



2006 McQuaid Jesuit Alumni Reunion Weekend

Friday and Saturday, June 23 and 24, 2006

*Greystone Golf Club, Walworth, N.Y.
Shadow Lake Golf & Racquet Club, Penfield, N.Y.
McQuaid Jesuit, Rochester, N.Y.*



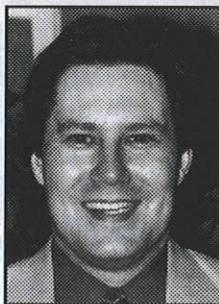
Thank you, Mr. Bradley

*After 46 years of service, McQuaid Jesuit's
legendary teacher and coach is retiring*

Welcome to Reunion Weekend

Hello, and welcome to the 2006 McQuaid Jesuit Alumni Reunion Weekend. I'm glad you could be a part of it. This weekend is the culmination of hard work by the McQuaid Advancement Office, the McQuaid Alumni Association and the individual reunion class chairmen. In addition, thank you to Alumni Association council members Thomas "Tee" Thaney, '74, and Mike McConville, '67, for their efforts in organizing the ever-popular, annual Alumni Golf Tournament.

The golf tournament is the perfect kickoff for the weekend. This year we wanted to provide our alumni and friends with a greater challenge than ever before, so for the first time we are playing at Greystone Golf Club in Walworth. The golf is followed by the tournament awards dinner and the Alumni Reunion Stag Reception/Alumni Summer Kickoff at Shadow Lake on Friday evening.



*Mike Doser, '90
Alumni Director*

On Saturday at 4 p.m., there is the Alumni Reunion Mass in the McQuaid Student Chapel. At 5 p.m., there is a cocktail reception during which our reunion classes and other alumni and friends will have the opportunity to honor and thank Mr. Robert J. Bradley for all he has done for McQuaid and for its young men during his 46-year career.

Since January, I've been collecting our alumni's favorite Bradley memories for publication on the alumni.mcquaid.org website and in this program. We've received 47 submissions, ranging from alumni of the 1960s through the 1990s. Some recollections are serious. Some are funny. All of them are powerful testaments to Bob Bradley. He has positively impacted so many lives during his time. Frankly, Bob is one of the most pleasant and genuine human beings you'll ever meet. Thanks for everything, Mr. Bradley.

And thanks to you for coming. Enjoy the weekend.

Mike

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**Jeff Valentine, '94,
President, Callfinity**

Friday, June 23

Order of Events

*At Greystone Golf Club
1400 Atlantic Ave., Walworth, N.Y.*

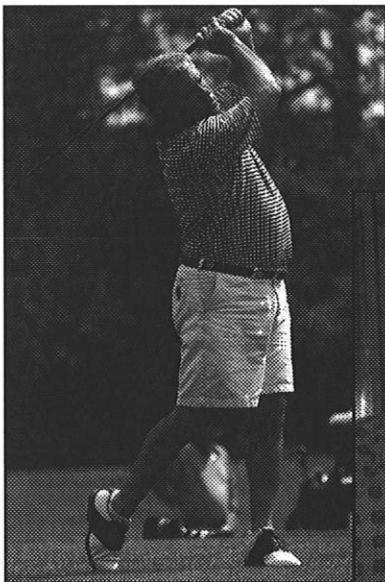
10:30 a.m.Alumni Golf Tournament Registration

11:30 a.m.Shotgun Start

*At Shadow Lake Golf & Racquet Club
1850 Five Mile Line Rd., Penfield, N.Y.
Under the Tent*

5:00 p.m.Buffet Dinner & Tournament Awards Ceremony

6:30 p.m.Alumni Stag Reception/Alumni
Summer Kickoff



Left: Tim Nally, '67, takes a swing and shows how it's done at the 2005 Alumni Golf Tournament. Bottom, from left: Steve Hogan, '67, Beau Hanford, '67, and Ryan Mooney, '96, enjoy the post-game festivities underneath the tent at Shadow Lake. Photos by Paul Warren



Saturday, June 24

Order of Events

*At McQuaid Jesuit High School
1800 South Clinton Avenue., Rochester, N.Y.*

4 p.m. Mass

Student Chapel

Celebrant Fr. Larry Wroblewski, S.J.

First Reading and Responsorial Psalm Eric Garsin, '93

Second Reading Jim Meade, '71

Prayers of the Faithful Conor Cusack, '87

*Presentation of the Gifts The Mack Family
Brian, '86, and Jane
Ron and Denise*

4:45 p.m. Cocktail Reception in Honor of

Mr. Robert J. Bradley

Fr. Hogenkamp Auditorium

5:15 p.m. Welcome

Alumni Director Mike Doser, '90

Slide Show: Bradley Through the Years

Produced by Rob Bradley, '93

A Gift of Appreciation

Vice President/Advancement Bill Wynne, '64



*Coach Bradley
gives final
instructions to
his runners
before a meet.*

Alumni Recall Their Favorite Bob Bradley Memories

There are five men to whom I owe the bulk of whatever success I've enjoyed in life; my father, my scoutmaster, my first boss, my business partner and Bob Bradley.

While I enjoyed "Shane," "The Bridges At Toko Ri," "Dandelion Wine" and "The Martian Chronicles," it's what Coach Bradley taught me on the athletic field for which I'll be forever grateful. The discipline to show up for work/practice every day regardless of whether I happened to feel like it came from him. So did the recognition that a victory earned through hard work and against a talented opponent is a lot more satisfying than one that comes effortlessly. I found out that you still have a lot left to give long after pain has tried to convince you otherwise. I learned that sometimes you'll lose. And sometimes, those losses will be embarrassing (Last place in a 200 person race is pretty embarrassing). But I also learned that you don't quit, and that embarrassment won't kill you. The comfort of that knowledge, gained under Coach Bradley's tutelage, was instrumental in convincing me to take some risks in life that I might otherwise have shied away from. On the whole, I'm far better off for having taken them. Had I never met Bob Bradley, I'm not sure I would have had the self-confidence to do so.

Coach, I've lost track of how many times over the course of the last 20 or 25 years I've said to myself "you know, you really should tell Coach just how important an influence he's had on your life and express your gratitude to him." But somehow, whenever I ran into you over the years I never could seem to find the words. You know how guys are --- we don't show emotion (except during football and basketball games). So, now I'm saying it. Thanks. For Everything. To me, you were McQuaid.

Geoff Rosenberger, '71

Bob Bradley was one of my first exposures to McQuaid Jesuit as an eighth grader in 1978. His ability to teach more than English was truly remarkable. As our Eighth Grade mentor, he exhibited a number of amazing traits that I noted then and used in my dealings with youth in both Boy Scouts and youth ministry groups over the last several years. When I graduated with the class of '83, it was a hurdle knowing that Mr. Bradley would no longer be around to make suggestions on how to do something better.

One of the most comforting thoughts as a semi-terrified (OK, totally terrified) young man was the knowledge that "Bo" Bradley would set us men straight on any number of glaringly obvious faults. He had a way of letting a youth know that it's OK to make mistakes, but learn from them - and try your best not to make them again. Certain

phrases will always stick with me; "don't shoot your kneecaps!", translated as don't rush off with a half-baked answer was a favorite. "Run dead slow, but just don't walk," plus a decade of Hail Marys has carried me through rough times. For those of us who ran indoor track, hollering out "chicane!" has symbolized how to cope with adversity when it's rushing at you from just the other side of an obstacle. As part of a civilian multinational team rebuilding Kuwait's communication systems following the first Gulf War, I set up a group picture of our team with shirts that said "I Survived the Gulf" ...after explaining the complexities of running in the U of R field house tunnel.

Yes, he did teach us incorrigibles, the ins and outs of literature, including how to write cohesively without creating a rambling odyssey (well, until this note). I've had over a dozen trade magazine articles published over the years, and I credit my former high school English teacher for instilling a sense of ability to not only achieve, but to do it with grace and humility. He's been an incredible example and role model for all of us graduates to emulate.

Todd Ellis, '83

Favorite Bob Bradley memory on the serious side: '71 X-C team taking a knee after warm-ups to say a prayer as news of the Attica tragedy broke--"We don't know what's happened yet, but it looks like it's going to be something real bad."

Favorite Bob Bradley memory from academia: Spending five classes discussing a four-page short story (remember "The Japanese Quince Tree?"). It was a whole new perspective on literacy.

Favorite Bob Bradley memories of lighter fare: A) Before I matured into a true comic genius, Mr. Bradley's standard retort to a constant barrage of bad jokes: "Smith! Get a new writer!"

B) The uniform shorts of our era were a lightweight nylon shell material. Before an indoor track meet warm-up at the U of R Field House, my shorts slipped off with my sweat pants, unbeknownst to me. So there I was, stretching out in the infield clad only in shirt, shoes, and supporter. Mr. Bradley walked up beside me and said "Greg, only show 'em your heels."

Greg Smith, '72

1970: McQuaid's powerful Track Team was #1 in the City-Catholic League and undefeated. We had a home meet against a strong Cardinal Mooney team. Mr. Bradley, as always, was playing the chess game of putting his talent in as many different track meets as he

Alumni Recall Their Favorite Bob Bradley Memories *continued*

could, to get as many young athletes participating and competing as regularly as possible, while trying to stay within the league rules of only 2 events per week per athlete.

He held back several athletes, so that they could compete elsewhere that week. That included our best sprinter, Mike Pignato, and others.

The strategy failed. We got too far behind early, and lost several key events, including the sprints, which Mike Pignato would have won easily, if Mr. Bradley had not held him back.

Finally, at the end, in desperation, Mr. Bradley put Mike in to run the final relay events, but it was too late. McQuaid lost to an inferior Cardinal Mooney team, who was quite obnoxious in celebrating its victory, carrying their captain, John Walker, (who wore a strange hat), off the field and into their bus...yelling: "We're #1" all the way.

In the locker room afterward, the team, and particularly Mr. Bradley, was shaken with disappointment. He addressed us all. He said two things: 1) That he was irritated by the constant refrains of "We're #1" after every meet, and that we should not ever do that; we were bigger than that. 2) "I blew it." He apologized to the entire team. Our teacher, our great coach...admitted his mistake, and took the blame on himself, and announced it to all of us. This was a great example to us all. If he could have the humility to admit to us that he had made a mistake, instead of blaming others...then that display of his character would come out in all of us in the future.

And of course, Mr. Bradley's prayer before every track meet, which will forever be burned into my memory (and, I am certain, everyone else's...): "Thanks for this day. Thanks for this team. Thank you for this chance to show what we can do. Our Lady, Queen of Victory, pray for us."

2001-02: That spring, I stopped by McQuaid unannounced, while I was in town to see to my father, who was having heart surgery at Rochester General. I strolled around the practice fields in the afternoon, just to watch and see how things looked at McQuaid, 30 years after my graduation. There was Mr. Bradley, with the young athletes. He looked up and noticed me, and to my great surprise, he not only remembered me, but called me by my first name! My God! How did he do that? That man has a memory like a steel trap!

But the real reason is that he has been so dedicated...and so involved...and yes, so loving of his students.

Will there ever be a man like Mr. Bradley at McQuaid ever again? Maybe...we'll probably have to wait about

100 years, because men like him don't come by that often. Anywhere.

Peter Meade, M.D., '70

During the spring of my senior year as a high jumper on the track team I began to experience some knee problems. The doctors decided that since there was inflammation in the knee, they would put my leg in a cast. This was right in the middle of track season and I was very disappointed. Three weeks later the cast was to come off just a few days before our final meet of the season. It was against Monroe (if memory serves) and both teams were undefeated. Mr. Bradley held a meeting in his classroom for the team to discuss the upcoming meet. He wrote all over the chalkboard event-by-event, showing us exactly where we would get our points and how we would win the meet. When it came to the high jump I didn't expect any mention. After all, I had been in a cast for three weeks and Monroe had three of the best jumpers in the city. But Mr. Bradley stated that I would take a third place. I was in shock. It didn't seem possible. Of course he was right. The next day I jumped my career best and took a third place for us. His confidence in me was greater than I had in myself.

The lesson I learned that day is to always shoot higher than you think you are capable of. As the old saying goes, "Shoot for the moon, if you miss you land amongst the stars". Mr. Bradley has never settled for anything less.

Tom Blake, '80

When I think of McQuaid, I think of first and foremost of Mr. Bradley.

There are so many anecdotes that could be related, but a few of Bo's quotes will probably say it best for anyone else who scans this page...

"What's the good word?"

I find myself asking this optimistic question of my coworkers every day. My colleagues think it's because I'm a lover of words. Truth is, it's stuck in my head from cross-country practice.

"Class tells."

Two words that say so much...about runners, about people, about how to conduct yourself, and who to watch for the long run.

"Good grief!"

Could anyone other than Charlie Brown or Bob Bradley really say this on a regular basis?

"Eighty pace is winning pace."

What wouldn't we all give to run eighty pace today?

"When I see one bumblebee, I want to see seven."

Alumni Recall Their Favorite Bob Bradley Memories *continued*

Long distance running as a team sport. Seems like a contradiction, but that's how we learned it. And that's how we won.

"Gentlemen, the only thing in this world that's truly 'awesome' is the Lord."

Judging by my 10-year old, I don't think Mr. Bradley or anyone else has been able to contain the widespread overuse of this word.

"...for the greater glory of God."

Okay, so maybe Mr. Bradley didn't originate the phrase, but I remember him saying it often...and meaning it always.

Thank you Mr. Bradley for teaching us things you'd think we might learn before high school -- how to really read, how to run, how to breathe, how to win, how to lose, and the "awesome" power of words.

Brian Rapp, '83

Mr. Robert Bradley was my freshman year English teacher. I was a shy 13-year old, and he taught me to open up...at least a little, and to read between the lines to see what the author was really saying. I remember reading "To Kill a Mockingbird," and one of its main characters became a tongue-in-cheek nickname for Mr. Bradley...never in his presence, of course.

Later, he talked me into helping with the track team as a manager, and I did that for three years. As I think back, the first things that come to mind were the trips to Syracuse and Hornell with about 10 people crammed into his VW mini-bus. There were times we all thought we would have to get out and push, but the chipmunks just kept running. I also remember the fun times we managers had timing events (our times were always slower than the runners ran), washing jerseys, and generally doing the things around the track that no one else wanted to do. Back then, it was a cinder track, not the high-tech surface of today. And, many times, we would be doing laps picking out the large cinders and smoothing out the track.

Most of all, though, I remember Bob Bradley as a man who always thought in a positive way. He looks ahead, not to what you did wrong, but what you can do better next time. I wish him well in his retirement.

Jim Meade, '71

Being a shot-putter and discus thrower, I do not have any great running stories. Well...there is a funny one. Paul Sadler made Dan Geen, Larri Broomfield, me and another weight man (possibly Alan Desino) run the 880 against Bishop Kearney and Newark. As I remember, Dan and Larri did us proud. We almost beat Bishop Kearney's team, but they were able to pick up the baton

and pass me on the third leg. Alas, we can't all be runners.

My fondest memory does not relate to Mr. Bradley's accomplishments as a track coach. My memory goes back to my sophomore year when doctors found a mass in my mother's abdomen. While it was not cancer and surgery corrected the problem, I remember Mr. Bradley's genuine concern for my mother's well being. Genuine...to me it's the word that best describes Mr. Bradley.

Greg Klein, '80

The last time I checked in 2004 my name appears right there underneath the oldest standing Section V Meet of Champions record (which might explain why I am surfing Rochester Track and Field web resources this time of year every year.) From this one obscure accolade I could probably lay claim to having gotten the most long-term recognition for the very least race-day performance in the history of the McQuaid program. Certainly mine is one of the four oldest and in all likelihood, the single least deserving name on the entire list.

I would go on from McQuaid to run three seasons and score points doing it in Division III, compete against cycling and Nordic skiing Olympians in Road Cycling (when I came back to Rochester in '83 it's safe to say that Ranieri was the only guy in town stronger on a bike; Peter Strohmaier was already a working man by then,) and also ride a touring bike on a big S path that ranged from Nova Scotia to Guatemala to the Yukon.

You were never going to undertake anything of that nature after having run for Mr. Bradley without knowing, at the very least, what your own acquired capacity for hard work and self-reliance could do for you.

When I take my son to cross country meets, I always make sure that he understands that this was by far my best experience in sports and that it was simple and elemental and direct, but not the least, it was beautiful. No explosive distractions from throaty shot-putters and flashy sprinters, just a bunch of competitors running across God's green earth in waves with men keeping time and places at the end, and guess what? The best man almost always wins here too.

Dan Schoenherr, '75

Dear Fellow Bradleyites,

I'll bet there are other runners who, in Bob's first few years at McQuaid, recall riding in his "Bradleymobile" to far off Saturday morning X-country races. We would be at McQuaid in the dark of early morning, load into the van (I think the first one was a pre-hippie days

Alumni Recall Their Favorite Bob Bradley Memories *continued*

Volkswagen van, the first edition of the van), arrange our bags so that we could try and stretch out and sleep a bit more, and off we'd go, only to wake up somewhere outside of Binghamton, or perhaps the Jesuit relays at Fordham, or some relays in the southern tier down near Corning, or somewhere far outside (still) of Buffalo. It was always far, and cold, and grey, when we crawled out of that van to let them know our team had arrived for the race. At least Mr. B. was fair about the music, we had to listen to "some of his (era) songs," and then he'd let us play a station with "some of our songs." This was a great lesson in life for later on when I would be driving my daughters across country to college. We took "tape or CD" turns. My music, their music, and so on.

I have continued to run some all these years since, and had the pleasure of 'getting trashed' by the youngsters a few years ago when I showed up at McQuaid to say hi to Mr. B. during the 24-Hour continual relay run. I was "escorted" for a mile by the team captain--seems I slowed a bit from my own senior days at McQuaid, but I survived to tell the story.

All the best to a great coach, a great teacher, and a great friend, enjoy a well deserved retirement, Mr. B. Thank you so much for all you've done for five decades of McQuaid's Knights, both in the classroom, and out in the world.

Mike Shaughnessy, '64

"Gentlemen, there will be no shushing."

Bob Bradley is the only teacher who reduced my essay a grade because of poor penmanship (but only once); the only coach who gave me a vile of honey at every X-country meet (we were supposed to consume it BEFORE we raced?); and the first teacher I ever encountered who seemed genuinely moved by the content of the subject he taught, contagiously. And because of him I remember

so much depends
upon
a red wheel
barrow
glazed with rain
water
beside the white
chickens.

Jim Welch, '68

My first class at McQuaid was English with Mr. Bradley. First book read was, "The Pathfinder". By the end of the year, I knew that I wanted to be a teacher. Mr. Bradley so clearly enjoyed what he was doing and made his students share the pleasure of literature ... well, he

was the perfect model of the dedicated teacher. I, too, was a member of the Loyal Order of Apple Eaters and haven't split an infinitive since (even if Fowler does say it's okay). In third-year AP English, Mr. Bradley gave me a book award for best term paper (on Sinclair Lewis)--Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise", a book I still have and cherish. I'm quite sure I didn't deserve it, since there were some very fine writers in that class, but I've always believed Mr. Bradley thought this encouragement might make a difference in my life. I've been teaching classics and ancient history now for thirty-four years and have loved every minute. I've always said I envy no man his job. Thank you, Mr. Bradley, for the extra thoughtfulness you showed me and so many others over the years and for modeling the Platonic ideal of a teacher. Bene! Optime! Euge!

Jim Holoka, '65

I never had Mr. Bradley (to this day I could never call him by his first name, at least not to his face anyway) as a teacher, only as a coach. I am sure this is the only shortcoming in my educational experience at McQuaid.

No single experience or event stands out in my memory of my time spent with him. Every runner who ever rode in a car he was driving, or saw his arm waving at them in the distance, or was on the receiving end of one of his unhappy looks over the tops of his glasses, has a humorous story to tell. The continuity and consistency of these shared experiences links all of us across that 46-year span. I think, for me, what is most important is taking this long overdue opportunity to say thank you to my Coach.

Tom McGrath, '83

Bob Bradley was my track coach in 1963 for only one season in which I competed in high hurdles, shot-put, and the half-mile. I also tried anything else that the coach thought that I could make a difference in for the team. I never finished in front except for the one race, I believe, against Brighton that the team needed a "rabbit" to set the pace for one lap for the mile to position our better runners.

I was able to earn my varsity letter in my senior year and the "coach" demonstrated to a young man what the spirit of teamwork meant. I have carried that lesson with me in a thirty-five-year career at Xerox and in my family life with my wife Cheryle, with whom I will celebrate our fortieth wedding anniversary on June 25th this year. I still am amazed at the way the lessons learned from Mr. Bradley and the other teachers at McQuaid have shown themselves in the lives of my children and grandchildren.

Alumni Recall Their Favorite Bob Bradley Memories *continued*

Thank you for enriching the lives of myself and my family and for all that you have done for "our" school. May your life be forever blessed!!!

Richard Cowley, '63

Lasting lessons Mr. Bradley taught me include: 1) Your body can handle a lot more pain than you think it can. 2) Good sportsmanship is more important than the score of any race. 3) The value of perseverance. We were also blessed that our son Andy '96 was coached in cross country, track and life by Mr. B. Other lessons that have stuck with me: 1) Do not drive while sleeping. 2) Do not let people, in celebration or otherwise, try to throw you over a rocky shoreline into a lake. Thank you Bob. All the Best,

Ed Robertson, '70

I was lucky enough to have Mr. Bradley as a teacher for both Freshman English and for Junior AP English. Despite my best efforts, a lot of what he taught me seeped through. There are times when I am reading a book or watching a movie and I'll hear Mr. Bradley's voice say, "That's the second time the author has mentioned this seemingly insignificant detail. Why is he hitting you over the head with this? Why does he want to make sure you know that?" I find myself much more appreciative of plots and story lines as a result of reading more carefully.

I find that memories of Mr. Bradley sneak up on me many times. I remember in freshman year he once chided me for overuse of exclamation points in an essay I completed. He said I should restrict my use (and I'm paraphrasing here) to maybe one per month. I remember this every time the Seinfeld rerun airs where Elaine breaks up with her boyfriend because he didn't use exclamation points in a phone message he left her.

I remember being in Church and one of the readings was from Psalm 79. Another Bradley memory returned. I can't count the number of times my classmates and I pushed Mr. Bradley to the point where he would raise his eyes toward heaven and with outstretched arms implore, "How long, O Lord?"

I have even been known to watch Shakespeare plays on occasion. I still listen for the puns that Shakespeare wrote for the "yokels in the pit" and listen for the rhyming couplet that marks the end of the scene.

Thanks for everything, Mr. Bradley, and have a long, happy and rewarding retirement! (My exclamation point for May, 2007)

Chuck D'Agostino, '72

"Gen - tle - men." With Mr. Bradley you were not sure if it was a salutation or a command. It was how he started his classes. It got your attention.

Then there would be the prayer - Always a "Hail Mary" led by him, but in short flat staccato phrases and an inflection at the end of each. Always the same pattern. Was it Zen-like or preoccupied? The bold would try to pray it like him. Funny thing, trying to imitate the way a guy prays - you end up praying too.

The remainder of the class - be it "take out a half sheet" (preferably with AMDG across the top), divining the perfect theme topic sentence or dissecting a book (Reading One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest - in 8th grade and in a CATHOLIC school - how great was that??) - might creep or race, but you would end the year a more thoughtful reader and a better writer; a contemplative in action, in the Ignatian tradition.

I was, and am, also a distance runner from McQuaid. I have watched with trepidation the apple cores pile up on the dashboard as Mr. B fought off sleep on the way back from yet another weekend spent running and slumming off Jesuit retreat houses. I have gleefully folded my freshman self in three to fit on the floor between the second and third rows of the decrepit VW microbus along with 20-odd other team mates to a practice at RIT. I have followed the tireless jogging man and his distance wheel up and down Highland Park, muttering at the injustice that we would have to run intervals after we got to wherever we would end up.

I have also known what it was like to wear the gold and black bumblebee with my teammates and to expect great things. I have known what it was like to achieve them - in that self important 17-year-old way. To this day I still cringe at the memory of crushing times when Mr. B would simply clap me on the back and tell me to chalk it up to experience. I learned how to take that difficult first step every single day - for an "LSD" run or a "pace progression" or summer training. In a two-man 880 relay or another interval up the Dugway, I have learned how to how to go further and faster than my head said I could. Any obstacles now seem surmountable.

And this man, this presence, with his clipboard and his stopwatch and infinitely detailed plans --- In hot Indian summer days at Genesee Valley; At the end of the season in fallen leaves at Van Cortland; In stupidly cold weather on Howland, looking for dry patches of road; On coldly colorless days in April at Marshall and Jefferson, when you muttered at the arm flailing through the wind from the other end of the track; And in dog-like June heat at RIT --- was always, always there. Pushing us. Pulling us. We might make it about him, but we knew he was mak-

Alumni Recall Their Favorite Bob Bradley Memories *continued*

ing it about us. For 46 years now. This presence. This greater glory of God making. Our only response to love must be to go and do the same.

Chris Koller, '79

I wasn't a runner -- but when I think of Mr. Bradley, I think of his affection for the Charlie Brown comic strip ("Good grief, Ryan!"); Shakespeare (I can still remember Hamlet's "To be or not to be" in it's entirety); the time he spent writing articles to the Brighton-Pittsford Post about our basketball team, and made things sound positive for a 3-16 team; his showing up at every wake and/or funeral of anyone connected with McQuaid, to this day; and, of course, humility. In short, as can be gleaned from each memory written by my fellow alumni, Mr. Bradley is the living definition of a man for others.

Chuck Ryan, '72

Coach Bradley, through four years of cross-country and track, proved to be a more durable influence on me than any teacher or administrator, Jesuit or lay, in the character-forming experience that is McQuaid.

He was all about the discipline of gradual and incremental improvement, and about keeping the quiet faith that says, "You may just get where you are going if you don't turn around." Show up every day. Make the effort. Try to shave a few seconds off your last time. I did that and my times sucked for two years. But then, remarkably, I saw dramatic improvement in myself -- as if overnight, as if by magic.

Neither the best nor the worst runner on the team, I distinguished myself more by antics and irreverence than by athletic prowess. These were a regular source of consternation for the coach, but to his credit and my lasting benefit, he managed to ride herd over the ballyhoo in such a manner as to keep me on the team without being a disruption to it.

Recently I had the privilege of reintroducing the coach to a classmate's sister. As the light of recognition tentatively came across her face, she said "Ah yes, FATHER Bradley." Well, she wasn't right about that ... but, in a sense, she wasn't wrong either.

Ken Sigmund, '72

I knew of Bob Bradley before I attended McQuaid. When my father started working at McQuaid in the '60s, he and Bob became friends. Of course, this meant that Bob recruited my dad to drive to X-C meets on Saturdays. When the time came for my dad to get married, of course he wanted Bob to be there. Unfortunately, my dad was getting married on the first weekend in

October, which EVERYONE knows is the McQuaid Invitational weekend. Bob was just getting the invitational started in those days, and so he missed my parents' wedding! My mother claims that she wouldn't speak to him after that, although she relented years later and would help work the snack bar at the Invitational. Bob's dedication to that meet is a monumental example of the importance and value of service for all the McQuaid men who experienced it.

One fond memory of Bob is of a X-C race at Cobbs Hill. I had just crested the dreaded hill and was puffing across the top when I passed Bob. I was running well that day, and was frustrated that Bob made me stop and tie my shoe before heading back downhill. His message was to do things the right way, especially when it came to running fast. I have double-knotted my shoes on race day ever since.

Tom Shields, '85

His insistence that I run hurdles ... all the while I just wanted to hang with the shot putters and be cool. But that insistence (ultimately ignored) has always stayed with me. Why? Why take an interest in me, a kid he barely knew anything about, and who really didn't want to work all that hard. So, why push? What was his passion about? Why care enough that I should try?

I ultimately learned that there are important lessons to be found in his insistence; that risk-taking even in someone perceived as a slacker was an important thing to do. Thank you Bob and God bless you.

Mark Kuiper, '80

You know, looking back at all the memories I have of my four years of cross country, indoor & outdoor track at McQuaid, surprisingly, the one I'm about to share is of the very first time I met him, before I ever put one foot in front of the other for Mr. Bradley. (yes, Mr. Bradley, I know that is a run-on sentence). It was a warm day in late summer, right at the start of an unsure adventure I like to call "the McQuaid experience." I decided to run cross country, to get in shape for basketball. Nothing more. As Mr. Bradley gives me a lock for the gym locker, before practice, he tells me to memorize the combination, right then and there. He needed the combination tag back, for his records. I thought to myself, what is he crazy? No way can I do that. I have an absolutely awful memory for numbers, still do. So, I said something like, "How am I supposed to do that?" His reply was to the effect of that our minds are like filing cabinets. Just store the information away in a folder, where you can get to it later. I thought to myself, yeah, right, but gave it a shot, because

Alumni Recall Their Favorite Bob Bradley Memories *continued*

what else was I going to do? He wanted that tag back! Well, to my amazement, the mental exercise actually worked, and I was able to recall the combo after practice, with the help of a full onslaught of panic mode, of course.

Looking back, I realize that this first encounter with Mr. Bradley is actually great example of his influence on me. More than anything, he taught me the importance of setting a goal, and holding myself to it. He held us all to our goals back then, and through those experiences, I believe, we learned what it takes to hold ourselves to task, in whatever we do. Thank you, for everything, Mr. Bradley.

Jim Barnum, '94

I attended the funeral mass for John Glavin with my 20-year-old daughter. Bob Bradley was in the pew in front of us. I whispered to Emily, "That guy was my freshman English teacher at McQuaid (I wasn't a runner). At the offertory he's going to turn around and he will know my name." She was amazed. Some things you can count on. Bob Bradley is one of them.

Peter W. Crerand, '71

There were a lot of great memories running for Mr. Bradley. Often I recall the start of cross country races when the whole team was gathered together. Mr. Bradley would give us some last minute instructions (how fast to go out, which team to look out for, where to take a "bee-line", "use your 3 step breathing", etc.), and then we would put our hands in and say a prayer. His prayer was always: "Thank you for this day, this team, this chance to run. We ask this through Christ our Lord and His Mother Mary." The funny thing was, a few times we were saying that prayer when the gun sounded, and had to scramble to get into the race! The story's a good metaphor for Mr. Bradley if you ask me. Running was important, but clearly there were more important things.... God bless you Mr. Bradley! Have a great retirement!

Paul Dennee, '81

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset [us], and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of [our] faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. - Hebrews 12:1-2

May the rest of your race be filled with the Spirit of God, only the joys of this world, the knowledge that generations of students hold you in deep regard, and the

knowledge that when the finish line is crossed, you will hear, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Well done, indeed, Mr. Chips.

Rick Lareau, '64

Mr. Bradley, I was far from your best English student. Some might even say I was 'disinterested'. Something must have rubbed off, though, because the literature and composition that I learned from you (and Mr. Jaromin) served me well in later academic, professional and personal life when I grew up enough to appreciate it. I learned something even more important. You had the unique ability to maintain high standards while never giving up on any student, or allowing a student to give up on himself. In my view, that is a big part of what McQuaid is about, and you are a big part of that tradition. Thanks for everything, except "The Merchant of Venice," and best wishes for your retirement years.

Jim Cronin, '70

Bob Bradley has always been good teacher, a good coach, and a good man. I have many memories of Track and Cross Country; races run and occasionally won. Other memories include running to Cobbs Hill for Cross Country practice with the coach alongside; team pushing the old VW bus to jump start it; 'oxygen debt' work in basement; and Freshman English debating "The Most Dangerous Game": dream or no dream. Live long and prosper, Bob.

Mike Aha, '75

I ran indoor and outdoor track in the late eighties and it still remains the high point of anything that I ever did athletically. Mr. Bradley created a unique team environment that fostered everyone to be an individual but at the same time to work like you'd never worked before to help the team succeed. One of my fondest memories actually happened this last summer as I attended a summer meet at RIT that my 9-year-old daughter was running in. I saw Mr. Bradley in the stands and went up to talk to him just as my daughter's 400-meter race was about to begin. He greeted me as if he had just seen me the day before and we sat together to take in the race. He offered to take splits for me (of course) and then spent the race breaking down her performance. A lot of things may change, but some things always stay the same.

I participated in many sports under many coaches, but there has never been a coach that I've had that I respected more than Mr. Bradley. He produced countless winners on the field of competition, but more importantly, he made us better as people. He taught us the value of hard

Alumni Recall Their Favorite Bob Bradley Memories *continued*

work and the importance of doing your best. Thank you, Mr. Bradley for your many years of service.

Kirk Preston, '89

In the spring of 1965, I was an unathletic kid cut from every team, save the summer Kodak softball teams that welcomed everyone, for which I tried out. Bob Bradley was my freshman English and homeroom teacher and he suggested I try out for track as a "weight man." (Weight I had!)

Throughout the competition of freshman year, I would foul on two out of every three "puts" of the shot. The single, qualifying shot would be listed, next day, on the purple mimeo results sheet as "sub- 25 feet," a wonderful phrase combining charity and veracity. As a sophomore, I competed as JV and once got to don sweats in a varsity meet. That year, I totaled 10 points.

Although my track "career" ended as debate took more and more time, I've been grateful for the encouragement, and the experience of team, ever since. McQuaid formed me in many ways and Bob Bradley's influence, in the classroom and beyond, was second to none.

Dick Keeley, '68

I'm not sure if it's because he is from New Jersey, or because he is an outstanding cross-country coach, or because he is an inspiring teacher or because of his ability to bring out the best in the people around him - more likely I suspect that it's the combination of all these characteristics that make Mr. Bradley such a remarkable individual. Few men have left such a legacy behind at our beloved institution. Through all of the lives that Mr. Bradley touched throughout his distinguished career at McQuaid he has - in true Ignatian form - "set fire unto the earth." He may be entering upon his retirement in a few months, but he will always be my Coach.

Colin Murtha, '98

In the spring of '78, at Coach Bradley's personal urging, I went out for the spring track team, as a hurdler. I seem to remember our first meet was also our first time outside, in one of the coldest springs on record. I also remember going on all these long, 8 mile runs through every neighborhood imaginable, and wondering to myself, "what does all this distance work have to do with sprinting/hurdling?" I would resolve to gut it out, because, "if the 'old guy' LEADING the pack, could do it, then so could I!" I learned a lot from Coach Bradley. Determination, teamwork, how to push myself to do more, to improve. Not just as an athlete either, but as a

person. I made many new friends, and fond memories. I remember Coach personally cheering me on, to a third place finish at the all-comers postseason meet in the 330 intermediate hurdles. A surprise finish, and personal best. My only regret of the whole experience? That I waited until my senior year, to run for Coach, and I wish I had run all 4 years for the man!

Peter McCrank, '78

Coach. I never had Bob Bradley as a teacher, so for me he will always be Coach. When you are growing up, sometimes you need someone outside of your family or the classroom to guide you, to tell you in direct terms how it is and how it should be, what is right and what is expected from you. You need someone to push you and someone to rein you in on occasion. This is Bob Bradley. He did it for me and for hundreds, maybe thousands, of others.

If you ran for Coach Bradley for 4 years, he would build you into a runner, both physically and mentally. You could start as a skinny little kid in sneakers, but if you stuck with it, you would slowly see your times drop and maybe eventually become one of his "horses," a true badge of honor. For those that were truly gifted (not me), he would make sure that his runners had the chance to compete at a higher level so that they could truly test their limits. If it was a time to be serious and you were not, say, when looking at the hill in Watkins Glenn, he could stop you in your tracks with a "Come on now, Mawk."

It was simple. Coach told you what to expect. He told you what he thought you could do. You had trained. You felt strong. Coach pulled you and the team in for a little talk and a prayer and sent you out to do a job. Thanks Coach.

Mark Weider, '69

Ask Bob Bradley about the "Loyal Order of Apple Eaters" from 1961 ... I think that he will smile. He assembled a small group of English-grammar underachievers - I believe I was a founding member. Two days a week after classes we enjoyed the ambience of the school cafeteria in warm friendly discussions with "Mr. Bradley" about sentence structure, verbs, adverbs and adjectives. At the conclusion of each session, we celebrated with an apple from the vending machine, talked briefly about life, and then adjourned to our normal routine. Sure these late afternoons meant extra work for "Mr. Bradley," but he was there to educate and if that meant extra time, well, he was there to educate... Thanks for the extra effort.

Two years ago I had lunch with Bob so that I could

Alumni Recall Their Favorite Bob Bradley Memories *continued*

refresh his memory of the "Apple Eaters," and to briefly celebrate a personal milestone. As we talked about the "Loyal Order...", Bob smiled and suggested that the "Apple Eaters" was a ploy, conjured by a recently minted graduate to help the more challenged students meet some minimum standards. Can it really be more than 40 years?

Well, I really don't know how long the "Apple Eaters" ploy was used, but from personal experience I know it was successful... Bob, good luck on this next adventure called retirement.

Say, does anyone else remember all those underlined paperback books, and the oral book reports for extra credit? I still write all over books when I read them - a habit that is hard to break.

Mike Gendron, '65

It was the Spring of 1970, we had lost to CBA in track the previous 2 years. Prior to the meet at McQuaid, the Varsity, JV and Freshman teams met in the chapel for Mass, praying for Victory but more importantly, Christian Unity. The Varsity meet was predicted by Mr. B to be close, but if everyone ran, jumped, or threw as he expected, we could win. Sixty-nine points were needed for the win. It was an exciting meet with McQuaid scoring 68 points going into the 2-mile and the final relay. It was unlikely that we could win the relay, but then again all we needed was one point for the victory. Our top distance runners had already run the Mile and by the rules of the time could not run the 2-mile. Prior to the race Mr. Bradley took me aside and told me that whatever happened, Track was a team sport and all I had to do was get third for us to win. We already had a tie, just give it my best effort and that's what counted. If one read the article following our victory, you might not get the impression that it was a team sport. The picture in the paper was of my 3rd place finish into a cheering crowd and the article was devoted to us winning after my 3rd place. While the team would have been disappointed if I had placed 4th with my best effort, Mr. Bradley wouldn't have been.

I have been back to Rochester 3 times since I moved to Florida at the end of my Junior year. I have stopped in to see the Bradleys on each occasion. How else can I thank a man that had a great influence on me during my 4 years at McQuaid (8th grade thru junior year)?

Dick Sheridan, '72

I never expected to run X-C at McQuaid when I entered in 1996 as a freshman. I had always played soccer but missed the tryout due to an unexpected passing in the family. I started running for Mr. Bradley during my

sophomore year. My first thoughts were, "What is the matter with this guy?" He always seemed to push you to your limits and beyond. He always had a way of figuring you out to make you a better runner. I am very grateful to be a part of this man's legacy. I say legacy because he reached out to so many runners and made you feel good about yourself, no matter how fast you were. I have 2 favorite memories. During my junior and senior years we would always have a team meeting before practice (not all the time), but sometimes. The juniors and seniors would sit in the back and catch a nap before the practice began. It was all well and good until one day Mr. Bradley caught on and made all the juniors and seniors sit up front so they would not fall asleep. The 2nd favorite memory is we had a meet done in Olean (St. Bonaventure University where I also ran X-C). It was my junior year and I came in 2nd for the team (If I had my own spikes I probably would have beaten Ian McBride). But after the race Mr. Bradley said, "I had a goal in mind and I set myself to achieve that goal." That was my favorite race of my 4 years at McQuaid. I still live in the area and when I go to a McQuaid hockey game, I always see him and Mr. Dodd. Mr. Bradley, you have made your mark on the school and the lives of young boys who turned into men. You are truly what the school stands for and I, for one, am forever grateful. Enjoy your retirement and God Bless you and your family.

Nicholas Moeller, '00

There are few people in the school's history that have given as much of themselves to the betterment and advancement of McQuaid than Mr. Bradley. As a coach, he has instilled a strong sense of the school's history in his runners. Through the annual McQuaid Invitational, one of the largest high school cross country meets in the nation, he has showcased the school's name and amazing organizational potential to the rest of the community. There is also the annual 25-hour charity relay, a cross country team tradition that has raised thousands of dollars for local charities and has exemplified the school's "Men for Others" tradition. He even brought cross country parents together in BASH fundraisers to raise money for the school. He has been a great ambassador for McQuaid.

Even more important are all the runners (and students) he has influenced during his tenure at McQuaid. When judging a coach, many focus on the results in competition. Mr. Bradley and his teams have been extremely successful over the years, winning not only at the local level, but also at the state and regional levels too. But, more important than guiding his runners so that each individ-

Alumni Recall Their Favorite Bob Bradley Memories *continued*

ual would reach his true potential on the course or track, he taught us all how to represent ourselves as men. While many view running as an individual sport, when his teams put on the "bumble bee" uniforms, they carried the burden of representing themselves, their teammates, and their school. He prepared us all not only to compete, but to compete with class. "Class" was a word he would always say to us as we would arrive at a meet, at a team dinner, or at a hotel. In Coach Bradley, we did not have to look far for an example.

For over 40 years, Mr. Bradley has given himself to McQuaid and to the young men who've walked its halls. The school and his former students and teams will never be able to repay him (or his wife Ann-Marie) for their years of sacrifice - not only all the long hours after school, practicing with his teams and the many weekends spent traveling to cities throughout the northeast so as to offer his runners the best opportunities and competition he could find, but also the other duties of being a mentor such as when he took time out of his summer vacation to attend a small funeral service for my grandfather. I'd like to thank Mr. Bradley again for his guidance and support during my time at McQuaid and for all of his other contributions to the school we love. All the best to you and your family!

John Chaintreuil, '99

I was the first of the Hortons (and one of the slowest) to run Cross Country, Indoor and Outdoor Track for Mr. Bradley. I can not really identify one single memory that stands out over my four years with him, as collectively, the four years with him were a treasure I would not trade with anyone. He taught me perseverance, integrity, discipline and above all, to treat everyone the same way. Coach Bradley in his 40-plus years of coaching never played favorites. He was honest and refreshingly humble. Those four years with him were the most important in helping me achieve what I am today: A dedicated husband and father, Physician, Military Officer and God-loving Christian.

Phil Horton, MD, '70

(the first one to break 10 minutes in the two-mile run)

I ran on the cross country team as a freshman in 1966 and was always in the middle or end of the pack. The really talented runners in the class of 1970 were Buckley, Appleby, and Stanley, and later, in track, Pignato, Roberts, and Bredekamp. Bob Bradley offered encouragement to everyone who ran for McQuaid, however, and as his student I knew that as well as I knew that he cared deeply about language and literacy. In freshman

and junior English, we explored "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet," "The Catcher in the Rye" and "The Crucible."

Bob Bradley was a dedicated and inspiring teacher for me and many others in our time at McQuaid. I teach English language and literature classes now at Dominican University in Illinois. One of the people who has inspired and guided me in pursuing this profession, one of my mentors, is Mr. Bradley. I wish him and his family the happiest of retirements.

Joe Heininger, '70

I was a real knucklehead. I had more talent than I had brains. I excelled easily, and Bob Bradley knew it. One Saturday morning I was dogging it in practice. I'm sure that I had stayed out too late and had too much fun the night before. Coach Bradley came up to me in his typical, very understated manner and said something like, "Your problem is that you get too much attention. You see your name in the newspaper too often. There are kids out here that don't get the attention, but they work their butts off." It's been 30 maybe 35 years, but I still remember how easily a very astute coach taught me a thing or two about being the best that you can be at all times. May God richly bless you.

Roger A. Key, '74

Dear Coach Bradley:

You may remember me. My name is John O'Bine. I ran cross country in the early 70's for McQuaid. No, I wasn't the best, but you thought I had something, or you wouldn't have invited me to run at Van Cortland Park (in the Bronx where the Jesuit championships are held). I'm forever grateful for the faith you had in my late-blooming abilities.

Do you recall? Looking back I recall that I came in 19th place at Van Cortland Park. We had a great time. My time was just good enough for a medal. The team also won the gold that day. What a great team and year it was. It was the best athletic experience I've ever had actually.

You gave me an opportunity that "winning" day, Coach Bradley. During one point in that last race of the year, coming down a long hill, I almost didn't feel my feet touching the ground. What a high! Thank God they didn't get away from me. My legs aren't the longest either, but we all had guts didn't we? Some of us even frothed at the mouth as I recall! Everything was in my favor to win with you at the helm, Coach. Winning, as you knew well then (and as I know now) does not necessarily mean coming in first. I won many things while running on your/our team Coach.

Alumni Recall Their Favorite Bob Bradley Memories *continued*

Coach Bradley, you will forever be one of my champions of school and life. When I'm having other challenges in my life, like selling the 17 homes that I've been developing during these past three years, I am bolstered by such rare past experiences. We were the McQuaid Knights and Coach Bob Bradley gave us all the opportunity to achieve our best -- believing in each and every one of us.

You have more than just an eye for talent. It was about 35 years ago and it seems like just yesterday. What a treasure you have given and no doubt received these many years! I'm so happy that I proved you right that day. Thanks for all of the victories Coach Bradley and ALL the best to you and yours during your most deserved retirement!

John O'Bine, '72

Bob Bradley is not only a great coach, but also, let us not forget, a great teacher as well. He ranks right up there with his contemporaries and colleagues William J. O'Malley, S.J., and Patrick Samway, S.J., and Leon J. Hogenkamp, S.J., et al. Maybe even more so, by virtue of his status as a layman, he had a profound influence on many a McQuaid student, including me. Later, as a fellow Fordham man, by dint of the efforts of the Bradleys, and the O'Malleys, and the Samways, and the Hogenkamps, I got lucky enough (the harder I work, the luckier I get!) to go on to study with likes of the late great John D. Boyd, S.J. Better mentors no man could ever want to find. The best years of my early education remain the four years gained (not spent) at McQuaid Jesuit High, thanks largely to Men in Christ like Bob Bradley. May his influence on McQuaid graduates in bringing "fire to the earth" by way of the Word be forever remembered and treasured... And may his "last laps" be everlasting long, and forever young!

Regards,

Bob Keenan, '67

In 1962, we had a fairly good cross country team, mostly because of Mike Connor who was one of the strongest runners in the state. Mr. B could always count on a low single-digit place from Mike; it was the rest of the gang that was the problem.

In our early meets we did pretty well, primarily due to the ferocious approach Mike brought to every encounter. But coming up to the Diocesan Championship, we looked to be a distant second behind Aquinas, a team that had outperformed us all year. The Monday before the Championship Mr. B put us into a whole new practice routine. Some of us thought he had flipped out. We ran

over to Cobbs Hill and for the entire practice, jogged up to the reservoir and then sprinted back down to Culver Road. Running down a steep grade at full speed really stretches the quads. Once he had us totally exhausted, as well as confused, we would run back to school. We did this every night that week.

When we got to the Watkins Glen course Saturday morning, we found out what we had trained for. The course was very straightforward: up a long steep hill, across the spine of a ridge, and then straight back down to the finish. As we ran along the ridge Mr. B called out our positions: AQ was clearly in the lead. Going down the steepest part of the grade we passed nearly their entire team and won the Championship with room to spare. Mike not only took first, he set a course record. That was certainly the most fun I ever had in cross country. Thank you Bob, and God Bless.

Brad Jones, '64

I remember in September of 1960 when I was a "know-it-all" junior at McQuaid, and I was told that I was going to be taking something called "Advanced Placement English" in order to be better prepared for college courses, etc. I walked into class the first day and our instructor was this small, friendly man with a crew-cut named Bob Bradley, and he proceeded to take us through the world of literature that year. Yes, I was privileged to be in the first class that Bob ever taught at McQuaid.

I was later fortunate enough to have Bob as a colleague when I joined the McQuaid faculty from 1968-71, and began the Advanced Placement American History program at the school. Later, after I left the world of academics and got into banking, where I spent the next 34 years of my career, I was proud to have Bob and Anne-Marie as friends over all that time. They both attended my wedding in 1976, and it was on their recommendation that my wife and I took a trip to Ireland with the local singers, the Dady Brothers, in 2001 for our 25th wedding anniversary.

While we have not always seen them too regularly in recent years, it was always a pleasure to talk to them when we did meet. Bob was always a gentle, compassionate and extremely intelligent man, and a fierce competitor in the world of track and field and athletics in general. I feel fortunate to have known him as long and as well as I have.

I just retired myself this year and have moved from Rochester's winters to the sunny deserts of Phoenix, Arizona, and I know what an enormous move it can be, but I know Bob will adjust to it well. My heartiest congratulations, Bob, on your retirement, and may you and

Alumni Recall Their Favorite Bob Bradley Memories *continued*

Anne-Marie and the family have many happy years ahead. I was there at the beginning of things for you at McQuaid, and I am glad to see you come to a happy well-earned retirement. With you gone from McQ, there are only one or two faculty left from those years when I taught, and the place won't seem the same without you.

Brian Callahan, '62

As someone who communicates for a living, I know Bob Bradley is with me every day. His "illiteracies" are on a virtual chalkboard that is etched in my brain. I'm thoroughly convinced that Bob Bradley was instrumental in my ability to articulate, which has meant both survival and success in my career as a telecom support technician, trainer and technical writer, without yet earning a Bachelor's degree. As I have once again started earning college credits, it's painfully obvious that many students in my classes never had a Bob Bradley in their life.

Thank you, Mr. Bradley!

Paul Magerkurth, '90

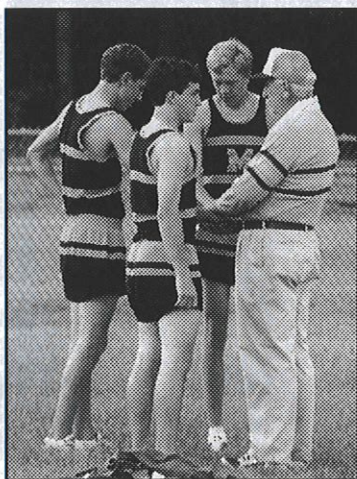
When I think back to the most influential people in my life, I can say with heartfelt certainty that Mr. Bradley sits among the top. I can remember as if it were yesterday, sitting in his classroom where he encouraged me not to quit the cross country team my sophomore year. He believed so whole-heartedly in my potential. Because of his seemingly unwavering confidence, I rejoined the

team for indoor track and field that same year. Throughout the rest of my high school and college career, I could always hear his whispers of encouragement in the races I ran. His influences on me as a runner passed through to impact my confidence in the pursuit of excellence in all of my endeavors, both athletically, as well as academically and professionally. I admire him in a way I admire few others. Even in retirement, his influence will undoubtedly continue to touch me, the many others who've crossed his path, and those we will meet for generations to come.

Eric M. Garsin, '93

Bob Bradley was my cross country coach throughout high school, and I was honored to be named captain both my junior and senior years. I will never forget the compassion, warmth and kindness that he showed all of his runners, no matter how good, or how long they had been on the team. Bob was not only a great coach, who pushed you hard and expected nothing but your best, but he was a great man and teacher. He instilled in his runners, and students, a desire to achieve something more than yourself, to represent your family and school with honor and dignity. While I am saddened to hear that Bob is retiring, I am happy for him and his family and am honored to have been coached, not only on the track, but in life, by him. He will be sorely missed.

Sanjay Narayan, '98



*From 1960 through 2006
Bob Bradley was a presence at McQuaid. McQuaid
will miss him.*



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Upcoming Events

McQuaid Community Mass

First Sunday of Month
(except July & August), 11 a.m., in
Student Chapel

Fall Out-of-Town Alumni Reunions

Washington, D.C. TBA
Baltimore, Md. TBA

Hogenkamp Bull Roast

Wed., Nov. 22

Family Morning of Reflection

Sat., Jan. 13, 2007

BASH 2007

March 30-31, www.mcqjesuit.org



McQuaid Jesuit Mission Statement

McQuaid Jesuit is committed to fostering the harmonious development of a young man's God-given talents: spiritually, intellectually, physically, emotionally and aesthetically. While preparing him for further education, his life's work and social interaction McQuaid Jesuit reaches beyond these goals to produce a growing love of learning and enthusiasm for life that will enable him to meet ever-changing challenges. All involved with McQuaid work to achieve this development by personal concern for each student, competitive educational programs, distinctive Jesuit spirit and a formative sense of community. This is done in the hope that its academically select graduates will become "Men for Others," dedicated to serving God and humanity and guided by a profound sense of justice.