

ONE OF MONSIGNOR'S FAVORITES

Rev. Thomas B. Troy was a classmate and friend from my ordination Class of 1973. He was stationed here at Saint Anthony's from 1994 until 1999 when he experienced a tragic and sudden death. He was fifty-three years old. The year before we had both celebrated our Silver Jubilee as priests. I had a celebration in the spring of 1998, he in the fall of that year. For his Eucharistic celebration he had a small program printed and on the back he wrote the words you will see below. He wrote these words of gratitude from his heart because that is how he lived. He had his own struggles including some here at Saint Anthony's but he touched a lot of lives, especially lives of those who often lived on the edge of life. He had been there too. I share them with you now because they have had a great meaning for me over these years.

*“Providential grace breathes its own spell.
So it is no small wonder our lives today,
like yesterday,
are woven together by God
and for God and for one another.
Suffice it to say my thanksgivings are myriad.
But one gratitude struggles to express itself.
Mine now are the promises of the moment,
considering occasions past,
neither infrequent nor long ago,
when, too weakened to bear myself,
each of you extended a strong arm,
paid my passage,
and helped me brook the ford—
a river in my conception—
too wide to cross, too rough to swim.
My thank you then grows richer—
never poorer.”*