

March 14, 2022

## Quote of the Day

“Inner poverty is the inevitable result of a life of meditation, and reduces one to a humility that is the only ground for authenticity. If you cannot be at peace with yourself and your limitations, you cannot be at peace with the world, and will spread the contagion of your own restlessness and hostility.”

-Brother Paul Quenon  
A Trappist monk  
from the Abbey of Gethsemani

*About 14 or 15 years ago, Br. Paul invited me to give my “poverty & prayer” presentation to the monks of Gethsemani. The event was held in the cloister, in the very room in which Thomas Merton instructed the novice monks. Br. Paul entered the monastery at age 18, 62 years ago. His novice master was none other than Thomas Merton, who became his mentor and friend.*

*Today would have been my brother Bill’s 87<sup>th</sup> birthday. He died on November 7, 2005; he was 70 years old. I was fortunate enough to have been in New York City on the weekend of his death from lung cancer. I was giving a daylong retreat sponsored by the Thomas Merton Society at Corpus Christi Church on 121<sup>st</sup> Street in the upper westside of Manhattan where Thomas Merton was baptized. At lunch, I received a phone call from my nephew Billy informing me that his father was slipping away. At the end of the retreat, someone drove me to Penn Station in mid-town Manhattan and I took the Long Island Railroad to Lynbrook, New York, and I was at my brother’s side during the last night of his life. He was in hospice care in his own home; the dining room was transformed into a hospital rom. In the middle of the night, just hours after I arrived at his bedside, my brother was rushed via ambulance to the ER, where he passed away the next morning. Bill was a retired New York City fireman and the captain of his own fishing boat. He loved fishing almost as much as he loved his family. I delivered the eulogy at his funeral Mass. After his burial, a Lynbrook police officer drove me to JFK Airport where I caught a flight to Tampa Bay where I attended the screening of my film *The Patients of a Saint* at a movie theater with the “star” of the film, Dr. Tony Lazzara and one of his handicapped kids, Victor, who had no arms and on truncated leg, in attendance. It was a six or seven day stretch of time I shall never forget. Here is an undated photo of my brother and two sisters. Terry died a few years before Bill.*



Bill Regina me Teresa