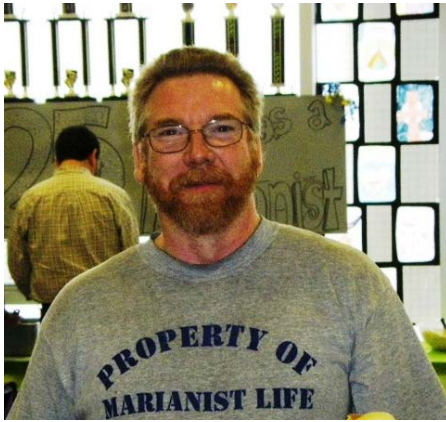


Bro. Mitchell Schweickart
Celebrating 25 years of profession



For most of my Marianist brothers, 25 years must seem like a drop in a bucket. But for me it really does seem like 25 years (half my life), wow! I wonder how much my Dad paid for you folks to keep me.

It is impossible to capture 25 or 60 or 100 years in 300 words (my limit), as a good joke takes more than 300 words. And for those of us who like to talk, well, you get the picture that this was not an easy thing for me to do.

I see history (my own included) as a bunch of broad strokes. My friend and brother, Paul Hoffman, S.M., could tell you exactly at what time we took final vows together, the kind of day it was, and who were the priests on the altar. I remember it was at Bergamo in Dayton on a Saturday, and I was happy.

Ministry among those who are poor, and those who travel with them, has made me into the brother I am today. I see my time both at St. Francis De Sales School and at the former Findlay Street Marianist Community in the Over-the-Rhine neighborhood of Cincinnati as the most important work of my life.

Opening the eyes of urban children to the wonders of science and the natural world around them, processing with a new group of plungers, who came to our community to confront their prejudices and fears toward those who live lives molded by poverty, helping to provide music to our local parish, our school, our Province – these are the works to which God has called me.

Thanks to my family who helped to mold me as a youngster. I give special thanks to Bro. Jerry Wonderly, S.M., my first director, who taught me how to ask and give forgiveness.