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Kevin Cole

WE JULY 14 '93 8p

Dear Ambrose "# 1," as Ambrose Eischens called you over the phone:- Greetings again from your Home State of WI!!

The last Obit I have from your splendid collection is # 43, Justin Phelps.

Enclosed is a copy of the "biography" I wrote about Kevin at the time of his death. I don't think it adds anything to the Obit in the Necrology book, except possibly some whimsy.

But he was also at one time a fairly accomplished pianist/organist. And when the "muse was moving," he would write really excellent, often very funny and/or caustic (like referring to Art Young, his Guardian [he thoroughly despised Guardians, from Hillary on up or down!], as "Lard Butt" or "Porky Pig" or other even worse titles). He really liked children, especially little girls--he was probably somewhat of what would be called today a pedophile. He would drive a bus load of parish kids from Seelyville down to some renowned amusement park in Cincinnati for a day's outing. A dog adopted him, or vice-versa, in Seelyville: he named it "Socko" (for "Socrates")

He had hoped to visit the west coast once before he died, driving it on the coastal hiway, but death came first. He had one very close woman friend in Valley Station (██████: "Big Red"). ██████ ██████, still living in Seelyville, still "adores" him (she writes & phones ME fairly often). He really liked being a Franciscan and a priest, but he didn't go in for all this "homo" hugging business (he and I NEVER even hugged!). He relapsed several times into heavy drinking, but he always managed to come out of it. Cancer was the first "enemy" with which he proved unable to establish an armistice. He really tried, but couldn't do it. He refused (as many do) to blame his smoking on his cancer. He loved sunshine and deep-blue skies. Sometimes when I would wheel him out of a hospital in his wheel chair, on a bright day, he would throw his arms up in the air and greet the beauty of it all....He liked to attend Friars' Day, altho he sometimes just couldn't get himself well-enough organized to make it.

Thanks, Ambrose, for this magnificent project. Now that you're almost (12 days from now) 91½, you are proving yourself a veritable treasure trove of OLC lore.

May you prosper & flourish & stay healthy for YEARS to come.. "No fair" getting sick on us!!!

Brotherly love,

Russan

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