

TESTIMONIALS FOR BROTHER TIMOTHY RAPA

I just finished my last class today and have some time to devote to my thoughts on Tim. I knew him when he first arrived at De La Salle High School in Concord and I believe I was the one who convinced him to switch Districts.

Recently, I ran across an article "The Moral Bucket List" (Sunday Review - April 11, 2015), by David Brooks, the New York Time Columnist. In it he writes:

About once a month I run across a person who radiates an inner light. These people can be in any walk of life. They seem deeply good. They listen well. They make you feel funny and valued. You often catch them looking after other people and make you feel funny and valued. You often catch them looking after other people and as they do so their laugh is musical and their manner is infused with gratitude. They are not thinking about what wonderful work they are doing. They are not thinking about themselves at all.

The link for the full article is:

<https://www.nytimes.com/2015/04/12/opinion/sunday/david-brooks-the-moral-bucket-list.html>

What David Brooks writes about aspiring to be a moral character fits Timothy to a tee. Particularly the first part (above) as well as the sections on THE HUMILITY SHIFT, SELF DEFEAT, and ENERGIZING LOVE – the kind of love that decenters the self.

"It reminds you that your true riches are in another. Most of all, this love electrifies. It puts you in a state of need and makes it delightful to serve what you love."

Further on in the CONSCIENCE LEAP section, Brooks writes:

"Their lives often follow a pattern of defeat, recognition, redemption. They have moments of pain and suffering. But they turn those moments into occasions of radical self-understanding - by keeping a journal or making art. As Paul Tillich put it, suffering introduces you to yourself and reminds you that you are not the person you thought you were.

The people on this road see the moments of suffering as pieces of a larger narrative. They are not really living for happiness, as it is conventionally defined. They see life as a moral drama and feel fulfilled on when they are enmeshed in a struggle on behalf of some ideal.

This is a philosophy for stumblers. The stumbler scuffs through life, a little off balance. But the stumbler faces his imperfect nature with unvarnished honesty, with the opposite of

squeamishness. Recognizing his limitations, the stumbler at least has a serious foe to overcome and transcend. The stumbler has an outstretched arm, ready to receive and offer assistance. His friends are there for deep conversation comfort and advice.

The stumbler doesn't build his life by being better than others, but by being better than he used to be. ...But eventually, at moments of rare joy, career ambitions pause, the ego rests, the stumbler looks out at a picnic or dinner or a valley and is overwhelmed by a feeling of limitless gratitude, and an acceptance of the fact that life has treated him much better than he deserves.

That's what Tim was, a deeply caring and loving stumbler through life; forever guilt-ridden and running through life to try to escape the demons that relentlessly pursued him. When I started teaching in the early 70's the nation was in turmoil and the educational system throughout the country was in chaos. I was so discouraged but had the good fortune of having Tim to listen, to laugh and cry with as we shared our stories and experiences. We shared so many precious moments together and I am most grateful I was able to spend time with him the night before he passed into eternal life.

He was deeply devoted to his family (which is the reason he came to our District), as well as his students and the patients he lovingly attended at the various hospitals he volunteered his services. Albert Einstein said of Gandhi: "Generations to come **will scarce believe that such a one** as this ever in flesh and blood walked upon this earth." I would say the same of Tim...that such a one as Tim ever in flesh and blood walked upon this earth with us as our Brother. I'm glad Tim is finally rid of his demons and guilt, and has *stumbled* into the arms of our loving Savior and been welcomed into paradise by our Father De La Salle as a good and faithful son.

Just one note, I used to drive Tim crazy just by singing that Toyota commercial "[We] You are driven!" when he would drive me (us) nuts with his unrelenting anxiety and compulsions. But we had so many more laughs together.

Brother Michael Avila, FSC

Tim was the boss at La Salle Military Academy where Mafiosi sent their boys. No one could go home for the weekend unless the student recognized their driver through a one-way window. When Tim was coming to the SF District, he was given the phone number of Joe Bonnano on the Peninsula, about which he often told me. One day, I suggested he try out the number which he did. I could hear over the phone, "Mr. Bonnano's office....Oh, yes, Brother Timothy, we have been waiting for your call. I will put you through." A moment later: "Hello, Brother, this is Joe Bonnano. What can I do for you?" Tim just said that he

was just checking out the number and wished him a good day. Joe said Tim could call any time.

Tim told me of the kind of help he could get. One time an Italian-American brain surgeon was called early in the A.M. to come to a Peninsula hospital, and was hit by a drunk driver who got only a minor punishment. (This was quite a while ago.) The doctor was never able to operate again. The Mafia made sure the drunk driver was never able to walk again! P.S. To my knowledge, Tim never made a second phone call!

Tim served in WW II with the paratroopers of the 101st Airborne Division ("Band of Brothers") as an operating room orderly. During the Battle of the Bulge in Bastogne, where the 101st was completely surrounded by the Germans, wounded soldiers were brought in so muddy and dirty; the medics could not tell right away whether they were German or American. It did not make a difference to Tim; he took care of all of them.

Brother Brendan Madden, FSC

May he rest in peace. He was a combat medic in the 101 first Airborne Division. He made the jump into Normandy and Holland. On the mission into Holland (Operation Market Garden) his unit was surrounded by a significant larger Nazi Force. They had wounded and ran out of ammo and were about to be over run when he made a promise to serve God for the rest of his life if he got out of there alive. He no sooner said that to himself when the shooting stopped and the Germans withdrew. They gathered up their wounded and managed to reach friendly lines by escaping along the side of a canal.

He never forgot the promise he made to God. The rest you know. He told this story to a good friend of mine, a fellow paratrooper. He never spoke about the horrors of war that he experienced. I guess this came out at a weak moment.

**Andrew Checchia
CW2 (ret) ADS**

It's somewhat comical in that the last time we visited Brother Tim he took us on a walk up the hill to the cemetery and told us that this is his next change of address.

Steve Lepre asked me to send you a thought or two about my memory and interaction with Brother Tim. I do this with a heavy heart and a smile on my face. The smile because I know he is enjoying everlasting life in heaven. I have many experiences and memories I can share with you about Brother Tim so let me pass on a couple:

In 1963, as the freshman class entered LaSalle Academy many of us were excited, nervous and somewhat afraid of what was in store for us for the next 4 years. It didn't take long for

those emotions to abate and most settled in to embark on a fantastic journey. Before long we realized that Brother Tim was the biggest personality in the school. For example, he could walk into the assembly hall full of noisy, adolescent teenagers, walk to the center of the stage and just give us a lookand we would all give Brother Tim our full attention. He was the man! No question he was a well-respected teacher but we had no idea at that time what kind of man he was. We were all silly teenagers and never asked questions one would ask today in the quest to getting to know someone.

Luckily for Steve and myself, and our wives, Natalie and Jeanie, we all reacquainted ourselves with Brother Tim about 45 years later. We visited Brother Tim several times, shared many phone calls, and received a lot of cards with great uplifting messages. I should have known that something was wrong when I didn't get an Easter card this year. In any event, the man we got to know in later life was a man that enriched our lives tremendously. We finally got to ask Brother Tim those questions that we were unable to ask when we were teenagers. Questions such as "who are you, what are you all about?"

Brother Tim's answers elevated him to being our "hero".

When we would go to lunch, he would captivate us with his stories, particularly his WW2 stories. He normally wouldn't take his hearing aids so he would end up being the loudest person in the restaurant. No problem, everyone in the restaurant was anxiously awaiting the conclusion of the story and was looking forward to his next story. We learned that Brother Tim was a medic with the 101st Airborne and was attached to the 29th Division on D-Day. The 29th Division was the first wave on Omaha Beach. Not much more you can say about that. As the war progressed he was always near the heat of the action and as a medic witnessed many tragic events.

On one occasion a patron was paying particular attention to what Brother Tim was saying and came over to our table to chat with us. He was also a medic during WW2 with the Navy. At that time he was studying to be a doctor and posed a question (in the form of a quiz). He explained that he'd been stationed at Bethesda Naval Hospital and they were expecting a very important, well known patient who was ill and drank and smoked a fair amount. The team of doctors had to get him in the best shape possible so as to allow him to attend an extremely important meeting. We all guessed who this world leader was.... Roosevelt. The next question asked of Brother Tim was what was the new medication that was used to help Roosevelt make this trip. Well...Brother Tim jumped out of his seat and yelled out, "penicillin". Of course he was right and told us how this was the new miracle drug and how he would administer this to all soldiers no matter what their wound was. Watching the two WW2 vets talk and exchange stories was priceless.

As a side note, there is a cafe just beyond the sand dunes on Utah Beach. When you walk in there it seemingly looks like it would have been in 1944. If you were in the 101st Airborne during the Normandy invasion, either you, your family or a friend are encouraged to write the name of the paratrooper on the wall. This wall has virtually thousands of names written in magic marker so as to be remembered forever.

In 2016, I wrote Brother Tim's name on this wall so he could be with his "Band of Brothers" Jeanie and I were so proud to do that. When we showed a picture of this to Brother Tim I could tell he was pleased. Then he cried. But he always cried when we were together. Of course, he always made us all cry as well.

Other stories would focus on helping people. He would talk about whenever he had free time and how he would help orphanages and churches administering to the sick by bringing medication that he "liberated" from the US Army. I'll bet there are many people walking around Europe today that owe thanks to this nameless medic that took time to care for them during the worst time in their lives.

One last humorous note. We would always go to Trancas Steakhouse for lunch. But Steve and I noticed that he would only eat salads. We asked why he wasn't eating steak and he said, "I don't eat meat, this is the only place I know how to get to".

Brother Tim was an amazing man and I'm going to miss him deeply. Thank you, Brother Tim, for a relationship lasting over 50 years. I'm proud to be your friend.

**Ray Sheridan '67
La Salle Academy**

Military

Timothy graduated from high school during WW II and felt the call to go serve his country upon graduation. Lying about his age, as he was underage, he was admitted into the US Army as a medic. He paired around with 4 fellow medics, one being Thomas Berger, the author of many novels including "Little Big Man" which was made into a movie. His first novel was "Crazy in Berlin" which is about his, Timothy's and the other's experiences in Berlin. Even after the war Timothy kept in touch with several of the Jews he helped to liberate from the concentration camps.

The Catholic Chaplain once told Timothy that the Catholic chapel needed pews. Timothy and his buddies knew of a bombed out mortuary and that's where they got the needed pews from.

The Catholic sisters at the local orphanage told Timothy that they needed cloth to make the children clothes. To fill this need, Timothy and his buddies stole blankets from the Army PX and took them to the sisters. Tim said that the kids looked good all dressed alike in clothes made from army blankets.

After two bar room fights, Timothy lost his stripes. He was such a good soldier that he was able to earn them back.

Even though he was a Brother, during the Vietnam War he once again felt the call to duty. He thought of re-enlisting in the army. After speaking with an army chaplain who convinced him that this wasn't a good war, he changed his mind.

Moved West and to De La Salle High School

He was originally from the LINE District, but moved west following his family. His brother-in-law was named Chief Surgeon at Alexian Brothers Hospital in San Jose, CA; then his sister was named Head Nurse in the same hospital; she was followed west by their parents. After a few years of travelling cross country to visit his family, he transferred to the then San Francisco District and was assigned to De La Salle High School in Concord which is where I first met him.

I first saw him in action at DLS at the first student-body assembly. While a speaker was at the microphone, there was the noise of chatter coming from the freshmen section. All of a sudden, Timothy stands on the gym floor in front of the freshmen and starts to scold the class in a loud voice about their lack of respect and courtesy. The entire gym was stunned and a pin could be heard had it been dropped.

Student

He was a very good student. He's the only brother of the San Francisco New Orleans district with the honor of being a Phi Beta Kappa student, which he earned while an undergrad at the Catholic University of America.

Teacher

He was an interesting and creative teacher. To teach numbers to his students in his Italian classes at De La Salle High School, he used the number of days that the U.S. workers in the American embassy in Tehran were held captives. Every day, he put the number in word form at the top of the chalk board. They got as far at 444 days.

Every day after school, he sat in the TV room with a board across the couch armrests as a desk and he did his day's corrections and next day's preparations. He believed that if he demanded homework, he owed it to the students to return it the next day-which he did. He

also believed in starting his lesson fresh every new school year, so he never saved his notes. In June of one school year, I heard the sound of paper being torn in the TV room; I went in to check it out and there he was, tearing up the year's entire lesson plans. I asked him what he was doing and his answer was, "I like to start anew in September, I never repeat my classes by looking at past notes; I don't like to be stale."

His former students are amazed by how he remembered them when meeting years later. He would pause while looking at them and say, "You were in my 3rd period class; you sat in the 4th row, the 2nd desk." Of course, the students were amazed.

He was well remembered and loved by his many students throughout the years. For many years he was invited to class reunions held at La Salle Academy, in Providence, R.I., they even included the plane tickets. But he would never go because, as he said, he could not handle it. So, if he didn't go back east to see his former students, they came out west for visits.

After being at De La Salle High School, he was assigned to the Postulant community, Benilde Hall, at Saint Mary's College. At the college he taught English to the foreign students. He never lost his New England accent. It was funny to walk down the hallways and hear his students repeating "paaak...paaak" (for "park") coming from his English as a Second Language class.

While teaching back east, he learned to never say in public where he could be over heard, of something that was needed for the school or the Brothers' community. One time he told some parents that the cafeteria needed a new walk-in freezer. The next night, at mid-night, a truck shows up at school to deliver the needed freezer.

Also, when he was principal of La Salle Academy, he kept two sets of financial books-one for the diocese with less students recorded and the other for the Brothers with the correct number of students. He did this so that he could provide more money that was needed for the Brothers' community.

The Brother

He was faithful to his religious and community commitments. If one looks for an example of the Vow of Obedience in action, one only has to look at Timothy. He was up at 4:00 AM to get ready for the day by preparing the breakfast plates for those Brothers who needed this help, and then he'd be in chapel to participate in the community prayers and Mass-he did the same for lunch and dinner. In between he would read, write letters to his many contact (around 4-5 each day), exercise on the tread-mill and always be willing to help when needed.

To make it easier for the nursing staff, while he was still strong, he would take care of a Brother who needed special help from morning to night. He dressed, fed the three meals and wheeled them outside to the fresh air and sunshine (the sun is also something that Tim liked). Timothy was director/principal when there were very few cars in the communities- usually one for the principal and one for the community. He was probably one of the first directors to put his car in the community pool.

Family

He loved his family dearly. Every month, for years, he would take the train or be driven to his sister's home in San Jose where he would take care of his sister and niece, Karen, for a week. He did this to give some time off to the two care-givers who watched over both women. There wasn't a day that he didn't mention their names at Mass during the time of intentions.

Unknown

Although I had Brother Tim for a teacher at La Salle Academy he shared the following about his service in the US Army at the end of WWII.

My first introduction came as a 14 year old freshman at La Salle Academy in Providence, Rhode Island. He was my teacher in a class that taught writing skills. Quickly I understood that he was a teacher with integrity, high ethical standards, was not to be trifled with and demanded the same from each of his students.

Although physically I stood taller than Brother Tim, as he was known by the students, and probably outweighed him by 20-30 pounds I was completely intimidated by him and knew that I had to be 110% respectful at all times. Taller than him? Yes. But always I felt like I was looking up at Brother Timothy.

Fast forward. After graduating from La Salle in 1968, I next saw him in 2014, 46 years later. Having completed a 30 year career in The US Army and retired and living across the country in Nevada at Lake Tahoe I learned from a life-long friend and fellow La Salle graduate, John Larned, that Brother Timothy was also retired and living in Napa, Ca. After calling and catching up I met my old teacher and mentor again and he remembered me. He was still my teacher and I realized that I was still looking up at him. But that, in a humorous way, began to change.

During long conversations and subsequent visits I learned that Tim, as he liked to be called, was human. Imagine my surprise when he regaled me with stories of his childhood, his experiences as an 18 year old Army Medic and, appallingly, that he occasionally, cussed. The first time I heard him say a cuss word, I was completely shocked! Brother

Timothy? Human?!!!! And then the stories!!

My favorite.....

In Berlin, after the Germans had surrendered, Sergeant Rapa found an orphanage administered by an order of Catholic Nuns who were desperate for everything. Most of all blankets. Sgt. Rapa decided to adopt the Nuns and took it upon himself to become their benefactor and help in any way he could.

At this point I was learning about Sergeant Rapa, US Army Medic, but I was still aware that I was sitting with Brother Timothy FSC who was a foot shorter than me and to whom I was still somewhat intimidated by and still felt that HE, towered over me. I kept thinking, enjoy this moment but remember my place and with whom I am sitting.

Back to the Nuns....

Sgt. Rapa knew exactly where the Nuns could get new blankets. The same place GI's get everything. The supply sergeant. Sgt. Rapa convinced his Supply Sgt. that winter was a long way off and that his unit didn't need the blankets immediately and that the Nuns were in desperate need. When the Supply Sgt. conveniently looked away, Sgt. Rapa stole the blankets. All, 200 of them! My mind raced to, 'WHAT?!!! Brother Timothy? Stealing? A thief! Not one or two but 200! My chin slammed on the floor!!! I was in total shock. I yelled, "Brother Timothy! You! You stole the blankets?!!! 200 blankets?" He was laughing hysterically at the memory. Still in shock, I joined in. He reminded me that he was, at that time, Sgt. Rapa and that the Army didn't need the blankets but that the Nuns did.

As I am writing this I am smiling and chuckling that yes, Brother Timothy was human but.....he WAS Brother Timothy Rapa. Two hundred Army blankets or not, and yes he was a human, but with integrity beyond reproach, the highest personal standards, and always with empathy and compassion for others. And I will always, always continue to look up to my teacher, mentor and friend. Thank you, Tim.

Michael Durand

I could write a book about him but this I would like to share. One of my many jobs was to prepare everything for graduation, diplomas, invites, program, etc. and from 1943 to 1976 I never had a problem. I was sitting in the audience when one of the teachers made an announcement that for the first time in the history of LSA an honorary diploma was being awarded. I almost had a stroke wondering how that was done and who was getting it. Tim had secretly ordered one and I became the first to get that great honor. He was always thinking about what he could do for someone. He was very special. RIP, dear friend.

Kathleen Anne Corry

De La Salle H.S.

My welcome to High School moment occurred during the first week of my freshman year, in the fall of 1979. The first class of my day was Religious Studies, taught by Brother Timothy Rapa, F.S.C., or simply, Brother Tim.

Frank Knaflec had the unenviable distinction of sitting in the center of the front row, as a result of our alphabetical seating assignments. Br. Tim ran an extremely tight ship, leaving no room for chit chat, staring out the window or other distractions. Br. Tim was in his 60's, but wore a chiseled jaw, had a dark mane of black hair and had toughness written all over his face. That morning Frank made the mistake of turning around in his seat for some reason, and WHACK! Br. Tim, who carried a 30' wooden pointer while teaching class, cracked a blow across the top of Frank's desk sending a sharp thunderclap of noise through the room. Frank nearly jumped out of his skin, while the rest of us simply jumped out of our seats. Dad had often said "fear is a great motivator." Apparently Br. Tim was a kindred spirit. The room full of twenty five 14-year old boys sat in stone silence, eyes fixed on Br. Tim, not daring to blink. He reminded us gravely of the duties of a student in his class, not the least of which was providing our undivided attention. I knew quickly and unmistakably that High School was going to be another world entirely from the school years that preceded it.

De La Salle High School, located in Concord, was operated by the De La Salle Christian Brothers, a Catholic religious order dedicated to education and the welfare of the poor. The Christian brothers were founded in 1680 by Saint John Baptist De La Salle, and like other Catholic orders such as the Jesuits and Franciscans, they operated highly respected primary and secondary schools and universities throughout the United States. My brother Bill had graduated from De La Salle in 1972 and Chris and PK both graduated from Carondelet, the Catholic girls High School located directly across the street, and operated by Catholic order of nuns, the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet.

I had planned to attend De La Salle as long as I could remember which set me on a different path from all of my childhood friends, every one of whom ended up attending Clayton Valley High School. I had to take an entrance examination, interview with an administrator and provide both academic records and recommendations during my application process. Although I was a legacy student, I was anxious about my candidacy, but much relieved once news came in the summer of 1979 that I would be enrolling that fall.

At De La Salle, I was thrust into a world of higher expectations. Both the expectations that the faculty had of my classmates and me, and the expectations that my peers had of themselves. I appreciated the high expectations and the discipline that went with it. While the Christian Brothers and lay faculty that taught us were demanding, it was always evident to me that they were pushing us to excel rather than simply get by. In many ways,

their attitudes were in sync with my parents' and consequently I was receptive and began to thrive. Put another way, I was accustomed to Dad putting his fist down about the high expectations of being a member of our family, so if someone like Br. Tim used West Oakland communicating techniques, I was already on that wavelength.

I had a number of very good teachers at De La Salle, but a few stand out. Br. Tim was memorable for much more than the wooden stick that he wielded and his law and order style. He was the first teacher I ever had the spoke to us as though we were adults. A quarter of a century later, any number of deeply impactful stories he shared about tragedies and struggles in his own life stand out vividly in my mind.

There was the time that he described a foxhole experience he had as a soldier during World War II, and how an incoming mortar had mortally wounded his foxhole buddy. My classmates and I sat silently listening to his heartfelt remembrance, as tears welled in his eyes, rapt by his every word. "... His legs had been blasted off and I picked up the torso of his body. He said to me 'I'm going to die'. I said to him, 'You're going to a better place' and closed his eyelids as he died in my arms." Just hearing such a powerful adult story reminded us that we were not going to be treated like children any more.

Or the time he told us about a group of his teenage friends who had crammed into a car and gone out for a drive when he was in High School. A tragic accident had taken every one of their lives. He told us about what it was like to grow up in a cold-water flat in New York in a poor, Catholic family, and he told us about his mentally ill niece.

Br. Tim opened himself up to us and consequently got deeply, deeply inside of us. The sometimes painful honesty that he would exhibit in talking about his life experiences was so sincere that we could not help but be moved. We knew for certain that this man who asked us tough questions about our own lives had nothing to hide, and we owed him the same.

One morning when Br. Tim got us talking about our families, and some of the challenges we faced at home. One of my freshman classmates, Charlie Pugh, began talking about communicating with some of the people in his family and how he sometimes struggled to be understood. He began choking up as he was sharing his experience, but he fought through the tears and finished his story. I was on the edge of my seat, just astounded at Charlie's fearless testimonial and his willingness to shed tears in front of our class. Br. Tim made a point to thank Charlie at the end of class that morning for sharing his story. I was impressed that he didn't console him for his pain, but that he thanked him for his courage.

Br. Tim had set a standard of openness and honesty, and one by one my classmates began to follow. His classroom became such a powerful vehicle for sharing and growth and for

becoming a young man. I attribute much of my own later success in connecting with people, personally and professionally, to the lessons he gave us in transparency and honesty.

Over a long career as a Christian Brother, Br. Tim taught generations of students, but he had a marvelous way of remembering every one of them - it was his seating chart. When I ran into him many years later at an alumni event, Br. Tim grabbed me and said "First row, third seat!" He remembered my old location better than I did.

Br. Tim was a great teacher of textbook material, but he was an even greater teacher of life. He was tough, he was fearless and he had a solid grasp on the priorities in his life - a life that was dedicated to others. In so many ways, he reminded me of my own father. They were both World War II veterans, both children of the Depression and both products of Catholic families that had endured tough times. But on a deeper level, they both had an inner integrity that I admired. They were true role models.

John Cumbelich

One of my fondest memories of Tim took place in Calistoga, CA within the last 10 years. I invited and Brother Richard encouraged Brother Tim to join me in a mud bath in Calistoga. While apprehensive he was game and we went. He was nervous but slowly realized this could be fun and ultimately thoroughly enjoyed himself. As we know he could chatter and when wrapped in an herbal blanket after the mud bath he talked non-stop until I told him he had to be quiet. That settled him for a period of time until we went to get massages which he had never done and the non-stop one way dialogue started once again until the massage therapist told him to be quiet. When the three hour mud bath session was over, we had lunch and he was like a child so excited about this new experience. I felt this event captured the essence of Brother Tim. He could be tough, demanding, and hard-nosed when necessary but he did everything with an abundance of love and joy that was spectacular to be around. His self-deprecating humor and honesty until his death is a great example to everyone on the proper way to live one's life.

I have a favorite poem by Thomas Blake that I feel sums up Brother Tim's friendship and the impact he had on me.

I searched for my soul
but my soul I could not see.
I looked for my God
but my God eluded me.
I looked for a friend
and then I found all three

I am a better person for knowing Brother Tim and I will miss him deeply. I salute my friend and wish him fond winds and following seas and hope that the joy and love he shared with all of us will remain with us forever.

William J. Struck '62
La Salle Academy

I knew Brother Timothy when I was a young boy attending La Salle Academy in Providence Rhode Island, during the early 1970s. Brother Timothy was the school's Vice Principal (VP).

Brother Timothy was a no-nonsense VP. He was the disciplinary official and the last thing anyone wanted was to be called to his office.

Brother Timothy was not a large or physically intimidating person. But he did have a big personality and a commanding presence. Just a look from Brother Timothy would change someone's bad behavior.

The rumor was that Brother Timothy was an Army Paratrooper and parachuted into Berlin during WW2. Allegedly, while engaged in a bloody battle Brother Timothy made a deal that if God would keep him and his fellow soldiers safe, he would dedicate his life to the church.

As rumors go, this was a good one. Students liked him, looked up to him, and certainly respected him. To my knowledge, nobody ever disrespected or challenged Brother Timothy. We called him "Tim" (behind his back of course), and the last thing you wanted to hear when goofing off in school was "Oh shit, it's Tim".

Brother Timothy was a tough but compassionate guy. If it wasn't for him, my life would be very different.

The typical La Salle student came from a well to do family. Classmates included the offspring of local politicians, attorney's, doctors, etc. My background was a bit different. I was a street kid, a good kid, but involved in circumstances that could have led me down a very dark road.

Lucky for me I had the opportunity to attend La Salle Academy. As it turned out, La Salle was my life's crossroad and Brother Timothy was the vigilant crossing guard.

During my freshman year, and without getting into the details, Brother Timothy rescued me from a situation that threatened to end my attendance at La Salle and make me a ward of the State.

The intervention resulted in my continued education at La Salle and residing at the Brothers' residence until I graduated. Brother Timothy became my legal guardian. Brother Timothy and I had a good relationship, but it was not like foster dad to foster kid. Pats on the head and fatherly talks were not his style. He was a private person. A man of few words. There was no ambiguity. He got his point across and moved on. I liked that about him.

Our relationship was more like Drill Sergeant to Army Private, which was exactly what I needed at that stage in life. He tried to make sure I didn't have time to get in trouble. He must have believed in the proverb that "Idle hands are the devil's workshop", because he kept me really, really busy. When not in class, I was assigned work details before, during and after school.

I was treated well and most of the time, I did the work without complaint. However, as I got older I wanted to do more things with friends, so one day, I decided to test the waters and did not show up for the afternoon work at the school cafeteria. That was a mistake.

I will never forget that day. I was hanging out with a bunch of friends, smoking cigarettes and having a good time. One of my friends said "Oh shit it's Tim". I laughed and said "Yeah right"; until I turned around and there he was in the passenger seat of a car. He pointed at me and said "get your ass in the car".

When we got back to my room he started going all sorts of Drill Sergeant on me. Each word out of his mouth was enunciated by his finger jabbing me in the chest area. I did not hear a word he said, because his finger kept hitting my pocket which contained a pack of smokes. All I could think of at the time was if he knew I was smoking, I was dead. He was so mad that he didn't even notice. I always smile when I tell that story.

In those 4 years, that was the only confrontation I ever had with Brother Timothy. He was a good guardian and did not hover or lecture. As long as I followed the straight and narrow, he allowed me to do my own thing and be my own person. That was a valuable lesson. I stayed on that course and my life has been very good.

I graduated in 1974 and lost contact with Brother Timothy until sometime in 1984 when I and my girlfriend, now wife, had lunch with Brother Timothy, and his family in San Jose, CA. For the life of me I don't recall how we ended up getting in touch with each other after so many years. I again lost touch with Brother Timothy until around 2005 and we maintained steady contact until he passed. During the last 13 years my relationship with him evolved into a deep friendship, which I will always cherish. He would get a kick out of introducing me to some of the Brothers as an FBI agent. I kept reminding him that I worked for the Treasury Department. In typical Brother Timothy fashion he would say, "I know, but FBI

sounds better." During these years, I learned that he really loved his niece, and he told me that when he dies, he wants her picture buried with him. He was in fact in Berlin. He was a Sergeant and a medic and was proud of his military background.

His duties as a Christian Brother were unique. Besides being an educator and administrator, he spent a good deal of time being a nurse and taking care of people, including the older and infirmed Brothers at your facility. Brother Timothy was a good man.

The last time I heard his voice was May 12th. We were in Hawaii and I called to check on him. He kept yelling hello and after a bit hung up. I called again the next day and left him a message. I hope he received it.

I sincerely believe that Brother Timothy and I were put in each other's life for a reason. I will always be grateful to him and I will have great love and memories not only from my high school days but especially over the past years. He was a prolific letter writer and I will miss seeing them in my mail box.

He told me was not afraid to die and that he lived a good life. At the end, he was still that tough guy that I had the privilege of knowing.

**Bill Kekoa '74
La Salle Academy**

Brother Timothy was our Senior Class Moderator and required that the Class President meet with him every school day morning to discuss all Student Senate Committee activities. In the spring of 1967 our Social Committee decided to conclude our Senior Year by having a "big name group" perform in our 1200 seat auditorium. Due to their popularity, Frankie Valli and The Four Seasons were selected among several groups. At this time, The Four Seasons enjoyed star status in pop music, having 7 Gold Records, 6 Top 10 Records, and record sales in the millions. They were truly one of the most popular and sought after music groups in the country. Could we secure them? No high school in the US had ever undertaken such a challenge. Brother Timothy listened attentively to our request. He said quietly "*We can do this, but I must do a little homework*".

He discovered the Four Seasons were touring from New York City thru New England in the spring and Early Summer. He learned that Frankie Valli was a Catholic, Italian, and grew up in a neighborhood much like his own. He was told that they wanted to be paid in cash, because they owed money to the IRS and lithe Mob". He said to us "I need to make a few calls". Within days Brother Timothy informed us that Frankie Valli and The Four Seasons were scheduled to appear at LaSalle. He had spoken to their manager and all the

arrangements were made! Brother Timothy then obtained "lithe cash" to pay them (no one questioned how he came up with the money). He hid it in his room at the Brother's Residence. He was intuitive and anticipated some opportunist would make an attempt to steal the money. That break-in did occur, but the thief, despite an exhaustive search, never did find the money. Brother Timothy, was a street smart Italian from the Silver Lake Section of Providence, and served in World War II in a variety of capacities. He secured a hiding place in his room known only to him and the Holy Spirit.

On May 20, 1967 Frankie Valli and The Four Seasons did perform for over 2 hours in the LaSalle academy Auditorium before a capacity sold out audience, with classmates, teachers, and many Christian Brothers "bartering" for a ticket to this momentous event!

After the completion of their tour, Brother Timothy shared a hand written letter that Frankie Valli sent to him, expressing how grateful they were to have met Brother Timothy, and shared the evening with the LaSalle community. It proved to be one of the most enjoyable of their entire tour! We were ecstatic and thanked Brother Timothy profusely for creating such an indelible memory for our class!

During one of our more recent gatherings in Napa, Ray Sheridan and I recounted the story, and asked Brother Timothy if he still had the letter. He did not remember if he did, and where it would be located...maybe now he could "make a few calls" to the Holy Spirit to get his answer...

Stephen P. Lepre '67
La Salle Academy

I recall Brother Timothy as a vibrant and inspirational force at La Salle. Indeed, he was always there to challenge you to do better than your best. And, his sustaining inspiration never stopped. On many occasions, amidst the challenges and crises of Congress, I would find a note on my desk from Brother Timothy telling me he had seen me (probably at 2 a.m. on C-SPAN) and that I had done OK. Those notes meant the world to me. No one gave more to his country, his community, his comrades in arms and, especially, his students than Brother Tim. His "thumbs up" gave me strength and reminded me that I still have a long way to go to match his service and sacrifice.

Jack Reed
Rhode Island Senator