

# Code 99

By Fr. Leo Gallant

Many in the Marist Community thanked me for last week's funeral service, implying that I was responsible for such a beautiful ceremony. I don't want to take credit for something I didn't do. That service was probably the most beautifully organized activity on Marist campus in years. My part was very little. Every department seemed involved in the planning, from maintenancce, to security to the highest level administrators. Bro. Xavier Ryan, Dean Tom Wade, Rev. Rhys Williams,

Gerry Kelly and Fred Lambert were the real work horses.

As for the chapel service on the night of the tragedy, that was the most spontaneous thing I've ever experienced. It was no work on my part. I just joined the greatest people in the world, the Marist students, crushed, confused, stunned, looking for an answer and inspiring me to lead a most awesome spectacle.

There is a tremendous paradox here. Many students are turned off by religion, doubt the existence of God. Yet when the worst tragedy in their lives hit them, they went directly to God,



the only One who could give them any answer, hope, strength, consolation.

A tragedy had turned into a community. It was beautiful. Once having tasted real community, maybe more will seek to build it on campus, in the dorms. Shelley isn't through with Marist.