



PRESENTS



An ancient custom, and one well approved by time...

SATURDAY · OCTOBER 24 · 2026 · BROOKLYN

ST. TERESA OF AVILA CHURCH • 777 CLASSON AVENUE

The Southern Hills and the South Sea
They blow such gladness into me,
That when I get to Burton Sands
And smell the smell of the Home Lands,
My heart is all renewed and fills
With the Southern Sea and the South Hill.



PROGRAMME *à la Gerunds*

THE INTRODUCTION

A Word of Welcome 3 · *What Is the Four Men Feast?* & *House Customs* 4

5:00–6:00 PM

THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS

Said at St. Teresa of Avila Church.

Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow 5 · *The Liturgy of the Word* 6
Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven 8 · *Be Thou My Vision* 9
Salve Regina 10 · *O God Beyond All Praising* 11

6:00–6:15 PM

THE GATHERING

We'll arrive at the parish courtyard and grab a drink to wait for any stragglers.

6:15–7:15 PM

THE FEAST

The good Father will say the Benediction and we'll commence a hearty dinner of eggs, meat, bread, and cheese, in the spirit of Belloc.

7:15–7:30 PM

THE REMEMBERING

We'll pray a short litany for the dead, "a holy and wholesome thought . . . that they may be loosed from sins" (2 Maccabees 12:46).

A Litany for the Holy Souls 12

7:30–7:45 PM

THE BURNING AND THE TOASTING

The fire is lit and four customary toasts are raised.

The Four Men Toasts 16

7:45–10:00 PM

THE SINGING, DRINKING, & RELATING

We regale each other with songs (no talent required), stories, and poetry over a couple pints.

Wherever the Catholic Sun (Benedicamus Domino) 17
Song of the Pelagian Heresy 18 · *Amazing Grace* & *God Bless America* 20
Non Nobis Domine 21

10:00 PM

THE FAREWELL

A closing Benediction is said and everyone sent on their way.

THE APPENDIX

In Memoriam: Alex Klucik 22 · *With Thanks* 23

Dear Brothers in Christ,

Welcome to Alexander Hall's next event: *The Four Men Feast*. You may remember the magnificent orchestral Requiem Mass said for my late brother, Alex Klucik, earlier this year. From the outpouring of grace and goodwill this Mass created, my family and our friends have continued to develop Alexander Hall as a residential Brotherhood for Catholic men to build God's Kingdom in NYC. We are planning on welcoming the first residents to our community in 2027. To commemorate the launch of Alexander Hall, we are hosting this Four Men Feast, a Catholic custom inspired by a story from the author, Hilaire Belloc, and celebrated across the country.

My family and I have put a lot of thought into what Catholic culture is and how to go about creating it. When we commissioned the Requiem Mass for Alex's soul, the goal was to expose NYC to high Catholic culture; now we turn to low Catholic culture with this Feast. Both are important expressions of our faith and equally lost traditions in the modern city.

The purpose of this feast is to herald our arrival and demonstrate this low culture we will revitalize. We have an idea that men should gather and celebrate Christ's victory over death, and that there is a way in which this has always been done, but which we've somehow lost. The word "herald" means to be a sign that something important, and often good, is starting to happen. And so we hope this feast will be a public sign witnessing that our Brotherhood in Christ is beginning, and is fulfilling its mission to rebuild the city as a Catholic city, by reclaiming our Catholic inheritance.

So tonight we invite Catholic men, and those brave men considering the journey of coming home to our Mother Church, to celebrate our faith through hearty food & drink, toasts, and merriment. Whether you are a young man interested in joining us or an older man looking to support a worthy cause, we are glad to have your company—let us rejoice and be glad together, for as Belloc's Sailor so aptly put it, the "Government of our Lord the King (his crown and dignity), ever solicitous for the welfare of poorer folk, has given us monies wherewith to refresh all the people" of New York City.

God bless,

John Paul Klucik



WHAT IS THE FOUR MEN FEAST?

The CUSTOM

The *Four Men: A Farrago*, by Hilaire Belloc, is exactly that—a farrago: a confused, disorganized, or haphazard mixture of miscellaneous things. Except that, when packaged together, those miscellaneous things are at once very human, very masculine, and most importantly, very Catholic. You see, *The Four Men* is a story of homecoming, told by Belloc's past, present, future, and a narrator. In coming home, these characters realize they have been in exile, and having been in exile, realize they must feast in celebration of their return.

As a haphazard collection of things, the tale is pregnant with the most salient of themes for the men of our era: our culture is our home, but it is also a living organism—though culture may seem as unending as the sun and the moon, left untended it will die. Alarming, because manhood is relational, as the relations of culture die, so does masculinity. Yet, although it feels like it is dying, our home is not yet lost. In fact, the paradoxical promise of Christ is that it cannot be lost. We have merely been in exile, and so having found it, we must celebrate and revel in our patrimony. That is what this Feast is. A celebration of our privilege in being Catholic and thus a revival of our Brotherhood in Christ.

HOW WE KEEP IT

House CUSTOMS**1** WRITE THE NAMES OF YOUR DEAD

As manhood is relational, so we should remember our relations before us. On arrival, write down the names of your dead and we will pray for them together.

3 RAISE A GLASS TO THE TOASTS

Raise a hearty cry at each toast, and feel free to chime in with your own—your odds of getting booed are proportional to length.

2 SING LOUDLY

It is not an audition—belt away. There is only shame in being shameful and not making light of yourself!

4 RELATE ON THE OPEN MIC

We encourage all to share stories, poems, toasts, or songs; just ask to hop on the mic!

Thirtieth Sunday in Ordinary Time · Vigil Mass
 Celebrant: Very Reverend Patrick J. Keating, Esq.

Saturday, October 24, 2026

THE ENTRANCE

PRAISE GOD, FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW



1. Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise
2. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let
3. E - ter - nal are your mer - cies, Lord; E -
4. Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise



him, all crea - tures here be - low; Praise
 the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let
 ter - nal truth at - tends your word: Your
 him, all crea - tures here be - low; Praise



him a - bove, you heav'n - ly hosts: Praise
 the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Through
 praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till
 him a - bove, you heav'n - ly hosts: Praise



Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.
 eve - ry land, by eve - ry tongue.
 suns shall rise and set no more.
 Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Text: Thomas Ken, Isaac Watts. Melody: OLD HUNDREDTH, 8.8.8.8. (L.M.); Louis Bourgeois.

THE MASS

The LITURGY OF THE WORD*FIRST READING*

Exodus 22:20–26

Thus says the LORD: “You shall not molest or oppress an alien, for you were once aliens yourselves in the land of Egypt. You shall not wrong any widow or orphan. If ever you wrong them and they cry out to me, I will surely hear their cry. My wrath will flare up, and I will kill you with the sword; then your own wives will be widows, and your children orphans.

“If you lend money to one of your poor neighbors among my people, you shall not act like an extortioner toward him by demanding interest from him. If you take your neighbor’s cloak as a pledge, you shall return it to him before sunset; for this cloak of his is the only covering he has for his body. What else has he to sleep in? If he cries out to me, I will hear him; for I am compassionate.”

RESPONSORIAL PSALM Psalm 18 (17): 2–3, 3–4, 47, 51*Mode 6*

1. I love you, O *LORD*, *my strength*, *
O *LORD*, my rock, my fortress, my *deliverer*.
2. My God, my *rock of refuge*, *
my shield, the horn of my salvation, *my stronghold*!
Praised be the *LORD*, *I exclaim*, *
and I am safe from *my enemies*.

3. The LORD lives! And blessed *be my rock!* *
 Extolled be God *my savior*,
 You who gave great victories *to your king* *
 and showed kindness to your *anointed*.

Ant. Melody: Columba Kelly, OSB; © Saint Meinrad Archabbey. All rights reserved. Used with permission. Verse Melody: Adam Bartlett; Published by Source & Summit. All rights reserved.

SECOND READING

1 Thessalonians 1:5c–10

Brothers and sisters: You know what sort of people we were among you for your sake. And you became imitators of us and of the Lord, receiving the word in great affliction, with joy from the Holy Spirit, so that you became a model for all the believers in Macedonia and in Achaia. For from you the word of the Lord has sounded forth not only in Macedonia and in Achaia, but in every place your faith in God has gone forth, so that we have no need to say anything. For they themselves openly declare about us what sort of reception we had among you, and how you turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God and to await his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, Jesus, who delivers us from the coming wrath.

GOSPEL

Matthew 22:34–40

When the Pharisees heard that Jesus had silenced the Sadducees, they gathered together, and one of them, a scholar of the law tested him by asking, “Teacher, which commandment in the law is the greatest?” He said to him, “You shall love the Lord, your God, with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your mind. This is the greatest and the first commandment. The second is like it: You shall love your neighbor as yourself. The whole law and the prophets depend on these two commandments.”

COLLECTION

Tithe for St. Teresa
 of Avila Church



THE OFFERTORY

PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN



1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en;
2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor
3. Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us;
4. Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish,



To his feet your trib - ute bring.
 To our fa - thers in dis - tress;
 Well our fee - ble frame he knows.
 Blows the wind and it is gone;



Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,
 Praise him, still the same as ev - er,
 In his hand he gen - tly bears us,
 But while mor - tals rise and per - ish



Ev - er - more his prais - es sing:
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
 Res - cues us from all our foes.
 Our God lives un - chang - ing on,



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia: Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Wide - ly yet his mer - cy flows.
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Praise the high e - ter - nal One.

Text: Henry F. Lyte. Melody: LAUDA ANIMA, 8.7.8.7.8.7; John Goss.

THE COMMUNION

BE THOU
MY VISION

1. Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
2. Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true word;
3. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise,
4. High King of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,



Naught be all else to me, save that thou art.
 I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord;
 Thou mine in - her - it - ance, now and al - ways:
 May I reach heav'n's joys, O bright heav - en's Sun!



Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
 Thou my great Fa - ther, and I thy true son;
 Thou and thou on - ly, the first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,



Wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
 Thou in me dwell - ing, and I with thee one.
 High King of heav - en, my treas - ure thou art.
 Still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

Text: *Rop tú mo baile*, St. Dallán Forgaill; Tr. Mary Byrne; Para. Eleanor Hull. Melody: SLANE, 10.10.9.10; Trad. Irish.

HYMN

SALVE REGINA

v
S Alve, Re-gí-na, Ma-ter mi-se-ri-córdi- æ, vi-ta, dulcé- do,
et spes nostra, sal-ve. Ad te clamámus éxsu-les fí-li- i He-væ,
Ad te suspi-rámus, geméntes et flentes in hac lacrimá-rum val-le.
E-ia, ergo, advo-cá-ta nostra, il-los tu-os mi-se-ri-córdes ócu-los
ad nos convér-te; Et Ie-sum, bene-díctum fructum ventris tu-i,
no-bis post hoc exsíl-li-um os-ténde. O cle-mens, O pi-a,
O dulcis Virgo Ma-rí-a.

Text: Hermann of Reichenau. Melody: SALVE REGINA, Irregular, Mode 5; Anon.

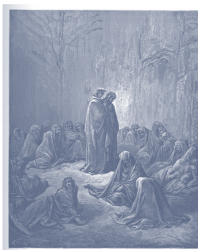
THE CLOSING

O GOD BEYOND ALL PRAISING

1. O God be-yond all prais-ing, we wor-ship you to - day
 And sing the love a - maz - ing that songs can - not re - pay;
 For we can on - ly won - der at eve - ry gift you send,
 At bless - ings with - out num - ber and mer - cies with - out end:
 We lift our hearts be - fore you and wait up - on your Word,
 We hon - or and a - dore you, our great and might - y Lord.

2. The flow'r of earthly splendor in time must surely die,
 Its fragile bloom surrender to you the Lord most high;
 But hidden from all nature th'eternal seed is sown
 Though small in mortal stature, to heaven's garden grown:
 For Christ the Man from heaven from death has set us free,
 And we through him are given the final victory!
3. Then hear, O gracious Savior, accept the love we bring,
 That we who know your favor may serve you as our King;
 And whether our tomorrows be filled with good or ill,
 We'll triumph through our sorrows and rise to bless you still:
 To marvel at your beauty and glory in your ways,
 And make a joyful duty our sacrifice of praise.

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LET US PRAY

A LITANY

for the Holy Souls

✠. Lord, have mercy on us.

✠. *Christ, have mercy on us.*

✠. Lord, have mercy on us. Christ, hear us.

✠. *Christ, graciously bear us.*

God the Father of Heaven, *have mercy on the suffering souls.*

God the Son, Redeemer of the world, *have mercy on the suffering souls.*

God, the Holy Ghost, Comforter, *have mercy on all the suffering souls.*

Holy Trinity, one God, *have mercy on the suffering souls.*

Holy Mary, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Holy Mother of God, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Holy Virgin of Virgins, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint Michael, *pray for the suffering souls.*

All ye holy Angels and Archangels, *pray for the suffering souls.*

All ye choirs of celestial spirits, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint John the Baptist, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint Joseph, *pray for the suffering souls.*

All ye holy Patriarchs and Prophets, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint Peter, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint Paul, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint John, *pray for the suffering souls.*

All ye holy Apostles and Evangelists, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint Stephen, *pray for the suffering souls.*

All ye holy Martyrs, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint Gregory, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint Ambrose, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint Augustine, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint Jerome, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint Hilary, *pray for the suffering souls.*

All ye holy Pontiffs and Confessors, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint Francis & Saint Dominic, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint Bonaventure & Saint Thomas, *pray for the suffering souls.*

All ye holy Doctors, *pray for the suffering souls.*

All ye holy Priests and Levites, *pray for the suffering souls.*

All ye holy Monks and Hermits, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint Mary Magdalen, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint Katherine, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint Barbara, *pray for the suffering souls.*

Saint Clare, *pray for the suffering souls.*

All ye holy Virgins and Widows, *pray for the suffering souls.*

All ye holy men and women, Saints of God, *pray for the suffering souls.*

From all evil, *deliver them, O Lord.*

From Thy wrath, *deliver them, O Lord.*

From the rigor of Thy Justice, *deliver them, O Lord.*

From the gnawing worm of conscience, *deliver them, O Lord.*

From fearful darkness, *deliver them, O Lord.*

From their mourning and tears, *deliver them, O Lord.*

By Thy holy Incarnation, *deliver them, O Lord.*

By Thy blessed Nativity, *deliver them, O Lord.*

By Thy Baptism and fasting, *deliver them, O Lord.*

By Thy most profound humility, *deliver them, O Lord.*

By Thy perfect submission, *deliver them, O Lord.*

By Thine infinite love, *deliver them, O Lord.*

By Thine anguish and sweat, *deliver them, O Lord.*

By Thy bonds and chains, *deliver them, O Lord.*

By Thy Crown of Thorns, *deliver them, O Lord.*

By Thy ignominious Death, *deliver them, O Lord.*

By Thy sacred Wounds, *deliver them, O Lord.*
 By the Cross and bitter Passion, *deliver them, O Lord.*
 By the glorious Resurrection, *deliver them, O Lord.*
 By Thine Ascension, *deliver them, O Lord.*
 By the Descent of the Paraclete, *deliver them, O Lord.*
 In the Judgment of Doomsday, *deliver them, O Lord.*

On arrival, each man was invited to write down the names of the dead for whom he would like to pray. Those names are offered now, with this invocation.

Leader. Remember **N., N., ... and N.,** *grant them eternal rest, O Lord.*



Sinners though we are, *we beseech Thee, hear us.*
 Thou Who didst absolve the adulteress, and pardon the penitent thief, *we beseech Thee, hear us.*
 Thou Who savest by Thy grace, *we beseech Thee, hear us.*
 Thou Who hast the keys of death and of hell, *we beseech Thee, hear us.*
 May it please Thee to deliver our parents, friends, and benefactors from tormenting flames, *we beseech Thee, hear us.*
 May it please Thee to deliver all the faithful departed, *we beseech Thee, hear us.*
 That it may please Thee to have mercy on all those who have none in this world to remember or pray for them, *we beseech Thee, hear us.*
 That it may please Thee to have mercy on all, and to deliver them from their pains, *we beseech Thee, hear us.*
 That it may please Thee to fulfill their desires, *we beseech Thee, hear us.*
 That it may please Thee to admit them amongst Thine elect, *we beseech Thee, hear us.*
 King of dreadful Majesty, *we beseech Thee, hear us.*
 Son of God, *we beseech Thee, hear us.*

Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, *give them eternal rest.*

Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, *give them eternal rest.*

Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, *have mercy on us.*

Jesus Christ, hear us. *Jesus Christ, graciously hear us.*

Our Father, *Ecce.*

Ps. From the gates of hell.

R. O Lord, preserve our souls.

Leader. Let us pray. O God, the Creator and Redeemer of all the faithful, grant to the souls of Thy servants departed the remission of all their sins; that through pious supplication they obtain the pardon which they have always desired. Through Jesus Christ Our Lord.

The Leader continues; all respond.

Saint Patrick, Patron of New York City, *pray for the soul of this City and those within it.*

Saint John Paul the Great, Champion of the Sunday Feast, *pray for us to honor the Day of the Lord.*

Saint Benedict, herald of the Christian religion and the author of monastic life in the West, *pray for us to establish a school in the Lord's service.*

Saint Frances Cabrini, the First American Saint, *pray for us to build up this City with holy zeal.*

Saint Ignatius, Soldier for Christ, *pray for us to be perfected as Captains of the Church.*

Saint Thomas More, Patron of Statesmen, *pray that we may die God's good servant.*

Saint Teresa of Avila, our most Holy Patroness, *pray for us that the Lord may keep us in His hand, and deliver us from the world's siren song, so that we may be strangers to the world.*

Amen.



THE TOASTING

The FOUR MEN TOASTS



Wherever the Catholic sun doth shine,
There's always laughter and good red wine.
At least, I've always found it so.

Benedicamus Domino!

HBellor

It is customary, when Christian men gather together and drink, to propose toasts: to one another; to fellowship; to occasions; and, often, to absent friends. At this Feast, therefore, *we raise our glasses and honor...*

...THE MEN GONE BEFORE US, SAINTS AND SUFFERING!

MICHAEL ROBERTSON

To the Men Gone Before Us!

...THE MEN PRESENT, AND THE FEAST THAT GATHERS US!

JOHN PAUL KLUCIK

To the Men Present!

...THE MEN WHO, ALAS, PROVE THEMSELVES UNWORTHY
TO BE CALLED MEN, BY REFUSING GRACE, OR BEER,
OR GOOD MEAT: THAT THEY MAY BE CONVERTED
AND FEAST WITH US IN THE END!

DREW NAHILL

To the Men Unworthy!

...THE MEN OF THE HOUR, BELLOC AND CHESTERTON!

ROBBY KLUCIK

To the Men of the Hour!

THE SINGING

BENEDICAMUS DOMINO

Let us bless the Lord

1. Where__ e'er the Cath - 'lic sun doth shine__

2. When a man and wife pro - claim I do__

3. To the joy of hus - band and of wife__



there's__ laugh - ter and there's good red wine.

two be - come just one and start a - new.

their em - brace cre - ates a brand new life.



At least I've al - ways found it so. Be - ne - di - ca - mus Do - mi - no.

And off in - to the world they'll go.

And to that babe God's world they'll show.

4.

Life is hard but life is always good,
Face travails with hope we always should,
And from those lessons ever grow.

Benedicamus Domino.

5.

Those who knock upon His sacred door,
Pledging to obey, be chaste and poor —
Such earthly lives with heaven glow.

Benedicamus Domino.

6.

Outlasting many other ends,
We've laughter and the love of friends,
As seasons come and seasons go.

Benedicamus Domino.

7.

We'll raise a prayer and raise a glass
That sun and joy may ever last,
And God's own wine we all might know.

Benedicamus Domino.

A tribute to Hilaire Belloc's "The Catholic Sun." By Robert L. Klucik, Jr., written in 2017.

THE SINGING

SONG OF THE PELAGIAN HERESY

For the Strengthening of Men's Backs and the very Robust Outthrusting of Doubtful Doctrine and the Uncertain Intellectual.

1. Pel - a - gius lived in Kar-da-no - el And taught a doct - rine
there. How wheth - er you went to Heav - en or Hell, It
was your own af - fair. How, wheth - er you found e - tern - al joy Or
sank for - ev - er to burn, It had no - thing to do with the
Church, my boy, But was your own con - cern. Oh, he did - n't be - lieve In
A - dam and Eve, He put no faith there - in! His doubts be - gan With the
fall of man, And he laugh'd at o - ri - gin - al sin! With my
row - ti - tow, ti - ood - d'l - ly ow, He laugh'd at o - ri - gin - al sin!

II.

Whereat the Bishop of old Auxerre
 (Germanus was his name),
 He tore great handfuls out of his hair,
 And he called Pelagius Shame:
 And then with his stout Episcopal staff
 So thoroughly thwacked and banged
 The heretics all, both short and tall,
 They rather had been hanged.

Oh, he thwacked them hard,
 And he banged them long,
 Upon each and all occasions,
 Till they bellowed in chorus,
 Loud and strong,
 Their orthodox persuasions!
With my row-ti-tow, ti-oodly-ow,
Their orthodox persua-a-a-sions!

III.

Now the Faith is old and the Devil is bold,
 Exceedingly bold indeed;
 And the masses of doubt that are floating about
 Would smother a mortal creed.
 But we that sit in a sturdy youth,
 And still can drink strong ale,
 Oh—let us put it away to infallible truth,
 Which always shall prevail!

And thank the Lord
 For the temporal sword,
 And howling heretics too;
 And whatever good things
 Our Christendom brings,
 But especially barley brew!
With my row-ti-tow, ti-oodly-ow,
Especially barley brew!

H. Belloc

Song of the Pelagian Heresy, from Hilaire Belloc's *The Four Men* (1912).

THE SEVEN QUALITIES OF ALE

- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| ⌘ Aleph = Clarity, | 7 Daleth = Lightness, |
| ⌘ Beth = Savour, | 7 He = Profundity, |
| ⌘ Gimel = A lively hue, | 7 Vau = Strength retained, |
| and lastly, 7 Zayin, which is Perfection and The End. | |



THE SINGING

AMAZING GRACE

- I. Amazing grace (how sweet the sound)
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
was blind, but now I see.
- II. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed!
- III. Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come:
'tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.
- IV. The Lord has promised good to me,
his word my hope secures;
he will my shield and portion be
as long as life endures.

GOD BLESS AMERICA

Words and music by Irving Berlin

One voice sings the first verse alone. Everyone joins at the second verse.

SOLO

- I. *While the storm clouds gather far across the sea
Let us swear allegiance to a land that's free
Let us all be grateful for a land so fair
As we raise our voices in a solemn prayer*

ALL JOIN HERE

- II. God bless America, land that I love
Stand beside her and guide her
Through the night with a light from above
From the mountains, to the prairies
To the oceans, white with foam
God bless America, my home sweet home
- III. God bless America, land that I love
Stand beside her and guide her
Through the night with a light from above
From the mountains, to the prairies
To the oceans, white with foam
God bless America, my home sweet home
God bless America, my home sweet home

THE SINGING

NON NOBIS DOMINE

Three times through, with growing energy

Reverently (♩ = 76)

1. mp 2. mf 3. f

Non no - bis Do - mi-ne, Do-mi-ne. Non

no - bis Do - mi - ne. Sed

no - mi - ni, Sed no - mi - ni Tu -

o da glo - ri - am. 3x

Non Nobis Domine, from Henry V. Psalm 113:9 in the Vulgate. P. Doyle & L. Ashmore, arr. Ken Litton. Melody line only.



For ALEX



ALEXANDER KLUCIK

Requiescat in pace

The namesake of Alexander Hall is Alex Klucik, the eldest of seven siblings, who died in a car accident at nineteen. He was a uniquely virtuous young man, devoted to the Eucharist and the Rosary. Though he struggled, as all young men do, he approached everything with tenacity and gave his best effort. Through perseverance, he became a leader in the classroom, on the field, and among his peers.

As one of the pioneers of Ave Maria, Florida, Alex helped build a Catholic community among his peers in the town. In 2010, his family founded the Alex Klucik Memorial Foundation to keep his memory alive and support Catholic organizations that shape young people's lives, as they once shaped his.

This past February, Mozart's Requiem was sung for the repose of his soul during Mass at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Manhattan. Alex never lived in New York and had no ties to the city. Yet through the Foundation, which stands behind Alexander Hall, his name will soon hang over a house for Catholic men in Brooklyn.

WITH GRATITUDE

With THANKS

OUR BENEFACTORS

- The Fox Family

The Deleon Family

The Gange Family

The Fielier Family

John McMahon

The Toth Family

Ben Hoscheit
- Leon Schwarzer

Spencer McIntosh

The Van Pevenage Family

Sam Perenich

Peter Guerrero

Tony Dittus

The Klucik Family

And most especially, Drew and Rachel Nahill & Their Families

THE MUSICIANS

- Evan Vautour

Dan Bosko

Daniel Baruchin

Oliver Kelly

Michael Mank

Daniel Golden

Tony Dittus
- Mandolin*

Bass

Banjo

Guitar

Horn, Percussion

Organ

Choir

THE CATERER

Dinner prepared by Brassica Hospitality
matt@brassica.nyc · (765) 580-8049



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SPECIAL THANKS

Special thanks is due to Very Reverend Patrick J. Keating, Esq. and Paul G. Cerni for hosting us at the St. Teresa of Avila Church.



ALEXANDER HALL

NEW YORK

Alexander Hall is a residential Brotherhood for Catholic men
drawn to build God's Kingdom in New York.



LEARN MORE

alexanderhall.nyc

THE GOOD LIFE, IN GOOD COMPANY.

In loving memory of Alex Klucik

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