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B.S., Biology, B.C., '43; S.T.L., Dominican House of Studies, '51; PhD, Catholic University of America, '57. Catholic Priest, Dominican Order. Publications: *In Face of Anguish*, New York: Sheed and Ward, 1965; *Our Lady*, Vol. 51, *Summa Theologica*, New York: McGraw-Hill, 1969; *Consequences of Charity*, Vol. 35, *Summa Theologica*, New York: McGraw-Hill, 1972.

I started at B.C. as a Physics major in the class of '42, flunked my Sophomore year, being lazy and in love. I returned as a Biology, pre-med major and was accepted at Tufts Medical, only to realize, under Fr. Bill Leonard's patient guidance, that the Lord was asking me to follow by brother Dick into the Dominicans.

I sat out the war in Kentucky and Ohio, praying for my brother J. L. (John Leslie, B.C., '42) on subs in the South China Sea and for my B.C. friends of both classes. But I wondered if they thought me a coward. I wondered myself. I wrote *Proud Refrain* in my Senior year, lines that still reflect my feelings for B.C.

After ordination, I was assigned to Lebanon for two years, then back to the U.S. where I taught college girls for twelve years, seminarians for nine, was novice master for six. In 1980, off to Africa where I am now. As a college teacher, I made lasting friendships and still visit families whose mothers I taught forty years ago.

I came to the seminaries in Washington, D.C., in 1965 and stayed until 1974--crucial and terrible years for church and country; JFK assassinated in '63, his brother and Dr. King in '68. I marched for civil rights and was against our deepening involvement in Asia. In the seminaries there were Dominicans and various religious, and in a wider consortium, Lutherans and other Protestants. I taught many of them. It was a time of trouble in the Catholic Church. Seminarians were critical and hostile. They left. Priests left and wrote scathing books. Catholic sisters left. What a wounding time.



The lives of the saints and holy people kept me going: the four Thomases (the truculent Apostle, Beckett, Aquinas, More), Dominic, Catherine of Siena, Bernadette, Thérèse, Bosco, Newman, Chesterton,

Vincent McNabb, Bede Jarrett. They were to me the most authentic people who ever lived. They gave hope. I was never tempted to leave.

Africa? In Lesotho, I taught Bible Knowledge and English Literature to willing high schoolers and admired the work of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate who brought the Catholic faith to that mountain kingdom. In South Africa, I countered apartheid, with moderate success, by encouraging black and white Catholics to come together in worship and fellowship. In Kenya, I am doing pastoral work among religious.

There are enormous problems here: sexual license with its frightful hangover, AIDS; Muslim fundamentalism growing; civil unrest; unemployment; bribery. But there are many good people, a strong structural church, and small Christian communities growing in the villages. There is hope.

These words were in the Breviary for today's office (Thursday of the Sixteenth Week) from St. Paul: For this reason we never become discouraged. Even though our physical being is gradually decaying, yet our spiritual being is renewed day after day. And this small and temporary trouble we suffer will will bring us a tremendous and eternal glory much greater than the trouble. (2 Cor. 4:16.)

That is my prayer for the Class of '43 and for myself. Let us pray for each other.