

November 15, 2007

Death Notice No. 31 (To all Unit Administrations):



The Province of the France, recommends to our fraternal prayers our dear brother, **PIERRE BRISSINGER**, who died in the service of the Blessed Virgin Mary on November 6, 2007 in Colmar, France, in the 82nd year of his age and the 64th year of his religious profession.

Pierre BRISSINGER was born in La Bresse, in the Vosges Mountains. He was hardly 18 years old when he began his novitiate at Antony in '43 and made his first vows on September 12, 1944. The date of his perpetual profession was July 23, 1949. His formation was done at our agricultural works: Grangeneuve and Sainte Maure, before he was named a teacher at Sainte-Maure. He taught from 1952 to 1962 before being assigned to Art-sur-Meurthe where he was assistant to the treasurer and infirmarian.

What will be remembered about Pierre? He was a working brother who did not spare himself any trouble. He was always available and could be asked to do any kind of work:

- in the kitchen
- in the garden
- farm work was well known to him (At Art-sur-Meurthe, he could be seen with his agricultural machines and with those of the neighbors.)
- in the infirmary.

He was an excellent infirmarian, always full of attention! He exercised this task with great care. It is said that he saved Fr. LE MIRE at the time of his first attack. He was Maurice Brissinger's brother and the superiors allowed them to be together at the Vic. His generation was that of religious who were punctual and regular without fail.

Another one of his qualities everyone acknowledged: his practice of silence. The word is silver; silence is gold. Working in the garden allowed him to live this silence in the company of our Lord and Mary. What stands out, above all, in Pierre is service and silence. He was, also, a delightful fellow brother who knew how to make people feel at home.

Pierre and Maurice were two elements of the Marianist Family group which had its main offices at the Vic, founded by Maurice. Pierre was present at the death of his brother, who was hit by a car. This event made a deep impression on him, which is quite understandable. As a native of the Vosges, he had inherited a solid faith.

A worker's blue clothing suited him well. He loved nature. The successive storms that played havoc with the property at Art gave him a chance to be a woodcutter. Grubbing up trees, clearing land, and lopping off branches: he knew all about those things. He loved to work with the neighboring farmers, too. Unfortunately his eye-sight deteriorated rapidly and left almost completely blind. During his last years, he lived at the Vic and Saint Hippolyte still rendering a few small services.