

# GENESIS V

THE ALUMNI MAGAZINE OF SAINT IGNATIUS COLLEGE PREPARATORY, SPRING 2007

## A Cat's Eye View of the World

Reports from  
Afghanistan,  
Iraq, Africa,  
Siberia, Alaska,  
Honduras,  
Australia & the  
Pine Ridge  
Lakota Reservation



The SI faculty gathered in Orradre Chapel in March to hear the glowing report from the visiting team of the Western Association of Schools and Colleges.

# In This Issue ...



**T**he older I grow, the more I'm tempted to report to you from the comfortable confines of my office. It's much easier interviewing folks by phone than driving across town or even walking the length of the campus. Two events in March brought me out of my cave to remind me what a remarkable place SI is.

The first one came the week of March 11, when the visiting team from the Western Association of Schools and Colleges inspected the school from top to bottom to see if we deserved the maximum accreditation of six years. They didn't quite bring out the white gloves to test for dust on the windowsills, but they did visit every classroom and spoke to students, teachers, parents, regents and administrators.

They also read our self-study, in which we charted our course for the next six years, listing areas where we hope to grow. Instead of adding to our list, which visiting teams generally do when they find problems, the team removed one point from our list, telling us not to worry so much about it.

No one in the school's administration had ever heard of anything like this happening before. The visiting team — seven

administrators and teachers from local Catholic high schools and the Diocese of Oakland — virtually gushed as, one by one, they spoke about their own affection for SI and of their encounters with students. One of the seven, after speaking to a select group of student leaders, said, "These kids are great. Now show me some real students." She went in search of typical SI students and discovered, to her amazement, that they were all well versed in the mission of the school.

SI President Robert T. Walsh, S.J., after reading the visiting team's report, remarked to the faculty that "this was a moment of grace" for the school community.

The following week, I encountered more moments of grace. We asked LA-based Loyola Productions to spend three days with us to film a video for use by our admissions office. Kevin Grady, the admissions director, and I took turns escorting the cameraman and producer from classroom to field to club meeting to musical rehearsal to crew practice. For each of these 10-hour days, both Kevin and I were reminded of the rich tapestry of life woven here at SI. We were also struck by the reaction of the folks from Loyola Productions, who remarked over

and over again that they had never seen a school as rich in opportunity and talent as SI.

Both these events reminded me of how important it is to look out my window from time to time to see the new horizons that lie outside my office. The Genesis V campaign echoes this message in its theme of "New Horizons," as the school is looking to grow in scope and scale, extending our good work beyond our borders.

Our contributors in this issue also speak to this theme and remind us that the lessons learned at SI have far-reaching consequences. Just as the first apostles and the first Jesuits traveled to spread the Good News and do good work, so, too, do many of SI's graduates who took to heart the lessons learned sitting in class. They now work in far-flung reaches to love as Christ loved us: with his compassionate heart, with his talented hands and with hopeful eyes that see the goodness in all life.

I am grateful to these *Genesis V* contributors, to the students at SI, and to you the readers of this magazine, for helping me to see something good every time I look out my window or venture outside my office. — Paul Totah '75

# GENESIS V

THE ALUMNI MAGAZINE OF SAINT IGNATIUS COLLEGE PREPARATORY, SAN FRANCISCO, SPRING 2007



## COVER STORIES: A CAT'S EYE VIEW OF THE WORLD



**PAGE 11:** Brenda Lamb '93 and Marielle Murphy '93 treat AIDS orphans in Ethiopia and Malawi.



**PAGE 13:** Biologist Brian McCaffery '75 reports on global warming from Alaska.



**PAGE 26:** Did the first people in the New World come by boat? Don Dana '66 attempted to find out by taking a skin boat from Siberia to Alaska.



**PAGE 36:** Capt. Bart Howard '80 writes about coalition efforts in Afghanistan.

## 4 Development News

Nostalgia and fun meet at Playland-at-the-Prep Auction

- Newly named Father Carlin Heritage Society carries on his mission
- Scholarship honors Fr. Dick McCurdy, S.J. • SI thanks parents who pledged their support • Teatro Sant' Ignazio Fashion Show dazzles.

## 11 Cover Stories

Brenda Lamb '93 & Marielle Murphy '93 help put smiles on AIDS orphans in Africa • Brian McCaffery '75 ponders despair and hope at the world's edge • Fr. Tom O'Neill, S.J. '74, reports from the Pine Ridge Lakota Reservation • Don Dana '66 sails in the wake of history • Jim O'Connell '61 follows Teilhard's lead • Maj. James Farrell '86 on staying the course in Iraq • Mike Shaughnessy '67 argues the conflict in Iraq is an unjust war • Col. Bart Howard '80 helps the coalition effort to reshape Afghanistan • Students address AIDS epidemic in Honduras.

## 39 School News

SI earns high marks from WASC team • 'No child left behind' no cliché for Matt Balano • Senior Andrew Dudum's songs & Rock to Relief benefit Tanzi Project.

## 44 Alumni News

Leo McCarthy receives posthumous honor of Christ the King Award • John Davitt retires as Glendale Community College President • Mike Pasini reflects on two photos in the digital era.

## 54 Departments

Keeping in Touch • Births • In Memoriam • Calendar • Sports

Cover photo: Wildcat ©iStockphoto.com/Bonnie Schupp; Earth, courtesy of NASA.





Coach Steve Bluford '84 (left), along with students, auctioneers George Noceti and Bob Sarlatte, starts the bidding on a jersey and helmet signed by the football team. Below: Marcus and Gabriela Robinson, were among the 750 guests.

## NOSTALGIA AND FUN MEET AT PLAYLAND AUCTION

Laughing Sal wasn't the only one having a good time at the Playland-at-the-Prep Fathers' Club auction March 3.

About 750 guests and another 150 volunteers were laughing along with her, enjoying a reborn Playland, complete with a Fun House stage, air shooting up through the floorboards, a photo booth, and posters of the old amusement park that so many of the guests recalled with great fondness.



Auction Chairman Don Mancini and Vice Chairman Brit Hahn were laughing too, gratified with the great party they put on, with the enthusiastic participation from hundreds of volunteer parents, and with the gross revenue — nearly \$915,000.

“Don and Brit did a magnificent job,” said Fathers' Club President Paul Gaspari '70. “They both worked tirelessly to ensure the success of the event. The SI community owes a debt of gratitude to them and to the predecessor chairmen who have developed this auction into the stellar night it has become.”

The night began with a cocktail party in the Cowell Pavilion where guests made bids on silent auction items — including gift baskets created by Nick Saribalis and his crew. They enjoyed decorations and special effects created by Gary Brickley '71 and Brickley Productions, including a false floor at the entrance of the gym that shot pressurized air at guests as they entered, in homage to the Funhouse at the original Playland.

The McCullough Gymnasium fea-

# GENESIS V

A Report to Concerned Individuals  
Vol. 44, No. 1 Spring 2007

Rev. Robert T. Walsh, S.J.  
*President*

Mr. Stephen E. Lovette  
*Vice President*

Mr. Charles W. Dullea  
*Principal*

Rev. Gerald P. McCourt, S.J.  
*Superior*

Mr. John J. Ring  
*Director of Alumni Relations*

Mr. Joseph A. Vollert  
*Director of Development*

Mr. Paul J. Totah  
*Editor*

Mrs. Katie A. Kohmann  
*Director of Special Events*

Mr. Fred L. Tocchini  
*Director of Special Projects*

Mr. Arthur Cecchin  
*Sports Editor*

Mr. Douglas A. Salin  
*Design Consultant*

GENESIS V (USPS 899-060) is published quarterly by St. Ignatius College Preparatory, 2001 37th Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94116-9981. Periodicals Postage Paid at San Francisco, CA, and at additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to GENESIS V, 2001 37th Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94116-9981.

CONTACT US: You can send e-mail to [ptotah@siprep.org](mailto:ptotah@siprep.org) or reach us at (415) 731-7500 ext. 206. You can also read the issue on our web site at [www.siprep.org](http://www.siprep.org).

ST. IGNATIUS, mindful of its mission to be witness to the love of Christ for all, admits students of any race, color and national and/or ethnic origin to all the rights, privileges, programs, and activities generally accorded to or made available to students at this school. St. Ignatius does not unlawfully discriminate on the basis of race, color, national and/or ethnic origin, age, sex or disability in the administration of educational policies, admissions policies, scholarship and loan programs, and athletic and other school-administered programs. Likewise, St. Ignatius does not discriminate against any applicant for employment on the basis of race, color, national and/or ethnic origin, age, sex or disability.



### Saint Ignatius Board of Trustees

Mr. Mark Cleary '64

*Chairman*

Mr. John Christen III '61

Rev. Charles Gagan, S.J. '55

Rev. Michael Gilson, S.J.

Mr. Robert Lalanne '73

Rev. Michael McCarthy, S.J. '82

Rev. Gerald P. McCourt, S.J. '58

Rev. Mario Prietto, S.J.

Rev. Robert T. Walsh, S.J. '68

### Board of Regents

Mr. Robert Lalanne

*Chairman*

Mr. Kerwin Allen

Mr. David Bernstein

Mr. Thomas Bertelsen

Mr. Clark Callander

Mr. Peter Casey

Mr. Al Clifford

Mr. Sam Coffey

Mr. Jeff Columbini

Mr. Don Dana

Mr. Joseph Diffley

Mr. Ramzi Dudum

Mr. John Duff

Mr. Charles Dullea

Mr. John J. Fitzpatrick

The Hon. J. Richard Fredericks

Mr. Lynn Fritz

Paul Gaspari, Esq.

Mr. Gordon Getty

Mrs. Nanette Gordon

Mr. Michael Gorman

Mr. John Jack

The Hon. Kathleen Kelly

Mrs. Mary Lawson

Mrs. Mary Kay Leveroni

Mr. Jeff Maggioncalda

Mr. Curtis Mallegni

Rev. Gerald P. McCourt, S.J.

Mr. William McDonnell\*

Mr. Paul Mohun

Theresa Moore, Esq.

Christopher Moscone, Esq.

Leo Murphy, Esq.

Martin D. Murphy, Esq.\*

Mr. Thomas Murtagh

Mrs. Karen Rollandi

Mrs. Anne Ryan

Francis Scarpulla, Esq.

Mr. Gerald Simon

Mrs. Sara Stephens

Dr. Robert Szarnicki

Mrs. Barbara Talavan

Mr. Fred Tocchini

Mr. Gregory Vaughan

Mr. J. Malcolm Visbal

Rev. Robert T. Walsh, S.J.

\* Lifetime Members



tured Super Silent Auction items, including dozens of vintage wines (gathered by Larry Walsh and Brad Solso) and a Hobie Cat sailboat, donated by Chris Moscone '80 and family.

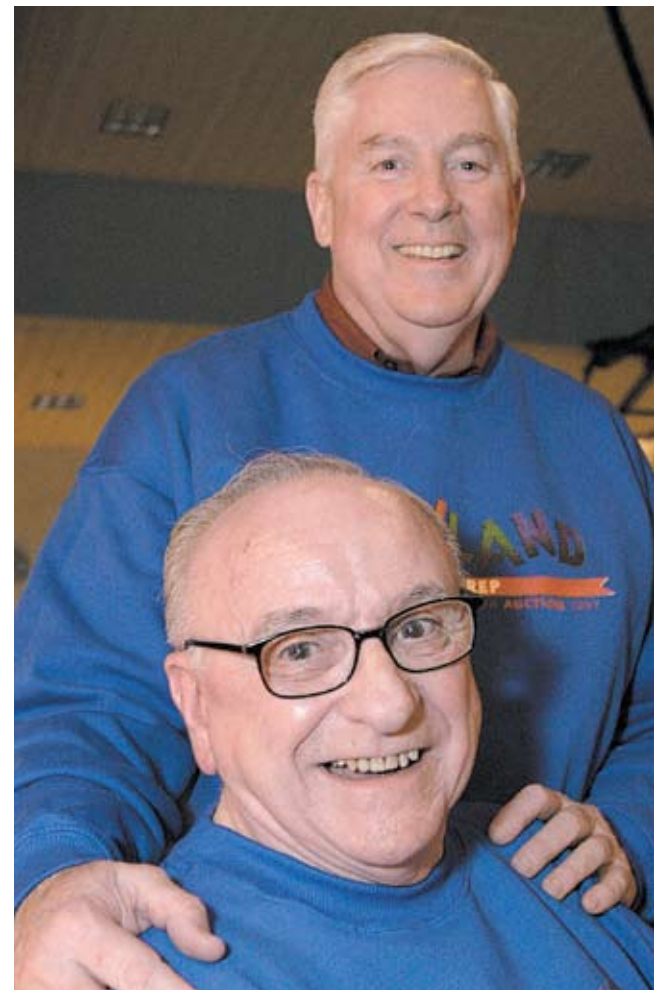
Auctioneers Bob Sarlatte '68 and George Noceti kicked off the live auction, which also celebrated SI's unprecedented football season. Coach Steve Bluford '84 and senior Steven Mauer were on hand to showcase a jersey and helmet signed by the entire team.

Other highlights included several gifts by SI parents Chris and Angela Cohan, the owners of the Warriors. Guests bid on a sports package that included a flight on the Warriors' jet to LA with the team, accommodations at the same hotel as the Warriors, and special seats reserved for the team. The Cohans also donated a luxury suite for a Christina Aguilera concert and a San Jose Sharks game that included a ride on a zamboni.

Mancini sang the praises of all involved, especially Brit Hahn. "A chairman hopes that his vice chairman will be there to share it all, and Brit proved a huge help. He will be a great chairman for next year's auction."

Mancini also praised the two previous auction chairmen — Bob Guglielmi and Dave Pacini. "The insight these two men offered was invaluable. This event is so much fun that past chairmen simply don't want to walk away from it."

Mancini also singled out Tom McGuigan '86 for the prime rib meal he cooked for 900 people — a task made more difficult by the distance between the kitchen



*Above: Fr. Robert Walsh & Br. Douglas Draper in Playland attire. Top left: Christopher Cohan, owner of the Golden State Warriors, donated several wonderful gifts.*

and the gym — and he praised the school staff, especially Katie Kohmann, Shirley Minger, Paul Totah '75 and Tom Casey. He also praised Debbie and Phil Downs '73 for their work organizing the volunteers.

"My favorite part came when I sat down at my table and watched the hard work of so many people come to fruition," added Mancini. "I saw that the auction had something for everyone. Guests could spend \$15,000 for a car or \$75 for a restaurant gift certificate. And I loved how much people laughed as they walked out of the photo booth or walked past the video of Laughing Sal. It was magical to see all that hard work come together to benefit the school." ❖



*Auction Chairman Don Mancini, his wife, Jeannine, and daughters Jackie '07 and Nikki '09.*

## Newly named "Father Harry Carlin Heritage Society" Carries on Mission

The SI Heritage Society, which honors those who have included the school in their estate plans, has been renamed The Father Harry V. Carlin, S.J., Heritage Society.

The name change honors this great priest who died last year at 89 and who left as his SI legacy the Sunset District campus for which he raised millions.

"He was without a doubt the father of the modern SI," said Steve Lovette '63,

*With Fr. Carlin's support, the Alumni Association provided volunteer labor for St. Anthony's Dining Room*



the school's vice president and a close collaborator with Fr. Carlin, who continued to work in SI's development office well into his 80s.

"He was not ambitious or flamboyant," Lovette added. "He preferred visiting the sick to asking for money. He did it because it needed to be done."

He spoke of Fr. Carlin's success in raising \$2 million to purchase 11 acres from the San Francisco Unified School District for the new campus in the mid-1960s, and then raising the additional millions required to build the facilities and pay off the debt.

Fr. Carlin's fundraising visits were notable for their directness. "'You're a busy man, and I'm a busy man,' he would say after arriving, sometimes unannounced, at the downtown office of an SI alumnus," said Lovette. "He then would add, 'Let's talk about your gift to SI.'"

*Fr. Harry Carlin, who died March 1, 2006, is the founder of the modern SI.*

SI's Director of Development Joe Vollert '84 sees the newly named Carlin Society as a linear descendent of the great Jesuit fundraiser.

"Fr. Carlin laid the foundation for the current campus," Vollert said. "The members of SI's Carlin Society are laying the foundation for the school's future. Their bequests will help ensure that SI will never turn deserving young men and women away for financial reasons only."

Attorney Michael Stecher '62, who, with his wife, Patricia, chairs the Carlin Society, remembers Fr. Carlin as "a wonderful priest and a great spiritual leader."

Stecher, whose involvement in SI includes a two-year stint as president of the Father's Club, 10 years as president the Alumni Association and 12 years as an SI regent, often sought Fr. Carlin's advice.

"People looked at him as a fundraiser, but he was much more than that," Stecher said. "With his support, the Alumni Association provided volunteer labor for St. Anthony's Dining Room and the San Dimas youth programs in St. Peter Parish. He was intelligent, humble and forceful when he needed to be, but he preferred the background."

The Father Carlin Heritage Society is not the only SI effort to perpetuate his memory. Fr. Carlin came back from summer vacation in 1970 and found that the school's commons had been named after him. "We probably could have raised money by naming it after someone else," he said.

The Father Carlin Heritage Society currently numbers 95 members. Members are invited to an annual luncheon in the spring and a Mass and reception in the fall. For information on joining the society and ways of including SI in your estate plan, contact Joe Vollert at (415) 731-7500, ext 319, or at [jvollert@siprep.org](mailto:jvollert@siprep.org). Also check the SI website for planned giving details at [www.siprep.org](http://www.siprep.org). ❖

### Father Harry V. Carlin, S.J., Heritage Society

*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:*

Mr. & Mrs. Michael Stecher '62  
*Ambassadors*

The Doelger Charitable Trust

Mrs. Raymond Allender

Mr. George Baldocchi

Mr. & Mrs. David Bernstein '80

Mrs. Helen Bernstein

Mr. & Mrs. Thomas E. Bertelsen

Mr. Tom Bertken '50

& Sheila McManus

Mr. & Mrs. Carl Blom '55

Mr. Thomas P. Brady '31

Mr. William E. Britt '36

Mrs. Gerhard Broecker

Mr. & Mrs. Gregoire Calegari

Mrs. Beatrice Carberry

Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Carroll '43

Mr. & Mrs. Samuel R. Coffey '74

Mr. James E. Collins '44

Mr. Gerald W. Conlan '47

Mrs. Lillian Corria

Mrs. & Mrs. Kevin Coyne '67

Mr. & Mrs. Hal Cranston

Mr. & Mrs. Leonard P. Delmas '47

Mr. Harold J. De Luca '29

Ms. Christine Dohrmann

Mr. & Mrs. Philip J. Downs '73

Ms. Mary Driscoll

Mr. & Mrs. John Duff

Mr. Frank M. Dunnigan '70

Mr. & Mrs. Robert Enright

Mrs. Myrtis E. Fitzgerald

Mr. & Mrs. Jack J. Fitzpatrick '60

Mr. & Mrs. John J. Gibbons '37

Mr. & Mr. Rick Giorgetti

Mrs. Fred Grant

Mrs. Linda Grimes

Mrs. William Healy

Mr. John P. Horgan '32



**Father Harry V. Carlin, S.J.  
Heritage Society  
continued**

Dr. Peter Kane '51  
 Mr. Francis J. Kelly III '75  
 Mrs. John Kotlanger  
 Mrs. Lida Lalanne  
 Mrs. Phyllis Lavelle  
 Mr. George D. Leal '51  
 Mr. & Mrs. Henry Leidich  
 Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Lovette '63  
 Mr. John M. Mahoney '65  
 Mr. & Mrs. Jerry Maioli '60  
 Mr. & Mrs. Mike McCaffery  
 Mrs. Cornelius McCarthy  
 Hon. E. Warren McGuire '42  
 Mr. Terrence V. McGuire '45  
 Mr. Patrick McSweeney '55  
 Dr. Allison Metz  
 Mr. & Mrs. David Mezzera '64  
 Mrs. John Mitchell  
 Mr. & Mrs. James Monfredini '65  
 Mrs. Frank Mullins  
 Mr. Jeffrey J. Mullins '67  
 Mr. & Mrs. Leo J. Murphy '65  
 Mr. & Mrs. Martin D. Murphy '52  
*Former Ambassadors*  
 Mrs. Cecil Neeley  
 Mrs. Bernice O'Brien  
 Ms. Mavourneen O'Connor  
 Mrs. James F. O'Grady  
 Mrs. William O'Neill  
 Mr. Charles Ostrofe '49  
 Miss Joan Pallas  
 Mrs. Kathleen Paver  
 Mr. & Mrs. Eugene Payne '65  
 Mr. & Mrs. Barry L. Potthoff  
 Mr. Emmet Purcell '40  
 Mrs. James J. Raggio  
 Mr. & Mrs. Dante Ravetti '49  
 Mr. & Mrs. Kevin Reilly '83  
 Rev. Vincent Ring  
 Mr. & Mrs. Gary Roberts '75  
 Mr. & Mrs. Timothy Ryan  
 Mr. & Mrs. Bruce Scollin '65  
 Mr. William L. Teglia Jr. '65  
 Mr. Michael Thiemann '74  
 Mr. & Mrs. Robert Tomasello '67  
 Mr. & Mrs. Paul Tonelli '76  
 Mrs. Elizabeth Travers  
 Mrs. James A. Walsh  
 Mr. & Mrs. Albert Worner '36

**Wells Fargo Supports SI Auction**



*Wells Fargo Vice President Don Dana '66 (second from right) helped to arrange a \$20,000 donation from the bank to help underwrite the Fathers' Club auction. Pictured with him are, from left, Auction Vice Chairman Brit Hahn, SI President Robert Walsh, S.J., Fathers' Club Moderator Douglas Draper, S.J., and, at right, Auction Chairman Don Mancini.*

**Scholarship Honors Fr. Dick McCurdy**

**B**ill Hogan '55, who sat in Dick McCurdy's English class at SI, describes him as a "hurricane of fresh air."

Hogan's classmate Mark McGuinness goes further: "Dick McCurdy was a fantastic human being — one of the people God singled out to help our youth."

McCurdy — who served at SI as a lay teacher, Jesuit scholastic, assistant principal and principal — died July 21, 2006, just shy of his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit. On Nov. 3, 35 members of the Class of 1955 gathered at SI's Orradre Chapel to honor this man who inspired them for half a century.

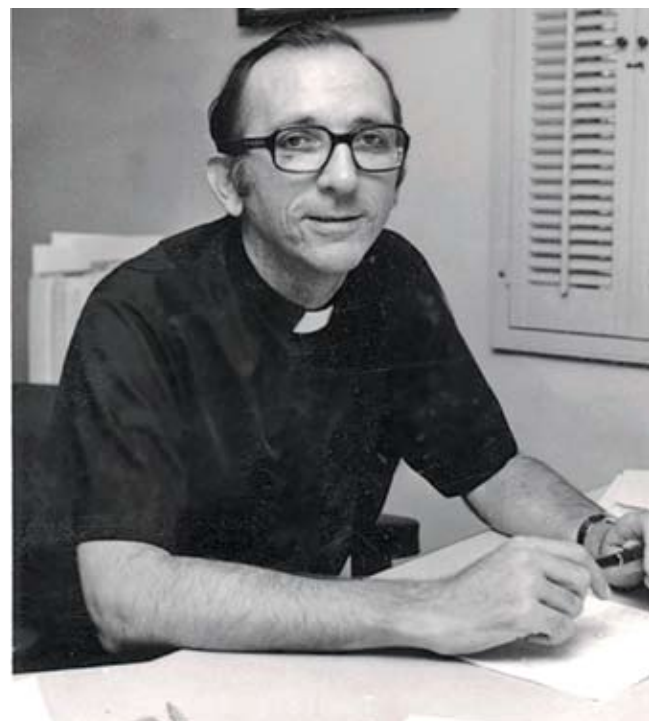
They also helped to establish the Fr. Richard L. McCurdy, S.J., Scholarship to help students coming to SI from the Megan Furth Academy — a new school formed from the combined Sacred Heart and St. Dominic's Grammar Schools.

Given Fr. McCurdy's long history at SI, Hogan, McGuinness and their classmates hope that everyone who came into contact with this great priest, teacher and administrator would consider contributing to this scholarship. (See box on the next page.) Thus far, the scholarship has \$29,500 and needs to reach \$100,000 to be fully endowed.

At 24, one year after he was baptized a Catholic, McCurdy came to SI in 1954 to

teach English, moderate the literary magazine and direct plays.

"I've had only two great classroom teachers," said Hogan, "and he was one of them. He would curl up on the windowsill and ask questions that would set our heads spinning. He guided our questions and led



*Fr. Dick McCurdy, S.J., worked at SI in the '50s as a layman, in the '60s as a scholastic and in the '70s as an administrator.*

*Are you a member of the following classes?*

- *1955 through 1960*
- *1963 through 1969*
- *1972 through 1984*

*If so, you attended SI when Fr. McCurdy served as a teacher, director or administrator.*

*Please consider a donation to the Fr. Richard L. McCurdy, S.J., Scholarship.*

us to answers we had never before considered. He analyzed literature in a way that was infectious, and he helped discover techniques used by a particular writer.”

Many other students were drawn to work on McCurdy’s 1954-55 productions of *The Mikado* and *Harvey*.

“We went from being theatrical amateurs to professionals because of him,” said McGuinness, who ran the stage crew for McCurdy.

“He had many friends at the Actor’s Workshop, which later became ACT, and he called on them to show us how to create professional backdrops. Our plays were as professional as any I’ve ever seen.”

“I spent 25 years working in TV,” added Hogan, “and what I learned from him at SI about directing and acting and how a script functioned was what I lived by during my professional life. I owe him a huge debt, and I’m not alone in the class.”

McCurdy taught at SI between 1954 and 1956 before deciding to become a Jesuit. He joined the Society of Jesus and returned in 1963 for two years as a scholastic. He came again to SI in 1972 to serve as an assistant principal and later as principal until 1981.

As an administrator, he worked to make SI more inclusive. He came from Sacred Heart Parish in the Fillmore, and

knew the wisdom of the Jesuit philosophy of offering a “preferential option for the poor.”

Sr. Cathryn deBack, O.P., principal at Sacred Heart School in the 1970s, didn’t believe SI would be a welcoming place for her students. McCurdy told her that he would accept any student she recommended, and he did. He helped transform SI in his tenure as principal, making it more diverse than it ever had been.

After the November memorial service, members of the Class of ’55, including Fr. Charles Gagan, S.J., pastor of St. Ignatius Church, decided upon Megan Furth students as beneficiaries of the McCurdy scholarship. Fr. Gagan has done much to support St. Dominic’s and Sacred Heart Schools and continues to support Megan Furth Academy.

Other members of the class who spearheaded the scholarship drive along with Hogan, McGuinness and Fr. Gagan included Gil Ribera, Baxter Rice and Dave Clisham. They know that this scholarship will honor Fr. McCurdy’s promise to Sr. deBack and honor the memory of a great priest, principal and teacher.

If you are interested in contributing to this new scholarship, contact the SI Development Office at (415) 731-7500, ext. 211, or email [jvollert@siprep.org](mailto:jvollert@siprep.org). ❖

## Class of 1955 Creates David P. Dawson Scholarship

To honor David Dawson ’55, his classmates have started a scholarship in his name.

Dawson, a prominent San Francisco attorney, died last year. At SI, he was “a gifted, fiercely competitive athlete in basketball and track and an excellent student,” said his friend Bill Hogan ’55.

His classmates also believe that their class had a notable absence of cliques thanks to Dawson’s ability to befriend everyone.

“Dave held the Class of ’55 together for 50 years,” said Hogan. “Before there was an alumni office, he maintained the database of our addresses and phone numbers and organized our reunions. He established our monthly First Friday lunches and our annual Christmas party, traditions which continue.”

An alumnus of SCU and USF Law School, Dawson contributed pro bono legal services to the California Province of the Jesuits, and was the recipient of the St. Thomas More Award. He was the youngest president of the Olympic Club.

Members of the Class of ’55 and all SI graduates who knew Dave are invited to support this scholarship to honor his memory. ❖

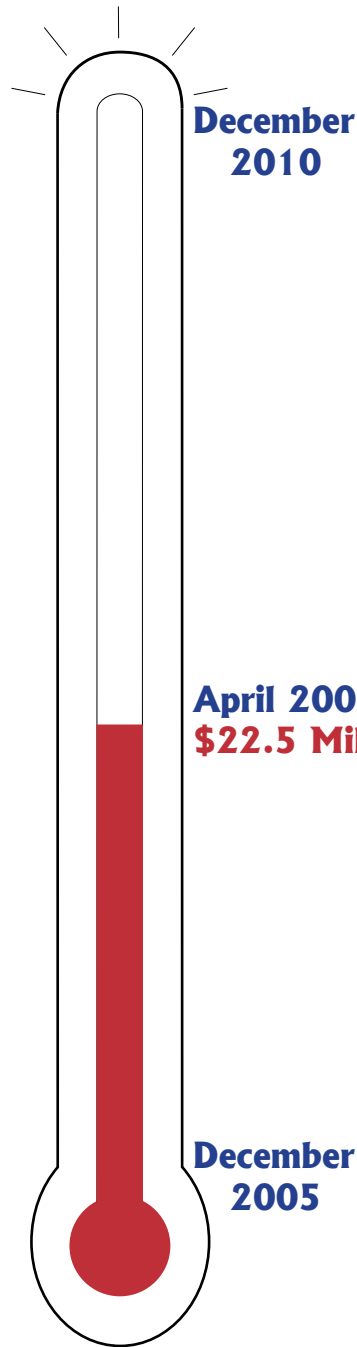
## Genesis V: New Horizons Campaign Update

THE GRAPHIC ON THE RIGHT SHOWS THE status of the Genesis V: New Horizons campaign. While we are on track, we need your help to reach our goal of raising \$50 million by December 2010.

If you would like to make a donation, contact Development Director Joe Vollert ’84 at (415) 731-7500, ext. 319, or send him an email at [jvollert@siprep.org](mailto:jvollert@siprep.org). ❖



**GENESIS V: NEW HORIZONS**  
**5-Year Campaign: \$50 Million Goal**



**Develop Additional Off-Campus Sports Fields** \$2 Million

**Construct Choral Arts Building, Classrooms & Weight Room** \$12 Million

**Construct an Off-Campus Kairos Student Retreat Center** \$16 Million

**Increase Endowment for Student Aid** \$20 Million

**Gibbons Hall of Music**



*Parents Pledge Support to SI*

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:

- Mr. & Mrs. Daniel Abellera
- Mr. & Mrs. Felix Achacoso
- Ms. Cristina Aguilar & Mr. Clayton Holstine
- Dr. & Mrs. William Andereck
- Mr. & Mrs. Vincent Anicetti
- Mr. & Mrs. John Azofeifa
- Mr. & Mrs. Daniel W. Barnard, Jr.
- Mr. & Mrs. Edward A. Barrack
- Mr. David A. Baylor & Mrs. Theresa L. Helmer
- Mr. Ernest J. Beffel & Ms. Diane M. Denzler
- Mr. & Mrs. Rajiv Behti
- Mr. & Mrs. Jon R. Berquist
- Mr. & Mrs. Michael J. Bettinger
- Ms. Kathy DePaola & Dr. Tim Bigalke
- Mr. Thomas Blomberg
- Mr. & Mrs. James Boswell
- Mr. & Mrs. Ray Boudewyn
- Mr. & Mrs. Kent F. Brooks
- Mr. & Mrs. Thomas J. Brophy
- Mr. & Mrs. Scott A. Brown
- Mr. & Mrs. Kevin Brunner
- Mr. & Mrs. John J. Buckley
- Mr. & Mrs. Marlo G. Bugtong
- Mr. Scott D. Buse & Ms. Elizabeth L. Buse
- Dr. Marilyn J. Buzolich
- Mr. & Mrs. James M. Byrne
- Mr. & Mrs. Jeffrey Cabuco
- Mr. & Mrs. Anthony A. Capili

- Mr. & Mrs. David S. Carey
- Mr. & Mrs. Todd J. Carter
- Mr. & Mrs. Emmanuel V. Carzon
- Mr. Randy A. Caturay & Mrs. Leonora P. Malicsi
- Mr. & Mrs. Darren A. Cde Baca
- Mr. & Mrs. Chris J. Cesena
- Mr. Anka Y. Chan & Mrs. Yim M. Tang
- Mr. Tommy Chang & Mrs. Mei-Chiu Yang
- Mr. & Mrs. Edmund Chiu
- Mr. & Mrs. Kurt L. Christofferson
- Dr. Ian Christoph & Ms. Lucile Irwin
- Mr. & Mrs. Terry Chuah
- Mr. & Mrs. Martin Coen
- Mr. & Mrs. Michael A. Collins
- Mr. Christopher Columbus & Ms. Monica Devereux
- Mr. Gregory Corrales & Mrs. Liane Scarsella-Corrales
- Mr. Thomas J. Corsiglia
- Mr. Paul B. Costello & Ms. Rita C. Beamish
- Mr. & Mrs. Michael T. Crawley
- Ms. Dianne G. Crosby
- Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Crossley
- Mr. & Mrs. Thomas J. Cunnane
- Mr. Marc Cunningham
- Mr. & Mrs. Robert Cunningham
- Mr. & Mrs. Richard G. Daniele
- Mr. Robert D. Danielson & Ms. Nancy L. Haubrich
- Mr. & Mrs. Peter De Martini
- Mr. & Mrs. Dean DiGiovanni
- Mr. George M. Doherty & Ms. Kim A. Kyle
- Mr. & Mrs. Donald Dowbenko
- Mr. & Mrs. Michael C. Downing
- Mr. William B. Doyle & Ms. Susan B. Doyle

*Construction on the west campus development, which includes the Mary Ann and Jack Gibbons Hall of Music, four classrooms, a weight room and batting cage, continues thanks to generous donors to the Genesis V campaign.*



## Parents Pledge Support to SI ...

- Mr. & Mrs. Ronald J. Dumont  
 Mr. & Mrs. Robert L. Emery  
 Mr. & Mrs. John A. Espiritu  
 Mr. Urbano Ezquerro  
 & Ms. Arlene T. Borick  
 Mr. & Mrs. Joseph M. Fenech  
 Mr. & Mrs. Steven R. Fernandes  
 Ms. Marie Boylan & Mr. Jeffrey C. Freedman  
 Mr. & Mrs. David M. Fu  
 Mr. & Mrs. Peter O. Glaessner  
 Mr. & Mrs. Michael P. Godin  
 Mr. & Mrs. Martin J. Gomez, Jr.  
 Mr. & Mrs. Garret K. C. Goo  
 Mr. Mark A. Goyette  
 & Ms. Anne M. L. Goyette  
 Mr. & Mrs. Thomas P. Graycar  
 Mr. & Mrs. Steven J. Grealish  
 Mrs. Pamela D. Green  
 Mr. Robert S. Green & Ms. Kathleen A. Kearley-Green  
 Dr. & Mrs. Anil K. Gulati  
 Mr. & Mrs. Scott Halsted  
 Mr. & Mrs. Austin J. Harkin  
 Dr. Paul D. Hartman  
 & Dr. Catherine Chimenti  
 Mr. & Mrs. John R. Hauselt, Jr.  
 Mr. & Mrs. James G. Hayes  
 Mr. & Mrs. Bruce M. Heckert  
 Mr. & Mrs. Carl L. Hess  
 Mr. & Mrs. Brian Holl  
 Mr. Kevin Holl & Hon. Kathleen Kelly  
 Mr. Channing Hoo  
 & Mrs. Susan J. Woo  
 Mr. & Mrs. David G. How  
 Mr. & Mrs. George C. Hoyem  
 Mr. & Mrs. Joseph E. Jacobs  
 Ms. Lisa Joe  
 Mr. Roedijanto Joewono  
 & Mrs. Myung-Bae Lee  
 Mr. Neil H. Joston & Dr. Yvonne M. Go
- Mr. & Mrs. Mark E. Kane  
 Mr. & Mrs. Robert Kaprosch  
 Mr. & Mrs. Ronald H. Kase  
 Mr. James F. Kennedy  
 & Ms. Debra Kennedy  
 Mr. & Mrs. Ki Sub Kim  
 Mr. & Mrs. Matthew Kircher  
 Mr. & Mrs. John M. Knox  
 Mr. Thomas C. Knutsen  
 & Ms. Kathryn A. Hall  
 Mr. Louis C. Kolenda  
 & Ms. Linda Cobeen  
 Mr. Keith M. Kuwatani  
 & Mrs. May M. Yanagi  
 Mr. & Mrs. Robert J. Lalanne  
 Mr. Charles S. Landefeld & Ms. Mary-Margaret Landefeld  
 Mr. & Mrs. David J. Ledda  
 Hon. Gary Lee  
 Mr. & Mrs. Peter K. Lee  
 Mr. & Mrs. Jamiel H. Lemley  
 Mr. & Mrs. Russell C. Leonard  
 Mr. Xavier J. Leung  
 Mr. & Mrs. Miki Levy  
 Dr. Dong Lin & Mrs. Yi Zhang  
 Mr. & Mrs. Romando J. Lucchesi  
 Mr. & Mrs. Terence Lundy  
 Mr. & Mrs. James A. Maciel  
 Mr. Thomas Maher  
 & Ms. Nancy Lam  
 Mr. Dennis R. Mahoney  
 Mr. & Mrs. Romeo S. Manuel  
 Mr. & Mrs. Kevin R. Marconi  
 Mr. & Mrs. Enrico S. Martin  
 Dr. Arturo Martinez  
 & Dr. Diane Havlir  
 Mr. Bob Mascall & Mrs. Susan Woodell-Mascall  
 Mr. & Mrs. Thomas J. Mc Caffrey  
 Mr. & Mrs. Gerard T. McCahill  
 Mr. Philip P. McCarthy
- Dr. & Mrs. Richard J. McDonald  
 Mr. & Mrs. Brian J. McGovern  
 Mr. & Mrs. James McGrillen  
 Mr. & Mrs. Mark T. McGuinness  
 Mr. & Mrs. Michael P. McGuire  
 Mr. & Mrs. Timothy L. McInerney  
 Mr. & Mrs. William H. McInerney, Jr.  
 Mr. & Mrs. David R. Melone  
 Mr. & Mrs. Mark J. Micheli  
 Mr. Otto J. Miller  
 Mr. & Mrs. Frank S. Moore  
 Drs. Honesto R.  
 & Corazon O. Morales  
 Dr. & Mrs. Richard A. Moran  
 Mr. & Mrs. Chris Moscone  
 Mr. & Mrs. Dennis F. Murphy  
 Mr. & Mrs. K.C. Murphy  
 Mr. & Mrs. Mark W. Murphy  
 Mr. & Mrs. Mark R. Murray  
 Mr. & Mrs. Michael G. Murray  
 Mr. Archie Nash & Ms. Peg Strub  
 Mr. & Mrs. Ward C. Naughton  
 Mr. & Mrs. Hernan G. Navarro  
 Mr. Michael Neville  
 & Ms. Debra Kasper  
 Mr. & Mrs. Sam E. Nunes  
 Mr. & Mrs. Finbarr O'Donoghue  
 Ms. Yvonne M. Olcomendy  
 Mr. & Mrs. Jerry O'Leary  
 Mr. & Mrs. Martin J. O'Leary  
 Mr. & Mrs. Sammy Ruel Oliman  
 Mr. & Mrs. Matthew A. Oliver  
 Mr. & Mrs. Thomas O'Malley  
 Mr. & Mrs. James A. O'Meara III  
 Mr. & Mrs. Jimmy Ong  
 Mr. & Mrs. Philip O'Reilly  
 Mr. & Mrs. Dennis O'Rourke  
 Dr. & Mrs. Carl Otto  
 Mr. & Mrs. David R. Papale  
 Mr. & Mrs. Young K. Park  
 Dr. David R. Pating  
 & Ms. Camille H. Pating  
 Mr. Bruno A. Peguese & Mrs. Sheila S. Evans-Peguese  
 Drs. James & Suzanne Pertsch  
 Mr. & Mrs. John J. Pizza  
 Mr. Michael K. Poimboeuf
- & Mrs. Ann-Margaret Moyer  
 Mr. & Mrs. Brendan A. Quinlan  
 Mr. & Mrs. Thomas J. Quinlan, Jr.  
 Mr. & Dr. John M. Reher  
 Mr. & Mrs. Martin J. Reidy  
 Mr. Marcus E. Robinson  
 & Dr. Gabriela G. Robinson  
 Mr. & Mrs. Stan Roman  
 Mr. & Mrs. Mark C. Rosen  
 Dr. & Mrs. Luisito M. Roxas  
 Mr. & Mrs. L. Mark Russo  
 Mr. & Mrs. David G. Sabalvaro  
 Mr. & Mrs. Sandro Sangiacomo  
 Mr. & Mrs. Willy Santos  
 Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas Saribalis  
 Mr. & Mrs. John H. Scott  
 Mr. Albert A. Serrato  
 & Dr. Claire Serrato  
 Mr. & Mrs. Kevin P. Shannon  
 Mr. & Mrs. Kent P. Shepherd  
 Mr. & Mrs. Eric A. Silva  
 Mr. & Mrs. Li Quan Situ  
 Mr. & Mrs. Peter D. Skewes-Cox  
 Mr. Jeffrey R. Skover & Mrs. Colleen M. Redamonti-Skover  
 Ms. Judy Y. Soong  
 Mr. Timothy E. Sweeney & Mrs. Susan S. MacKay-Sweeney  
 Mr. & Mrs. Felix Talavan  
 Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Tatum  
 Dr. Michael B. Teitz  
 & Dr. Mary C. Comerio  
 Mr. & Mrs. Richard J. Tenerowicz  
 Mr. & Mrs. Alfredo Tio  
 Mr. & Mrs. Joseph P. Tboni III  
 Dr. Jeff Vanderbilt  
 & Dr. Chatherine Chesla  
 Mr. & Mrs. Eugene A. Vlahos  
 Mr. & Mrs. Michael L. Walton  
 Mr. & Mrs. Henry C. Wear  
 Mr. & Mrs. Jonathan Wong  
 Mr. & Mrs. Phillip T. Wong  
 Mr. & Mrs. Tom Wong  
 Mr. & Mrs. Mitchell L. Wright  
 Mr. & Mrs. Timmy L. Yan  
 Mr. Ron D. Zeff  
 Mr. & Mrs. Frederick A. Zupancic



### Latin Scholars Gather in Menlo Park

More than 70 students studying Latin at SI went to Menlo School in February for the annual California Junior Classical League convention where they met students from all over the state. SI's classics scholars and their colleagues went toe-to-toe in a number of competitions, including certamen, dodgeball, Battle of the Bands, and the loud, rousing Spirit Competition (pictured). Congratulations to SI's many winners, including Marlo Studley '10, who won the medal for best individual performance in the arts competitions. Liz Palazzolo '07 won a \$1500 scholarship to pursue her study of classics in college, and Gabriel Abinante, the newly-elected Northern California representative, will spearhead next fall's Ludi Octobres for Latin students in Northern California. For more information about SI's Latin program and the California Junior Classical League, visit [www.siprep.org/clubs/jcl/JCLhome.htm](http://www.siprep.org/clubs/jcl/JCLhome.htm).





coverSTORY

# A Cat's Eye View of the World

SI Grads Report from Africa, Alaska, Pine Ridge Lakota Reservation, Siberia, Australia, Iraq, Afghanistan and Honduras

## Putting a Smile on AIDS Orphans in Africa

Richard, 4, sat in his chair and smiled at Brenda Lamb '93. As he opened his mouth, Lamb saw that his gums were swollen from a raging infection. With his parents already dead from AIDS, Richard most likely was infected with HIV. Living in an orphanage in Malawi, he was among 28 million people in Sub-Saharan Africa and 800,000 in his own country who suffer from this disease.



"Richard had never heard of a dentist before meeting me," said Lamb, a periodontist now working in San Mateo.

"He was so open and trusting, and he never cried or flinched as I gave him his injections and worked on him. He just sat there, barefoot and wearing dusty clothes, looking at me with his big brown eyes. He didn't have any mother to hold his hand

or comfort him, yet he was strong and trusting."

Lamb had come to Africa along with her husband, Gordy Lewis, her friend and classmate Marielle Murphy '93 and several dental professionals to help 300 children and adults last summer as part of the Palo Alto-based Footsteps Missions. They performed root canals, fixed broken

*Brenda Lamb (left) and Marielle Murphy were part of a team of dentists and assistants who worked on 300 people in Africa.*





*Both Lamb and Murphy — graduates of SI's first coed class of 1993 — worked on patients in makeshift dental offices in two churches in Malawi and in an orphanage in Ethiopia.*

teeth, disinfected gums, filled cavities and taught dental hygiene.

Lamb and Murphy worked in Ethiopia and Malawi — countries that have a ratio of 1 dentist for every million people — while working out of two churches and one orphanage.

Lamb had first heard of Footsteps Missions from a hygienist who works at her practice and from Dr. Robert Olson, who has gone on more than 18 dental missions. “I had just gotten married and thought this sounded great.” She told her plans to Murphy, a business manager at Walmart.com, who asked to go along despite not having a background in dentistry.

While Lamb worked on teeth and

*“The patients feel better about themselves. This is life-changing for them.” — Marielle Murphy*

gums, Murphy served as her assistant. She sterilized equipment, took X-rays, developed film and, along with Gordy, played with children who waited for treatment.

“It was hard not being able to treat everyone who came to us, nor could we fix every problem we saw,” said Lamb. “For each patient, we had to pick the two worst teeth because so

many people were waiting for help.”

Both Murphy and Lamb were impressed with the courage of the children. “Only about five cried,” said Lamb. “In the U.S., approximately 30 percent of the kids have melt-downs at one time or another. It was a humbling experience to work on these children.”

Murphy found satisfaction in helping patients “feel better about themselves. This is life-changing for them.” She told the story of one 16-year-old girl, the daughter of a pastor, who had a large chip in one front tooth. Murphy assisted as Lamb filled the gap. “When she was done, Brenda gave her a mirror to see herself. She smiled so broadly and then put on lip gloss.”

Both women credit SI for teaching them the value of serving the poor. Lamb spent part of the summer between her junior and senior years in Guaymas, Mexico, working on an immersion trip with Fr. Mario Prietto, S.J. She continued volunteer work at Georgetown University and at dental school. “In Africa,” Lamb added, “I was able to combine community service with the skills I have and to do dentistry for the first time in my life without worrying about overhead and insurance coverage.”

At SI, Murphy found herself drawn to the Ignatian ideal of being a woman for others. “That philosophy has been

with me my whole life, and extending community service to Africa was very natural.” (Murphy, incidentally, is the daughter of math teacher Chuck Murphy ’61 and the granddaughter of long-time SI instructor J.B. Murphy.)

In Africa, the two women saw firsthand the devastation wrought by AIDS and poverty. “We saw AIDS orphans as young as 9 holding infant siblings,” said Lamb. “We passed villages with no electricity or running water.” At one point, Lamb worked on a girl who was in the final stages of AIDS, her small mouth covered in lesions. Lamb knew she had less than a month to live. “Most people survive on a dollar a day there,” she added. “They can’t afford the \$19 a month in medicine they need to treat their disease.”

Both women also saw scenes of tremendous joy, including one Sunday service at a Presbyterian Church, which featured several choirs and spirited dancing. “We also had two children offer us their food,” said Murphy. “These children eat one meal a day. I was amazed at their generosity.”

Both women hope to return to Africa to continue working with patients, and they encourage others to join them in their work. If you are interested, go to [www.footstepsmissions.org](http://www.footstepsmissions.org) for more information. ❖



# Despair and Hope at the World's Edge

— a personal reflection on global warming

BY BRIAN MCCAFFERY '75

I live in a land of drying lakes, thinning ice and toppling trees. Coastal villages are eroding away, and the permafrost is melting, releasing ever more carbon dioxide into the atmosphere. For twenty years, I have served as a wildlife biologist in western Alaska, striving to learn more about the mysteries of creation that we might better care for it. And now, at the dawn of the 21<sup>st</sup> century, the more we learn, the more it is clear that we have neither the knowledge nor the will to care for it as we should.

I was asked to write this article for *Genesis V*, to provide a perspective on the crisis of global climate change. It is a challenge that I undertake with serious misgivings. *Genesis* articles are inevitably confident and constructive dispatches of achievement, inspirational communiqués of success and accomplishment.

In that vein, I could, as a scientist, provide a laundry list of climate change predictions, and then provide you with a road map to planetary health. But you can find such

resources anywhere these days — in the media, on-line, at the office water cooler. For me, it would also be dishonest to take that approach, because I have come to believe that we lack the will to use such information anyway. Instead, I invite you to explore with me not global warming itself, but the effects the crisis has had on me as a Christian scientist who has dedicated his life to protecting the environment. In this article, I will share with you the dynamics of a flourishing personal despair and the genesis of a struggling hope that may seem far too circumscribed to the optimists among you.

## “What is truth?”

What is the truth about global climate change? Before attempting to answer, let's look at a more fundamental question, “What is truth?” Standing before Jesus, Pilate raised that eternal question which becomes ever more pressing in this era



Brian McCaffery, a biologist working for the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service in the Yukon Delta National Wildlife Refuge, has seen the effects of global warming first hand. Photo by Jan van de Kam





The September 2005 storm surge on the Yukon-Kuskokwim Delta inundated hundreds of square kilometers of coastal meadows and tundra, and threatened several coastal villages. The Bering Sea ultimately pushed up to 15 km inland from the coast, where it still surrounded this permanent U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service field camp 12 hours after the peak of the storm. Photo by Åke Lindström



of relativism. Even beyond the realm of ethics and morals, the borders of truth become hazier with each passing day. Alleged truths proliferate and metastasize throughout cyberspace, where you can find your every opinion canonized, every impulse confirmed with the grease of apparent authority and fact. The great paradox of the Information Age is that the marvels of the Internet have reduced our certainty that the information we receive is actually accurate and reliable.

Consider events of the recent past. Did Al Gore or George Bush actually receive more votes in Florida in the 2000 election? Are civilian casualties in Iraq in the tens of thousands as some claim or in the hundreds of thousands as others assert? Is embryonic stem cell research truly the panacea that both its informed and ignorant advocates claim, or, despite

*“Do we throw up our hands, as The Washington Post implied, or can the planet be saved?”*

the tens of millions of dollars spent on embryonic stem cell research around the world, is the continuing litany of failure at finding solutions to the well-known challenges in this field evidence of a radically overblown optimism regarding its potential?

What is the truth about global cli-

mate change? Are the global climate patterns we see today truly anomalous? Are they beyond the range of previously observed or inferred change? Is human activity responsible? The scions of Socrates would have us think that science can provide the answers to these questions. We are taught that science is objective, unbiased and definitive. Unfortunately, as the debate about global climate change illustrates, that is too often not the case. Despite protestations to the contrary, there is no consensus about the magnitude, causes or implications of global warming. The supreme courts of science have issued their opinions, but they comprise simply majority decisions. For all we know, they could be as wrong as the scientists of Galileo’s time, most of whom rejected his hypothesis of heliocentrism because of its empirical, not theological, inadequacies.

Regarding global climate, there is a small but persistent minority that refutes the majority opinion, marshaling its own suite of data, models and assumptions. Because science is frequently biased, it should come as no surprise that supporters of the minority opinion include the usual suspects — researchers sponsored by corporations or governments interested in maintaining the status quo. Many of the minority opinions, however, are voiced by researchers with no obvious political or socioeconomic prejudices.

### *Variable Responses*

Although the majority scientific opinions (i.e., global warming is occurring and human activity is at least in part responsible) appear to be winning in the court of public opinion, that result is not universal. The degree and nature of uncertainty about global climate change plays a key role in limiting personal and social responses to the crisis. Consider the media reaction to the recent report from the UN Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change. The report confirmed that the planet is getting warmer, and that there is at least a 90 percent probability that human activity is the culprit.

In the wake of these straightforward conclusions, *The New York Times* declared that the debate about global warming is over, and *The New Yorker* proclaimed that it would be “suicidal” not to take radical steps to reverse the process now. But *National Review Online* pointed out that the forecasts were less dire than those in the last such report in 2001 and opined that climate scientists still don’t really know what’s going on. *The Wall Street Journal* reflected that, because large scale climate change has been happening for millennia, we should focus on adapting to change, rather than preventing it. Most alarmingly, *The Washington Post* suggested that “The dirty



secret about global warming is this: We have no solution.”

This uncertainty can paralyze the well intentioned and grant license to those who exploit and profit from the status quo. Some claim that the economic costs of implementing changes are too high, given the degree of uncertainty about the processes we hope to reverse. Others contend that, even given the uncertainty, the risk of failing to act is simply too great to be ignored, and that we must accept the prospects of short-term economic hardship to ensure a healthy biosphere. Others claim that we can have our cake and eat it, too — economic profit and a healthy environment. Although this position is probably true at small scales now, and perhaps generally true decades hence, it fails to account for either the magnitude of the problems we apparently face right now, or the radical steps that will be required to turn things around.

Debate about how to proceed is not limited to the secular arena; it resonates through the Church as well. Among the many issues of social justice confronting us today, where should followers of Christ put their emphasis? Adherents of a particular interpretation of the “seamless garment” theology see the care of creation as one of many “human life” issues, all of which merit equal attention. They often castigate those in the Church who define human life issues more narrowly by elevating certain topics above others. Those who focus their attention on issues directly relating to the sacred nature of human life itself (e.g., abortion), as opposed to the “quality of life” topics often championed by their ideological, theological or political opponents, might respond in the words of Richard Neuhaus: “The defense of the dignity of the human person at the points of his or her greatest vulnerability is the foundation of social justice. If we don’t get this issue of social justice right, we will not get anything right” (“The Public Square,” *First Things* 169, January 2007).

I agree with Fr. Neuhaus. If we, as a society, lack the will, clarity of vision and compassion to protect consistently

and unequivocally those most vulnerable among us, how can we have the hubris to assume that we have the wisdom necessary for dealing with the economic, social and ecological complexities of global climate change? If, despite the biological evidence, we have such a difficult time deciding when human life begins, how can we possibly move forward on responding to global climate change, given the phenomenon’s inherent uncertainties?

### *Can the Planet Be Saved?*

For arguments’ sake, let’s stipulate the twin premises of global climate change: first, the global environment is, on average, getting warmer, and second, human activity is at least partially responsible. Given the preponderance, if not unanimity, of the scientific evidence, I am personally convinced of both points. So, how do we respond? More to the point, is there reason to hope? Do we throw up our hands, as *The Washington Post* implied, or can the planet be saved?

In a different context, that was the same question I asked myself 30 years ago. Your editor and I worked separate jobs in downtown San Francisco that summer. Each evening, we’d ride home together, discussing all that we would need to do as Christians in order to “save the world.” Beyond the sophomoric presumptuousness inherent in considering the prospect of, let alone the need for, repeating Jesus’ unique and sufficient salvific work, we were confident in society’s ability to meet any challenge, nudged along, of course, by our humble efforts. We combined a natural American optimism with the Ignatian search for God in all things. In retrospect, I suspect that combination yielded a creeping Pelagianism, far too confident in our ability to dictate our fate and the fate of societies, let alone the fate of the planet. Three decades later, my own life experiences and a better appreciation of the magnitude of evil in the 20<sup>th</sup> and early 21<sup>st</sup> century leave me much more comfortable with Augustine’s theology of fallen humanity. The Roddenberyesque dream of a human society embarking on a unidirectional quest for social maturity

seems hopelessly naive. Although sin may have been excised from the Federation, it is alive and well in the real universe.

So, can we “save the world?” And if so, whose responsibility is it? Some would say that it is up to governments to enact and enforce policies that will reduce and ultimately reverse the processes that have led to global climate change. Regrettably, the track record of governments is not encouraging. Our own country conspicuously refused to sign the Kyoto accords, in part because of concerns that the U.S. would be at an economic disadvantage relative to two of the 21<sup>st</sup> century’s larg-

*More than 50 percent of the world’s population of Black Turnstones nest within 2 km of the coast of the Yukon-Kuskokwim Delta. Many climate change models indicate that this habitat will be completely inundated by the end of this century. Photo by Ted Swem*



est polluters, China and India, countries that would not be bound by the accords. Even among signatories to the accords, however, there has been a notable lack of progress toward achieving the limited reductions of greenhouse gases specified in the agreement.

Governments have often played catch-up when it comes to big issues of justice in our history. During both the battle against slavery and, a century later, the battle for fuller civil rights, individual citizens organized and led the fight, and the government eventually followed along. So, does citizen action portend well for a positive resolution to the climate crisis? Consider the two aforementioned battles. In the fight for emancipation, many abolitionists both spoke out and risked their reputations, careers and even lives to help free slaves. During the struggle for civil





*A dramatic tidal surge in September of 2005 completely washed away the author's field camp on the coast of the Bering Sea. The storm surge carried one of the camp's three weatherports (10' x 20') 8 km inland and deposited it on the small island of tundra still remaining above the flood waters; the other two weatherports were completely destroyed. Climate models suggest that storms of this magnitude will increase at high latitudes in the decades ahead. USFWS photo by Mike Rearden*

rights, advocates of justice spoke out, but then also marched and launched voter registration drives. Some gave their lives in the effort.

Such commitment is not conspicuous when it comes to environmental activism. Scientists, politicians and NGO representatives speak out about the magnitude and timing of the climate crisis

*“People are not giving up their cars, are not increasing the use of mass transit and are moving farther from ... places of work.”*

and then burn fossil fuels driving home to the suburbs and flying to global conferences around the world. A colleague of mine serves as an apt metaphor for the contradiction. In her professional life, she aggressively strives to limit the impacts of

rural development on migratory birds. In her personal life, however, she insists on driving an SUV in the city because they have a better safety record in crashes than smaller cars. Some would call for more radical commitment. Like John Brown during the mid-19th century battle over slavery, small bands of ecoterrorists see violence as a solution to today's problems, but it is unlikely that their misguided efforts will spark a societal conflict leading to greater environmental responsibility.

Fossil fuel consumption is a good index of how serious we are as a nation about the climate crisis. We currently use about a quarter of all energy produced globally. Since the Torrey Canyon oil spill disaster and the Arab oil embargo in the early 1970s, we have known that there are significant ecological and geopolitical risks to dependence on fossil fuels. We have known of these risks for three decades, long before there was a hint of concern about global warming. In all that time, what have we accomplished? Progress on reducing consumption has been dwarfed by increases. In 1973, we imported 35 percent of our oil; today we import 60 percent. Take a look at the roads. Yes, there are more cars with higher fuel effi-

ciency; there are hybrids and other new technologies in development, but there are also more gas-guzzlers on the road. As a nation enamored of Hummers and NASCAR, we have still not grown up. Instead, we send our children to fight in a desert floating on a sea of oil, while oceans of water threaten to inundate our coastlines.

Some might argue that even in times of crisis, the wheels of response and change turn slowly. Again, however, history reveals a striking dissimilarity between past national crises and the present. Less than five years passed between that hot summer in Philadelphia and the victory at Yorktown, between the fireworks over Charleston Harbor and the passage of the Thirteenth Amendment, between Pearl Harbor and Hiroshima. It took less than 10 years to make that giant leap for mankind, from a President's inspiration to the first human footprint on the dusty lunar surface.

The great era of lunar exploration coincided with the birth of the modern environmental movement. Some would say that memorable photograph of our precious blue home above the lunar landscape almost launched the environmental movement. Yet nearly 40 years later, the biosphere continues to degrade. People are not giving up their cars, are not increasing the use of mass transit and are moving farther from, rather than closer to, places of work. Americans are amazingly (and disturbingly) docile toward the abridgement of civil liberties in the face of potential terrorism but distressingly stubborn about ceding civic freedom and economic potential in the face of a global meltdown.

### *The Anatomy of Despair*

*“He was shaken by the overwhelming revelation that the headlong race between his misfortune and his dreams was at that moment reaching the finish line. The rest was darkness.”*

— Gabriel Garcia Márquez, “The General in His Labyrinth”



Although I don't quite feel the same sense of personal apocalypse that struck the dying General Simón Bolívar in Márquez's novel, this passage resonates with me more than I would wish. Like the accelerating dissolution of the South American union that Bolívar struggled to create, the misfortune that I experience is not mine alone. It is our corporate misfortune to be sharing a dying world while holding the cure in our hands. We simply lack the will to use it, settling instead, whether we admit it or not, for the pathetic consolation that, by the time the great blue biosphere winds down, erodes away, and finally unravels, our generation will be gone.

The threat of global climate change has triggered the great crisis of faith in my adult life, not in terms of faith in God, but faith in humanity. If the richest, most powerful, most politically blessed country on earth cannot muster the will and resources to attack the problem seriously, who will? As a child, as a teenager, as a university student, I was confident that with enough knowledge and know-how, environmental crises could be averted. Now, I no longer believe that.

As the years go by, I spend more and more time feeling like I do when I visit Hawaii. For someone writing while a blizzard howls in subzero temperatures outside his window, that might seem like a good thing, but it isn't. As a biologist, I love being in Hawaii, reveling in the rain forests, the volcanoes and the coral reefs. At the same time, however, the experience is always bittersweet. So much of the biological richness of the islands was degraded or destroyed in the centuries of human occupation before our own lifetimes, and the wave of destruction has not yet crested. Degradation of habitats, introduced pests and widespread extinctions have left the Hawaiian biota just a shadow of its former glory. I experience joy when I see a flaming scarlet iwi flit about an ohia blossom and probe for nectar with its long pink bill, but I also feel a hollow pain of regret for all its feathered relatives that have disappeared forever and will not be seen again. Now, with the specter

of global warming looming on our collective horizon, that ragged ache has become my bittersweet companion wherever I am — in Alaska, the Everglades, the Sierra Nevada, the Appalachians.

At times, I feel like Denethor, steward of Gondor, after gazing into the dark crystal of the palantir. I see nothing but death and destruction. Have my visions been darkened by the dark lord? Have I been blinded to the possibility of hope? What does it take to be like Aragorn, to look into the same dark crystal, to see the death of his beloved, and still have the strength and the courage to venture to Mordor to do battle against evil? How does one persevere in the face of despair and apparent hopelessness? How can one declare, like Aragorn, "There is always hope." How can one soar like John of the Cross?:

"Somehow, I continued to go a thousandfold beyond reaching; heaven grants to the beseeching what they earn through hope. For no prize but the prey would I tarry, and hope raised me by and by until I was so high, so high that I closed upon the quarry."

### *The Anatomy of Hope*

As a Christian, my vision is drawn high to the slopes of Calvary. Where do we find hope at Satan's festival of death? Although I suspect that Kazantzakis and Scorsese both overstated and misconstrued Jesus' last temptation, I agree with them that he almost certainly was tempted to despair when he hung upon the cross. As Hebrews tells us, He was like us in all things but sin (Heb 4:15). Jesus could not blithely pirouette past the roadblock of temptation; he had to confront it. How else can we make sense of his cry, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" (Mark 15:34). Was it merely a headline for the terminal optimism of Psalm 22, or was it a genuine plea of existential despair?

When Neo chooses to save Trinity in *Matrix Reloaded*, the Architect smirks, "Hope. It is the quintessential human delusion, simultaneously the source of your greatest strength and your greatest

weakness." Here, at the apogee of their entertaining technobabble, the brothers Wachowski nearly formulate the truth ultimately revealed from the summit of Calvary: Hope is *not* a delusion, because in our greatest weakness, we find our greatest strength. "We preach Christ crucified, a stumbling block to Jews and folly to Gentiles, but to those who are called,

*"How does one persevere in the face of despair and apparent hopelessness?"*

both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God. For the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men" (1 Corinthians 1:23-25).

But the hope that flows from Calvary is an eschatological hope, not a temporal one. A great chasm yawns between my spiritual hopes and my secular hopes, my confident hope for a future with Christ and my waning hope for a future of planetary health. I long for a connection, a continuity, a flow joining one to the other. As I search for a means to heal that rift, I encounter a paradox. I find that I am both a disillusioned biologist and a hopeful deacon. In my ministry as a deacon, I see no greater prospect of visible success



*Bar-tailed Godwits depend on the rich mudflats of the outer Yukon-Kuskokwim Delta for invertebrate prey. Each fall, the godwits accumulate fat along the Delta coastline to fuel their 11,000 km flight to New Zealand and Australia. This migration is the longest non-stop flight of any bird species in the world. Rising sea levels may permanently inundate these mudflats and render them inaccessible to migratory shorebirds. Photo by Ted Swem*





than I do as a conservation biologist. I baptize, I catechize adults and children, I visit the sick and lead liturgies for prisoners, I preach at Mass, and I do it all with no empirically-based confidence that my words will take root and bear fruit for Christ. And yet, aware of my own sinfulness and limitations, and confronted continuously with the evidence of sin in the lives of others, I exercise my ministry with peace, joy and a firm hope that God will use my poor efforts to achieve his will for me and others. I have great faith in the words of Isaiah: “For as the rain and the snow come down from heaven, and return not thither but water the earth, making it bring forth and sprout ... so shall my word be that goes forth from my mouth; it shall not return to me empty, but it shall accomplish that which I purpose, and prosper in the thing for which I sent it” (Isaiah 55:10-11).

Why does such a gap exist between the poles of my twin hopes? Saving souls is clearly God’s will, but is saving the planet? Will the unraveling of the biosphere lead to a radical reduction in the planet’s capacity to support life? Will it then limp along for centuries or millennia, perhaps recovering, but perhaps not, until the Parousia? Or is the descending spiral a direct and rapid path to imminent eschatological fulfillment and renewal, to the arrival of the New Jerusalem, the new heaven and the new earth within our own lifetimes? If the latter, does that render all of our efforts to protect the environment useless and contrary to God’s ultimate design and purpose?

We cannot know for sure. Yet, my guts tell me that an active eschatological hope, open to the possibility of imminent fulfillment, cannot be an excuse to abandon ecological hope, a hope for the restoration of our *oikos*. My passion for the environment arose out of the enjoyment and inspiration that awaited me whenever I stepped or swam in wild, natural places. That passion matured in the realization that I wanted to share that sense of wonder and peace and amazement with others, in the understanding that we as humans *need* wild places to restore and

inspire us, to reveal ourselves to ourselves. We need wild places so that we can hear God.

Many of my most profound experiences with God have occurred in the wilderness — on the Yukon Delta, in the Rocky Mountains, in the Surinamese rainforest. Such encounters with God, infused with the glory of his creation, serve as touchstones in my life. Fleeting foretastes of the heavenly banquet, their memory fortifies my faith in moments of doubt and spiritual aridity. My experiences in nature are not unique. For many people, their most intimate experiences with God occur in wild places, far from the disruption and distraction of humanity. And that raises yet another troubling paradox. If we are made in God’s image, if the God-man Jesus Christ brought everything together in himself (Ephesians 1:10), why is it that for so many people, God’s presence is most manifest where human presence is least obvious? Perhaps the root of that paradox can be traced to Eden. At the creation, we were made in God’s image, but that image was tarnished pretty early on in our history. The consequences of the fall have a dual effect. First, the corruption of humanity, our sinfulness, the havoc we unnecessarily wreak on the natural world, naturally lead those who appreciate God’s creation to seek those areas where it has not yet been trammled by human greed, arrogance and shortsightedness. At the same time, we see now only darkly, and all too often, we fail to see the good in human life, human nature, human enterprise. Like Denethor peering into the palantir, the consequences of sin sometimes limit our vision to the darker images.

### Healing Wounds

For me, my love of biology is both a blessing and a curse. It has been a blessing because it draws me into the wild; it provides opportunities to love both the creation and the Creator. At the same time, it is a curse because I find nature endlessly distracting. Even when I escape to nature explicitly to spend time with God, my ingrained need to observe

and question causes my prayer to detour and dissolve into casual scientific inquiry. When I see with the eyes of the scientist, I cannot listen with the ear of the mystic.

I have no such problem before the Blessed Sacrament. I encounter my Lord most consistently in the Eucharist and can pray most effectively before the tabernacle. It is here that I literally find communion, where the divine and the human, the natural and the supernatural, come together. I kneel before the one through whom the entire universe was created, I kneel before a tabernacle within a church, I kneel in the flickering beams of a candle or by the light gloriously filtered through a mosaic of stained glass. And all of them were consecrated by human hands — the tabernacle, the church, the candle, the glass, even the Sacrament itself. Although a redwood cathedral can reveal God in needle, branch, fern and wren, I find a more focused revelation in a cathedral of glass and wood and stone. There I can more clearly perceive His essential nature as Trinity — a community of persons seeking intimacy with us, his frail and flawed creatures.

And so, as I seek a path that might mend the great tear in the fabric of my hope, I seek the Blessed Sacrament. In my home parish, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception here in Bethel, Alaska, a great batik hanging adorns one side of the Church’s interior eastern wall. The batik is about 20 feet high and 5 feet wide, plummeting nearly from the ceiling, then cascading over the small altar of repose where the Blessed Sacrament resides, before coming to rest on the floor of the sanctuary. The images on the batik are enormous salmon, the source of life for many who live here along the banks of the Kuskokwim River. These great pastel-colored fish, muted crimson and violet and orange, are all straining upward against the flow, striving heavenward, in a desperate, hook-jawed frenzy of self-sacrifice, racing to give their lives so that they might create life.

There, in the swirling school of salmon, I find the bandage to heal my wound. The gap between my growing hope in



God's promises and my dying hope for the world he created is spanned by the tautly stretched body of his Son on the cross, the one who gave his life that we might live. That gap is like the pale band of light between the dark horizon and dark clouds at dawn. When the sun rises, its light floods the gap, illuminating both the earth and the clouds. The darkness of futility and the darkness of the unknown are both dispersed, bathed in shades of scarlet. "It pleased God to make absolute fullness reside in him and, by means of him, to reconcile everything in his person, on earth and in the heavens, making peace through the blood of his cross" (Colossians 1:19-20).

### *The Frontiers of Hope*

*"...even as a boy, I knew a gesture might mean life or death, and I believed the universe was similarly triggered."*  
— Barry Lopez, *River Notes*

In an era when the potential for environmental apocalypse is both overblown and underappreciated, a gesture is called for. Despite the odds, despite the probability that our efforts will be futile, we are called to serve. We are called to participate in a doomed campaign, a forlorn hope. We can draw inspiration from the great heroes of history and legend. We can stand with the Spartans at Thermopylae, with Pope Leo before Attila or St. Francis before the sultan, with Don Quixote before the windmills. When a weary Frodo asks, "What are we holding on to?" we can stand alongside Sam in the ruins of Osgiliath, and answer, "That there's some good in the world, Mr. Frodo, and it's worth fighting for."

Most importantly, we should stand with the women before the cross, for there, and there alone, can we be assured that "in everything God works for good for those who love him" (Romans 8:28). Through Christ's sacrificial love, all futility is given meaning (Romans 8:20-21), absurdity is made wisdom (1 Cor. 1:21), sorrow becomes joy, and the weary and broken-down will be renewed (Revelation 21:4-5). At the foot of the cross we

begin to understand what it means to love.

Christ commands us to love God with all that we have and all that we are, and he commands us to love our neighbors as ourselves (Mark 12:29-31). This love must not just extend to those who share the world with us now. As John Paul II emphasized, we must also love our neighbors *in time*, those who will follow us in the years and decades ahead. We are pilgrims here, and we should leave our home better than we found it, that future generations may yet prosper. I want others to share the joy and wonder and surprise of God's creation, and will do what I can to contribute to that end.

Mother Teresa reminded us that we are called to faithfulness, not success. Her words provide a welcomed breath of liberation. Blessedly, our efforts on behalf of those who follow us need not be measured by whether or not we ultimately succeed in "saving the world." They are not dependent upon earth's final destiny, because that resolution is ultimately in God's hands. Along the way to that final day, however, if children and parents and grandparents still have wild places in which to play and pray, then I will have contributed to something important. Our efforts, our gestures today, might make it possible for future pilgrims to have a moment of respite and refreshment. Even on a wounded planet, future souls may still share a moment of intimacy with their creator when they behold the remnants of what He created.

Perhaps, for me, that hope is enough. It does not bring perfect peace, it does not bring contentment, but perhaps it is enough. It is an imperfect hope that strengthens my heart, yet leaves it unsettled. And that is how it should be. A hope that left us perfectly content in this life would be a false hope. Augustine was one of many wise souls who realized this, as he said, "Our hearts are restless, O Lord, until they rest in you." Until that blessed day, we remain sojourners and seekers. Until then, these light breezes of hope are enough to fill my sails. They will sustain me until at last, at the end of all things, I

can see safe harbor in the distance. They will comfort and inspire me until I see, in the words of Gandalf, "white shores, and beyond, a far green country under a swift sunrise."

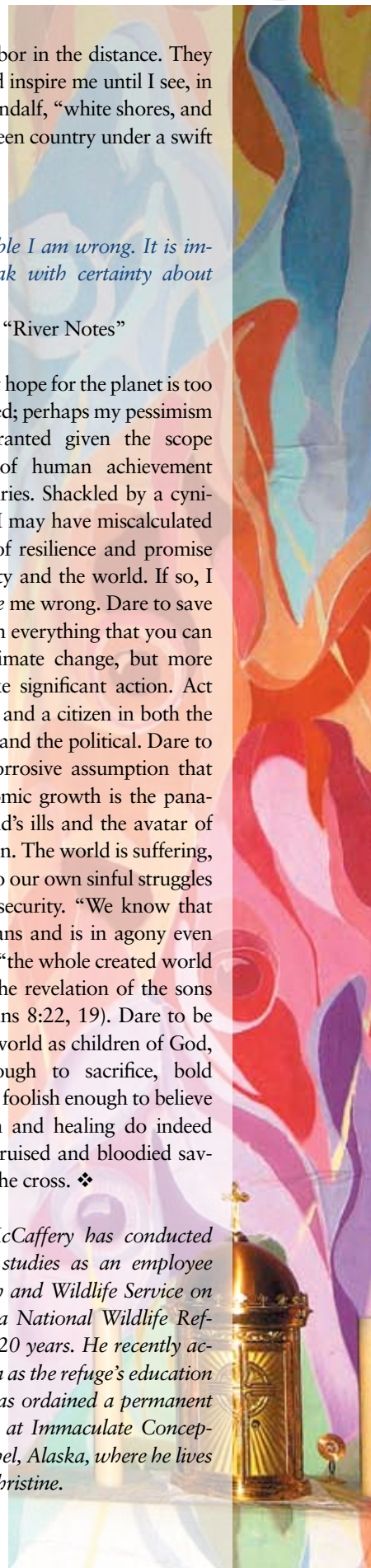
### *Postscript*

*"It is possible I am wrong. It is impossible to speak with certainty about very much."*

— Barry Lopez, "River Notes"

Perhaps my hope for the planet is too constrained; perhaps my pessimism is unwarranted given the scope and grandeur of human achievement across the centuries. Shackled by a cynical empiricism, I may have miscalculated the magnitude of resilience and promise in both humanity and the world. If so, I beg you to *prove* me wrong. Dare to save the planet. Learn everything that you can about global climate change, but more importantly, take significant action. Act as an individual and a citizen in both the personal sphere and the political. Dare to challenge the corrosive assumption that unlimited economic growth is the panacea for the world's ills and the avatar of human aspiration. The world is suffering, much of it due to our own sinful struggles for power and security. "We know that all creation groans and is in agony even until now," but "the whole created world eagerly awaits the revelation of the sons of God" (Romans 8:22, 19). Dare to be revealed to the world as children of God, courageous enough to sacrifice, bold enough to hope, foolish enough to believe that redemption and healing do indeed flow from the bruised and bloodied savior hanging on the cross. ❖

*Brian J. McCaffery has conducted biological field studies as an employee of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service on the Yukon Delta National Wildlife Refuge for the last 20 years. He recently accepted a position as the refuge's education specialist. He was ordained a permanent deacon in 2002 at Immaculate Conception Parish, Bethel, Alaska, where he lives with his wife, Christine.*







*Fr. Tom O'Neill is stationed at Our Lady of Good Counsel in the parish of No Water, located in the Pine Ridge Reservation of South Dakota, the poorest county in the nation.*

# 'God dwells here among His people'

**STORY & PHOTOS  
BY FR. TOM O'NEILL, S.J. '74**

**I've never been colder.  
And I've never felt such warmth.**

I am writing this on Feb. 13, 2007. This morning at 8 a.m., it was -17 degrees outside. It is one of those days that confuses a poor California boy like me: a bright sunny day, seemingly pleasant, until you walk outside. Then it's kind of like a July afternoon in the old days at Candlestick.

The Pine Ridge Reservation is a place of sacred contradictions. Located in southwestern South Dakota, it is home to the Oglala Sioux Tribe, or as they know themselves, the Lakota. Shannon County, S.D., the state's way of organizing this part of the world, is, by many measurements, the poorest county in the United States, yet it is home to one of the richest and most beautiful cultures in the nation. Before I came here to spend four months doing ministry as part of my Je-

suit Tertianship<sup>1</sup> program, I was told to expect the region to be a desolate and barren place. There are ways and times that those terms may fit, but they cannot aptly describe the rugged, raw and real beauty of this place. Raw and real beauty describe more than the landscape — they are at the heart of my experience here.

I arrived at the Holy Rosary Mission campus of Red Cloud Indian School on Thanksgiving Day, an ironic, if not problematic day to begin a ministry among Native Americans. The Society of Jesus has been on the Reservation since 1888,<sup>2</sup> when, at the request of Chief Red Cloud, a group of German Jesuits arrived with Franciscan Sisters to open a school. Today, the Jesuits and the Lakota people run a high school,<sup>3</sup> a junior high and two elementary schools on the Reservation. In addition, Red Cloud Indian School and the Jesuit community staff more than a dozen parishes, some of which are open only a couple of days a month, but six of which are fully functioning Catholic communities. Upon my arrival, I was assigned to help at Our Lady of the Sioux parish in Oglala.

Of all of the parish churches, Our Lady of the Sioux is certainly the most modern and comfortable, but like many things here, there is sadness behind the beauty. On June 4, 1999, a tornado swept through Oglala, destroying the old church, the parish hall and the homes of dozens of residents. A good number of our parishioners still live in trailers provided by FEMA, some heated by propane, some by wood burning stoves. In one of these homes I met a grandmother named Minerva.

Heroic would be an apt description of this remarkable woman, who is raising five grandchildren pretty much by herself. The first time I stepped into her trailer and saw wood burning in the small stove, it seemed very quaint, until I realized that this was the home's entire heating system. The place is teeming with all sorts of God's creatures: five young and very active kids and all sorts of animals — dogs, cats and puppies and kittens. ("The kids keep bringing them home," she says with a smile.)

Minerva is determined to keep these beautiful kids away from alcohol and



drugs. Unfortunately, that frequently means keeping them away from a number of close relatives as well. Half Mexican and half Lakota, this little family has lived all over the place, most recently in Fresno. I am told that over a year ago mom gathered up her kids and hitchhiked from Mexico to Fresno after a falling out with their father. Not finding any family in California that wanted to take them in, they hit the road once again, hitchhiking this time to South Dakota.

They are here in Oglala with grandma for now, and while here, Minerva wants them all to be fully initiated into the Catholic Church. So they are faithfully at church every Sunday morning for Mass and every Monday afternoon for catechism classes. Jose is the oldest, age 15, and he has already been baptized and has received his First Communion. He is technically too young to be Confirmed (age 16 in the Diocese of Rapid City) but he very much wants to be part of the catechism classes. He takes his role as the “big brother” very seriously, and his younger siblings — Lupe, “Bear,” Jimmy and Manny — all look up to him.

The Bishop of Rapid City, Blase Cupich, agreed with Sister Connie Schmidt, S.S.N.D., the coordinator of all of the parishes on the Reservation and the parish administrator in Oglala, that an exception could be made in this instance, especially since this may be the only window in young Jose’s life that he will have the support (his grandmother) necessary to make this step. Sister Connie wrote the bishop directly and received a personal response. It’s nice to know that the bishop of a diocese that takes up pretty much half of the territory in the state can take the time to have a personal interest in one of the youngest and most vulnerable members of his flock.

One of the exercises in Jose’s catechism book was to draw a “timeline” of his life, noting important occasions. Last Monday evening, he spent about 20 minutes working on a timeline and writing down all sorts of important dates: his birthday, the date of his baptism and first communion, his move to South Dakota,

his first basketball game, etc. I asked him if he could point out any places where he sensed that God was with him. Without any hesitation, he pointed to his first basketball game: “On the court, when I have the ball, I know that there is Somebody with me, watching over me and taking care of me.” This spiritual insight comes from a kid who, at age 15, thumbed a ride with his single mother and four younger siblings across nearly 2,000 miles in two different countries. God certainly is with him, watching over him, taking care of him. I only wish my own journey of 30 days of silent prayer yielded such simple grace.

Oglala has only two small churches — Our Lady of Good Counsel in a place called No Water, about 15 miles away, and St. Bernard’s in Red Shirt Table 40 miles up the road at the northern edge of the Reservation. We have Mass in each of these churches once a month. Our Lady of Good Counsel offered me one of the most beautiful experiences of my life: Built in 1909, this tiny little white clapboard church in No Water is a place of beauty, peace and grace. It stands just off the highway, with only a dilapidated church hall and an outhouse nearby. You’ll find neither electricity nor heat in the church, but you will find water in No Water, evidenced by the grove of trees that grow around the site. This is where I spent Christmas Eve.

After finishing a 10 p.m. Mass in Oglala on Dec. 24, I got in the truck with Sister Connie, and headed up the road to No Water. About half a mile or so away, we could see the church faintly glowing in the darkness. Without any electricity, the little old building was lit only by candlelight and lanterns. The flickering white candles in the windows were not there to create atmosphere: They were necessary, and real. Inside, it was actually quite warm and bright thanks to two large lanterns hanging from the ceiling and the heat of a friendly wood burning stove near the altar. On the other side of the altar was a Charlie Brown Christmas tree, lovingly decorated. About 50 people gathered for Mass, wrapped in blankets

and quilts. Outside, there was nothing but the utter darkness of midnight — and stars. Everywhere. Silent Night, Holy Night. Amen.

## “Everything that seems empty is full of the angels of God.”

I found this quote from the 4th century bishop St. Hilary in a book called *Dakota* by Kathleen Norris. This is the first time in my life that I’ve lived more than 20 or so miles from an ocean. But the wide-open plains of South Dakota have their own vastness and sense of the infinite. Conversely, I find power in what is finite here. And what borders on the eternal, I think.

Funerals are a big part of life here. One of the most touching funerals in which I participated took place just after the first of the year. Destiny Faith, who was four months premature, was buried in a casket just a bit larger than a shoebox. She went home to her Creator, buried in a beautiful little cemetery at the side of Highway 18, blessed on her journey with the ancient prayers of both the Roman Church and her own Lakota ancestors.

*Jose and Jimmy (Jose is the oldest of the family). Behind is the Lakota “medicine wheel” with the four sacred colors.*







*The trailerhome where Minerva lives with her five grandchildren, who hitchhiked with their mother from Mexico to Fresno and then to the reservation.*

One of the major movements of my 30-day silent retreat in the fall was a powerful sense of the presence of my own sister, Mary Monica, who died five years before I was born. Few things here seem to be measured by the same rationality and practicality as the rest of the world. Or at least the one I'm used to. A life that is barely lived, accomplishing nothing save just "being," is, well, "full of the angels of God."

### *The congregation at Red Shirt is usually made up of five or six kids from Mary Fast Wolf's family ...*

I am learning to appreciate the way things are measured here. A few weeks ago, on the third Sunday of the month, I was scheduled for the monthly Mass in No Water. The Third Sunday in Ordinary Time, though, is not quite the same draw as Christmas Eve. Present at Mass were one celebrant (yours truly), Sister Connie and Steve Hawk, the caretaker of the church building, there to start the fire in the wood-burning stove.

A sensible return on an investment? After all, a homily needed to be prepared,

the van, once it was filled with music books, vestments, bread, wine, water (No Water, except for the trees, remember?) chalice and paten, altar linens, priest and pastoral coordinator needed to be driven the 15 miles or so to the church, and then unloaded into the old building, which was not freezing thanks to the early arrival of the entire congregation, Steve Hawk.

Part of me may wish for a "vibrant community of faith gathering in fellowship as a prophetic witness of transformation on the Reservation." The rest of me realizes that on this Third Sunday in Ordinary Time, Mass starts at 11:30 a.m. and the NFL playoffs start at 1 p.m.

A sensible return on an investment of time and liturgical resources? Perhaps not, but it was a beautiful morning, with the sun beaming in through 100-year-old windows onto peeling paint, dusty benches and statues of the Sacred Heart and Mary that, if they were anywhere else, would have been retired years ago. But, chipped and dusty as they may be, Jesus and Mary are still there, silent witnesses to a century of prayers lifted to the heavens from those same old empty benches and now absent hearts. But the bread and

wine were real. And became Real. When I was in Theology studies, it was hard to keep up with the latest correct terminology: Was I there to learn how to celebrate the Eucharist or how to preside at the Liturgy or how to lead a worshipping community? On the Third Sunday of Ordinary Time, I did what had happened in that sacred, dusty place for a century: I just "said Mass." For all God's souls in No Water, "wherever they may be."

The situation at St. Bernard's in Red Shirt Table is much the same. Many of the smaller communities on the Reservation are facing the challenge of not being able to have weekly Mass in their local church because there are not enough priests to cover all the parishes. In the absence of a priest — I'm a temporary solution — Sister Connie has been having monthly communion services at No Water and Red Shirt Table over the past couple of years. The congregation at Red Shirt is usually made up of five or six kids from Mary Fast Wolf's family and, maybe, a couple of local ranchers.

Mary Fast Wolf is another heroic figure. She has a house full of foster kids (probably a dozen or so at the moment).





Her house (actually, it's about four houses, each a different color, cobbled together in a sort of "Winchester Mystery House" kind of arrangement) is filled with room after room of toys, kids and pets. But whatever it might look like — standing in the middle of an open prairie, surrounded by wrecks of cars, animals of all sorts and junk — it offers a home to a bunch of kids who otherwise would not have one. A few weeks ago, Sister Connie was home with the flu, and I headed up to Red Shirt on my own. As I drove a beat up old van up Mary's driveway (imagine two intermittent ruts in a frozen dirt road, accented by rocks and potholes), the house came to life: Around the corner came about six dogs of assorted shapes and sizes ("breed" would somehow be too specific a term to use here), two goats and five kids going to church. Another five or so stayed home to watch TV or sleep. As the kids came running up to the van, one of them screeched to a stop and asked, "Where is Sister Connie?"

"She's home, not feeling well," I said.

"Are we still going to have Mass?" asked the young parishioner.

"Yes."

"You're going to do it *all by yourself*?"

Such is the state of parochial affairs on the Reservation.

At first, Red Shirt Table may seem like a whole lot of nothing: a vast expanse of prairie and rugged terrain, maybe about 20 or 30 houses scattered here and there, and a poorly paved BIA Route 41 cutting the landscape in two, all of which adds up for this City boy to be a "whole lot of nothing." But gathering around the altar in St. Bernard's with five or six little souls, all of them foster kids, all of whom have probably seen more heartbreak in their short lives than I'll ever know, all of them listening to the stories about Jesus and curious about the bread and wine on the table ("Don't touch!"), I am reminded that empty places are indeed filled with the angels of God.

## "If you want to stop, don't use your brakes."

I'm not used to driving on snow or ice; the freeways of LA have their own unique challenges. But I have only been driven into one ditch so far. On Dec. 29, I drove from Oglala to Manderson for a funeral during the first serious snowfall of the season. As the crow flies, Manderson is about ten miles east of Oglala, but driving, it is about 30 miles away. Accompanying me was my mentor and friend, George Looks Twice, a 72-year-old elder in the Our Lady of the Sioux community. While he now lives in Oglala, he is originally from Manderson, the home of the great Lakota Holy Man (and George's grandfather) Black Elk.

did a gentle slide into the ditch on the right side of the road. No harm, no foul. Several cars stopped to ask if we needed help, and in about half an hour, two Lakota workers from the Mission drove out in a 4 x 4 truck and pulled us back onto the road. Once we were on our way again, George gently cautioned me, "If you want to stop, don't use the brakes."

"If you want to stop, don't use the brakes": an improbable contradiction for this veteran of LA freeways.<sup>4</sup> But this place echoes with contradictions: To get to Manderson, you have to drive through Wounded Knee. That very day, Dec. 29, was the 116th anniversary of the massacre that took place there in 1890 when the U.S. 7th Cavalry (George Custer's old unit) opened fire on 300 or so Indians, mostly women and children. Every year,



*In Fr. O'Neill's studio in his room, he painted the headstone cross for Nellie Two Bulls. "I was asked to paint Nellie's name on this cross. Sometimes, if a family can afford it, a stone monument is purchased by the family. Usually, this is what you see in the cemeteries."*

George has taken me under his wing to help me understand some of the customs and traditions here, especially those having to do with funerals. One of George's longtime buddies had died on Dec. 29, and I was doing the funeral because the pastor at St. Agnes in Manderson was out of town. We had just left the parking lot in Oglala and were headed east on Highway 18 as a snowplow made its way towards us. I instinctively hit the brakes to slow down to let it pass. Well, on ice one does *not* use the brakes. We

the event is commemorated by dozens, if not hundreds, of horse riders who retrace the route taken by the Indians who were seeking refuge on Pine Ridge Reservation that winter day 116 years ago.

How the massacre began is uncertain, but what is certain is that the fleeing Lakota were no match for the Army's artillery. People say that after that day, some part of the Lakota's dream of returning to the "old ways" was broken forever and buried in the frozen blood of Wounded Knee. It remains a sacred and strangely





beautiful place. In any event, George and I passed the site on our way to the funeral. George grew up in the area, and his grandfather had witnessed the tragedy as a young man. George was filling me in on some of the details and pointing out sites (as I was gripping the steering wheel, simply trying to avoid another encounter with a ditch and burying my car at Wounded Knee).

The funeral in Manderson was for a 64-year-old Navy veteran. A dozen or so members of the Reservation American Legion, including George, were there to offer a military tribute: a roll call, where the deceased name is called after those of all the vets assembled, and when he does not answer, “Present, sir,” one of the veteran members solemnly announces that “he has gone to the great commander above.” Very, very moving. Taps, rifle salute, flag draped casket, the whole thing less than 10 miles from Wounded Knee. I picked up a couple of the shell casings from the rifle salute: symbols of contradiction. Same people. Same military. Same country.

Life is real here. And complicated. And confusing. And powerful. And beautiful.

So, I’m the missionary who is part of the white man’s world that has changed forever the Lakota’s way of being, and my horse has gone lame in a ditch. What do you do? You stop and help. You’re a Lakota and 116 years ago the U.S. Army slaughtered your ancestors. What do you do? Fold the flag reverently, play taps, salute your comrade and offer a rifle salute. The sharp crack of rifle fire reverberating down through the snow-covered hills and 116 years of memories.

## Heartache, shovels & spiritual guidance from buffalo

**D**eath is close by. Just beneath the surface and around the corner. In my first ten weeks, I was part of over a dozen funerals. Life is real here. And so is death. Wakes usually last two, and sometimes three days and involve meals, music (of an absolutely unique variety: Lakota Country Gospel), prayers

(both traditional Catholic and traditional Lakota), lots of extended family, stoic resilience and deep, powerful emotion.

I find little to soften the stark reality of death: After the funeral Mass, the casket is carried outside the parish hall (the usual site of the services, since the churches are usually too small to hold all those who attend) and gently placed in the bed of a pick-up truck. Often, the six pallbearers (or as they are called here, “pall-buriers”) sit flanking the body, three on either side. Then, we drive to the cemetery.

When I first arrived here, I was asked by one of the other priests if I had “a bag with the straps, hammer and nails” in the trunk of my car. I did not. I soon found out why I needed them. The straps are to lower the casket into the ground. The hammer and nails are to seal the wooden lid onto the pine box that holds the casket in the earth. There are no plaster angels or piped-in music here.

With the family standing around an open hole in the ground, I read the Rite of Committal, the final prayers of the Church for the deceased. Then, maybe after a chanted prayer by a Lakota holy man, the body is lowered into the earth and then the grave is filled with the same soil that has been home to the Lakota for generations, all done by hand, with shovels and in silence, and, in these last months, in the bitter cold as well.

The final sounds and sights that someone has of their loved one is of the soft but final *thud, thud, thud* of earth falling onto wood and the silent, loving labor of brothers, uncles, nephews, sons and grandsons whose shovels slowly fill the wound in the ground but not the one that remains in their hearts.

Death is final. So are the rituals that carry us through it. Still, the reason I am there at those stark, hillside cemeteries — and, more importantly, the reason *they are there* — is because we all believe that there is something more: the bosom of Abraham and the spirits of the Grandfathers that beckon us home.

Life is sacred here and fragile. The birth rate on the Reservation is higher than the national average. That’s the good

news. The heartbreak is that infant mortality is five times the national average. Life expectancy for a male is 47 years; for a woman it is in the low 50s. Diabetes is chronic. So is alcoholism.

Last week, at a wake service for an elderly lady, a nephew of the deceased came up and sat down next to me. He was probably in his late 20s, and he was drunk. It was time for one of those moments of non-sacramental confession, a Budweiser-induced request made to Father about everything from God’s existence and forgiveness to eternal life and the possibility of a few bucks for gas money or a ride home.

He was the father of four girls, and the first tears came when he told me of his sadness over the recent death of Fr. Bill Pauly, S.J. Bill was a beloved pastor here for nearly 20 years, who died suddenly of a heart attack while on sabbatical in Chicago. “He helped me bury my wife,” my new friend sobbed. Then, after disappearing for 20 minutes or so, he returned to sit next to me again. “My father made me promise to always take care of my kids. I do, Father, I really do. My father, he had drinking bad. He died in White Clay, Nebraska.<sup>5</sup> I love my kids.”

As I was leaving, he told me he’d catch a ride with someone else. As I pulled out of the parking lot, I saw him sort of crossing the street, headed south, in the general direction of Nebraska.

My own pilgrimage through life has sometimes led me down similar broken roads, so I’ll not categorize this fellow, as we Jesuits love to do from our lofty perches, as “one of the marginalized,” but simply as what he is: a fellow traveler, a pilgrim seeking his way in a beautiful, but often broken world. And the hardest lesson of all is that we cannot walk the path alone.

One of the things that dawned on me during my 30-day Long Retreat is how casually I’ve sometimes taken prayer in my life. I have a deeply rooted tendency to want to be a “lone wolf,” to think that I can solve life on my own, all by myself. Not so. Not here.

A few weeks after I got here, I stopped by the trailer of a woman whose



husband, Lyle Brings Him Back, had recently died after a long battle with cancer. After walking up to her trailer and being sniffed by a dog of some sort, I chatted briefly with “Ollie” Brings Him Back. I said that I would keep her in my prayers. “Father, prayer is the only thing I have right now,” she said. Amen. A lesson this priest needs to keep learning.

I was not at Lyle’s funeral, but a few days later, I was visiting some neighbors who had attended. Evidently, as the funeral procession made its way to the military cemetery in Sturgis, S.D., all the buffalo, which ordinarily are scattered over the countryside, were lined up at the fence along the side of the road, an honor-guard for Lyle, who was an Army vet and then a tribal policeman for years. After being here for just for a few months, I am not about to suggest that it was merely a coincidence. There is just way too much that is too powerful and too real here for me to presume to know anything.

## Final thoughts

A thousand years ago, another group of travelers journeyed a great distance to live among a people they did not know. The legend tells of Prince Vladimir of Kiev who was seeking a new religion for himself and for his people. He sent out emissaries around the world to find what they might find. Word came back from the great Byzantine city of Constantinople. The prince’s envoys had entered the great Church of *Hagia Sophia* and were transfixed by the beauty of the mosaics, the burning oil lanterns and the icons of Christ, Mary and the Saints.

“We knew not whether we were in Heaven or on Earth,” the emissaries told the prince. “For surely there is no such splendor or beauty anywhere upon Earth, and we are at a loss how to describe it; we only know that God dwells there among men.”

Beauty. It is sometimes broken into pieces; it is in midnight lanterns filled with oil, and it is in the face of God shining through Minerva and her grandchildren;



*Jesse Bear Robe, a parishioner at Our Lady of the Sioux, with her favorite saint, the Little Flower.*

George and his grandfather; and Mary with her kids, dogs and goats. After just three short months on the snow-covered, barren, broken-hearted and beautiful Pine Ridge Reservation, I have learned much. I know there is much more to learn. For now, I am sure of only this: God dwells here among His people. ❖

*If you are interested in supporting the work of the Jesuits at Red Cloud Indian School, go to [www.redcloudschool.org](http://www.redcloudschool.org) for more information.*

## Notes

1. Technically, the “Third Probation” of a Jesuit’s formation — the first being Postulancy, which is immediately prior to, or just after formally entering the Society, the second being the two-year Novitiate, and the third and final probation, being Tertianship. Usually occurring 5 to 10 years after ordination. (I’m a bit tardy; I’ve been ordained 16 years.) Tertianship is a year of study, prayer and ministry. The two primary elements of Tertianship

are the Long Retreat (the 30-day Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius Loyola) and an extended period of ministry in a place that will foster growth and renewal. I asked to come to South Dakota.

2. The first Jesuits actually arrived in 1887, when construction of the school began. The school opened in 1888.

3. In 2006, six of Red Cloud High School’s graduates received Gates Millennium Scholarships — the most in the Nation.

4. I later heard George speaking in Lakota to some of his buddies once we arrived in Manderson. All I could make out amidst the unintelligible but beautiful conversation were the words, “California driver.”

5. White Clay, Nebraska, population 14, is two miles away from Pine Ridge. It is estimated that the stores in that tiny town just over the State-line sell \$4 million worth of beer every year to the residents of the Reservation.

*The author in front of a star quilt that was a gift from a family after he presided at a funeral.*







*The skin boat used wind when available; with oars alone, it traveled at 8 km/hour in Don Dana's attempt to show that people who came to the New World could have traveled overseas. Photo by Don Dana.*

## Sailing in the Wake of History

BY BETH ASHLEY

**D**on Dana '65 of Tiburon is a banker by profession but, if he had his druthers, he'd be an archaeologist.

Dana, 58, an executive vice president with Wells Fargo Bank, has just returned from an expedition in Siberia, traveling by "skin boat" up the east coast of Russia, trying to prove that ancient tribes could have migrated from Russia to Alaska across the Bering Strait by boat.

The trip, in a 30-foot, single-sail umiak made from walrus hides, lasted

*Dana knew that building an ice-age-type boat would involve available materials — animal skins & wood*

four days. Bad weather, swelling seas and a perilous landscape forced the adventurers to turn back short of the 60-mile row to Alaska. But Dana hopes the Russian government will give him permission to complete the trip next year.

Dana accompanied the expedition in a motorized aluminum "safety" boat, allowing him to observe how the skin boat and its native crew progressed.

When one of two motors on the safety boat failed, the expedition turned back rather than attempt to round the perilous Cape Dezhnev, the last obstacle before the straight shot to Alaska.

Dana is satisfied with what his first try accomplished.

"I'm amazed at what we did because everyone told me it was impossible."

The expedition to Siberia is not his first look at stone-age cultures.

He made contact with the Hadza tribe in Tanzania five years ago, where elders taught him to hunt game with bows and arrows. "I didn't hit anything," he says, because shooting an African bow required strength most unpracticed westerners do not have. But he lived among the tribesmen in their straw and twig huts and learned how to track game, "moving in and out of trees without making a silhouette."

On other occasions, beginning in 1998, he joined scientific expeditions to explore Mayan ruins in northern Guatemala, Neanderthal hunting caves in eastern Spain, and a 2,000-year-old game-butcher site in Tanzania. He helped to excavate and gather data.

"I have a boss, Howard Atkins, who is very tolerant and supportive of my outside interests," he says. "Wells Fargo has always allowed me the time."

Dana also serves on the board of the Louis B. Leakey Foundation in San Francisco, chairing its grants committee. "I have been to Africa many times."

The Siberia trip was prompted by a symposium at the California Academy of Sciences seven years ago, discussing the earliest human arrivals in America.

"It was clear that they came from Asia, but it was not clear how they got there. The leading theory was that people walked across a land bridge from Russia to Alaska, but that didn't make sense to me," Dana says.

Early humans had arrived in Austra-



lia 30,000 years ago, “and they had to have taken a boat. From there, it was not hard to theorize that boats had brought humans to America.”

Nina Jablonski, who served as curator of anthropology at the California Academy of Sciences until last week, says Dana’s voyage will prove that migration by skin boat “could have been done. He is trying to reconstruct the ancient voyages that were undertaken by homo sapiens trying to colonize the New World at the end of the last ice age.

“Dana is one of the first non-indigenous people to undertake any such journey as this.”

While a land bridge of tundra and ice existed between Siberia and Alaska at that time, and human travelers probably used it, the land bridge disappeared as sea levels rose.

Dana knew that building an ice-age-type boat would involve available materials — animal skins and wood. No metal. No nails.

He went to Alaska several times, looking for potential boat-builders. In 2002, he began looking in Russia for people who would not only build a boat but crew it.

“I kept going north.” He met with the Yupik peoples, who were excellent hunters and mariners, “but had no project management skills. If a certain day was a good day to hunt, everyone just went hunting.”

A bit farther north he contacted the Chukchi people, traditional reindeer herders. Their way of life required a lot of management, herding the animals, feeding and slaughtering them.

The Chukchis said they could build a boat “and I absolutely believed them.”

On one of his trips to Siberia, he was accompanied by his family: wife Jeanne, daughters Danielle and Natalie ’02 and son Paul ’01.

He has nothing but praise for Jeanne, who is “a very patient, wonderfully supportive wife. Because I have always followed my interests, I think she knows I have to do this.”

Dana had wanted to be an anthropologist as a young man, but studied

business and law, knowing he would someday have to support his grandmother, who raised him after the death of his mother. His interest in anthropology did not abate.

Jeanne says she will never go back to Siberia. “It’s desolate and cold; there’s no animal life, very little plant life and not much else. I will never go back, but it’s what he wants to do, I’ll support him. That’s what we do in a marriage — support each other.”

In 2004, Dana struck a deal with the Chukchis of the Lorino Farm Cooperative to build his boat. By 2005, the frame was built. This summer, Dana returned for the main voyage.

The crew, a captain and six oarsmen, chose to name the boat Beluga, a local marine mammal. The boat is fashioned from the skins of two walruses, female because skins of the more aggressive males are often weakened by scars and holes.

“The (driftwood) frame is entirely held together by hand-knotted straps from the skin of bearded seals. These straps act as shock absorbers, (which) allow for remarkable flexibility, and allow for the entire frame to be retightened during a long voyage.”

At 30 feet in length, the boat is designed to hold a family and all the gear it might take.

After four days of last-minute repairs and an experimental run, the expedition took off on July 31.

The men and crews spent one night in an abandoned Chukchi village, where they made overnight repairs to the Beluga’s rudder and mast. The next morning, they launched again, heading north, “but the seas were too rough, the Beluga’s rudder actually broke, and the second motor for the safety boat failed, so we diverted to Nunyama,” Dana wrote in his log of the trip.

On Aug. 2, the boats arrived at Camp 3 in the village of Puoten. “Along the way, we discovered an ancient coastal settlement site which was not on any map. Two of the dwellings were exposed by erosion. It appears that the people must have lived underground in homes

made of whale bones.”

At the camps, the explorers ate a walrus they had harpooned en route.

By Aug. 3, expedition leaders decided to call it quits after a motor failed on the safety boat. Ahead was Cape Dezhnev, guarding “one of the most dangerous waterways in the world.

“Fortunately, we had already accomplished more than I had expected. The voyage to the first three camps had already provided valuable information on the capabilities and limitations of skinboat travel under Arctic conditions. We were disappointed, but we knew it would be foolish to continue.”

They had traveled approximately 100 kilometers.

The boats returned to Lorino Aug. 4 and, by Aug. 7, Dana was in the city of Provideniya waiting for a flight home via Nome.



With the first voyage behind him, Dana concedes that it was frightening at times; the Arctic waters are “very treacherous, the weather is unpredictable, and the coastline is merciless. If you fell in the water, you couldn’t live more than 15 minutes. “None of us in Marin County would survive more than a couple of days in the Arctic, where a small mistake can mean your life.”

Being part of the expedition was a privilege, he said. “No one had ever been there before. We were all explorers.” ❖

*Mary Beth Ashley is a reporter for the Marin Independent Journal. © 2006 Marin Independent Journal. Reprinted by permission.*

*The 2006 expedition team by their boat with Don Dana at the far right.*





# Following Teilhard's Lead

*Jim O'Connell was in Hazda country south of Eyasi in Tanzania in 1986. Pictured here, he is about to leave camp with a Hadza hunter on a "focal-person follow." The hunter (Magan-dula) is dressed in traditional Hadza style, except for the cloth (rather than leather) kilt. He carries two knives (not visible in the photo), an axe (right hand), a bow and several arrows, some poisoned (left hand).*



**BY JIM O'CONNELL '61**

*In recognition of his work as an archaeologist and ethnographer, Jim O'Connell '61 was recently elected to both the Australian Academy of the Humanities and the U.S. National Academy of Sciences. He sent this piece in response to a request from Genesis V to write about his work and his passion for archeology.*

**M**y interest in archeology dates to the fifth grade at St. Anne's School. Flipping through a volume on "ancient man" in the school library, I came across a fanciful drawing of spear-wielding savages chasing a mammoth off a cliff. It made me wonder what it was like to be prehistoric.

A chance to pursue this interest came in the summer after my freshman year at SI, when a relative on the University of Washington faculty agreed to let me attend his archaeological field school on the Columbia River, east of Yakima. I spent two seasons there, learning basic survey and excavation techniques. Over the next five years, I parlayed that experience into summer jobs in various parts of the western U.S. and Alaska, working on sites as

diverse as 19th Century Army posts and 8,000-year-old Eskimo fishing villages. By the time I graduated from SI, I was certain I wanted to be a professional archaeologist.

I attended USF for two years and then transferred to UC Berkeley, where I completed bachelor's, master's and doctoral degrees. Since leaving the Bay Area, I've held research and teaching positions at UC Riverside, the Australian National University and the University of Utah, my academic home for most of the last 30 years. I've continued to pursue research in western North America, but have also conducted multi-year projects in East Africa and Australia.

I was elected to the two academies on the basis of my work on three broad topics. One of these is the pre-European archeology of Greater Australia. This region was first occupied about 45,000 years ago, probably as part of the same wave of migration out of Africa that also resulted in the displacement of Neanderthals by anatomically modern humans in Europe and, at a later date, the Native American colonization of the Americas.

The early Australian record is of special interest in that it displays the same general pattern of economic and social development seen in other parts of the world over the last 40 millennia, yet differs from those other records in key details. Accounting for the similarities and differences contributes to an understanding of the general ecological and evolutionary processes involved. My Australian colleagues Jim Allen, Peter White and I have written and edited several books and articles on this topic.

My second area of interest lies in the ecology of modern foragers, people who make their living by hunting and gathering, with little or no reliance on domesticated plants and animals. I've carried out two long-term projects with such groups, one with Alyawarra-speaking Aborigines in central Australia, the other with the Hadza of northern Tanzania. My col-

laborators on the latter were Nic Blurton Jones of UCLA and my long-time Utah colleague and fellow U.S. National Academy member Kristen Hawkes.

Both projects involved living with relatively small numbers of people for many months, making detailed observations on time allocation, food acquisition and processing, the manufacture and maintenance of traditional tools and the spatial organization of activities at base camps.

The Hadza project entailed the additional challenge of operating almost entirely on foot in rough terrain with highly mobile study groups, far from logistical support and medical backup. Both projects have helped identify the main determinants of food choice among modern foragers, including those factors that account for the broad differences commonly noted between men's and women's hunting and collecting strategies. The results have also contributed to the explanation of important developments in human evolutionary history, particularly 1) the changes in diet, body size and life history characteristics associated with the emergence of genus *Homo* roughly 2 million years ago and 2) the diversification of hunter-gatherer economies over the last 50,000 years, the latter involving a set of evolutionary transitions that ultimately resulted in the invention of agriculture.

My third research interest is in the factors that affect the relationship between patterns in hunter-gatherer behavior and their expression in the archaeological record, a linkage that is often surprisingly complex, yet essential to understand if the material evidence of past human experience is to be interpreted properly. The Alyawarra and Hadza projects both entailed research on this issue, with special attention to the factors that affect the collection, processing and transport of food resources and the resulting distribution of various kinds of food-related refuse between and within archaeological sites. The results have influenced ideas about



the spatial scales at which archaeological excavations should be conducted. They have also contributed to a better understanding of the behavioral significance of differences in the proportions of animal body parts found in early human archaeological sites.

Looking back on this work, it's hard to imagine having had a better, more fortunate professional career, one that I hope continues for at least a few more years. As an SI graduate, it's also interesting to note the degree to which some of its concerns parallel those of the great Jesuit paleontologist and student of human evolution, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, whose *The Phenomenon of Man* I read as a high school senior. I'm not sure Teilhard himself would accept that comparison, but I do think he'd agree that my four years at 222 Stanyan, the tutelage I received from men like John Becker, S.J., Fred Tollini, S.J., and John Seidler, S.J. (among many others), and the competition and comradeship I enjoyed from my classmates have all suited me well for the road I've traveled. I've always been very grateful for those experiences and am happy that the honors I've recently been accorded reflect well on the institution that gave me so much.

**Q** Dr. O'Connell, what do you most enjoy about what you do professionally?

**A** I value the sense of discovery associated with research. I offer two examples.

My senior thesis at Berkeley involved plotting radiocarbon dates for a certain type of artifact, the goal being to determine whether its temporal distribution was constrained — that is to say, whether it could serve as a time marker. If so, it would have been an important finding for archaeologists working in the Great Basin, where the vast majority of prehistoric sites can't be dated by any other means. I looked at the relatively small number of sites then known that could be dated by radiocarbon, found that the artifact type in question occurred in some of them, and was in fact made and used only dur-



*in Hazda country in 1986, O'Connell had just recorded the initial cut-up at a zebra kill with his partner and was helping to carry parts back to camp. "I've got a partially defleshed zebra pelvis on my shoulder; the young teenage boy standing to my right has a segment of hide. Like most boys of that age, he was 'armed and dangerous' and made sure I didn't get lost on the way back to camp."*

ing a narrow time period. It was reasonable to infer that any other site where the type was found dated to that same time period. Archaeologists working in the Basin have made use of this "dating tool" ever since.

The second, more recent example: Kristen Hawkes, Nic Blurton Jones and I combined what we'd learned about Hadza women's foraging and food sharing practices with former Utah biologist Ric Charnov's work on "life history" theory to develop an explanation for the changes in age at maturity and absolute life expectancy associated with evolution of genus *Homo*. Our argument runs counter to the conventional view that improvements in ancestral men's big game hunting abilities were key to the origin of *Homo*. Instead, it makes changes in women's, especially senior women's, behavior the driving force. That's the reason it's sometimes called the "grandmother" hypothesis. I like the argument because it is novel and also testable. We can tell whether we're right (or at least working in the right direction) by reference to the fossil and archaeological records. It's not yet clear whether we are on the right track, but that will be known in the not-too-distant future. In any case, doing the work needed to pull the argument together was very rewarding.

**Q** What is one memorable experience you have had in the field?

**A** One that always comes to mind involves the senior Alyawarra man who served as my cultural mentor while I was working in central Australia. Custom dictates that

I not refer to him by name because he has since passed away.

At the time I knew him, he was a clan leader, widely respected in the region because of his good judgment and steady demeanor. He was born in 1910 (the date known because of the passage of Halley's Comet) and raised in a community of full-time traditional hunters who were still using stone tools as recently as World War II.

By the time I met him, he had traveled for decades through the Central and Simpson Deserts, spoke four languages, worked as a stockman (cowboy) and, along with his wife of more than 40 years, had raised five children. After observing me at a distance after I entered the community, he quietly but unambiguously assumed the role of surrogate father. We hunted together often, made a large collection of traditionally useful plants for identification by botanists in Alice Springs and carried out a wide-ranging archaeological survey that later formed the basis for a claim to ancestral lands that was recognized under Australian law. Perhaps most important, he acted as my sponsor in the community of senior men and introduced me to aspects of ritual life that outsiders rarely hear about, let alone experience directly. As a result of his influence, I'm a better archaeologist than I would have been otherwise, and perhaps a better person, too. ❖



*Jim O'Connell in 2005*





# The Case For Remaining in Iraq

BY MAJ. JAMES FARRELL, U.S.A '86

*Maj. Farrell is a Test Officer serving with Operational Test Command, based at Fort Hood, Texas. He served in Iraq from June, 24, 2005, to Dec. 3, 2005. The opinions in this article are those of the writer and do not reflect the views of the United States Army or the United States Army Operational Test Command.*

*“A note on capitalization: ‘Soldier’ is capitalized because the Soldier is the most important component in the Army. It is now policy to capitalize Soldier in everything we write.” — JF*

The 107mm rocket flew silently over our heads and crashed into a large concrete wall. It did not detonate. In fact, the first knowledge I had of the near miss was when the explosive ordinance disposal people set a charge near it and exploded it four hours later. This is daily life in Iraq.

In 2000, I returned from a peace-keeping mission in Bosnia and wrote of my experiences for *Genesis IV*. Now, I write about a combat mission to Iraq for *Genesis V*. How times change, from the name of my alumni magazine to the very shape of the world and the issues we as Americans face.

*“I was surprised with the maturity and professionalism of even the most junior Soldier.” — Maj. Farrell*

My job in Bosnia was to talk to ordinary people from all walks of life and to assess the degree to which the Dayton Accords were working. My job in Iraq also involved talking to people, almost exclusively Soldiers, about new technologies they use or would like. The interactions I enjoyed and the calm knowledge of the quality of the work being done by U.S. Soldiers made my Iraqi tour one of my most rewarding as an American, as a Soldier and as a Christian.



## Living in a can: Life in Mosul

I was stationed in Mosul with the Stryker Brigade, which is equipped with the Army’s newest combat vehicle. The Stryker has eight wheels and light armor, augmented with slat armor (glorified chicken wire designed to defeat rocket-propelled grenades). It is not a tank or a Bradley infantry fighting vehicle but has more armor than a truck. It can cruise at 70 mph and carry a full squad of nine. The Stryker is used differently from a Bradley because it is a troop carrier first and a fighting platform second. Soldiers who understand the Stryker best refer to it as a truck although it does not look like a truck. While I was there, the Stryker Brigade changed from the 1st Brigade of the 25th Infantry Division Stryker Brigade Combat Team (SBCT) to the 172nd SBCT from Alaska, so I experienced people from two very different organizations.

Mosul, with its 1 million inhabitants, is the largest city in northern Iraq and the capital of the Nineveh Province. The ruins of the ancient city of Nineveh, where Jonah preached repentance to the Ninevites, are in a smaller district in the Mosul

*The author interviewed a doctor in the aid station about the equipment he uses. “The doctor made great recommendations for improvements. We talked to everyone — commanders, infantrymen, scouts, medics and anyone else we could — to get feedback on equipment Soldiers have or need.”*

city limits. A giant mosque dedicated to Jonah, who is rumored to be buried there, stands near those ruins. I lived at Forward Operating Base (FOB) Courage, where the Stryker Brigade was headquartered. I conducted interviews with Soldiers there and at FOB Marez and FOB Diamondback, both in Mosul, and at FOB Q West, about 70 km south.

I lived in a containerized housing unit (CHU), or “can,” which is essentially a trailer on blocks the dimensions of a 20-foot cargo container. It has a heater and air conditioner unit, a bed and a closet. Sandbags are piled around it to the height of about five feet. The units with bathrooms and showers were close for me, only about 60 steps away. People commonly make their cans homier by adding small refrigerators, chairs, bookshelves or TVs with DVD players. The biggest perk for being a Major in Mosul was your own room. In Baghdad, one must be a Lieutenant Colonel to get private space.



### *The new American Soldier*

I was surprised by the maturity and professionalism of even the most junior Soldier. We, as American citizens, expect so much more from our Soldiers than we did even a few years ago. Then, only Special Forces and Civil Affairs Soldiers were truly involved in teaching democracy to people recently enslaved.

Now, all Soldiers essentially have to be ready to answer questions of social responsibility, citizenship, civilian authority over the military and democracy posed by local Iraqi people. Very junior Soldiers are now empowered with tools and technology the complexity and delicacy of which was unimagined until recently. When I started in the Army, everything in a military vehicle was durable enough to be struck with a ball-peen hammer without making a dent. Now, Strykers and every other vehicle have very expensive and fairly delicate touch screens and computers positively festooned about them. Soldiers use that technology to decide matters of life and death in a second.

The Soldiers in Iraq are making those decisions on an almost daily basis. Senior managers at major corporations (and generals in some foreign nations) would have difficulty making these sorts of decisions. More authority and responsibility are delegated to a lower level in the U.S. Army than ever before. Soldiers use cutting edge technologies to show them where they are and where their friends are nearly instantaneously. The mantra is “see first, understand first, act first and finish decisively.”

This does not mean that all decisions are good decisions. We all hear of abuses. We just seldom hear of the successes. That is because the successes are logarithmically more numerous than the failures. Also, the successes and victories are neither flashy nor flamboyant, while the failures and abuses are egregious.

I was surprised by reactions and misperceptions of people at home in San Francisco regarding Soldiers. The most common reaction was, “Thank God my parents had money to send me to private school and give me opportunities, or I could have ended up having to go to

Iraq.” One misperception is that Soldiers in this first part of the 21st Century come from poor, underprivileged backgrounds. In fact, the percentage of military recruits from the lowest rungs of the socio-economic ladder has been shrinking over the last several years, while the number of recruits from middle-class or wealthy backgrounds is rising.

People also believe that the Army recruits from the inner cities. In fact, urban Soldiers are underrepresented when compared to rural and suburban Soldiers. Aside from this, the demographics of the Army mirror the demographics of American society, except in education, where 75 percent of the U.S. population have high school diplomas versus 90 percent in the military population. (See [www.usarec.mil](http://www.usarec.mil).)

The older soldiers surprised me. One medic I met had served as a high school science teacher and felt the call to join the Army after Sept. 11. He said that his weirdest experiences were those times when he returned home on leave and saw his former students also serving the military, sometimes at a higher rank.

*A typical small village, located a few miles from the Tigris.*





*The author prepares to board the helicopter back to FOB Courage from FOB Q West, about a 30-minute flight. "Any time we left the FOBs, we needed to wear armor (the vest) and helmet."*

Anyone seeing U.S. Soldiers up close in Iraq and analyzing how they behave and perform cannot help being impressed. The Soldiers there represent many ages and economic backgrounds, certainly not exclusively or even mostly the "young poor," as described by some newspaper accounts I have read since returning. Most of the younger people I saw looked like my classmates from my years at SI.

### *Problems teaching freedom*

**T**he Soldiers in Iraq are spreading the concepts of democracy and a military controlled by civilian authority. These are alien concepts in Iraq. Some Soldiers run into problems with translation.

A Civil Affairs captain was working with a town council to determine how to raise funds to provide better public services. In the Saddam era, taxes raised went straight to Baghdad. No money or resources returned from Baghdad. Local governments relied upon what we would call corruption and pocket-lining. As Iraq attempts to build a democracy and working government, it struggles with a lack of revenue for government services, which can only come from an employed populace. (This means more foreign investment and micro-loans into Iraq to provide business opportunities and gainful employment.)

The captain brainstormed with the council on ways to raise revenue; she fi-

nally suggested charging for parking. In an area where everything more than 1 mile from the Tigris River is open desert, this seemed somewhat unrealistic. She then suggested charging for basic services, like power, water and sewage. In Saddam's socialist government, the people were not charged for any services, and consequently those services had crumbled from neglect and overuse. The council grew bewildered and then angry. "What do you know of paying for services?" they challenged. "You come from a free country where everything is free!" Obviously, the nuances of "free" had somehow been lost in translation. She explained that she paid not only taxes but also rent, utilities, student and car loans and groceries. When she shared her personal financial position, the Iraqis were amazed, as they had assumed that everyone in the U.S. was rich and that freedom meant Americans didn't pay for anything. Isn't that how it looks on satellite TV (which is almost ubiquitous in the Third World)? *Baywatch*, they are learning, is not an accurate depiction of the life in the U.S.

### *Samir*

**O**n a trip to Q West to talk to Soldiers about a new system, I was invited to interview them while out on a daily patrol. The mission was to go to a town and support a meeting between international police advisors and local Iraqi police and civil authorities. The town was adjacent to Hatra, ancient ruins

of a city known for its Roman, Parthian and Hellenistic architecture. Saddam Hussein used the underground chambers to store weapons and explosives. It is also famous as the location of certain scenes in the 1973 movie *The Exorcist*.

A small horde of curious children surrounded us as we drove into town and engaged the Soldiers, who allowed one child, Samir, to sit in the vehicle. He had suffered from a cleft palette (repaired) and a malformed hip bone (partially repaired). He walked with a loping limp. His English was basic and his pronunciation was poor, but he wanted to learn more.

He begged me for some English phrases to practice. I racked my brain for something to recite that might do him some good and settled on an old *Schoolhouse Rock* episode. He repeated, "We peephole ord toform a more perfe eenion..." "The Preamble" is as good as anything for practicing English, and if any of it sticks, the civics lesson is good too.

### *Terp*

**I** did not wander around in Iraq as I was able to do in Bosnia or Kuwait or Haiti. I did not have a regular interpreter (whom we referred to as "terps") assigned to me. However, just outside the brigade headquarters sat a desk for a shift-work interpreter assigned to answer phone calls or translate whatever we might bring in that required explanation. Khalid worked the afternoon and evening shift.

A big man in his late 40s with a paunch, Khalid is a Kurd who escaped Iraq 20 years ago and lives with a wife and children in Canada, where he started and sold small businesses. He returned to Iraq for the high salary that the coalition forces pay for someone who speaks English, Arabic and Kurdish. I asked him the linguistic differences between Arabic and Kurdish, assuming in my ignorance that Kurdish was a dialect. He compared the differences to those between English and Italian. He told me that most Kurds are taught bilingually in Kurdish and English, although Arabic was the official language under Saddam.



He was very happy with the tottering early steps towards democracy. He explained that jobs and industry were critical to the success of his people and extolled the beauties and commercial advantages of doing business in Kurdish areas. (He referred to those places as Kurdistan. We were forbidden to use that term because it might inadvertently encourage Kurds to seek independence from the rest of Iraq, which was not a U.S.-supported policy at that time.)

The relationship between the U.S. and the Kurds has been spotty. In the early 1980s the U.S. promised to come to the Kurds' aid against Saddam in return for their support in a local uprising. Twice Saddam attacked Kurdish areas, once with chemical weapons of poison gas. The U.S. forsook them both times. Yet, even after the U.S. failed the Kurds twice, they still see America as a great example of a well-run and well-governed country and want an active relationship with us.

### *Most frequently asked questions*

Since my return, people ask, "Was Iraq scary?" This is a hard question. It is clearly not like 37th Avenue. Anyone going to a Third World country uses a filter that does not hide the filth, grime, poverty or danger, but inoculates you to the shock of these conditions, which become a given, a part of the background, not unnoticed, but also not glaring. Iraq was dirty and poor, but to fixate

on that doesn't allow you to appreciate the people, their culture, their history or their feelings about freedom and democracy.

"Did you see action?" Most of the "action" one never sees. It happens too fast. The questions should be, "Were you ever in danger and to what extent?" These are also hard questions, simply because you can't see behind the corner or over the wall. You never know what was planned and never executed against you (due to poor planning or equipment or luck or God's intervention). Soldiers in the base camps in Mosul were no strangers to enemy mortar attacks, although 1-25 had, through their actions, reduced the frequency of those attacks before I arrived.

I can recall three significant attacks on the FOB in addition to the dud 107 mm rocket I mentioned at the start of this piece. While I was running around the perimeter for exercise, 20 or so mortars landed on the other side of the FOB. A mortar once landed during church. And when we left FOB Courage for Kuwait and home, the neighborhood near our cans caught some mortars. Off the FOB, we came under IED attack once while out on the road and came under sustained direct rifle fire once with no injuries. We made it back safely, so the times we felt afraid are really irrelevant. Most guys — Soldiers who were out every day patrolling — had it rougher, so our experience wasn't particularly noteworthy. I am happy I am not a journalist, because it appeared the terrorists wanted to attack

near Western journalists to give them video to send home, like free marketing for the terrorists.

*"I worried that the U.S. would lose its nerve and take us home before the job was done." — Maj. Farrell*

In short, the sectarian violence in Iraq was much like the violence we saw in the Bosnian war. The combatants in both countries claimed religious causes, but really fought for power and control.

(It is false to consider Iraq a tri-culture of Sunnis, Shias and Kurds. The interrelationships are more complicated than those easy and convenient religious labels might suggest.)

The biggest fear I had in Iraq was not a mortar landing on my home or an IED or sniper or SVBIED (suicide vehicle-borne IED) wounding me en route to my next meeting. I worried that the U.S. would lose its nerve and take us home before the job was done.

Will the job get done? Might Soldiers be pulled out prematurely? I don't know. To read the news media and see the images on CNN or BBC World, Iraq was and is falling apart. Bombs daily kill hundreds. People are killed waiting in line to apply to become police officers. But I was constantly amazed at the difference in what I saw on TV and what I saw on the streets. I wonder if Congress will continue to support us over there. Which Iraq do they see — the TV images of Iraq or the reality on the ground?

*Stryker vehicles come in different variations suited for different uses. The ones here are infantry carriers, but others are used for ambulances, for reconnaissance or for engineer work.*







## No atheists in foxholes

There is a well-known adage that you'll find no atheists in foxholes. I learned the truth of this while at church early one Sunday afternoon at FOB Courage.

The singing was fantastic, the sermon dealt with salvation, and the atmosphere was electric. As the service wound down, the chaplain's assistant, who serves as aide and bodyguard for the chaplain, asked everyone to leave the chapel and go back to his or her can. We all figured that the service had run overlong.

In fact, a mortar shell had landed in the sand-volleyball court right next to the chapel but had failed to detonate. It's easy to imagine God's hand stopping the explosion. Because violence and death are potentially so close at hand, it's hard to chalk that up to dumb luck. That's why there are no atheists in foxholes.

This is not to say that faith will always keep you safe, although a reading of Psalm 91 is instructive. It does mean, however, that survival is not something left to random chance, and it is hard not to wonder if a miraculous event isn't evidence of Providence's Great Plan at work.

## Mosul's Most Wanted

The number-one-rated TV show in Iraq when I left was unofficially called Mosul's Most Wanted (MMW). Like its counterpart in the U.S., it highlighted wanted terrorists and requested citizens to phone in tips to Iraqi police.

The surprising thing was not that such a show existed but that concerned people actually called and that terrorists were captured or killed because of these tips. One might be cynical and say that this multi-ethnic and multi-tribal country would use MMW as a tool to settle old grievances. However, Iraq is more complicated than that and the various familial ties do not conform to these kinds of assumptions.

In fact, MMW showed that citizens

felt their government had enough legitimacy and credibility to risk calling in a tip. Someone who sees or suspects something is immediately at risk for retribution from terrorists. Hope existed in Iraqi hearts that stable democratic government was achievable.

## The final question

Mosul is the large city in the north of Iraq. Of the 19 provinces, it is one of four that has a Sunni Muslim majority. Therefore, it is considered one of the places where a democracy represents the most change from the Saddam Hussein status quo of patronage for Sunnis and subjugation of the Shittes and Kurds.

Mosul, or more properly the Nineveh Province, was not a calm, quiet backwater, but it did lack the international attention that Baghdad garnered. It was also not the constant shell-shocked place that the news media portrayed Iraq as. The U.S. broadcasts that I see in the states and the *BBC World* broadcasts over there are uniform in their message, but the message I heard on the ground in Iraq was vastly different.

The number of Americans killed in Iraq topped 3,000 last January, and I am struck by the cost. The U.S. lost 2,996 people on Sept. 11, almost 3,000 in a single day. It has taken four years of combat to reach that same number. By way of further comparison, the U.S. lost 19,000 soldiers in North Africa in 1942 and 1943 in one of World War II's smaller campaigns. I'm not suggesting that 3,000 U.S. fatalities is a small number, just that that number is remarkably low given the intensity of the fighting and the stakes at hand: a stable democracy in the Middle East.

At the end of this period in American history, the final question will be this: Was the U.S. able to help a totalitarian country throw off its chains and establish a democracy in the Middle East? I hope so, for the sake of Iraq and the Middle East as a whole. ❖

# An Unjust War in Iraq

BY MICHAEL SHAUGHNESSY '67

I wrote the following piece two years ago, shortly after the U.S. invasion of Iraq had clearly turned into a military occupation. The war, which had been harshly criticized by the Vatican and the U.S. Bishops (with little notice in the mainstream media), was unraveling, and the pretenses under which we had attacked were widely recognized as false.

(Keep in mind that in 1991, *La Civiltà Cattolica* — the Jesuit publication in Rome, which usually reflects Vatican thinking — published an editorial during the first Gulf War wondering whether a just war was even possible in modern times.)

Now we look to a “surge” (an Orwellian alternative to “troop build-up” or “escalation”) without asking any serious questions about the ethical demands of extricating ourselves from an unjust war.

I teach at SI because in 1970 the U.S. Bishops finally spoke out regarding the Vietnam War. They said that individual Catholic Christians needed to follow their well-informed consciences as to whether their participation in that war corresponded with the criteria of the Just War Theory. They also emphasized that no one should be allowed to graduate from a Catholic high school without familiarity with the Catholic Peace Tradition and the teachings of the Just War Theory.

I remember to this day, sitting in my class at graduate school, thinking that I had never heard of the Catholic Peace Tradition at Stanyan Street, nor had I been taught the principles of the Just War Theory. As I have told many classes over my years at the Prep, I consider this the moment when I recognized my vocation. I need to teach young women and men to follow their consciences when they decide on participation in military actions.

Both of those traditions start with



an undisputable premise: War is evil. The question is whether a particular war can be justified. The Catholic Peace Tradition (pacifism) says no to all wars. The Just War Theory holds that a series of criteria must be met before participation in (support of) a particular war can be just; an additional set of criteria limits conduct within a war.

The presumption must always be that killing our brothers and sisters is sinful. It can never be good, but it might be justified by circumstances; justifying killing is always grave.

While I know that thoughtful women and men can come to different prudential judgments regarding the U.S. decision to invade Iraq, for a long time I have felt a great need to state the argument that this war violates the Just War Theory and must be condemned as sinful.

All of the following criteria must be met before participation in and support of a war can be justified (*jus ad bellum*): Just Cause, Comparative Justice, Legitimate Authority, Right Intention, Probability of Success, Proportionality, and Last Resort. (Go to <http://www.answers.com/topic/just-war-2> for definitions of these terms.)

Questions regarding comparative justice, right intention and probability of success could lead to interesting conversations. Proportionality deserves special attention since it is both a criterion before a war and a criterion of evaluation of all behavior during a war. However, the Just War Theory offers us this challenge: All criteria must be met for the evil of war to be justified. Let me address two: Legitimate Authority and Last Resort.

President Bush, in declaring the Bush Doctrine of Preemptive War (June, 2002), claims that the U.S. can unilaterally abrogate the criterion of last resort. The Bush administration now uses theoretical threats to trump any need to claim self-defense before launching a war. This devolves to a claim of “ends justifying means,” a stance explicitly rejected by traditional Catholic moral theology. I would contend that this in and of itself makes any claim to authority illegitimate.

The Bush Administration spokes-

people continue to make reference to the United Nations resolutions condemning Iraq in an attempt to claim legitimacy for the invasion. The UN never authorized a war of invasion; the U.S. was not the legitimate authority in this matter. Before the invasion, the U.S. cited an imminent threat from Iraqi weapons of mass destruction; this claim proved false.

Nationalism (in the guise of patriotism) will often provide a rationalization for war “in defense of the homeland.” The criteria of the Just War Theory are complex and difficult specifically because war is horrible; it can never be good, but can be “justified” by circumstances. Our religious tradition challenges us to be critical and challenging when political leaders seek to rally support for war.

A Catholic Marine was just convicted of desertion because his conscientious objector claim was based on the Catholic Just War Theory rather than traditional pacifism. Another member of the military is seeking political asylum in Canada because his objection to serving in Iraq is based on traditional Church teaching.

Our government does not want to recognize the legitimacy of their right to claim conscience because these young men are not pacifists. They are attempting to use prudential judgment in a particular situation: e.g., “This war is not just; my participation in this war is not justified.” However, our government views this as a political and not as a moral stance.

Back in 1970, the U.S. bishops called for recognition of Selective Conscientious Objection on the basis of the Just War Theory. Perhaps this vestige of Vietnam is worth considering.

We are committed to helping our students form and inform their consciences in order to make just and moral decisions in a complex world. It is increasingly important that our students see that Gospel values challenge our uncritical acceptance of assumptions underlying political, economic and military truisms that are presented uncritically in our culture.

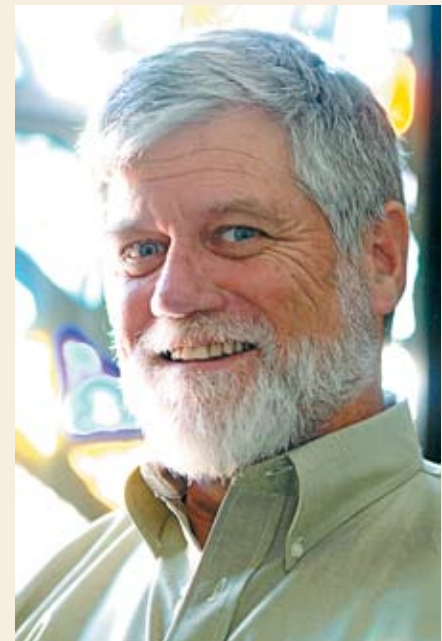
I don’t have the foreign policy expertise to specify the best way for us to extricate ourselves and minimize the damage

*For a long time I have felt a great need to state the argument that this war violates the Just War Theory and must be condemned as sinful.*

we have done, and continue to do, to the country and people of Iraq.

I do know that the U.S. needs to be less bellicose in the world, decrease the obscene expenditure on our military addiction and approach international disputes with less hubris and greater humility.

The U.S. has troops stationed in 144 countries around the globe and spends well over \$1 billion a day on the military; perhaps this is why the U.S. prefers military solutions to international problems. That we pay these costs while denying funds to address the real human rights problems facing our country and our world is an affront to the Gospel of Jesus. ❖



*Mike Shaughnessy is on the Campus Ministry team and teaches religious studies.*



# Helping to Reshape Afghanistan



*Children in the Herat Province line up outside a hospital on the first day it opened. Photo by Col. Bart Howard.*

**BY COL. BART HOWARD, USA '80**

**T**hese days, I find myself recalling skills and lessons I learned in Bill Morlock's world history class at SI. I can still remember scrutinizing the maps of the world and being fascinated with the mysterious USSR.

Twenty seven years later, I'm putting these skills, and my history degree from SCU, to good use in my role as a U.S. Army officer in the International Security Assistance Force Headquarters (ISAF) in Kabul.

After the 2001 Bonn Agreement, a United Nation's Security Council resolution established NATO-ISAF. A bold undertaking, ISAF is NATO's first mission outside Europe and a visible reminder of the international community's resolve to build a better future for Afghanistan.

Most Americans would be sur-

prised to learn that men and women from 37 different nations now participate in ISAF — an amazing level of international commitment to insure the security of Afghanistan. Up until last February, 35,000 service personnel in Afghanistan were under the command of a British four-star general with a multi-national staff, a far-from-token representation from the international community. Now, under an American commander, thousands of Dutch, Canadian, German and British forces are positioned throughout Afghanistan, and more than a thousand Polish troops will soon arrive.

It is fascinating to watch Italian forces working side-by-side with Turkish and French units. We also receive a lesson in geography and history at the dining facility, where we see a quilt of various uniforms and headdresses and hear the music of dozens of languages and

accents. When we get a cup of cappuccino, a welcomed holdover from when the Italians led ISAF, we will often pass members of the new Afghan Army or Pakistanis who serve as liaison officers.

Soldiers from the Former Yugoslavian Republic of Macedonia (FYROM) secure our compound. When we sit at a table, we may strike a conversation with a Portuguese infantry company commander, with a Lithuanian staff officer or with my old friends the Australians. (I served a year with the Australian Army, and I have made great friends with many in its ranks.)

Our command is tied together by a common purpose, by a common language (NATO uses English for all orders and communication) and by professionalism. Bringing together so many nations and finding common ground isn't easy, but it works, and we have formed a true coalition.



*“Afghans accept as legitimate the presence and commitment of NATO because they know we will help improve their lives.” — Col. Bart Howard*

Certainly enormous challenges face us in Afghanistan, and some make the mistake of seeing one event — one “frame” of the movie called Afghanistan — and think they have seen the whole picture. For an accurate analysis, they should consider the history and context of nearly 30 years of continuous warfare and destruction including the following: the Russian intervention my senior year at SI that caused the loss of so many lives, the staggering poverty, the low literacy rate, one young girl executed during half-time at a soccer game a mile from my office, the reign of the Taliban, the chaos that provided the foundation to build Al Qaeda and September 11.

They should also consider the healing encouraged by recent events, such as the Bonn Agreement, the unprecedented elections, the work of President Karzai and the recent reconstruction and development.

Visitors who have not been to Kabul since the Taliban reign of terror tell me of the dramatic changes they now see. Buildings are rising, roads are paved, stores are open, children are going to school and, yes, the kites are back. If you haven’t read *The Kite Runner* yet, put it on your must-read book list.

Afghanistan still has a long way to go, and people argue over different paths to achieve prosperity and democracy; thankfully, Afghans accept as legitimate the presence and commitment of NATO because they know we will help improve their lives.

Recent independent surveys conducted with the Afghan people show an overwhelming rejection of the Taliban and a desire for the basics: a job and a place to live without fear. ISAF, in its desire to create security and to help Afghanistan rebuild, is working to provide both these basics.

Workers can’t build a road if extremists, criminals or narco-traffickers threaten them. Once we provide security, workers can finish roads allowing truck drivers to transport goods and services. With the opportunity for bet-

ter trade, farmers have an alternative to growing poppies. As schools begin to open and a new generation of Afghans graduate, citizens have a chance to form a national identity and fight the culture of corruption.

All of this will take time. To many visitors, Afghans appear to have a different sense of time, but everyone understands that our mission is to work ourselves out of a job. A stable and secure Afghanistan will benefit the entire region and, eventually, the world.

I hope students today have the kind of world history class that I found with Mr. Morlock and that this next generation has a desire to understand the full story. I hope they have the ability to lay a map on the table and see that international boundaries don’t always make sense. (For example, the jagged 1880 border drawn between Pakistan and Afghanistan

divided members of the Pashtun tribe, a problem which continues to fester and which is at the heart of the current security problem in Afghanistan.)

ISAF, in essence, is filming the next chapter in the movie of Afghanistan; I am confident that this movie will have a happy ending. Regardless, it is exhilarating to be a part of this story, one that is nearly as old as human history itself. ❖

*Colonel Bart Howard, a San Francisco native, received a Regular Army commission in Armor from the SCU’s ROTC program in 1984 and has served in numerous command and staff positions. He has commanded every Armor unit from Platoon to Brigade. He recently served as the Chief of Staff for Combined Forces Command-Afghanistan and currently is the Military Assistant for the NATO-ISAF Commander. He is married and has a son.*



*The author met with House Speaker Nancy Pelosi during her visit to Kabul last winter. “It was a real pleasure meeting her and the other members of the delegation,” said Howard.*





## Students Address AIDS Epidemic in Honduras

**H**ere's the official count: 1.5 percent of adults in Honduras, about 61,000 people, have AIDS, as do 2,400 children.

Listen to the 11 SI students who have spent several summers working in AIDS clinics there, and you'll understand why the problem may be far greater.

Seniors Colby Chambers, Brendan Mahoney and John Stanley; juniors Alex and Mackenzie Fotsch, Alex Freedman, Nicola Beaumont, Ryan Geraghty, Sean O'Leary and Tom Mattimore — who have all worked as volunteers for the Marin-based Siempre Unidos — will tell you that the men in Honduras, as a rule, refuse to seek HIV testing.

“Companies perform random blood tests and fire anyone with AIDS,” said Chambers. “They also refuse to release test results. And few men will seek independent testing, as confidentiality just doesn't exist. People with AIDS find themselves out on the street, as their families are ashamed of them. Mothers with AIDS will still breastfeed their babies to convince people they don't have the disease.”

Given the stigma and the lack of treatment available for people with AIDS in Honduras, Drs. Denise and Elliott Main, perinatal OB/GYN physicians, started Siempre Unidos in 1995 and work with St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Belvedere to send volunteers to Central America.

Currently, the group operates AIDS clinics in San Pedro Sula, in Siguatepeque and on the island of Roatan, and the Mains hope to open a fourth soon.

When the Mains first arrived in Honduras, they asked what was most needed. “Coffins to bury the dead,” they were told. One year later, thanks to the success of the medical treatment,



*Students take a break from working to repair an AIDS clinic.*

people at the clinics started asking for jobs.

Siempre Unidos now teaches sewing and hires people for Tabita Industrial, a sewing factory that pays Fair Trade wages for the women who come to the clinics.

The factory's first order for 6,250 onesies was delivered to San Francisco's California Pacific Medical Center, and the group now makes canvas bags and computer bags as well. Profits go right back into the clinics.

In short, women come to the clinic unemployed and in poor health, and after treatment, grow stronger and healthier, learn a marketable skill, work in an air-conditioned factory and make good wages.

The SI students who have spent their summers working for Siempre Unidos have come back with stories of hope.

Mackenzie Fotsch tells of a 6-year-old boy who came with his mother every day. “She had been diagnosed with AIDS and, fortunately, started treatment before she became pregnant. After her son was born, she came every day both for treatment and to work at the clinic, making lunch for everyone. The boy would work with us, helping us dig ditches and attempting to push the large wheelbarrow. He loved hanging out with us.”

Chambers recalls a story told to him by Denise Main of a woman with AIDS who started crying after someone in the clinic hugged her. “It was the first time anyone had hugged her after she had been diagnosed with HIV,” said Chambers. “For the first time in years, she felt loved.”

The SI volunteers spent their summers doing construction work — laying

foundations, digging ditches, building partitions to give patients privacy, sanding and painting.

They also saw a level of poverty that shocked them. “After complaining about my breakfast, I saw a child with one small piece of unripe fruit,” said Freedman. “Someone told me that was all he had for breakfast, and he ate nothing else until the clinic fed him lunch.”

All the students spoke of the joy expressed by the people who came for treatment. During one celebration after the completion of the clinic at Siguatepeque, the archbishop and mayor came for the opening along with news crews. “Never had I seen so many dedicated people in one place at one time,” said Beaumont. “The speeches moved me and others to tears. And once the ceremony ended, everyone embraced and sat down to a lunch of beans, rice and tortillas in the San Juan Apóstol Church, while the children played and laughed.”

Most of the students hope to return to Honduras. “They appreciate our presence among them more than any money we might donate,” said Chambers. “You want to go back after making connections with people there.”

Jenny Girard, director of SI's Christian Service Program, praised the SI students for taking part “in a faith journey that brings them in touch with the people of Honduras. These students have returned home transformed in their understanding of the complexities of injustice throughout the world.”

If you want to learn more about Siempre Unidos, go to [www.siempreunidos.org](http://www.siempreunidos.org); to order clothing, go to [www.sempresol.org](http://www.sempresol.org). ❖

# SI Earns High Marks from WASC Team

**F**our times a year, students feel a bit on edge when SI mails report cards to parents.

Once every six years, high school administrators feel the same way.

This past March, SI received a sneak peek at the report card it will receive this summer from the Western Association of Schools and Colleges, and everyone here is smiling.

“I have been through six accreditations, and I have never seen or heard of the kind of praise the visiting team gave to SI, both in its formal report and in the personal remarks by the visiting team,” said SI President Robert Walsh, S.J.

“While our term of renewal will not be known until July, it was clear from the visiting team report that the SI community has achieved notable success and worthy recognition.”

The accreditation team — six high school administrators and one teacher from schools around the Bay Area — “went into every single class and were impressed with our students and teachers,” said Assistant Principal for Academics Kate Kodros.

“They initially met with the student leaders who bowled them over. Then they asked to speak with ‘real students.’ We

told them to fan out at lunch and talk to anyone, and they found that all students were as eloquent and as knowledgeable about the mission of the school as the student leaders.”

To win accreditation, schools write a self-study in which they evaluate their strengths and create a plan for growth. SI’s self-study, coordinated by Kodros and Director of Professional Development Paul Molinelli ’78, took two years to write and involved every one of the school’s 164 faculty, staff and administrators as well as parents, students, regents and trustees. These men and women worked in various committees to “reflect on our progress over the past six years and to chart our course for the next six,” said Kodros.

Based on findings from the self-study process, Kodros and Molinelli devised a six-point action plan to guide the school.

Visiting team members thought SI was doing so well, that they asked for one of those six areas, an evaluation of second-semester senior curriculum, to be removed.

“They didn’t see it as a big enough issue to warrant inclusion in the action plan,” said Molinelli. “I have never heard of a visiting team doing this before. Nor-



*Kate Kodros, Stanford’s Ann Rounds of the visiting team and Fr. Robert Walsh, S.J., after the reading of the WASC report.*

mally, teams ask that schools add new points to their action plans.”

Aside from this removal, the committee’s recommendations mirrored SI’s own action plan. “We were thrilled with the results,” said Kodros. “The accreditation report validates all our hard work and our sense of where we need to go to make a great school even better.”

Mark DeMarco, the chair of the visiting team and the superintendent of schools for the Diocese of Oakland, noted that his team “found our four days at SI professionally rich and personally rewarding. We experienced a community where everyone is striving to provide a Jesuit environment where quality Catholic education is a priority.” ❖

*“I have never seen or heard of the kind of praise the visiting team gave to SI ...” — Fr. Walsh*

## SI Action Plan

**O**ver the next six years, SI will be guided by the following recommendations:

**1.** Explore ways for all stakeholders to insure the realization of the school mission of creating women and men for and with others.”

*“The visiting team didn’t see any problem in this area. This is our attempt to be proactive and to insure that the people who work here and who send their children here understand*

*and embrace the mission of the school.” — Kate Kodros*

**2.** Collect and use appropriate data to assess student progress in achievement of ESLRs (Expected Schoolwide Learning Results).

*“We need to look at our data more carefully to help us make decisions about curricular and co-curricular programs.” — Paul Molinelli*

**3.** Explore and implement best practices in technology that assist students in achieving ESLRs.

*“We are looking at the possibility of providing each student with a laptop computer. We hope to provide education to faculty and students as to what a classroom with one-to-one computing looks like.” — Paul Molinelli*

**4.** Create a comprehensive student wellness program. *“We need to create a comprehensive and systematic way of addressing a variety of health issues — from drugs and alcohol to sex and eating disorders. We want to help students navigate the complex moral and ethical issues they*

*are facing right now.” — Kate Kodros*

**5.** Insure that the student body at St. Ignatius College Preparatory represents the population it serves and embraces the diversity of the Bay Area.

*“All Bay Area schools face the challenge of maintaining a diverse population that represents the ethnic and socioeconomic diversity of our region. We will look at existing and new ways to guarantee that SI lives up to its mission in this regard.” —Kate Kodros ❖*



## 'No Child Left Behind' No Cliché for Matt Balano



Matt Balano and sophomore Sam Arabian.

**M**att Balano tells the story of one junior who cruised through his freshman and sophomore years earning B's and C's without too much effort.

"Then junior year hit, and, with the increased workload, he could no longer succeed just using his natural abilities."

That young man then sought help from Balano, SI's first director of Student Support Services, a new program that opened last August.

*"Working here, I know that everyone is committed to equity and social justice." — Matt Balano*

Balano looked at the young man's planner and saw that he wasn't writing down his homework assignments. "He had no study schedule, and his backpack and binders were in complete disarray. I met with him twice each week, put him on a steady study schedule at home and helped him get organized. By the end of the semester, he had earned a 3.7 GPA."

Sometimes, Balano adds, it takes longer to help a child succeed. "Some kids have wider and deeper gaps in their basic skills, in part because of

problems they encountered in middle school or because of a lack of structure at home. By working closely with SI's committed faculty and staff, Student Support Services aims to be one more resource to help students achieve their academic potential."

Balano pairs students with tutors from CSF and with teachers, and he spends much of his time before and after school offering one-on-one help in a variety of subjects.

He also offers workshops in time-management to help students learn how to schedule their after-school time, how to mark a text as they read and how to prepare for final exams. Some coaches, especially those working with freshmen, have encouraged their teams to attend these workshops. He hopes that any student who needs a little help will seek him out in room 107.

Balano is able to help so well, perhaps, because as a youth he saw firsthand the need for schools to provide support for students and their families. One of his childhood friends suffered because schools had neither the research nor resources to diagnose learning differences.

"My neighbor was an athletic, quick-witted, sweet kid who, by age eight, was a competent bike mechanic.

At nine, he was riding wheelies down the street on a Suzuki DS125, and at 11, he was the best ceramic sculptor for his age that I have ever seen. He clearly was gifted, but he ranked at the bottom of our class academically. He had difficulty reading, spelling and doing simple math. Teachers frequently reprimanded him publicly and made him sit alone in the corner of the classroom. Over the years in school, he became defiant, disruptive and a bully. That his parents, immigrants from South America, spoke English as a second language while living in a largely homogenous suburban city, usually made parent-teacher conferences more frustrating than productive."

As a teenager, Balano's friend was finally diagnosed as having severe dyslexia and ADD, but by then his self-confidence was shot.

"He often referred to himself as 'stupid' and said that school just wasn't for him. He dropped out of school and began abusing everything from crystal meth to crack. His drug addiction eventually led to his homelessness."

Balano sees his friend's case as a perfect storm. "Research shows that if children with learning differences go undiagnosed and unaddressed past the third grade, their chances of academic success reduce significantly. We also know that one of the strongest indicators of academic success is the parents' level of education. Neither of his parents attended college, and they were trying to navigate a foreign school district that lacked a support system and resources. The end result was that a kid full of potential ended up a homeless drug-addict."

While this experience influenced Balano to start the Student Support Services office, other incidents made him decide to become a teacher.

Balano, an engaged, bright middle school student who had tested several grades above his own level in reading, turned into a disinterested high school student who didn't want

to attend college. “It seemed as if few people cared about education, even in my high school in Marin, and that included the students, teachers and administrators. I never once had a conversation with a counselor to discuss my future.”

Balano’s disinterest in high school had much to do with the books he read, as “there wasn’t much cultural or ethnic diversity among the authors.”

Part Latino and Filipino, he didn’t see himself, let alone any person of color, reflected in the curriculum. “In social studies, it was as if the entire Civil Rights movement never happened.”

At the College of Marin, Balano took a class taught by Walter Turner. “He gave me my moral compass, made me excited about education and inspired in me a commitment to social justice. Without a doubt, Walter was the greatest influence

on my professional career.”

Balano pursued his English degree at UC Santa Cruz where he met another inspiring educator, Nathaniel Mackey, who taught him “to look at literature through different lenses.”

After graduating with his bachelor’s degree, Balano (the first person in his family to finish college) taught ESL and developed curriculum at The U.S.-Korea Business Institute at SFSU and at the San Francisco Language Academy of Korea in Seoul. He volunteered at the San Rafael Canal Ministry and worked for Berlitz on Campus before spending two years teaching at the Center for North American Studies in Spain.

He joined SI’s English department in 2001, and four years later created a new class called Burning Illusions, a senior English elective that examines

the concept of race and the history of cultural myths and stereotypes. Students read *Song of Solomon*, *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, *And the Earth Did Not Devour Him* and works by Cornel West, George Fredrickson and Ronald Takaki.

He hopes his Burning Illusions class, as well as the diverse literature in the English Department, will let all students see themselves in the curriculum.

“Some people I meet still believe that SI is not always an accommodating place for students of color,” said Balano. “That saddens me. Working here, I know that everyone is committed to equity and social justice. These are not secondary goals but priorities at SI. It’s unfortunate that that perception persists. I hope my work can help change that perspective.” ❖



### McCain Aide Dan Schnur On Campus

*Dan Schnur (sixth from right), the director of communications for Senator John McCain’s last presidential run, spoke to students in several classes at SI last November. Government teacher Justin Christensen studied politics from Schnur at UC Berkeley and invited him to speak at SI. Schnur discussed his personal background and how he rose from an unpaid volunteer to a chief campaign strategist. He also shared tales of working with Sen. McCain on the campaign trail. At the end of his talk, he quoted one of Sen. McCain’s sayings and asked students “to be a part of something greater than your own self-interest.”*

### Supervisor Sophie Maxwell Visits SI

*San Francisco Supervisor Sophie Maxwell (center) spoke to students in the Nature/Nexus class about the issues of environmental racism in the Hunter’s Point-Bayview districts. Students in the class took a “toxic tour” of the area in October where they saw first hand the danger posed to residents in the area by the power plant and the Superfund site at the former Navy shipyards. Jimmy Ruck ’07, who interned in Supervisor Maxwell’s office, helped to arrange the visit.*





## Helping AIDS Orphans One Song at a Time

Senior Andrew Dudum performed at a student talent show in March. Photo by John Enriquez '09.



**W**hen SI religious studies teacher Mary Ahlbach asked Andrew Dudum and Rocco Bovo to write a song to help benefit her Tanzanian AIDS orphan project, she wasn't prepared for everything that would follow.

Dudum and Bovo collaborated on "Children of the World" last year as juniors and performed the song at a Solidarity Dinner, at a "Tanzi Project" dinner and, most recently, at Rock 2 Relief last January. The boys gave Ahlbach 200 copies of the "Children" CD, which she will sell to raise money for the African orphans. A percentage of proceeds from the sale of additional CDs will also be donated to this project.

Ahlbach's Tanzi Project will net \$2,000 — \$1,000 from Rock 2 Relief and another \$1,000 from the sale of CDs.

The song "Children of the World" has ballad-style lyrics and music performed by Dudum interlaced with rap lyrics performed by Bovo. Both students hope that "Children of the World" helps listeners make a connection with children dying of AIDS on a far-off continent and motivate them to respond to the crisis.

Andrew and his father, Rick, a San Francisco lawyer and real estate broker, had been working together for almost a year recording and producing Andrew's debut CD *Fly With Me*, when Andrew approached his father about Ahlbach's request. Together they took a break from Andrew's project and produced "Children" on the family record label, DudumRecords, Inc., that they started together in 2005.

Andrew, a veteran musician, has played cello since he was 8, before joining the Golden Gate Philharmonic Orchestra. At 10 he was a founding member of the Presto International Quartet, which performed at private and public events throughout the Bay Area. At 12 he joined the Villa Sinfonia Orchestra and performed at venues including Carnegie Hall; in 2003, he toured with that group throughout Europe.

Andrew, at 13, began performing cello on the streets of San Francisco during summers and holidays and soon

after taught himself to play guitar.

In his junior year, Andrew wrote the song "Fall From Grace" in memory of his classmate at SI who had died. The Villa Sinfonia Chamber Orchestra will perform an orchestral version of this song later this year, featuring Andrew's solo on cello.

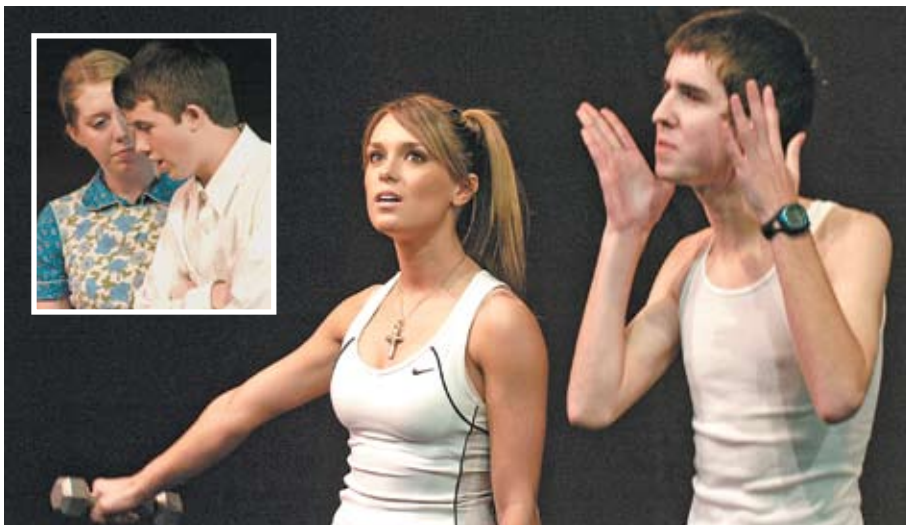
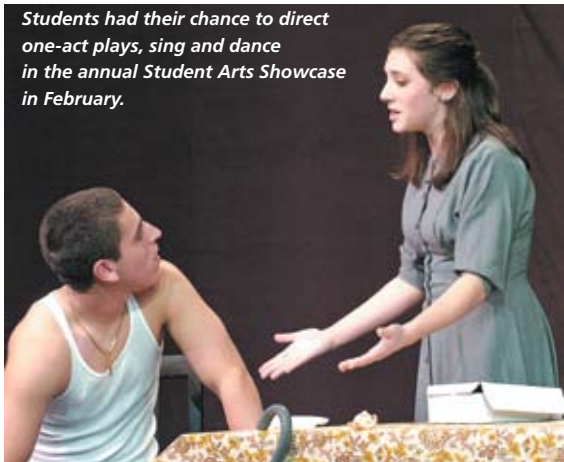
*Fly With Me* contains 10 songs that Andrew wrote over the past two years. In addition to writing the music and lyrics, he played acoustic and electric guitar, bass and cello on the CD. His father accompanied him on piano, and John Geraty '76 added drums. Dudum and his father mixed the album at their home studio. The songs are available at DudumRecords.com and on iTunes, and the response to date has been overwhelming.

The title comes from Andrew's desire to have his friends and classmates "fly with me through the past few years of my life, through my relationships, insecurities, confidences and struggles."

Dudum found crossing from classical to rock a natural progression. "My classical background gave me the foundation to write pop and rock songs because I understand how songs are structured. Playing in orchestras also gave me the confidence to perform on stage and to produce my CD." ❖

### Student Arts Showcase

Students had their chance to direct one-act plays, sing and dance in the annual Student Arts Showcase in February.



# Student Talent Shines

SI held a student talent show in March featuring rock bands and solo performances on piano and guitar. Pictured at right are junior Abigail Colyer, senior Sumner Fontaine, and senior Justin Lorentz of Third Wheel. Below, sophomore Dan Ferdon offered his best Elton John impression and senior Dan Lawrie rocked the house.



## Rock to Relief for Tanzi Project

BY MITCHELL CDE BACA '08

A pianist puts on a captivating performance. A guitarist's pick strikes the strings, causing them to scream. A singer's voice steadily floats among the ears of its listeners. Drums keep pace as colored lights paint the scene. These sounds work together for one selfless cause.

Professional musicians have always used music to raise money for worthy causes.

Three solo artists and one group, all SI students, joined that bandwagon at the Jan. 25 Rock to Relief to raise money for AIDS orphans in Tanzania, beneficiaries of religious studies teacher Mary Ahlback's Tanzi Project.

The idea of rock group Way Out West (comprising juniors John Galante, Evan Hughes, Brendan Mullins and

Seamus Cronin), the concert drew 300 to Wiegand Theatre to see their peers demonstrate their musical talents and to watch a slideshow featuring the children already helped by the Tanzi Project.

After humorous introductions by emcees junior Reed Campbell '08 and Jesse Kay-Rugen '07, Andrew Dudum '07 kicked off the concert with his hypnotic singing, accompanying himself on guitar.

Leena Culhane '08, who already has a following on campus, sang four original songs, and her toned-down melodies and poetic lyrics charmed the crowd.

Rocco Bovo '07, a veteran rapper who has performed with Snoop Dogg, then mixed things up with his hip hop style.

Way Out West closed the show



with innovative covers such as "Killing Floor" and "Free Bird."

"I thought the talent displayed was extraordinary," said Ahlback. "It was wonderful to see kids having clean, honest, loud fun. Some students paid more than the \$5 donation because they knew whom their money would help. There's no reason to sit around and moan about AIDS in Africa. It's so much better to sing and laugh, as the Africans do, and rejoice in being there for each other." ❖

Junior Leena Culhane. Photo by Mitchell Cde Baca '08.





Leo McCarthy's family came to SI to honor the former lieutenant governor.

## Leo McCarthy '48 Receives Christ the King Award

Each year, Saint Ignatius College Preparatory bestows the Christ the King Award upon a graduate who has distinguished himself or herself in the service to the school and community. This year's recipient, Leo McCarthy '48, was honored on February 25, 2007, in Orradre Chapel, two weeks after his death. His son, Niall '85, received the award on his father's behalf.

BY JOHN RING '86

As the story goes, a young couple from County Kerry set off from Ireland in the late 1920s with dreams of finding prosperity out West. After first settling in New Zealand, Daniel and Nora McCarthy's young family immigrated to San Francisco in 1934,

*While working so hard & serving California so well, Leo kept his family first and foremost.*

a decision that would have a profound impact on the political landscape in the State of California a generation later.

Today we honor the youngest of the four McCarthy boys, Leo McCarthy '48, as recipient of St. Ignatius College

Preparatory's highest alumni honor, the Christ the King Award. From humble beginnings, this loyal public servant became a political giant, all the while remaining a Catholic gentleman, dedicated husband and loving father.

Leo Tarcisius McCarthy was born in Auckland, New Zealand, on Aug. 15, 1930, and found a permanent home in San Francisco at the age of 3, when his family immigrated to the city's Mission District during the heart of the Great Depression. Growing up at a time when many Americans struggled to provide for their families, the McCarthy boys were taught to have empathy for the less fortunate. Leo's father, Daniel McCarthy, was a well-respected businessman in 1930s San Francisco, first operating "McCarthy's Big Glass" tavern on Mission between 20th and 21st Streets and then opening more bars and restaurants as he built upon his early success. Daniel McCarthy was always willing to help those in need, providing jobs for scores of Irish immigrants looking for work. Leo would take the lessons he learned from his parents with him as he entered young adulthood.

After attending Mission Dolores Grammar School, Leo matriculated to SI, where he competed on the track team

and engrossed himself in his studies. After graduating from SI in 1948, Leo served in the Air Force's Strategic Air Command during the Korean War from 1951 to 52, thus beginning his odyssey into the realm of public service. Leo graduated from USF in 1955, earning a bachelor's degree in history. Most importantly, Leo was married on December 17 of that year to Jacqueline Lee Burke, the love of his life.

Leo then attended San Francisco Law School, earning his law degree while serving as an administrative assistant to State Senator Eugene McAteer. Dedicated and tireless, Leo also worked in the San Francisco office for the successful Kennedy presidential campaign as the 1950s came to a close. During this time, his own political aspirations grew. In 1963, Leo began a streak that would make Cal Ripken proud: 31 straight years in public office in the State of California. Leo served on the San Francisco Board of Supervisors from 1963 to 1968, as a member of the California State Assembly from 1968 to 1983 (and as Speaker of the Assembly from 1974 to 1980), and as Lieutenant Governor from 1983 to 1994 during the final 12 years of his political life.

While serving as California Speaker

of the Assembly, Leo was one of the primary formulators of state policy in education, health, elder care and the environment. As Lieutenant Governor of California, Leo worked to help businesses start and grow through his role as Chair of the California Commission for Economic Development, and headed initiatives on hate crimes, breast cancer, nursing homes, toxic waste and equal rights. Following the example set by St. Ignatius of Loyola, Leo served as the moral compass for many Californians, performing his job with great intellect and grace while always looking to right the many inequities that existed in this country.

While working so hard and serving California so well, Leo kept his family first and foremost. Leo and Jackie were happily married for 51 years and raised four wonderful and accomplished children (Sharon, Conna, Adam '83, and Niall '85). All have attended Jesuit schools (including SI, Gonzaga and Santa Clara) and have collectively continued their father's work in the areas of education, law, business and the pursuit of social justice.

Making the long commute to and from the State Capitol every day — he never even had an apartment in Sacramento — Leo would arrive home in time to entertain a lively dinner table with lessons in history and discussions about the issues facing California and the world. In the Jesuit tradition, Leo took great pride in educating “the whole person” when teaching his children, discussing such diverse topics as literature and the theatre, the state of the '49ers and Warriors, the greatness of Thomas Jefferson and the challenges created by Proposition 13. Nothing ever quenched Leo's thirst for knowledge, and his devotion to God was never once shaken. These are all gifts that Leo passed down to his 11 grandchildren, two of whom (Courtney Allen '97 and Kevin Allen '00) are SI graduates.

Since leaving public office in 1994, Leo's commitment to public service endured, and in 2002, he helped establish the Leo T. McCarthy Center for Public

Service and the Common Good at USF. Regarding the McCarthy Center, Leo said that it “will urge students who pass our way to embrace passionately some mission in public service.” Those who have passed his way have done just that, with Leo a trusted confidant and mentor to many, including former San Francisco Mayor Art Agnos, Congresswoman Anna Eshoo and House Speaker Nancy Pelosi.

Leo also served the Jesuit community well as a member of SI's Board of Regents and on the Board of Trustees at the Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley. He served on the Advisory Council for the USF School of Business and Management, as the keynote speaker at SI's Downtown Business Lunch in 1995 and as the commencement speaker at USF in 2004.

In his January 1961 State of the Union Address, President John F. Kennedy said, “Let public service be a proud and lively career. And let every man and woman who works in any area of our national government, in any branch, at any level, be able to say with pride and

*Leo served as the moral compass for many Californians, performing his job with great intellect and grace ...*

with honor in future years: ‘I served the United States Government in that hour of our nation's need.’” Leo McCarthy met that challenge head on, serving in the armed forces in the '50s, attaining public office during the '60s, serving as California's Speaker of the Assembly in the '70s, and finishing his political career after 12 years as Lieutenant Governor during the '80s and early '90s.

Leo McCarthy — immigrant son, public servant, dedicated father, trusted mentor and devout Catholic — was able to look back at a life and career with pride and honor, knowing that he faithfully served his family, his country and his church. The Saint Ignatius community is forever grateful. ❖

*Leo McCarthy, who served California as Speaker of the Assembly and lieutenant governor, greeted Pope John Paul II during his visit to the state in 1989.*





# Reflecting on Leo McCarthy's Political Legacy

BY JOHN WILDERMUTH '69

Leo McCarthy was a politician, and he made no apologies about it. For McCarthy, a 1948 St. Ignatius graduate who died Feb. 5, a politician was someone who could make other people's lives better, and there was no reason at all to apologize for that.

Talking to a *Chronicle* reporter in 1988, he called himself "a guy who believes passionately in investing in kids,

or stand up for California's magnificent coastline, he kept his word."

Born in New Zealand in 1930, to a family as Irish as a shamrock, McCarthy came to San Francisco with his family when he was three years old and never left. He grew up in the Mission District, where his father opened McCarthy's Big Glass, a tavern on Mission Street. He went to Mission Dolores, St. Ignatius and the University of San Francisco and then to San Francisco Law School, working days in Sacramento as an aide to state Sen. Gene McAteer and studying on the long bus rides bus to and from the state capital.

Over the years, McCarthy became one of California's most powerful politicians. He led the state Assembly as speaker for more than six years and served a record 12 years as lieutenant governor. He helped Nancy Pelosi win her seat in Congress in 1987 and served as a close adviser up until his death.

He was never the traditional, backslapping Irish pol, the type of political operator who spent long evenings schmoozing with politicians and lobbyists at Frank Fat's and other Sacramento watering holes. Instead, McCarthy was on the road home to San Francisco, driving back to spend the evenings with his family.

McCarthy prided himself on being a political technician, someone who could count the votes and put together deals to get things accomplished.

"He was a person who had a very clear vision of what was right, what was fair and what needed to be done," said Lt. Gov. John Garamendi, who served with McCarthy in the Legislature.

It wasn't all roses. McCarthy lost a 1966 state Senate race to fellow SI grad George Moscone '47. He was forced to give up the Assembly speaker's job in a clash with fellow Democrats in 1980. He was beaten by Republican Pete Wilson in the 1988 race for U.S. Senate and lost to Barbara Boxer in the 1992 Democratic Senate primary.

It was that final loss that ended his

career in politics. But unlike many career politicians, he finished his term as lieutenant governor in 1994, left his office and never looked back.

But not before giving handwritten thank-you notes to the people he had worked with for all those years, including the custodian who cleaned his office and the owner of the Capitol cafeteria, who baked him oatmeal cookies.

He spent much of his life after politics with USF's Leo T. McCarthy Center for Public Service and the Public Good, which he helped establish with a \$1 million donation in 2001. He worked with the center, met with the students and even taught a seminar, all the while emphasizing that politics can be a good and noble calling for people who wanted to do good and make a difference.

To McCarthy, his work with the USF center was never a consolation prize, something to do because he couldn't win the Senate seat. He gave it his attention and his energy, communicating his joy and respect for the political system he served for so long.

"He wanted to equip our students to effectively fashion a more humane society, regardless of the professions they choose," the Rev. Stephen Privett, S.J., president of USF, said to a packed St. Ignatius Church in his homily at McCarthy's funeral.

Politicians, colleagues and friends made their way to his bedside at St. Mary's Hospital during the long months of his final illness. But in the last days, McCarthy, as he had for so many years, went home, where he died surrounded by his family.

In her eulogy, Nancy Pelosi reached into the book of Sirach for her final words on the life of Leo McCarthy, politician, husband, father and SI graduate.

"He will be buried in peace," she quoted, "but his name lives forever, as people recount his wisdom." ❖

*John Wildermuth has worked as a journalist for 34 years; he writes about politics for the San Francisco Chronicle.*



*Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi praised Leo McCarthy in a eulogy for her former mentor during his funeral Mass at St. Ignatius Church.*

who is committed to creating jobs so that families can improve their standard of living. Leo McCarthy is a guy who is committed to a safe environment, who was taught as a child, and believes as an adult, that older people deserve respect and should not be put on a shelf in their final years."

That type of talk was more than campaign rhetoric for McCarthy. For more than 30 years, as a San Francisco supervisor, an assemblyman and lieutenant governor, he tried to make San Francisco and California a better place to live. And in his final years, he never let himself be put on a shelf.

"Leo's great wisdom was in knowing that the future of his children — Sharon, Conna, Adam and Niall — was linked to the destiny of all children," House Speaker Nancy Pelosi, a friend for decades, said in her eulogy at McCarthy's rosary. "His word was his bond, and when he promised that he would protect our seniors

## John Davitt Retires as Glendale CC President

In the 1980s, Dr. John Davitt '50 fulfilled a lifelong dream. He bought a Harley and has been riding ever since.

Soon after that purchase, he was asked to join the board of directors for the Glendale Harley Love Ride Foundation.

The group sponsors the annual Love Ride, involving 25,000 Harley riders in the largest one-day motorcycle event in the country. Last November's Love Ride 23 raised \$1.6 million, which the foundation distributed to 50 non-profit groups.

"Leave it to John to turn his motorcycle hobby into another way to help people," said his close friend Robert Holmes, a former member of the Glendale Community College Board of Trustees and the man who hired Davitt as president of that institution in 1985.

Davitt retired as GCC's president and superintendent last June after a 21-year tenure, the longest for any community college president in California history.

Along the way, he turned a sleepy junior college into a major force in the state and nation, earning accolades — and a visit — from President Clinton in 1996 for his successful service-learning program. In addition, two members of Congress, Jim Rogan and Adam Schiff, have served as instructors at his school.

"They joke that I'm the only boss they ever had," said Davitt.

Davitt's commitment to education and community service began at SI with rigorous Jesuit instructors such as Rockwell Shaules, Pierre Jacobs '31, George Dennis and Richard Spohn '31. "These men also taught me to think logically and to articulate clearly," said Davitt. "Those were the skills that served me well throughout my career."

After graduating from SI, Davitt attended USF for his degree in history,

served in the Army for two years, and then returned to USF for his credential.

He taught and worked as a counselor at Roosevelt Junior High School in the city between 1957 and 1964 before joining Merritt College. He made the move down south in 1966 to work at Cal State Los Angeles, and two years later he began his career at Glendale Community College, serving first as dean of student personnel services and later as dean of instruction. He became the school's vice president for instructional services in 1983 and, two years later, took over as college president and district superintendent.

"When we first moved to Los Angeles, my wife, Gael, and I thought we'd be back in the East Bay in a couple of years," said Davitt. The two decided to stay, and Davitt eventually earned his doctoral degree from USC in 1977.

As GCC president, Davitt raised \$200 million to modernize the campus, remodeling the original Mission-style structures and creating new buildings in the same style.

Over his tenure as president, enrollment rose from 7,000 to 23,000, and of those students, 1,400 students transfer each year to a four-year college. Glendale sends more students to USC than any other community college in the state.

Davitt's crowning accomplishment, however, is the way he administered. "He took what had been a cloistered college on a hill and opened up the whole process of governing to everyone," said Holmes. "He made sure that everyone had a voice, from students and the general public to the faculty and classified employees. We all knew that his door was open."

Holmes illustrates this with a story of one homeless man who wandered into Davitt's office. "John spoke with him and then took him to the college cafeteria to make sure he had



something to eat."

Holmes would often see Davitt loading the back of his car with food left over from the cafeteria. "He would take that food to a shelter for women and children who were victims of domestic violence. That's just who he is," added Holmes. "It never surprised any of us to see him doing this kind of work."

In addition to his work at Glendale College, where he continues as president emeritus, Davitt serves on

*John spoke with [the homeless man] and then took him to the college cafeteria to make sure he had something to eat.*

the board of several organizations and donates his time to a number of Southern California organizations, including Holy Family High School, where he is chairman of the board, Flintridge Sacred Heart Academy and the Archdiocese of Los Angeles, where he serves on the School Council.

*John Davitt served as president of GCC for 21 years, the longest tenure of any community college president in the history of the state.*

*continued on next page*



Davitt's commitment to the Church and the Jesuits can also be measured by the schools his family chose to attend. His wife, Gael (a graduate of Convent of the Sacred Heart and San Francisco College for Women), has taught sixth grade at St. Bede's School for 33 years. All of their children went to St. Bede's, all attended Catholic high schools, and all went to Jesuit universities — two to SCU and two to LMU. Of his 11 grandchildren, eight attend Catholic grade school, one is at a Catholic high school (Notre Dame Academy), another is junior at SCU, and the oldest, a graduate of Georgetown, is at SCU's School of Law.

For his excellent leadership at Glendale College, Davitt received the Lifetime Membership Award from the Association of California Community

*Leave it to John to turn his motorcycle hobby into another way to help people.*

Colleges. (He is one of only seven recipients of this award.) He also received commendations from the city of Glendale, the California State Assembly and Senate and the U.S. Congress.

Davitt's highest honor, perhaps, came years before his retirement when President Clinton chose to visit Glendale College to honor its Service Learning Center, where 500 students participate in service learning, working with disadvantaged as tutors, mentors and food servers.

Davitt and his wife hope to travel soon, but Gael still has several months to go before she retires, and John is still recovering from back surgery.

If you live in Southern California, expect to see and hear of Dr. Davitt as he continues to serve charities and Catholic institutions throughout the area. ❖

## *A Tale of Two Pictures in the Digital Age*

# How to Turn Old Photos into a Slideshow

BY MIKE PASINI '70

When Paul Totah suggested I write a piece for *Genesis* on digital photography, my heart went out to him. I've read *Genesis* for a while now and it fatigues me to think of all the work he puts into it. Lend a hand? How could I say no?

I *thought* it would be snap. Especially since he carelessly left the choice of subject up to me. Since 1999, I've edited a biweekly of about 5,000 words an issue on the subject, nearly two million total. How hard could it be to find a thousand fit for *Genesis*?

Well, it was impossible. Fifteen here, 200 there, a dozen from that piece, six from the other, tied together with a few ellipses. Shake, bake, flambé. What a mess. In the end, I was forced to start at the beginning.

### THE PHOTOS

The beginning was the moment my mother came out of Orradre Chapel in the summer of 1970 and heard, to her surprise, a familiar voice.

"Bernice?" she asked.

"Barbara?" Bernice laughed.

They hadn't seen each other since they were girls, gathered at the Garbarino or Nassano home for one feast or another. They were, in fact, fourth cousins.

And now that Bernice's son Keith Forner '70 and I had just graduated from SI and were about to leave for Europe with Fr. John Becker, S.J., their paths had crossed again. Which is how, after four years at school together, Keith and I learned that we, too, were cousins.

"Cousins?" we looked at our mothers. Then, without missing a beat, we turned to each other. "Cugino!" we laughed and embraced.

I knew Keith as the gifted editor of our yearbook. I also knew he had a Pen-

tax SLR, so I had gotten him to shoot 35mm stills of a movie I was making that involved my English teacher Scott Woods and his entire English class. But this cousin business was a revelation.

On our European trip, Keith shot about a hundred Kodachrome slides of our adventure while I, having calculated it was more affordable, wrote poetry. When we got back, he had all his slides duplicated at a lab for me (which was the only way you could copy them in those days). Several decades later, they are just three feet away from me as I write.

### THE FIRST PRINTS

A few years after our trip, I made friends with a guy who worked in a color lab downtown. He generously offered to make a couple of 16x20 Cibachrome prints for me from that set of images. It didn't take me long to find my two favorites.

The first was a picture of a young English boy traveling alone, still in short pants, sitting with a smile in the bow of the boat which was taking us all down the Thames. John (he introduced himself) also wore a raincoat and had an umbrella with him. But that was it. Quite charming and self-possessed, he was happy to pose for Keith.

The other image was of a German girl just as young as John. She stood in the middle of a barge that was taking us to Venice, but she was not at all happy about it. Her parents could not convince her they were not about to sink into the lagoon and be lost forever. Terrified, she nearly sank the barge with her tears, crying the whole way across.

Keith's pictures of children are among my favorites in that set. There are others just as compelling, but these two have greeted me from my living room wall every day for over 30 years. Side-by-side, unmatched yet somehow a pair, they

seem to say, “So here are your choices: Take life as it comes with a smile, or complain about every little, blessed thing!”

Those first Cibachromes were marvels of the art at the time, using special materials that have yet to fade, discolor or deteriorate. To calculate the right exposure for them, my buddy had used a new device, a large color analyzer with a small screen that showed what various filter combinations would do. It was expensive, but it saved a lot of money.

### ANOTHER GENERATION

**W**hen I started fooling around with digital photography a few years later, Keith’s slides naturally came to mind. I wondered how I could make digital copies of those images — both the ones from English class and the ones from Europe. If I had digital copies, I could see them any time I wanted. I could view them on my screen, make some prints of my own — even large ones.

When I started to review slide scanners, I naturally thought of Keith’s slides. I could load six slides at time in the Konica-Minolta Elite 5400 II film holder, push it into that shoebox of a slide copier and get very nice copies automatically. These copies looked better and could be printed much larger than the ones I had earlier done using a digital camera with a slide holder.

### BEYOND THE PROJECTOR

**Y**ou’d think I’d finally be happy now that I had good digital copies of Keith’s images. But suddenly I had a new problem: how to enjoy them.

The 30 slides from English class told a story, so I decided to make a slide show — though not just any slide show: one of those Ken Burns things with rotation, pans, zooms and music. I used Boinz Fotomagico but Photo to Movie (which runs on either Mac OS X and Windows) does just as well.

It was actually fun to do because you don’t have to be perfect on the first attempt. You can let the program throw the

show together automatically and then go back over it making little adjustments to how each image is handled. And you get to watch the show to check your work, too — certainly an enjoyable job if there ever were one. Unlike movie-editing software, slide show programs provide very easy ways to pan or rotate an image, and they can also display higher resolution images.

I’ve watched this slide show quite a few times now, and it’s never enough. I think I can remember everyone’s name, but I wonder what’s become of them. There is unmined data in each of these images — an invitation to fill in the blanks.

I happened to run across an interesting program that uses photos as part of a database to tell just such stories. Memory Miner is the brainchild of John Fox, who came up with the idea when, in one year, his father died, he got married, and he had a son. He realized there are many stories trapped in old photos and other analog media (old brains included). So he’s spent a year creating a program to treat photos like “individual frames in a type of endless story board.”

I imagined what fun it would be to click on anyone in those old slides and find out just what had happened to them. With something like Memory Miner, that could actually be possible.

Keith’s slides from Europe don’t tell a story, though. They’re more individual works, each standing alone or, at most, in small groups. They cry out to be printed, framed and exhibited.

Fortunately, printing images is how I do printer reviews. Not long ago, I had a new breed of printer to review that could handle heavy fine art papers as large as 13x19. The first prints I tried to make were of John and the German girl. Even Cibachromes don’t last forever.

I opened the scanned images in Adobe Photoshop and tweaked the color using Pictocolor’s iCorrect plug-in, which can restore color and optimize the tonal values in a single click, and I used Nik Software’s Sharpener Pro to intelligently sharpen the image.

After making the necessary adjustments in Photoshop regarding the specific



*In the Beginning: At center Barbara, Bernice and Bernice’s daughter Gayle, 1970. Upper left is Fr. Becker with fellow traveler Bill Bosque and his mother. At right is the author escaping detection. Originally shot by the author’s father in 16mm on a Bell & Howell movie camera, subsequently commercially transferred to VHS tape, then recorded to DVD on a Panasonic VHS-DVD player/recorder from which screen shots were made.*



*Keith with his white Mustang, 1970. Recovered from the 16mm film.*



*English Class still, 1970. Digitized from a black and white slide.*

printer and paper I was using, I made my prints. There was John; there the German girl. I had never seen them so sharp, so vivid before.

Some of the specialty papers imitate traditional art media — canvas, for example. To test that, I print images I’ve





*John on the Thames. Scanned from a duplicate slide. Photo by Keith Forner '70*

taken of my favorite paintings in the permanent collections at the de Young or the Legion of Honor. You can photograph in the permanent galleries as long as you don't use flash or a tripod. I've used many cameras to shoot in museums but the ones that do the best job feature optical image stabilization to minimize camera shake at long shutter speeds. Then all I have to do is increase the ISO to no more than 400 to minimize how slow that shutter speed is. The only problem is finding wall space for my museum of favorites.

And, no, I wouldn't dream of taking down Keith's pictures of John or the German girl.

### FAST FORWARD

**T**oday, I suspect, if Fr. Becker were leading a tour of Europe, he wouldn't cram us in a Volkswagen bus. It would probably take a caravan of Vespas. And Keith would be shooting with a Pentax K10D, copying 100 pictures a day to his laptop and uploading the best to Flickr or Phanfare for our families at home to enjoy while we crawled into our sleeping bags.

Our younger siblings would have been busy making parodies of our adventure on YouTube and offering our souvenirs for sale on eBay. And when we returned, our parents would have greeted us at the airport wearing T-shirts with Keith's images of us on them and toasting us with coffee cups printed with Fr. Becker's mug on them.

I can see the sun setting from my dining room window as I come to the end of this. It's a difficult shot that Keith knew how to take and, in fact, was what he used to end the European series. Sunset in Rome.

He's been gone a long time now, before the Cibachromes were printed, in fact. And while I've often felt like I was traveling through life with one headlight out, his images of John and the German girl still light the way for me. They carry his laughter and his humor and his sweetness. And he has just elbowed me for saying that. But it is an imaginary elbow and doesn't hurt. Much.



I'll never know what became of John or what the German girl's name is, or if they happened to meet in Italy one summer vacation or succumbed to some vice or misfortune, of which there's never a shortage. I conceded it might seem a little odd to have had these two strangers in my dining room all these years. Many people have asked me who they are.

I say, I don't know, but they are not strangers to me. They are two moments of my cousin Keith's life, moments that made him stop and smile, moments that made it all worthwhile. Moments he captured and that I have not lost.

I look at them each day; I smile, and I can not complain. It would be as silly as crying all the way to Venice.

So salvage your old photos, bring them into the digital age, catalog them, try something like Memory Miner to tell your story or just make slide shows and movies and coffee mugs. And if I can be any help, just subscribe to the newsletter. I answer every plea for help, even when they come from editors. ❖

#### References:

- Newsletter: <http://www.imaging-resource.com/IRNEWS/>
- Memory Miner: <http://www.memoryminer.com>
- Pictocolor iCorrect: <http://www.pictocolor.com>
- Nik Software Sharpener Pro: <http://www.niksoftware.com>
- Canon Pro9000: <http://www.usa.canon.com>
- Flickr: <http://www.flickr.com>
- Phanfare: <http://www.phanfare.com>
- YouTube: <http://www.youtube.com>

*Mike Pasini is the editor of The Imaging Resource Digital Photography Newsletter. You can read it at [www.imaging-resource.com/IRNEWS/](http://www.imaging-resource.com/IRNEWS/).*

*Go to <http://www.siprep.org/alumni/1970.2.mov> for a slideshow Mike created of photos of students from the Class of 1970.*



*Girl en route to Venice. Scanned from a duplicate slide. Photo by Keith Forner '70*





### Class of 1986 Reunion

The Class of 1986 celebrated a 20-year reunion last March with only a few casualties.

### Phoenix Chapter Gathering



The Phoenix Chapter of the SI Alumni Association met for lunch at Vincent's Restaurant in Phoenix Jan. 24. Those attending included SI Alumni Director John Ring '86, Director of Development Joe Vollert '84, former faculty member Bob Kaiser, Terry McGuire '45, Bob Borbeck '76, Bill Thomason '68, Alex Keenan '56, Rev. Harry "Dutch" Olivier, S.J. '44, Jeff Glosser '83, Jerel Cain '86, Michael Pasquan '83, and (pictured from left) Harvey Christensen '43, his wife, Elsie, and Steve Howell '61.

### Crew Dedication & Alumni Race

The SI boys' and girls' crews christened two new boats on Feb. 24 and held an alumni race. The boys' boat, named The Henley '06 in honor of SI's victory last summer at the Henley Royal Regatta in England, features the name of the nine Wildcats who manned the boat. Pictured below are some of the grads who participated in the alumni race. From left are Scott Campbell '98, Richard Tzeng '92, Pat Reid '98, Eric Giessler '93, Kevin Finn '00, Seth Berling '00, Brendan Raher '98 and Doug Kilroy '98. The women who participated included Patsy McGuire '99 and Katie Yrazabal '01 (pictured below left) along with Molly Denning '98, Jenna Boswell '98, Teresa Buckley '95 and former coach Jen Hayden.







You are cordially invited to the 9th Annual

# ALL CLASS REUNION

Friday, June 8th

Join us for the All Class Reunion Dinner

Carlin Commons: \$75 Per Person

Cocktails - 6pm, Dinner - 7pm

Make a day of it and join our Alumni Tournaments...

### Golf Tournament

Harding Park - 11:30am shotgun start

\$225/person

Price includes

Lunch,  
Dinner &

Tee Prizes for all



### Basketball Tournament

SI's McCullough Gym - 3pm start

\$75/person

Price includes

Refreshments,  
Dinner &

Prizes for all



Join us as we honor retiring coach, teacher, and counselor, BOB DRUCKER '58

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Year of Graduation \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

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)

Send entry form and check made payable to "Saint Ignace" to the following address:

Alumni Reunion Day

2001 37th Avenue

San Francisco, CA 94116

Because of limited space, please send reservations by May 21<sup>st</sup>

#### Event Committee:

Mike Candau '81

Darren Cde Baca '78

Jeff Columbini '79

Bob Enright '76

Mark Hazelwood '80

Tim Leonoudakis '72

Dean Levitt '76

Dan Linehan '83

Meredith Mulhern '98

Marielle Murphy '93

Chris Stecher '92

If you are interested in sponsoring this event or have any questions, please call the Alumni Office at (415) 731-7500, Ext. 211



## 1947

Joseph Kelly recently celebrated his 50th wedding anniversary with his wife, Cynthia Brown Kelly. All five of their grandchildren currently attend SI.

## 49

Peter Arrigoni retired from the Marin Builders Association Sept. 30, 2006. He is currently serving as a trustee of the Marin County Employees Retirement Association.

## 56

Donald Stenson's wife, Randa passed away on Dec. 12, 2006, after 45 years of marriage.



Members of the Class of 1956 took part in their annual Marin Golf Tournament last winter.

## 57

Alfred Chiantelli was recognized by the *Los Angeles* and *San Francisco Daily Journal* in October 2006 as one of the 30 top mediators in the state of California.

## 61

Clay Cavanaugh asks for your prayers for his wife, Rima Karkar Cavanaugh, who passed away Feb. 9, 2007, from glioblastoma, a rare form of brain cancer.

Pat Sullivan's *The Book of Golf Quotations* has been published by Random House in the U.K.

## 64

Michael Hartney, on his retirement after 34 years of service with the China Lake Naval Air Warfare Center, received the Meritorious Civilian Award. He and his wife, Carol, have moved

# How Adopting a Pet Changed My Life

BY KELLY (PHAIR) MCCARTHY '94

It sounds like a cliché but I never thought that adopting a dog would change my life. In late 2003, my husband and I moved into our new home and immediately began looking for a dog to join us and our previously adopted cat. Having both grown up with dogs, and with me an avid lover of all things furry, we were eager to open our home to another homeless pet.

We fell in love with Molly, a 5-year-old big black Lab/Chow Chow mix, from her picture on the San Francisco SPCA's website. We checked the website daily and called the SPCA almost as frequently to make sure she was still there and that no one had adopted her out from under us. Little did we know that Big Black Dogs — BBD's — wait for adoption longer than other breeds. Our Molly had been there for three months before we came along.

Molly was found in Bernal Heights Park, where her previous owners had abandoned her. After we adopted her, she grew to trust us a little more each day, though she was still very nervous when we left her alone, around strangers and in new environments.

I signed up for an obedience course and began going to classes with her once a week. I was amazed to see her grow in confidence, and I grew fascinated with canine behavior and training. As I watched the trainers teach the classes, I knew I wanted to get involved by helping shelter dogs with their behavioral problems.

Being a person for others is a philosophy we all know well. With my newly discovered interest, I found a way to combine that sense of duty with a passion for a specific cause so that I could make a difference.

As an attorney practicing in Palo Alto, I contacted the Peninsula Humane Society and SPCA in San Mateo (halfway between work and home) and began volunteering, assisting the trainers who

taught obedience classes to the public. Once a week, I would fly out of the office and rush to class where I helped people teach basic commands to their puppies and newly rescued dogs. It's funny how a bad day will improve exponentially when it ends by playing with little pudgy puppies. I practice at a firm in San Francisco, but I still make "doggie time" once a week despite the long drive.

In 2005 I enrolled in the Marin Humane Society's Canine Behavior Academy. In this class, I learned about behavior and training from a variety of angles. A year later, I began teaching my own classes where I put those lessons to good use. As I became more comfortable with the techniques used for evaluating the behavior of dogs, I began working with shelter dogs not yet approved for adoption. Heart-wrenching as it is, I sometimes need to tell staff about my concerns regarding a dog's ability to overcome a severe behavioral problem.

As I become more involved with this process, I find myself fully invested in animal rescue work, work that has opened my eyes to groups of people and to other animals that need help.

Animal shelters across the country fight a daily battle in making life or death decisions for millions of animals. Thanks to funding and generous support of the local community, dogs and cats coming through the doors of the Peninsula Humane Society are evaluated for health and temperament and, if approved, remain at the shelter until they are adopted.

Unfortunately, many shelters do not have this luxury. Limited resources force animal lovers who work at these shelters to euthanize many animals after only a limited hold period to make space for incoming animals. Many owners turn in pets not for behavioral problems or dangerous tendencies but because they don't have time, they are moving, they are having a baby, or they simply don't want to have a pet anymore.

As I walk through the kennels, I see



*Kelly greets two students before class — Hazel the Pit Bull and Buddy the Treeing Walker Coon Hound.*

purebreeds, both large and small, working dogs, designer mutts (like the popular Labradoodle) and many loveable breed mixes that could easily be stars of a Disney movie.

Take, for example, Kingo, an 8-year old Lab-Hound mix, whose love for human companionship is unrivaled. When Kingo is happy, his mouth opens and closes so that his teeth chatter to make an adorable sound. When removed from his kennel for a walk, he is ecstatic and has to sniff everything. He quickly calms down and focuses on the human attached at the other end of the leash and begs for a treat, a belly rub or an ear scratch. All that Kingo needs is a home with people who love him and a backyard with room to play.

Kai is a little 1-year-old black Lab with only half a tail who sits quietly in her kennel and waits for you to take her out to play. Fritz, a purebred Daschund whose owner passed away, is now on his own.

Nala, the most gentle and loving dog in the entire shelter, calmly looks away when other dogs bark at her. She loves to plunk her big old body into a human lap for a nap and a belly scratch. Had she been another breed, she would have been adopted a long time ago, but, unfortunately for her, Nala is a Pit Bull, and shelters are filling fast with this breed that has an often-undeserved bad reputation.

It doesn't have to be this way. If pet owners took the initiative to breed their pets responsibly, care for and socialize them, we wouldn't have the current overpopulation crisis. While no comprehensive statistics exist, between 3 and 5 million animals are euthanized each year in U.S. shelters. The issue of overpopulation in household pets is very real. Despite the grim statistics, pet owners can take action to reduce overpopulation.

How can you help? Volunteer at your local shelter. You don't have to be educated in animal behavior, as most shelters need people to walk dogs or keep

*continued on next page*

from the Mojave Desert to the verdant pastures of Citrus County, Fla., where they can be closer to their first grandchild.

## 70

**Robert Lassalle-Klein** has just published *Love that Produces Hope*, an introduction to the life and thought of Fr. Ignacio Ellacuria, S.J., the assassinated philosopher, liberation theologian and former president of the University of Central America.

**Rev. Kevin Leidich, S.J.**, teaches theology at Jesuit High School in Sacramento, where he is superior of the community.

## 71

**Mark A. Terry, M.D.**, has lectured and performed televised surgery of the new form of corneal transplantation (which he developed) in Brazil, Italy, Japan, India and England during 2005 and 2006.

## 72

**Peter Clark's** daughter, Tess, is in Germany with the U.S. Army Rangers.

## 75

**Kevin Lee** was sworn in as LL2228 President of IAMAW. This union represents more than 1,000 union members at the Lockheed Martin facility in Sunnyvale. In addition he was also sworn in as Delegate to District Lodge 725, which represents IAMAW in the aerospace sector for California.

**Fr. William McCain** celebrated his 20th anniversary as a priest in November among family and parishioners of Our Lady of Loretto Parish in Novato where he has been pastor since 1999.

## 76

**Kevin Ryan** has been named to *Irish America* magazine's list of the top 100 Irish Americans for his work as U.S. Attorney for Northern California, a post he left in February.

## 77

**James Reidy** is in his 15th year as a fireman in the SFFD. Last year, he came in second for "Firefighter of the Year" for



his heroic action in saving Lt. James Kircher '82. He works at Station 8 with a large contingent of Wildcats, including Steve Coffey, Ken Cordero, Al Douglas, John Ferrando, Luis Ibarra-Rivera, James Kircher, John Kosta, Steve Maguire, Paul McDonagh, Kevin McKeon, Tom Murphy, Kevin O'Sullivan, John Rocco, Frank Roldan and Brendan Ward.

Isa Totah has written the screenplay for a movie that tells a coming-of-age story of an Arab American growing up in San Francisco. He hopes to direct this film soon and is currently working with producer Mark Johnson on this project.

**80**

Richard Ennis, Jr., has started a new job as vice president of National Marketing and Sales at Savory Creations. Rich and his wife, Valerie, live in Concord with their four children: Marissa (4), Mike (11), Mark (14), a freshman at De La Salle High School, and Nick (19), a sophomore at Auburn University in Alabama.

**82**

Michael Menaster, MD, began teaching psychopharmacology last fall as an adjunct professor of psychology at Golden Gate University in San Francisco. He received the highest evaluation for a new instructor. His published articles include "Dosage Adjustments in Special Populations," "Venlafaxine and Cardiac Illnesses," and "Psychiatric Illness Associated with Criminality," all online at eMedicine.com.

**84**

George Alessandria is a financial advisor with Merrill Lynch. He and his wife, Michelle, have two children, Amanda (7) and Giorgio (6).

**85**

Michael Tolentino has been in Chicago for seven years and is currently working as an underwriter at JP Morgan Chase. In his spare time, he manages a small real estate company.

*It's funny how a bad day will improve exponentially when it ends by playing with little pudgy puppies.*

cats and kittens company. You can also make a donation to animal rescue charities follow these steps.

**1.** Give your dogs the tools they need to be good family pets. Enroll in obedience classes and teach your dogs good manners. You will establish lasting and meaningful relationships with your dogs and ensure that they are valuable members of your family throughout their lives.

**2.** Responsibly care for your pets. Keep track of proper veterinary care and insure that they receive proper training and diet.

**3.** Be responsible pet owners in your neighborhoods and local parks. Clean up after your dogs on a walk and keep them on leash where required. For cat owners, keep your cats inside to protect them from cars and to prevent them from threatening the Bay Area's unique bird population.

**4.** Get your pets spayed or neutered and refrain from breeding your

animals. Some people breed ethically and responsibly, but many who lack expertise allow their animals to breed, contributing to the overpopulation crisis and draining local animal care resources.

If you are considering getting a dog or cat, consider these issues:

**1.** Adopt a homeless dog, cat, kitten or puppy from a local animal shelter or rescue group. If you are looking for a specific breed, contact the many private rescue organizations specializing in pure breeds. Go to [www.petfinder.com](http://www.petfinder.com) for more information.

**2.** Never buy a puppy or kitten from a pet store. The vast majority of pet stores get their animals from puppy mills or large breeding operations where animals are under socialized, poorly bred and have an increased chance of developing behavior problems, serious genetic defects or other health problems.

**3.** If you are going to purchase your dog or cat from a breeder, take adequate precautions to ensure that the breeder is responsible and ethical. For

**Calendar 2007**

May

1-5	Spring Musical	7 p.m.
2	Board of Regents' Meeting	4 p.m.
8	Counseling, Transition to College Night	7 p.m.
8	Ignatian Guild Board Meeting	7:30 p.m.
15	Ignatian Guild Installation Mass & Reception	11 a.m.
16-17	Choral Concert, Bannan	7 p.m.
17	Father Harry V. Carlin Heritage Society Luncheon	noon
18	Fathers' Club Barbecue, Commons	5:30 p.m.
18	Faculty In-Service, no classes	
21	Senior Day Off	
22	Ignatian Guild Board Meeting	7:30 p.m.
23	Board of Trustees	4 p.m.
24	Transition Liturgy, Holy Name Church	8:30 a.m.
25	Awards Assembly	8:30 a.m.
25	Class of 2007 Alumni Lunch	11 a.m.



the most part, if a breeder does not have a waiting list and has puppies ready for sale, then this is a red flag, and you should consider another breeder.

**4.** Honestly assess whether you are capable of caring for your pet for its entire life. Dogs live between 8-17 years, and indoor cats may live past 20! If you move, plan on finding pet-friendly housing. If your family expands to welcome children, plan on putting in the time to acclimate both your children and your pets to each other. Plan for realistic veterinary bills, leaving ample room for emergency procedures. If you cannot do these things, then getting a pet may not be for you.

As members of the Catholic faith, we

are urged to follow the teachings of St. Francis. In 1979, Pope John Paul named St. Francis the patron saint of ecology and stated that St. Francis “offers Christians an example of genuine and deep respect for the integrity of creation. As a friend of the poor who was loved by God’s creatures, St. Francis invited all of creation — animals, plants, natural forces, even Brother Sun and Sister Moon — to give honor and praise to the Lord. It is my hope that the inspiration of St. Francis will help us to keep ever alive the sense of ‘fraternity’ with all those good and beautiful things which Almighty God has created. And may he remind us of our serious obligation to respect and watch over them with care, in light of that greater and higher fraternity that exists within the human family.”

We need to act responsibly and respect our environment and all living things. Be aware of the problem of pet overpopulation and avoid adding to the crisis. Support animal rescue causes or open your homes to a pet. By providing a safe, loving and permanent home for a dog or cat, we can follow the teachings of St. Francis and truly be stewards for God’s creations. ❖

*The author may be reached at kellyphair@hotmail.com and is available for questions and dialogue about the facts presented in this article.*

**86**

**Christopher Martin** is living in Monterey with his family and has left the Infantry for the Foreign Area Officer Corps. After completing a master’s degree in Asian area studies and national security at the Naval Post Grad School in June 2007, he will head to Japan with his family for a one-to-three year stay.

**87**

**Robert Petrini** is working for Infor Global Solutions as a senior global project manager. He is happily married with two children, Tom (10) and Alexandra (6).

**Christopher Ralph** married Yaromil Velez whom he met at the wedding of **Douglas Hagan ’87**. They live in the City; Yaromil attends law school at Golden Gate University, and Chris works in tech support. He recently completed a documentary about the baseball league in Italy called *City of Baseball*.

**88**

**Simon Chiu** is the new principal for St. Joseph Notre Dame High School in Alameda. After teaching English at SI, he served as assistant principal of instruction at Moreau Catholic High School for five years.

**89**

**Jacob Wang** is an entry-level clerk in the credit and collection services department at the State Compensation Insurance Fund’s main office in downtown San Francisco.

**90**

**Marc Gerardo** married Christina Garcia in Houston, Texas, on Nov. 12, 2005. She is a designer for Ethan Allen in San Mateo. They moved back to San Francisco from Houston early this year, and Marc is flying 737s for Southwest Airlines out of Oakland.

**91**

**Aaron “Che” Covey** is engaged to Elizabeth Rizzo. They are planning a July wedding.

28	Memorial Day Holiday	
29-31	Final Exams	8:30 a.m.
31	Baccalaureate Mass, St. Mary’s Cathedral	7:30 p.m.
<b>June</b>		
2	Graduation, St. Ignatius Church	10:30 a.m.
4	Fathers’ Club Installation Lunch	11:30 a.m.
8	All-Alumni Golf & Dinner, Commons	
15	Bob Smith ’32 SoCal Alumni Lunch, Annandale Golf Club	11:30 a.m.

**Reunions**

**May**

12	Class of 1977	6 p.m.
----	---------------	--------

**September**

15	Class of 1987	5:30 p.m.
29	Class of 1982	5 p.m.



92



Benjamin Chan was among six chosen from 100 delegates to lead the Integration of British Chinese into Politics Project, launched in the British House of Lords. He was asked to speak on behalf of the British Chinese Community with Mr. David Cameron, the leader of the Conservative Party in Birmingham, who is a main contender for Prime Minister.

93



Roy Reyes, at Christmas morning Mass at Sacred Heart Church in Maui, ran

into Kent Craford '94, Paige Craford '97 and the rest of the Craford clan, also on vacation. The two families got together for a wonderful barbecue dinner hosted by the Crafords in their place overlooking Maui's Kapalua Bay. Pictured, from left, are Roy, Luke, Katie, Laura, Lillian and Kent. Then, on his way home, Roy ran into Alex Rollo '93 at the Maui airport.

94

Mike Morris, a real estate broker with Shapell Homes, received a 2006 award from the Home Builder Association of Northern California in recognition of his annual sales volume, which exceeded \$24 million. This year, Mike is overseeing an income-restricted project in partnership with Contra Costa County, consisting of 127 townhomes in Danville.



Lori Samurkashian is now Lori Jabaghourian. She married Ara Sept. 10, 2005. Groomsmen included her brother, Andre Samurkashian '92 and her cousin, Vahe Soghomonian '94. Also in attendance were Garen Nazarian '92, Arthur Bedikian '93,

Azad Deeb '93, Armen Bedroussian '94, Mike Yacobian '94, Ani Soghomonian-Tavidian '96 and Roubina Palayan '96. Lori and Ara reside in San Mateo. She



## THE BOYS OF AUTUMN

BY ROBERT MOORE '50 as told to his daughter, Donna Moore Fentanes

Front row, from left: Bob Moore, Bill Helmer, Dan Ravetti, Laurie McCaffery; back row: Pete Arrigoni, Jack Cunningham, Bob Menicucci, Jack Mackall, Gerry Martin, Preston Lee, Gene Lynch, Pete Labrado, Bill Rippon, Harry Mullins, Phil O'Connor and Tevis Martin

It's September 1948. The curtain had come down on World War II, the airlift in Berlin was underway, and something was brewing on the Korean Peninsula that would dramatically affect our lives in the near future. The grim memories of the war were retreating to the attic of our collective consciousness, except for the few whose wounds were so deep that they would remain front and center forever.

With this as the backdrop, the boys of autumn assembled and the season of '48 began. We were anxious to prove ourselves worthy of the red and blue. If we didn't know each other from the "goof squad," we met at the two-a-days in August. Our 15 minutes of fame came to us this year, in 1948. We were SI, and we were going to go all the way.

Football is a great all-consuming sport. Just being on the field is exciting. There is nothing like the smell of freshly cut grass, nothing like the sound of a kick-off. The anxiety right before a play, the crash of shoulder pads and

the scrambling for the ball are all experiences non-transferable to the stands. Your eyes are fixed on the ball, your ears alert to changes in motion, the sweat and mud permeate your skin, you spit blood and mud, and you can smell a linebacker a mile away.

Football demands all from your body, your heart and your wit. We were happy to comply and submit to its demands. Our coach, Mike Hemovich, whipped us into shape, bruising our bodies without bruising our spirits. Coach Hemovich, a war hero, was the kind of coach who not only taught good football, but also taught good and right living. He was a nice man with nice manners. He treated us kids with respect and kindness. His stock is sorely missed today.

There we were — the SI Wildcat Varsity Football Team. We had a good season and made it to the semi-finals. From the "goof squad" to varsity, we saw football first hand playing on the field and watching from the sidelines. We wore the uniform; we felt the wet earth; we heard the groans.

Then we graduated. We would re-

turn to games to see younger brothers or just to relive our memories. Then we came to watch our sons or bring our kids to see games. It's different in the stands from on the field, but you can still smell the grass or think you feel the gravelly mud in your mouth. And you always feel the pain.

In September 2006, the dusty streets of Baghdad kicked off the newscasts. A woman stood poised to become the first female Speaker of the House. Something brewed again on the Korean Peninsula that could dramatically affect our lives or those of our children and grandchildren.

On a warm, bucolic afternoon late

in September, the boys of autumn huddled once again for the first time in 58 years. There we were: the Varsity Football Team of 1948, or what remained of us, reassembling on Dante Ravetti's Hillsborough patio. We enjoyed a superb luncheon graciously hosted by Dante and his lovely wife, Terry.

We weren't the same sight as 58 years earlier, but we were definitely the same men. We reminisced and thought about those who weren't with us any longer. We commented on how well we looked. A good time was had by all, and at the end of the afternoon, we then entered into the fourth quarter of our lives. What a game. ❖

## Marin Alumni Reunion



*SI alumni living in Marin County gathered at The Spinnaker in Sausalito to celebrate St. Patrick's Day and hear from Bob Drucker '58, who is retiring in June. Guests were treated to Irish dancers, bagpipes played by SFPD's Dave O'Connor '91 and the songs of Irish tenor Rich Mulkerrins '83.*

## Jerry Brown New Attorney General



*The Hon. Kathleen Kelly (an SI Regent) officiated at the swearing in ceremony for her uncle, Jerry Brown '55, California's new attorney general. Thus far, Brown has served as California's secretary of state and governor and mayor of Oakland as well as head of the state's Democratic Party. Pictured with him is his wife, Anne Brown. Photo courtesy of the Oakland Tribune.*

has sold data storage solutions for seven years and has been representing Network Appliance for the past three years.

**Annie Wilson** has left Louis Vuitton North America after five years to become a project manager at Williams-Sonoma Emerging Brands (West Elm & Williams-Sonoma Home). She is currently training with Team in Training for her second turn at the Wildflower Olympic-distance triathlon in May 2007.

## 95

**Eduardo Caballero** is executive director of his own non-profit enrichment camp called Edventure More. After SI, he graduated from Cornell University and worked for Score. He backpacked through South America for nine months before returning to San Francisco and starting his camp with co-founder Sharon Mor. They partner with local museums to design fun, hands-on science, art and recreation activities, and they have six offices in the Bay Area. Go to [www.edventure-more.com](http://www.edventure-more.com) for more information.

**Blamoh Twegbe**, after serving as pharmacy manager for Longs Drugs, is working as an inpatient graveyard pharmacist for Kaiser Hospital in Walnut Creek. She just purchased her first home in lower Rockridge.

## 96

**Michelle Los Banos** married Mark R. Jardina on Aug. 27, 2006. They will be moving to Managua, Nicaragua, in August 2007 where Michelle will serve her third post with the U.S. Department of State, this time as Cultural Affairs Officer at the U.S. Embassy in Nicaragua.

## 97

**Brendan Fitzgibbon** is working on his MBA at Thunderbird-Garvin School of International Management. He will spend his spring semester studying in Prague and, next fall, in Paris.

**Jon Mezzera** married Alison Cordes at a ceremony in Vallejo. Others present at the wedding included his father, **Dave '64**, brother **Vince '94** (best man), uncle **Bob '72** and cousins **Dan '03**, **Tom '08** and **Jim '08**. Also in attendance were friends **Paul Kolsanoff '97**, **Phil McMahon '97**



and Dan Woo '94.

Robert Anthony Peters had a role in Will Smith's *Pursuit of Happyness* as a worker at the Glide Memorial Church. You can check out his web site at [www.myspace.com/robertanthonypeters](http://www.myspace.com/robertanthonypeters).

98

Christina Cardenas, after two years of taking science pre-requisites, will be attending Duke University's 16-month accelerated second degree bachelor's in nursing program starting in August. She will gain master's credits during the program and hopes to continue at Duke in its acute care nurse practitioner program.

Camille Formosa passed the bar after graduating from U.C. Hastings in May 2006. She is currently working at a law firm in downtown San Francisco.

Lt. j.g. Luke Swartz, USN, is assigned to the *USS Ohio*, a newly converted missile submarine.

99



Corey Fitzgibbon married Natasha Paul Sept. 3, 2006, at Wente Winery in Livermore. They are currently living in Manhattan, where Corey is a manager with Advent Software.

Brendan Raven is attending USF Law School.

2000

Michael Abendroth recently joined Borel Private Bank & Trust Company as an officer for business development in the San Francisco branch.

01



Four SI grads reunited to celebrate their 1997 CYO basketball title from their days at St. Vincent de Paul. From left are Ryan Brittain (graduated UC Santa Barbara in global studies and works for the Boylston Group), Charlie Appah (graduated from

*Coghlan's Historic Double Dip:*  
**SF Broker Swims Length of New York and San Francisco Bridges in Same Day**

BY ROY PASINI

*This article, reprinted from a 1977 edition of the Underwriter's Report, recounts Frank Coghlan's successful swim across the Verrazano Narrows and across the Golden Gate on the same day. Frank passed away Jan. 6 at the age of 77.*

When San Francisco insurance broker Frank Coghlan '41 decides to go for a swim, he doesn't fool around.

And when he gets a bright idea, he acts on it.

As a result, he spent Memorial Day this year realizing a dream to become the first person to swim beneath the two longest suspension bridges in North America in the same day — one in New York, the other in his native San Francisco.

**NEW YORK SWIM**

He began the day at 7:45 a.m. (EDT) on the bank of the Hudson River near Fort Wadsworth in Staten Island. Not too many distance swimmers attempt the Verrazano-Narrows passage because of the amount of shipping traffic and the strong tide.

But 46 minutes later he emerged from the water in Brooklyn. He kissed his wife, Carmel, took some bows, donned a Royal-Globe Op Sail T-shirt and answered questions from the news, radio and television people gathered on the beach to record the event.

That done, he rushed from his Brooklyn landing spot to Kennedy International Airport where he boarded a flight for San Francisco — attired in his bathing suit at the request of the airlines public relations man.

He was given the VIP treatment on the 5-hour, 40-minute flight to San Francisco, but had little opportunity

to avail himself of the food and drink because he still had another swim to make.

**SAN FRANCISCO SWIM**

With a special escort provided by San Francisco airport personnel, he was on the shores of San Francisco Bay on the Marin County side at Lime Rock just six minutes behind his scheduled 4 p.m. (PDT) starting time. Fifty minutes later, he walked onto the beach at Fort Point and again was greeted by his wife, accompanied this time by two of their seven children, Pat, 13, and Joan, 15. Pat had brought along a bottle of champagne which Carmel immediately poured over Frank's head to cap the accomplishment.

He answered more questions, was photographed some more, and then left for home — a day of fun and games over.

The Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, with 4,260 feet between its towers, is the longest single span suspension bridge in the world. The Golden Gate Bridge is 60 feet shorter between towers and 27 years older than the Verrazano Bridge. It was built 40 years ago. That still bothers Mr. Coghlan — the fact that New York now boasts the longest suspension bridge instead of San Francisco, but that's how natives are.

He has been in the insurance business for some 30 years in San Francisco — operating his own brokerage firm for the past 19 years in the West Portal district. True to his calling, he did a little business too while he was etching his name in the record books.

**ALL TIRED AND WET**

The people at the Royal-Globe Insurance Cos., one of his companies, gave him an assist, in addition to the t-shirt, in making arrangements for the New York swim, and they also gave



him a nice write-up in their *Red Shield News* headlined “Hail Fellow Well Met, All Tired and Wet.”

A member of the South End Rowing Club and the San Francisco Olympic Club, Mr. Coghlan has swum the Golden Gate some half dozen times. He swims from Alcatraz Island to Fisherman’s Wharf each New Year’s Day. His best time is 24 minutes. His Memorial Day time displeased him, but he had high winds and Bay waters, which were “the roughest I’ve ever seen,” to contend with.

The Verrazano-Narrows swim proved less difficult than he had anticipated, he said. At the outset, however, he had expected to be accompanied by two boats — one with power. When only a small skiff materialized — and he took a good look around on the cold drizzling day — he admitted, “I had some doubts.”

But off he went, and upon emerging on the beach in Brooklyn, he said happily, “It wasn’t as much of a swim as I thought it would be. The current started to bother me a bit at the end, but it wasn’t too bad.”

For any who may want to become the second person to swim beneath both bridges in a single day, these statistics may be helpful: Frank is six feet,

*New York media surround Coghlan following his successful swim under New York’s Verrazano-Narrows Bridge on Memorial Day. Soon after this interview, he was bound for San Francisco, where he would swim the Golden Gate.*

two inches tall and weighs 210 pounds. He is 53 and uses the Australian crawl and a backstroke.

He has been involved in distance swimming for eight years and credits the activity with curing a persistent backache.

### **HOLDS TAHOE RECORD**

In addition to his San Francisco swims, he currently holds the record for swimming across Lake Tahoe. He set that mark of six hours, 37 minutes on July 29, 1974, swimming the 10 miles from Meeks Bay to Cave Rock.

He is already entered in a number of competitive distance swims upcoming in Los Angeles and San Diego, but at the moment he has no aspirations for the English Channel or the Mississippi River. (Another insurance man from Portland is currently involved in the latter project.)

Two succinct quotes from the Coghlands: Frank: “I wanted to be the first to swim under both bridges. Evidently, it worked out fine.” Carmel: “I’m proud of him. After all, it’s never been done before.” ❖

UC Davis in biology and works for Novartis Pharmaceuticals), **Gino Benedetti** (graduated Arizona State University in Business and works for Farmers’ Insurance Group), and **Ryan Lim** (graduated UC Santa Cruz in economics and works for Leung, Wong and Choi Accounting Corp).

**Megan Cavalier** is going to graduate school at the University of Washington and is in the doctoral program in the department of pharmacology.

**Jessica Curiale** graduated from USC in 2004 and will begin law school this fall at UC Hastings College of Law.

**Riley Newman** is pursuing a master’s degree in land economics at Cambridge University and playing attack for the Cambridge lacrosse team, for which he has been voted “Man of the Match” numerous times by his teammates. He led them in a 7–6 defeat of Oxford, the first Cambridge Varsity match victory in 25 years.

**Mark Swartz** is an ensign in the Navy learning to fly jets.

## **02**

**Chris Patterson** will enter Boston University’s Goldman School of Dental Medicine in August.

**Christina Stevens** graduated from UC Berkeley last May, summa cum laude, with a degree in psychology after being admitted to Phi Beta Kappa in her junior year. Christina is a Selznick fellow currently enrolled in a doctoral and law program at UC’s Boalt Hall School of Law. She continues to dance and choreograph at UC Berkeley and is a member of Berkeley’s fencing team.

## **03**

**Scott Brittain** is a business marketing major at SCU and captain of the lacrosse team.

**Patrick Fitzgibbon** will graduate from USC in May with a double major in global economics and international studies. He is captain of the USC lacrosse team.

## **04**

**Elaine Harris** is a junior at Indiana University, where she plays on the Hoosiers’ Women’s Golf Team. She was named Big-



10 Golfer of the Week twice and set a record 54-hole score of 209 to win one individual championship match in Tucson. *Golfweek* also named her the College Player of the week in March.



**Grazia Salvemini** (Gonzaga), **Harrison Worner** (SCU), **Katherine Watts** (Cal) and **Elizabeth Harris** (Boston University) enjoyed dining with former SI President Anthony P. Sauer, S.J., in Florence in February. Fr. Sauer was traveling on sabbatical and met the four, who are all studying in Italy through Gonzaga University's Florence Program. Harrison's parents, **Richard '68** and his wife, Cathy, who met in the Gonzaga Program, were also in Florence with their daughter, **Betsy '96** (former SI campus ministry staffer) and their son **Richie '93** and his wife and son. **Emily Boyle '04** missed the dinner because she had a test the next day.

## 05

**Kat Corkery** is an honor student at Northwestern University majoring in English literature with a concentration in 19th century literature and a minor in linguistics. Kat is a member of Alpha Phi (Beta Chapter) sorority, where she is director of chapter social events. She teaches catechism at the Sheil Center in Evanston, Ill. She has been accepted by Oxford University in England for her junior year of college, where she will be studying literature at St. Anne's College this fall.

**Phillip Donnici** is currently a sophomore at SCU studying economics in the Leavey School of Business and playing lacrosse for the Broncos.

**Vanessa Krause** is attending Foothill College, where she helped the women's soccer team reach the Northern California playoffs. In addition, she was honored as Player of the Year for the Coast Conference, First Team Coast Conference, First Team Northern California and Second Team in assists for the state. ❖

## BIRTHS

### 76

**John Riccio** and his wife, Judy, a son, Joseph Giovanni, born Jan. 16, 2007.

### 81

**Steve Kearney** and his wife, Kristel, twins, Anna Rose and James Finbarr, born Jan. 6, 2007.

### 86

**Jeffrey Bennett** and his wife, Angie, a daughter, Lucy, born Dec. 12, 2006. She joins big sister Lily, 2.

### 87

**Fred Molfino, Jr.**, and his wife, Michelle, a son, Henry, born Nov. 21, 2006. Henry joins big brother Teddy, 2.

**Mike Sullivan** and his wife, Kristin, a son, Carson Nicholas, born Aug. 25, 2006, in Pleasanton. Carson joins big brother Connor James, 4.

### 88

**Adam Covey** and his wife, Valerie Butler, a son, Ryder Gibson, born March 19, 2006.

**Daniel Smith** and his wife, Penelope, a son, Ronan Christopher, born Nov. 24, 2006. He joins big brother Cormac, 6.

### 89

**Mazen Salfiti** and his wife, Jamie, daughters Danielle Emily and Katherine Elaine, born Jan. 25, 2007. They join sisters Isabella, 4, and Alexandra, 1.

### 92

**Sean Murphy** and his wife, Courtney, a daughter, Reese Antoinette, born March 1, 2007. She joins big brother Dylan.



### 94

**Jina (Bass) Button** and her husband, Rob, a daughter, Aubrey Sullivan, born Dec. 22, 2006. She joins big brother Robbie, 4.

**Lori (Samurkashian) Jabagchourian** and

her husband, Ara, a son, Aram John, born Dec. 20, 2006.

**Mike Morris** and his wife, Trang, a son, Joshua Dylan, born Oct. 11, 2006.

**Gregory Pignati** and his wife, Elissa, a son, Matteo Gregory, born Dec. 20, 2006. He joins big sister Bella.

### 00

**Tom Kahle** and his wife, Kaity, a son, Thomas George, born April 4, 2006. ❖

## in**MEMORIAM**

34 Edward O. Scharetg

36 Joseph P. Lacey

39 James F. Phillips

41 Charles A. Teutschel

41 Francis "Frank" Coghlan

41 Mario G. Paolini, Sr.

41 Edmund J. "Jerry" Treacy

43 John "Jack" Kelly

44 Robert D. Conlan

44 Frank P. Kelly, Jr.

45 Lawrence E. Gercovich

47 Paul L. Vigo

48 Leo T. McCarthy

49 Charles "Pat" Semple

49 John "Jack" Kyne

49 Robert Menecucci

53 Frank P. Ames

55 Donald R. Heintz

55 Frank G. Guddee

55 Gerald R. Peters

55 James "Alan" O'Neil

57 Bob B. Author

57 Robert L. Rider

63 Michael D. Ward

64 William Haslam

65 David D. Roybal

72 Bernard "Barney" Sheehan

73 Michael J. "Duffy" Dwyer

75 Les Mestas

81 Kevin Hourigan



Photo by Sam Arabian '09

## BOYS' SOCCER

**Coach:** Rob Hickox

**Assistants:** John Stiegeler

**League Record:** 7-4-3 (third place)

**Overall Record:** 13-6-4

**Highlights:** Qualified for CCS Tournament and defeated South San Francisco 2-0 before losing to St. Francis 1-0. Max Sander led WCAL in goals scored with 13.

**League Awards:** First Team All WCAL: Pat McDonnell and Max Sander; Second Team All WCAL: Ronan Baynes and Mark Cella

**Team Awards:** Wildcat Award: Patrick McDonnell; Fr. Capitolo Award: Ronan Baynes; Brian Cotter Award: Max Proano

## GIRLS' SOCCER

**Coach:** Jan Mullen

**Assistant:** Elise Minvielle

**League Record:** 6-4-4

**Overall Record:** 11-6-5

**Highlights:** Qualified for CCS tournament and defeated Pioneer 4-1 before losing to Presentation 2-0.

**Team Awards:** Coaches' Awards: Morgan Campbell, Paige Scigliano; Senior Wildcat Award: Christina Sangiacomo



Photo by Mitchell Cole Baca '08

**League Awards:** First Team All WCAL: Katie Bergstrom, Michela Rizzo; Second Team All WCAL: Danielle Brunache, Christina Sangiacomo

## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

**Coach:** Michael Mulkerrins

**Assistant:** Mike Thomas

**League Record:** 10-4

**Overall Record:** 23-9

**Highlights:** Won the championship in the Leo LaRocca Sand Dune Classic by defeating International, Mills and Burlingame. Defeated North Monterey (67-36), Prospect (61-47) and Burlingame (74-47) before losing to Sacred Heart Cathedral in CCS championship game.

**Team Awards:** Wildcat Award: Nicole Canepa

**League Awards:** First Team All WCAL: Nicole Canepa; Second Team All



Photo by Sam Arabian '08

WCAL: Maggie McCarthy, Addie Schivo, Erin Grady; Nicole Canepa was the second leading scorer in the league with a 13.71 average per game. Sophomore Addie Schivo set a new WCAL free throw percentage record at 94.3 percent.

## BOYS' BASKETBALL

**Coach:** Tim Reardon

**Assistants:** Mike Watters, Rob Marcaletti

**League Record:** 10-4

**Overall Record:** 24-8

**Highlights:** Won the championship in the Leo LaRocca Sand Dune Classic by defeating Terra Nova, Wallenberg, and St. Mary's of Stockton. In the CCS championship tournament, SI defeated North Monterey (61-34), Sobrato (64-36), Burlingame (52-45) and Archbishop Riordan (52-49) for the CCS title. *The Examiner* named Tim Reardon Coach of the Year for San Francisco.

**Team Awards:** Dennis Carter Award: Alex Brown

**League Awards:** First Team All WCAL: Paul Toboni; Second Team All WCAL: Victor Bull, Alex Brown ❖



Photo by Paul Ghiglieri



## That's Dancing!

*The Dance Workshop Company performed "That's Dancing" in January, directed by Ted Curry with choreography by Curry, Meredith Cecchin Galvin, Lizette Ortega Dolan and students Chris Johnson, Jennifer Lee, Nicki Radovich, Alexandra Pinell and Tess Curet.*



*Photos by  
John Enriquez '09*

