

I was passing through Cassadaga last week early morning in the fog and I diverted through Lily Dale because (a la recherche du temps perdu) I knew I would find that ethereal spectacle when OLLO aka The Job Corps Center would appear suspended above the fog and Lily Dale would be buried within. Whether your view was from St. Peters or St. Augustine you must remember that magical moment, or la memoire c'est la faculte d'oublier as Fr. Antonio put it, or was that Pascal? who came first? Deus sive Natura. Those moments then and now are where my spirituality lounges. Likewise, reading Leaves of Grass in Fr. Eugene's English class I remember leaning and loafing observing a spear of summer grass on the slope below the flagpole. Those were the formative years and I am forever grateful to those young priests and brothers who made them happen. I would really like to know where they are today, as well as every one else.

- Joe