

ST. JOE's; Waupun, WI; MO MARCH 7 '94 7:45p

Dear Adam - Thank you for your call this evening. Enclosed is a kind of paean I wrote at Kevin's death. It has to be understood "somewhat" against the background of my having dealt very closely/emotionally/brotherly/lovingly with him for a year-and-a-half, day-by-day, as he was dying. In about two weeks, he will have been dead for 2½ years. "Absence does make the heart grow fonder"--there were some things about him I didn't like, but that was OK. I am sure I have sinned much more maliciously in my life than he ever did. He had an innocence about him that came from our Mother's Rosary-reciting-on-her-knees before she crawled into bed every night. I don't believe at all in contemporary thought about etiologies and rationalizations: that he had/had not lived in poverty, was/was not breast-fed, had/had not a left-handed great grandmother. I once attended at NDame a seminar given by Etienne Gilson on the "Philosophy of Evil". There is, among the ancients (i.e. the moderns), the concept of the pervasive-ness of evil, rolling across the world like a nuclear cloud, landing/touching/infecting/perverting at random. It is held at bay by the 3 age-old purifiers: prayer, penance & alms; but only held at bay, never destroyed.

I never quite knew of Kevin's alleged pedophilia. He was--tho shy--more demonstrably loving towards every one: old aunts, little children, our brother and sister; than I was. He was exceedingly generous. He would try to give me little money gifts of \$25 or \$50 for staying in Waupun to care for him (I never told him that I really had no place else to go!). When I first saw his body here at St. Joe's (the mortician brought it in, opened up the casket, and left!), I half expected Kevin to reach into a pocket and hand me 5 or \$10! When special small children friends of mine came to Waupun with their Mother, and visited him in the hospital (they had also gotten to know him a bit when he was hospitalized at Ingalls in Harvey, IL), and we were heading out to the Dells for the day, he gave the children some money to spend up there.

For those who may still be bothered about him: I advise--have mercy on yourself. Concentrate on the goodness that was in this sweet man. His addictions ran thru his life like a spider's web (the nuclear cloud), and he dealt with them as mightily as he could. He asked for a specially sweet & honorable priest to minister to him as he began to feel that he was dying. There was an American Irish Catholic puritanism in him that possibly prevented his begging forgiveness, thinking that almost no one else had done the evil he might remember having done. But he was deeply contrite, and he died very humble. I think he might have flogged himself with studded ribbons if he thought that would help him with his demons. I never, ever ever heard him say something really vicious, mean or spiteful about anyone, except possibly when he was drinking. He had a kind of alcoholism that really tried his soul.

Art Young quoted Francis of Assisi in a recent Bulletin from Reno:  
"Jesus....called his betrayer 'friend' and willingly handed himself over to his crucifiers. Our friends...are all who unjustly inflict sorrows and torments, martyrdom & death. They are the ones we should love most, for what they're really inflicting upon us is eternal life."

A suggestion for a "victim"--pick up a "One Day at a Time" little book at an AA office. The struggles you are enduring can only be coped with/overcome/conquered-into-peacefulness a day at a time. A woman friend here, who had lost her husband to cancer shortly before Kevin died (& would frequently visit him and send him flowers; and whose 22-year-old daughter died about a year later of the kind of brain cancer that Campion had), she would tell him that "It's OK to die, it's all right." Accept the "deaths" you suffer. Spring will come, and summer, and little kids fetchingly teasing their elders; and balmy winds and kites; and big plump Canada Geese and the Easter Bunny. Let go...Let God.

Brotherly goo-goo!

*Russian*

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