practices the same kind of excellence that he learned at SI.”

Alumni Projects Celebrate SI’s Sesquicentennial

SI’s 150th inspired several classes to donate gifts to the school. The Class of 1971 paid for the “Spiritus Magis” mural (painted by Boris Koodrin ’67. Above, from left, are Class of ’71 members Mike Cetinich, Peter Schwab, Gary Brickley, Marty Cerles, Joe Moore and Brian Matza.

The Class of 1974 helped to fund the purchase of lights for the practice field. Those who led the drive, from left, are Tim Pidgeon, Al Pace, Pete Balestreri, Ed Silvia, John Stiegeler and Sam Coffey.

The Classes of 1975 and 1976 raised funds towards the purchase of a statue of a wildcat, created by William Farnan, which graces the entrance to the Murphy Pavilion. Representing those classes are, from left, Dan Kelleher ’75, Bob Enright ’76 and John Bruno ’76.

In addition, the following classes have substantially increased their scholarship totals during the sesquicentennial year: 1970, 1972, 1973, 1977, 1978, 1979 and 1980.
Gil Haskell ’61 and Bill Laveroni ’66, both coaches for the Seahawks, were about the only guys in Seattle not blaming the referees for loss of the Superbowl last January.

Haskell, the offensive coordinator, and Laveroni, the offensive line coach, said their team lost for one simple reason — the Pittsburgh Steelers just played better.

“We didn't score when we had the chance,” said Haskell, who already wears a Superbowl ring from his days coaching with the Green Bay Packers. “I learned at SI that there are no excuses. When you’re raised the Jesuit way, you learn how to handle success and defeat. You have to be bigger than one game and know that there’s more to life than football. We simply have to ask ourselves why we lost and then come back and improve so that we don’t lose the next time.”

Laveroni also credited SI “as the place where it all started for me. The scholastics and priests at SI taught us work habits and discipline. They taught us to be on time and to do things the right way. I cherish what I learned at SI. It got me through the tough times and gave me the determination to keep on plugging.”

The two men aren’t the only San Francisco natives working for the Seahawks. Head Coach Mike Holmgren and Special Teams Assistant John Jamison are both 1966 Lincoln grads who played against Laveroni in high school.

“The four of us will find ourselves sitting around a table late at night discussing offensive strategies, when all of a sudden we'll talk about a guy we knew from SI or West Portal Junior High where Mike and John hung out. We'll talk about Big Rec and all the baseball fields where we saw so many great players. We'll relive the games we played against each other or against Galileo and O.J. Simpson. It's our way of getting back to San Francisco because we don’t get back there that often.”

San Francisco, however, pays a visit to Haskell and Laveroni from time to time. “Ever since I moved to Seattle,” said Laveroni, “I’ve been contacted by many SI guys who live here now — guys like Joe Connor and Phil Nino. I haven’t seen these guys since we left high school in 1966. And many others from my class — Fred Tocchini and Steve Cannata, for example — are sending me emails. I love having those contacts.”

Laveroni had his start in football at SI, where he played all four years and made the All-City team in his senior year along with Holmgren and Jamison. At Cal, Laveroni majored in criminology and played football.

He has coached ever since graduating from college, first at Cal and USF before arriving at SI from 1972 to 1976 to work with Haskell.

After leaving SI, Laveroni served as head coach at Piedmont High School and worked at Cal, Utah State, San Jose State, DeAnza, Rutgers, and Vanderbilt. He also coached for the San Jose Sabercats. In short, says Laveroni, “I have worked at every level of football except Pop Warner.”

Laveroni started at Seattle in 2001, first assisting the head line coach for two years before taking over that position. He loves working with linemen, whom he refers to as “lunch pail guys who don’t expect accolades. All they want is respect from their teammates for the hard work they do. I wish young high school players could watch how hard these men work at their profession, studying film and writing down every detail of every play. These men work 8 to 5 seven days a week.”

While Laveroni doesn’t aspire to a different coaching assignment, he thinks Haskell would make an excellent head coach. “He deserves to be one. He’s a great strategist and is detailed, organized and professional. His work habits are unbelievable.”
Haskell first started playing halfback at SI for Pat Malley and, later, for Vince Tringali, on the championship teams of 1958 and 1960. “Pat Malley and Gene Lynch, his assistant, made me feel as if I were every bit a part of the team, even though I was only a sophomore.”

At San Francisco State, Haskell played defensive back for four years along with classmates Tim Tierney, Mike Burke, Dennis Drucker, Tom Manney and Paul Richards. After graduating with a Bachelor’s degree in physical education, he tried out for the ’49ers.

He played two games with the team. For the first, against Dallas, he had to cover Bob Hayes. In his second game against Cleveland, he was assigned Paul Warfield. “On Monday, Coach Christiansen told me that it’s time for me to be a coach.” That began a 22-year association with the ’49ers helping equipment manager Chico Norton.

After three years coaching at Riordan, Haskell returned to SI in 1969 and later served as head coach for five years (between 1973 and 1977), amassing a 35–14–2 record and leaving a mark as one of SI’s greatest coaches. He also made a point of bringing four seniors to each home game for the ’49ers where they served on the sidelines as ball boys.

“The greatest fun I ever had was coaching high school. Your influence on young men is so big. These days, I coach young men who are 22 and older. I still have an influence on them, but it’s not the same. There is something special about the high school years.”

After leaving SI, Haskell worked with special teams and wide receivers at USC under head coach John Robinson for five years, helping the Trojans compile a 22–1–1 record and win the national championship in 1978. He coached Marcus Allen and Charlie White, both Heisman winners, before leaving for the Rams, where he worked with Robinson another nine years, coaching such stars as Eric Dickerson.

He left for Green Bay in 1992 and helped his team win two trips to the Superbowl — in 1996, when the Packers beat New England, and in 1997 in a loss to Denver.

That he ever made it to the first Superbowl is a miracle. While coaching from the sidelines in a game against Dallas in 1995, Haskell was hit hard during a play and knocked out. “I woke up in Baylor Hospital in Dallas, looked around the room, and saw nothing but flowers,” Haskell recalled. “I thought I was in the mortuary. But I was lucky. Despite being smashed up pretty good, I came through with no lasting injuries.”

After six years with Green Bay, Haskell served as offensive coordinator for the Carolina Panthers for two years before leaving for Seattle. His success with the Seahawks has been remarkable, and he hopes to be tapped as head coach for his own team some day.

Right now, he and Laveroni are focusing on next season, and both are optimistic. “We’ve got a young offensive football team that has the ability to go back to two or three more Superbowls in the next five years,” says Haskell.

The trick to doing that, adds Laveroni, “is to focus on off-season conditioning. These guys have been playing football for seven months. It takes a toll on their bodies, and they need recovery time. We have to be smart about how to prepare so we don’t have a rash of injuries.”

The most important preparation, Haskell adds, is spiritual. “Every Sunday before a game the Catholics on the team go to Mass together. I always remember doing that before games at SI. My time at SI and the people there — Fr. Carlin, Fr. McFadden and Pat Malley especially — have been so influential to the success I’ve had. I’ll never forget them.”

Travers, cont. from p11

Pacific aboard the light aircraft carrier USS Intrepid which survived kamikaze and bomb hits. But the retired Navy recruit actively opposed the Vietnam War where his former aircraft carrier spent three combat tours.

He entered Stanford University after the war, majoring in English literature, but worked as a manufacturer’s representative in the house wares industry, starting his own business in San Francisco. “I think he would have loved to have been an English teacher,” Mrs. Travers said. “He loved literature and kept a compendium of poetry on his bedside table.”

One of his long-time clients, Chuck Williams of Williams-Sonoma, described him as “a salesman, one with great gentleness and charm. He sold with complete sincerity and loyalty.” He also debated fellow San Franciscan Casper Weinberger on television, Secretary of Defense during the Reagan Administration.

Widely traveled and well-read, Jean enjoyed classical music and discussing New Yorker articles with his wife. He organized a Redwood City neighborhood group to advocate for open space and had several other philanthropic interests. He continued to write checks for worthy causes even in lean years, assuring his concerned wife that gifts to those in need “always come back to you.”

“He was a great husband, father and grandfather,” she said. “His death left a great hole in my life. The Travers Scholarship Fund keeps his memory alive for me and for the students it helps.”

Mrs. Travers has also established a charitable remainder trust in her husband’s memory and is a member of SI’s Heritage Society.

For information on establishing a named scholarship fund or charitable remainder trust at SI, call Director of Development Joe Vollert ’84 at (415) 731-7500 ext. 319.
Athletes & Coaches Honored at Three Hall of Fame Ceremonies

Five SI grads and a former faculty member were honored at recent Hall of Fame gatherings.

The Daly City Sports Hall of Fame inducted former SI basketball coaches Don Lippi and Bob Drucker ’58 and veteran San Mateo County coach Mic Kelly ’52 at its April 8 gathering at the South San Francisco Conference Center.

USF inducted Arnold Sambel ’86 and Richard Raffetto ’44 into its Hall of Fame on Feb. 3. Sambel was USF’s RBI king for three consecutive years, and Raffetto was honored for his generous support to USF athletics.

Noel Robinson ’54 (who died in 2002) will be inducted into the San Francisco Prep Hall of Fame May 20. Robinson, a football star at SI, was an all-Metro lineman and earned most valuable player honors in his senior year at the North-South shrine game. He also earned first team, All-AAA honors and was the league’s lineman of the year. He went on to play at Stanford and later earned his law degree from Hastings. He served as a senior attorney for the California State Franchise Tax Board.

Clockwise, from top: Mic Kelly & Don Lippi; Bob Drucker with his team that won the 1984 NorCal championship; Noel Robinson before a 1953 game; SI Alumni Director Jim Dekker ’68, Arnold Sambel ’86 and SI Athletic Director Robert Vergara ’76.

The Bruce Stays at SI

The Varsity Baseball Team beat SHC 7–4 March 23 at Big Rec before a crowd of 4,000 to keep the Bruce-Mahoney Trophy at SI for another year.
Girls’ Basketball Team Takes Second in NorCal

The SI Girls’ Varsity Basketball Team enjoyed one of its best seasons in its 15-year history at the prep, taking the league and sectional titles and finishing second in NorCal competition.

This was also the first time in SI girls’ hoops history that the team won a WCAL crown (as previous titles came in the Girls’ Private School League) and the first time the girls’ team won back-to-back CCS championships.

The girls’ basketball team finished second in NorCal only once before — in 1996 — after taking the CCS championship but not the league title.

For Head Coach Julie Berry ’94, the most impressive achievement of all was winning the league title because “the WCAL is the best league in NorCal,” she noted.

To win the league crown, the Wildcats had to beat the powerhouse teams of SHC and Mitty, which they did in the playoffs. “It was the first time we had beaten those two teams in the same week and the first time we had beaten SHC in four years,” Berry added. “Those victories were nice gifts.”

Another highlight came under the lights at ARCO Arena in Sacramento playing for the NorCal title against Sacramento High School. Even though the Wildcats lost, “it was nice for the girls to be on the court and experience that kind of setting.”

Berry didn’t single out any player but pointed to the overall balance of the team. “We have talented rebounders, senior leadership and gifted youth to ensure the future success of the program.”

The height of the team also played a big part in the girls’ success. Two of the players are 6-foot, 5-inches, and four others are taller than 5-feet, 11-inches, making for the tallest team in Northern California.

“Size has always been an advantage for us,” said Berry, “but the contributions from the guards also proved vital. When the other teams honed in our post players, that freed up our guards, and they came through with outside shots.”

Berry praised her team’s spirit, which she described as “positive and relaxed all season. They had confidence this year and believed in themselves.” She also praised assistant coaches John Duggan ’59 and Maya Fok ’98 for their acumen and hard work.

Berry leaves SI athletics on a high note, as this is both her most successful season and her last as head coach.
GIRLS’ BASKETBALL
Coach: Julie Berry
Assistants: John Duggan, Maya Fok
League Record: 10–4; Overall Record: 6–9
Highlights: WCAL Tournament: The Wildcats defeated Sacred Heart Prep (54–47), Sacred Heart Cathedral (47–44) and Archbishop Mitty (51–47) to claim the WCAL Championship.
CCS Tournament: The Wildcats defeated Harbor (74–9), Notre Dame Belmont (49–8), Burlingame (55–44), and Soquel (63–40) to win the Central Coast Section Championship.
NORCAL Regional Championships: The ’Cats defeated Miramonte (52–40), El Camino (Sacramento) (64–53) and lost to Sacramento High in overtime (63–58) in the championship game played at ARCO Arena in Sacramento to finish second in Northern California.
Team Awards: Wildcat Award: Katie O’Meara, Zoe Unruh
League Awards: First Team All WCAL: Nicole Canepa; Second Team All WCAL: Zoe Unruh

BOYS’ BASKETBALL
Coach: Tim Reardon
Assistants: Rob Marcaletti, Mike Watters
League Record: 5–9; Overall Record: 14–14
WCAL Tournament: lost to Bellarmine in first round game.
CCS Tournament: The Wildcats defeated Monterey (60–4) and Burlingame (55–4) before losing to Seaside (58–61) in the CCS semifinal game.
Team Awards: Dennis Carter Award: Chris Blake
League Awards: Second Team All WCAL: John Bonelli

GIRLS’ SOCCER
Coach: Jan Mullen
League Record: 7–5–2
Overall Record: 13–7–4
CCS Tournament: The Wildcats defeated Palo Alto 1–0 with Daniel Brunache scoring the only goal. Mitty defeated SI in the quarter finals 4–0.
Team Awards: Coach’s Awards: Megan Foley, Michela Rizzo; Wildcat Award: Colleen Mullen
League Awards: First Team All WCAL: Danielle Brunache, Kelcey Harrison, Lauren Kushner; Second Team All WCAL: Jaclyn Kurtela, Christina Sangiacomo

BOYS’ SOCCER
Coach: Rob Hickox
Assistants: John Stiegeler
League Record: 6–4–4
Overall Record: 11–5–5
Highlights: WCAL Playoffs: The ‘Cats defeated St. Francis 3–0 in the first round of playoffs. Jeff Cosgriff scored two goals and Chris Viehweg one.
Team Awards: Paul Capitolo, SJ, Award: Andrew Maira; Wildcat Award: Jeff Cosgriff; Brian Cotter Award: Paul Zmuda
League Awards: First Team All WCAL: Jeff Cosgriff; Second Team All WCAL: Scott Goossens, Dan Morthole, Taylor Wroolie
Ken Ross and Carl Swendsen, along with Normand Black, had their book *We Didn’t Know We Were Heroes* published by Hunkus Press. The book recounts the story of these three friends during World War II. The three first met in first grade at Star of the Sea in San Francisco.

Peter Brusati received Notre Dame de Namur University’s first ever Community Spirit Award Feb. 5 in honor of his 0 years as a trustee there and for all of his fund-raising efforts on behalf of the college.

Jim Barbero celebrated his 52nd wedding anniversary with his wife, Claudine, last January.

Robert Moore and his wife, Liz, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 2004. They recently traveled to Honolulu, New York City and, of course, always to “The River.”

Philip O’Connor has been named one of ninety “most interesting” graduates of Jesuit U.S. colleges and universities during the past ninety years. Selections were made by the National Jesuit Honor Society, Alpha Sigma Nu. He is the author of *Stealing Home*, which was nominated as the American Book Awards Best First Novel, and his book *Ohio Woman* won an Ohioana Award and was nominated for both the Pulitzer and the American Book Awards in 1988. He and his wife, Martha O’Connor, live with their twins, 9, in Kentfield, where he is currently working on his next work, a novel about San Francisco. Phil’s sister, Peggy Vollert, is married to Joe ’51, whose six children are SI grads, including Director of Development Joe ’84 and English teacher Dan ’85.

Richard Wall was named by the White House to the board of directors of the Vietnam Education Foundation, an independent U.S. federal agency created by Congress to help strengthen science and technology in Vietnam through educational exchange and capacity building.

John W. Thomas successfully completed a solo one-day climb of Mt. Whitney, partially in snow. He was a guest on the Martha Stewart Show in November for his book, *Thanksgiving & Turkey Collectibles Then & Now* as well as showcasing part of his Thanksgiving memorabilia collection, the largest in the world.

Chris Monahan spends his daytime working at the City of San Jose Workers’ Compensation Department and his weekends with his wife, Susan, and seven grandchildren at soccer games, children’s programs and other fun venues.

James Richman, an Alameda County Superior Court judge since 1996, was nominated by Gov. Arnold Schwarzenegger to the State Court of Appeal in San Francisco. An Oakland resident, he has handled a variety of civil and criminal cases. He upheld the state’s takeover of the financially troubled Oakland school district in 2004 and upheld a county growth-limit initiative in 2001. In another ruling, in April 2004, he upheld the Berkeley schools’ longtime desegregation policy, which considered students’ races in school assignments. An honors graduate of USF’s Law School, where he later taught, Richman worked at a San Francisco law firm for 29 years, specializing in probate cases, before Gov. Pete Wilson appointed him to the bench. His appeals court nomination is subject to confirmation by the state Commission on Judicial Appointments.

Louie Nady retired in 2002 and is sailing a Finn, an Olympic-class boat he has sailed for four decades and similar to the one he sailed on as part of the U.S. Olympic team in 1972. In 2004 Louie was the top-ranked Finn sailor in the U.S. Currently he races against his son, Andreas ’96, who also races Finns in the Bay Area.

Jeremiah Motak is licensed in pest and termite control in San Francisco. His company is in its 44th year. He also teaches chess.
Jonathan Ow, Pharm. D., has been appointed a board member of the San Mateo County Pharmacists Association, a chapter of the statewide California Pharmacists Association. Among the group’s latest projects is a recommendation to the governor regarding this year’s Medicare Part D Program.

Peter Siggins, former legal affairs secretary and interim chief-of-staff for Gov. Schwarzenegger, has been appointed a Justice of the First District Court of Appeals for California.

Timothy Simon, one of the founders of the Black Students Union at SI, began his new job as Appointments Secretary for Gov. Schwarzenegger on Jan. 3. Simon most recently served as general counsel and chief compliance officer for Global Crown Capital, LLC, where he was responsible for development and implementation of legal and compliance polices for the firm. From 2002 to 2005, he was vice president and chief compliance officer for PreferredTrade, Inc. Prior to that, he was a consultant to Barclays Global Investors.

Dr. Douglas Husbands and his wife recently returned to the Bay Area after living in Southern California for many years. Dr. Husbands has practiced functional medicine and nutritional health care for many years. He has joined Athens Chiropractic Clinic in San Carlos and can be reached through his website, www.drhusbands.com. He and his wife relocated to the Bay Area to be closer to relatives. They are expecting the birth of their daughter, Kristiana, in April.

Rob Gregson is keeping busy working as a sheet metal supervisor for the city’s Recreation and Parks Department, working in his shop, teaching fourth-year apprentices at the union hall and swimming at the Dolphin Club. His brother, John Gregson ’77, is working for the PUC in San Francisco and living in the Sunset with his wife. Rob and his wife, Eileen O’Connor, have two children: Thomas, 8, and Ainsley-Marie, 4.

Jeff Thilgen manages Real Estate loans for PLC (Peregrine Lending Corporation) in Walnut Creek.

John Klobucar is in his 11th year as a sports anchor and reporter with The Associated Press Radio Network in Washington, DC. In 2005 he covered his fourth straight World Series and this year, traveled to Turin, Italy, for his third Olympics. John married Kirsty Zulu of Lusaka, Zambia, in September 2004. Their daughter, Gabrielle, is in the sixth grade and looks forward to her second season of field hockey.

Greg Capitolo, after 17 years in the corporate world, is off to the Himalayan Institute in northeastern Pennsylvania to pursue his love for yoga and meditation. Already a certified yoga teacher, Greg’s goal is to live at the Institute for one year to continue his studies and to help promote the Institute’s humanitarian projects in India, Africa and the U.S. Greg also has his own goal of helping debunk the myth that yoga is a religion by lecturing on how yoga actually enhances one’s spiritual life and deepens one’s religious experience.

Edward J. Wynne is opening a new office in Greenbrae under the name Wynne Law Firm. He will continue to specialize in the area of employment class action.

Vince Vigil became engaged to Jamie Barrett during the Christmas holidays.

Greg McCarthy led the 2005 girl’s swim team to the school’s first-ever WCAL championship and multiple All-American honors, and he successfully passed the California Professional Electrical Engineering exam. He currently designs and manages construction projects for San Francisco Airport and just began his 12th year leading the girl’s swimming program. He says that “all this would be impossible without our team chaplain, Fr. Anthony P. Sauer.” He also thanked classmate Adam Jennings, who assists him with running all home meets.

Al Mitra and his wife, Carmen, recently moved out of the Bay Area and now reside in Camarillo, California, where they are rearing their two daughters, Makena, 3, and Lauren, 2 months. Al is currently an operations relationship manager for Cisco Systems, Inc.

Robert “Rob” Newsom Jr. married Jennifer Dabai (Mercy SF ’90) on Feb. 11, 2006, at St. Dominic’s Church in San Francisco. Dan Clifford ’90 was the best man, Jay Meiswinkel ’91 as groomsman, and Sean Pate ’91 and Albert “LT” Thuesen ’91 as ushers. Father of the groom Bob Newsom ’68 and godfather Mike Gatto ’68 were both the lives of the party at a reception.
for 365 guests afterwards at Bimbo’s 365 Club.

92
Brian Camarena married Deanne Torno in June 2005. They live in San Francisco. Capt. Ivan Zasimczuk, U.S. Army, currently stationed in Alexandria, Virginia, recently returned from Iraq where he had been deployed for a year in the initial wave of troops sent over in March, 2003, just 18 days after the war began. Ivan credits his faith with sustaining him through the ordeal of leading his company through combat, convoying 700 hostile miles from Kuwait to Mosul and in day-to-day Iraq living. A daughter was born to Ivan during his absence.

93
Alex Grab recently joined Electronics for Imaging, Inc. as strategic relations manager and corporate counsel. He was previously an attorney with the San Francisco law firm of Kerr & Wagstaffe LLP. He will also continue to serve as an adjunct assistant professor of law at UC Hastings College of the Law, where he has been teaching since 2000.

Brenda Lamb (below) married Gordon Lewis Feb. 11 in Cabo San Lucas. The two met at Georgetown during their undergraduate studies. In attendance at the wedding were SI classmates Marielle Murphy, Andrea (Callen) Porter, Angela (Speckenheuer) Sublett, Elizabeth Gartland, Kimberly Bohnert, Shana Soulis, Theresa (Kelly) Jackson, Jennifer Carter, Lane Stephens, Lucas Heldfond and Nicole Ervin ’95. After a brief stint in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, Brenda attended dental school at UCLA and did her periodontal residency at the University of Washington. She now has a periodontal practice with offices in San Mateo and Foster City.

94
Andrew Lin recently completed a doctoral degree in electrical engineering from Stanford University and is now an analog integrated circuit designer at Aeluros, Inc. in Mountain View.

Kelly (Phair) McCarthy was recently named “of counsel” at the firm Tomlinson Zisko LLP, in Palo Alto. Kelly’s practice focuses on all areas of intellectual property transactions and enforcement.

95
When Paul Virk’s NGO development project with the Peace Corps in Uzbekistan was suspended after a year and a half because of political unrest, he joined the United Nations in Romania to help Uzbek refugees resettle in the West. His travels have also taken him to India, Alaska and Russia, and he will soon be in Armenia.

96
Erin Camarena earned a Master’s degree in urban planning from MIT. She is working for Dyett & Bhatia, an urban planning firm, in San Francisco.

Michelle Los Banos is currently working for Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice at the U.S. Department of State’s Operation Center. She is engaged to Sgt. Mark R. Jardina, U.S. Marine Corps, and they plan to wed in San Francisco in August. She and Mark will be heading to Managua, Nicaragua, in 2007 for her next overseas assignment as a U.S. Foreign Service Officer.

Lisa Monfredini received a Master’s degree in organizational psychology and is working as a jury consultant for a trial behavior group in San Francisco.

Kevin Woods is now with Sierra Enterprises, Inc., a family owned Real Estate company headquartered in Daly City.

98
Shannon Cadagan received a Master’s degree from NYU in 2005 and is working and living in Madrid, Spain.

99
Alfredo Dela Rosa, Jr., will graduate with a DDS degree from UCSF’s School of Dentistry this June. For the next six years, he will be a resident in oral and maxillofacial surgery at Harvard School of Dental Medicine. He will also be pursuing an MD from Harvard Medical School.

Lt. Phil Downs, Jr., USMC, is returning to Iraq for his second tour.

Corey Fitzgibbon will marry Natasha Paul this September. They met as students at USC. Natasha is events coordinator for SBC Park, and Corey is a sales account manager for Advent Software.

Joe Sheehy was promoted to legislative director in Washington, DC, for Rep. Grace Napolitano of California’s 38th District.

00
David Boadita graduated from UC San Diego in 2005 with a Bachelor’s degree in economics and a minor in political science. Last May, the UCSD Student Foundation named him “Trustee of the Year, and last summer, he studied at the London School of Economics and traveled to Dublin, Paris and Goa, India.

Courtney Krause, after graduating from the University of Washington with a chemistry degree, took a dream job working for Gennatech. She calls it the “Disneyland of Science.”

Alexis McCurn graduated from USF in May 2005 with a Bachelor’s degree in sociology. This June he will have completed his first year in the doctoral program in sociology at UC Santa Barbara. Though he misses San Francisco dearly, he is learning to love sunny Santa Barbara.

Elise Stevens graduated from the University of Massachusetts last June with a Master’s degree in history. She is currently teaching in Boston.

01
Ashley Nulph, graduated from Seattle University in June 2005, took a year off, and has just been accepted into UC Berkeley’s Graduate School of Education’s MUSE Program (Multicultural Urban Secondary English) where she will pursue a Master’s degree and teaching credential.

Vincent Kirkpatrick graduated magna cum laude last June from UCLA with a degree in microbiology immunology and molecular genetics. He is currently working as a research assistant at UCLA Medical School.

Elaine Santore graduated from the Univer-
University of Nebraska-Lincoln in December 2005 with a Bachelor’s degree in psychology.

02
Loren Cadelinia graduated from USF in December 2005 cum laude with a Bachelor’s degree in Biology. He is a member of Alpha Sigma Nu, the National Society of Collegiate Scholars and the alumni advisor for Tri Beta Biological Honor Society. He hopes to enter dental school at either UOP or UCSF this fall.
Chris Caughman graduated from USF in December 2005 cum laude with a Bachelor’s degree in Biology. He is a member of the National Society of Collegiate Scholars and of Psi Chi, the national psychology honor society.
Jean Michel Elizondo will soon graduate from Loyola Marymount University with a BBA in business finance and BA in Economics.

03
James Hanratty, in addition to his academic and fraternity responsibilities at the University of Oregon, is also working as an assistant track and field coach for the throwing events at Marist Catholic High School in Eugene, Oregon.
Eric Henken is going to Rome to study abroad with Emory University.
Lia Jacobson is a second-year member of the Cal dance team, which performs at all the Cal football and basketball games.
Amanda Ow is in her third year at UC Berkeley pursuing a degree in public health. In keeping with the Ignatian tradition, she has already participated in various health care related programs.

05
Amy Affolter is at the University of Nevada-Reno majoring in secondary education, focusing on biology with a minor in psychology and American Sign Language. She loves being a college student.

Births
81
Konrad Habelt and his wife, Christina, a son, Lukas, born Aug. 1, 2005. Lukas joins brothers Peter, 6, and Mark 4.

02
Loren Cadelinia graduated from USF in December 2005 cum laude with a Bachelor’s degree in Biology. He is a member of Alpha Sigma Nu, the National Society of Collegiate Scholars and the alumni advisor for Tri Beta Biological Honor Society. He hopes to enter dental school at either UOP or UCSF this fall.

Championship Season Reunion
Last January Alumni Director and former head women’s basketball coach Jim Dekker ’68, along with his wife, Lorraine, traveled to Boston for the unique experience of seeing three of his former players, all from the SI championship basketball team of 2001-2002, compete on the college level during their final seasons. Pictured with Coach Dekker are Kelsey Wiegmann ’02, Maureen McCaffery ’02, and Katie Meinhardt ’02. Kelsey is a member of the Dartmouth track and field team, currently holding several school and league records as a nationally ranked pentathlete. Maureen is a four-year member of Harvard’s basketball team, and this year was honored by being selected team captain. Katie has played four years at Boston University, also serving as team captain. In a single weekend, Jim and his wife had the pleasure of watching Maureen and Katie play in home basketball games at their respective universities and attending an indoor track meet at Boston University, where Kelsey was a participant. “The trip was one of the most gratifying experiences of my coaching career. These three young ladies were the heart of a very special SI team, and they are now the heart of their respective college teams. They are not only gifted athletes and excellent students, but they are wonderful people and a credit to their schools.”

83
Chris Krueger and his wife, Kristine Burks, a son, Daniel George, born Jan. 9, 2006. Daniel joins his brother, Henry, 3.

84

85
Sean Duffy and his wife, Sherri, a daughter, Reese Rose, born Sept. 22, 2005, in San Francisco.

86
Randolph Arguelles and his wife, Marijo, a son, Ethan Xavier Ganzon, born Oct. 3, 2005, in San Francisco. He joins big brother, Alex, 3.

87
John Carlevaris and his wife, Anne, a daughter, Nicole, born Oct. 29, 2005.

88
Larry Krueger, and his wife, Amie, a son, Benjamin Edward, born Feb. 12, 2006. Benjamin joins sister Anna and brother Kevin.

89
Eric Vennemeyer and his wife, Leanne, a daughter, Anna Marin, and a son, Alex Joseph, both born January 23, 2006. Anna and Alex join big brother Max, 2.
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All-Class Reunion &
Golf & Basketball
Tournament
Friday, June 9, 2006

Golf at Harding Park
San Francisco
noon, Shotgun Start
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Price includes lunch, dinner & tee-prizes for all

Basketball at
SI’s McCullough Gym
3 p.m. Start
$75/person
Price includes refreshments, dinner & prizes for all

Following at the
SI Commons
6 p.m. Cocktails
7 p.m. Dinner

Event Committee:
Mike Candau ’81
Darren Cde Baca ’78
Jeff Columbini ’79
Bob Enright ’76
Mark Hazelwood ’80
Dean Levitt ’76
Dan Linehan ’83
Meredith Mulhern ’98
Andrea Callan Porter ’93

Name_____________________________________ Year of Graduation _____
Address ________________________________________________________________
City/State/Zip__________________________________________________________
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Others included in this reservation: (Must be paid in full to ensure reservation)
Name________________________________ Name__________________________
Name________________________________ Name__________________________

I wish to participate in
☐ Golf ($225) ☐ Basketball ($75) ☐ Dinner only ($75)

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Alumni Reunion Day
2001 37th Avenue
San Francisco, CA 94116

For more information, call the Alumni Office at (415) 731-7500, ext. 211, or go to
www.siprep.org/alumni. Because of limited space, send reservations by May 19.
Joe Drucker and his wife, Katy, a son, Daniel Griffin, born Jan. 21, 2006. Danny joins big sister Ella, 2.

Ryan Johnstone and his wife, Erica, a daughter, Skye Elaine, born Jan. 18, 2006.

Paul McCann and his wife, Sommer, a son, Tripp, born Dece. 23, 2005.

Michael Puente and his wife, Jennifer, a son, Nicolas Asher, born June 13, 2005, in San Francisco.


Matt Stecher and his wife, Shawna, a daughter, Megan Patricia, born March 8, 2006.


Jake Manalo and his wife and classmate, Christine (Valentin), a daughter, Kaya Valentin, born March 7, 2006.

Ann Marie Taheny Seefeldt and her husband, Alex, a son, Andrew Ryan, born Jan. 27, 2006. Proud grandparents include Mike Taheny ’69, Kathy Taheny-Wong (Lowell ’69), Burnell Seefeldt ’59 and Vania D’Andrea Seefeldt (Presentation ’64).

Renee Taheny Gawrych and her husband, Jeff, a son, Justin Ryan, born Feb. 14, 2006. Proud aunts include Katie (Taheny) Kearns ’00 and Jackie Taheny ’04.

Joe Desmond and his wife, Ann, a son, Thomas Davis, born Dec. 12, 2005, in Galway, Ireland.

Fathers’ Club Crab ‘n’ Cards
The Aliotos (Joey, Mario, Nunzio, Richie and Scott) once again donated their culinary skills, delicious seafood and world-famous pasta sauce for the annual Fathers’ Club Crab and Cards night in January in the Commons. Pictured with them are volunteer dads and SI chef Tom McGuigan ’86.

Football Scholarship Winner
Senior Connor Daly received the National Football Foundation Scholarship of $1,000 last March as San Francisco’s lineman scholar-athlete. He also received an Elks Club scholarship for academic and service excellence. He will attend UCLA next year and plans to study civil engineering.
Yamada Roshi, one of Fr. Kennedy’s teachers, said to him, “I am not trying to make you a Buddhist, but to empty you in imitation of your Lord, Jesus Christ.” Since our Christian tradition has not always explained silent prayer in great detail, Buddhist meditation, zazen, offers a way into the depths of who we really are. The Four Noble Truths, the foundational teaching for all Buddhists, teaches that craving (tanha) causes much of our suffering in this life. The final truth is that the end of this craving holds the key to our freedom and happiness. Meditation helps us come to know our own tendencies and cravings, reveals our true natures to ourselves and allows the image of God in us all to shine forth.

Buddhism and Christianity have much to offer a world driven by so many cravings. St. Ignatius writes in his “First Principal and Foundation” of the Spiritual Exercises: “Our only desire and our one choice should be this: I want and I choose what better leads to the deepening of God’s life in me.”

Zen meditation, through its silence, helps us notice clearly our desires, our center, and what our lives revolve around. St. Ignatius, through prayerful discernment, asks us to discover these same realities and to become contemplatives in action. When action flows out of our contemplation — our experience of the presence of God — we embody the selfless action that Jesus calls forth in us.

I found clarity through a Jesuit priest and Zen roshi one week in the summer of 2005. May we all come to find the peace in our hearts that Christ and Buddha reveal so completely, the true ground of our being, who we really are. This is the peace that will transform us all.

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Zen Spirit,
Christian Spirit

By Bill Haardt
Religious Studies Teacher

In this second installment on our own Christian and Jesuit dialogue with other traditions, specifically Buddhism, I begin with Fr. Robert Kennedy, SJ, the author of *Zen Spirit, Christian Spirit*, the source of the title of this article and a professor at St. Peter’s College in Jersey City.

He is also known as Roshi Kennedy, as he is considered to be a senior teacher. Roshi literally means “old teacher” in the White Plum lineage of the Zen Buddhist tradition.

How can someone be both a Jesuit priest and Zen Roshi? Given the way the Buddhist tradition has moved me over the years (and thanks to the Adult Spirituality Office here at St. Ignatius), I was able to fly to Manhasset, NY, and participate in a 5-day silent retreat with Father/Roshi Kennedy.

Technically, my retreat was a Zen sesshin — an intensive five days of meditation, sitting, walking, listening to talks (teisho) given by Roshi Kennedy and others, and attending individual meetings (daisan) with the Roshi and other senior teachers.

I was a little intimidated at first, as I have always seen Zen monks as intense individuals who showed no fear. This was not my approach to spirituality at all.

As many of us know, once you start to let go of that fear, silence can become quite liberating. With no phone calls, no iPods, no homework, no grading and no kids, the day-to-day responsibilities are not a worry. What a gift it was to receive this, and I am so grateful for SI and its commitment to fostering the spiritual life of its faculty.

Thus, at Inisfada, the Jesuit retreat house in Manhasset, NY, built for the famous Brady family, I began my 5-day silent sesshin. We woke up early in the morning and began with zazen, the main practice in Zen, which translates simply as “seated meditation.” Very little instruction was given; we were simply asked to find a comfortable posture on a cushion or on a chair, to sit quietly for 20 to 30 minutes and to focus on our breathing or a word, as is practiced in the centering prayer of Hindu and Christian meditation. At some point, I began to notice the loudest sound in the room was my own mind!

It was as if someone had taken up residence in my mind as I observed all of this from a distance. I drifted from random thinking to planning, worrying, reflecting, recalling, and back to random thinking. I wondered how I could keep this up for five days!

With the sound of the meditation bowl, we stood up and began our walking meditation (kinhin). This break is welcomed at first, yet I soon realized the need to maintain a quality of awareness, or mindfulness as it is often called, during the activity of walking. Thus, over time, the sitting and walking begin to flow in and out of each other to become a seamless unity.

We returned to the beautiful solarium surrounded by trees and sunlight and began our zazen again. My mind would race, filling with thoughts, plans, worries and judgments as I criticized everything in the room, especially the weird looking people sitting across from me.

I began to notice how unruly my mind actually is. I have never really noticed that before, not in this way. I always thought I was a grounded, sane person. This is the first critical insight: Our minds are “monkey minds” as the Buddhist tradition names it — jumping around the cage like a crazed monkey, always going, never stopping.

Eating becomes another time when we are asked to carry that quality of awareness with us. Mindful eating — we should all try it some time — teaches us how mindless we are when we eat, how disconnected we are from what and how we are eating. We are always looking to the next bite before we even finish the first, thus never really enjoying the bite of food we are chewing at this moment.

Focusing on my eating, I began to realize the point of all the walking, sitting and eating in silence. We must first notice our mindlessness before we can begin to allow a deeper level of awareness to arise and lead our actions. St. Ignatius asks us to be “contemplatives in action.” It’s beginning to make sense now.

By the second and third day, I began to notice that my mind was starting to settle. Worries still poked through — the same stuff as before — but these thoughts were less obsessive, and the quality of my mind was less identified with the thoughts. I could notice my thoughts without being defined by them.

I developed the practice of allowing myself to be present to the moment, to my breath, and even to the thought before returning to the present when the mind begins to spin its own story.

As I tell my students in class, meditation is not about making your mind quiet; that will only make the mind more agitated, less quiet. Rather, meditation is simply being with the mind as it is. As you begin to relax your attention, as you begin to relax the clinging, obsessive nature of the mind, something deeper comes into your awareness: the true nature of mind.

In one Christian tradition, the deep experience of God is often confined to mystics, sages and saints. This deep experience seems out of reach for most of us. Yet what the Buddhist tradition reveals, and why so many Jesuits have been drawn to Zen (including William Johnston, SJ, and the late Thomas Hand, SJ, from Mercy Burlingame) is its utter simplicity. In the winter issue, I wrote, in reference to Thomas Merton, that God is right here in our own breath, but we are often too busy,
The Arts at SI

SI's Fine Arts Department presented its annual dance concert in January in the Wiegand Theatre, the first time in this new venue. Choreographers included dance instructors Meredith Cecchin Galvin ‘97, Lizette Ortega Dolan ‘94 and Ted Curry ‘82 and (left) seniors Jordan Knox and Alanna Pinell.

The Dramatic Arts Festival of One Acts showcased in February featuring short works directed by juniors Clancy McCartney, Jessica Rizzo, Caroline Naughton, Lawrence Papale, Joe Tursi, and Andrea Dillon and seniors Alison Lynch, Lizzie Fabie, David L. Morse and Mira Stern. Two students wrote original works for the show — juniors Jessica Rizzo and Chuck Beaulieu.