



The Marianists

BROTHER FRANK GOMES

60 years of profession

It's time to celebrate a vocation, a Marianist vocation and a profession of vows made 60 years ago. Most of these years were spent in the classroom. I did more creative work in Hispanic ministry.

The happiest years were those spent in a small town in the state of Guanajuato, Mexico. This town is now a city, and it still goes by the name of Apaseo el Grande. Our school continues under different administration. The Marianist laity remains faithful and loyal to us. I felt loved there, in Apaseo el Grande, and I was happy. For most of my life after Apaseo, I found myself searching for something identical; that journey was very lonely.

On two occasions, I was blessed to be present as individuals — whom I loved deeply — took their last breaths and went with the Lord. First, I witnessed my mother's beautiful passing; more recently, I held my brother Johnny in my arms as he reached out to say goodbye.

I look ahead to the things that the Lord has intended to do with and for me. Together we will do great things. I am most grateful to my parents, Frank and Lucy, for giving me life and to my brother Johnny for giving me my vocation. Attending to him was like touching Our Lord. My brother Alexander continues to grow old with me.

How wonderful and awesome it is to be from Makawao, Maui. What a wonderful and beautiful place it is; a reflection of heaven. The other day I saw a rainbow. It was different from all the other rainbows I'd seen. This one appeared as a pillar — standing tall, straight up into the sky and never arching. The colors were brighter than usual, and I could see it clearly for a long time.

Lady of Guadalupe, bless me and keep me close. Remain with me today and every day. My hope is to become more and more a reflection of Christ.

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