

September 19, 1997

Dom André Poisson

Dom Marianus' burial

Dom Marianus was for me an old friend; we were together in the same novitiate long years ago and we kept in contact almost until the time he arrived here in the house of the Transfiguration, but I am convinced our friendship was alive in spite of the silence we were obliged to keep because of the distance.

I remember him in these remote times as a smiling person learning French with some difficulty but always with humor. We were together under the authority of an impressive novice master who had received Dom Marianus very willingly, but with the clear intention of giving him a genuine Carthusian formation in spite of his first Benedictine formation in a Bavarian monastery. That meant a pitiless aggressiveness from the novice master against any expression of Benedictine spirit. Dom Marianus was probably suffering from these attacks, but he never lost his smile and his open overture with his Father Master and, as far as I can remember, he always kept confidence and friendship towards him.

After solemn profession, the first obedience that received Dom Marianus was in Parkminster where he spent a long time learning and practicing accounting intensively with some brilliant people like our present-day Procurator General. Both knew keeping smile and peace in this job. But may be the most important for Dom Marianus is the fact he learnt then English and a good sense of humor!

Frankly I must confess I kept absolutely no remembrance why and how I decided to send him to the Transfiguration, but I very clearly remember how difficult it was then for him during month and maybe during years to accept remaining here since he felt a strong attraction for oriental spirituality; I cannot doubt of his loyalty, but I always thought he was not prepared for this pass and, as far as I can remember, Dom Raphael was sharing this view point.

Finally he sincerely accepted to be the procurator of the Transfiguration and he kept the obedience twenty years for the joy of the community and finally, when he was becoming an old man, he was appointed as a Vicar. On another level he was becoming an appreciated confessor, full of good judgment and prudence, with the monks of the cloister.

On the whole all that represented a wonderful monastic life. But the Lord's intentions were deeper. In this monastic career something was missing: a humble and painful experience of the cross. Slowly Dom Marianus was becoming aware of unknown psychological lacks of balance in his reactions, in his contact with the reality. The doctors could do nothing for helping him: his contact with the exterior was declining. His last years here below, we know, has been for him a true experience of the stations of the Cross: all of ourselves understand what I mean.

Finally I would give thanks to Marianus for the last message he sent to Br. Procurator and me during the short hours we were close to him, when he was dying. He was certainly totally unconscious of what happened: we had only before us a poor human body suffering in a deep coma until the time when his exhausted heart stopped. And we knew intimately he was then bit by bit entering in the heaven under our eyes by the way of the cross because he is beloved of God. Amen.