



William J. Bausch

A Memo to my friends at St. Robert's.

I can't tell you how much I have appreciated your many well wishes, cards and prayers. I've only been helping out at St. Robert's for about two years and don't know too many people by name, but that didn't stop you from writing to me, especially the Friday morning group. One day, feeling sad, I gathered your many, many letters and cards into one big pile.

I sat in my easy chair, turned on some music and, one by one, like caressing a child, I read them. I more than read them. I pressed them to my face trying to almost physically absorb the feeling, the person, the love that was there. So many of you made reference to my homilies and that pleased me: that all my effort was not in vain, that you remembered the stories and the homiletic points they made.

At the end I was comforted. I didn't try to stop the tears even knowing that my cancer is not subject to remission and so, over time, it's not likely I'll see most of you again. But I am at peace. I made 90. I published a book at that age. I had a wonderful ministry. But, most of all, the vast outpouring of concern, cards, well wishes and prayers not only from the parishes I served, but from all over the country and from my deep past, have formed a cushion of peace and love that give me great comfort, press me with hope and provide a foretaste of that love that will make all things new again.

That's why I had to write this open letter. I had to share my heartfelt gratitude for the privilege I had of serving the people of St. Robert's. Thank you.

Father Bausch

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