

“TO HEAR CONFESSIONS SEVERAL TIMES A DAY”

I was ordained a priest on May 30, 1987, in Italy by Archbishop Mario Peressin. My first Mass with my family was celebrated in Victoriaville, my birthplace, on June 22, 1987.



Fr. Roland Marcoux

Now, I am perhaps going to surprise you: I did not celebrate it in a church but in a grove situated at the rear of my brother Marcel's house. The reason? My mother, aged 83, was rather feeble. She would have become very tired in a church. So I celebrated Mass in the good God's beautiful cathedral, as the holy Curé of Ars was wont to say.

And what a coincidence! June 22 also marked my dear parents' 62nd wedding anniversary. What a joy for them to see their eldest son a priest. That Mass gave me a wonderful opportunity to manifest to them my gratitude. I owe so much to my parents. They were Christians sturdy in their faith; they were courageous, kind, serene; a fine harmony and good humour reigned in our family. They fully deserved our congratulations.

Another coincidence on this June 22: it was the feast of Corpus Christi. Another reason for gratitude to Jesus – the institution of the Eucharist, a marvel of love! To think that I, poor fellow that I am, will command Jesus to come down into the bread and the wine!

Since my entry into the juniorate in 1940 – I was thirteen –, just imagine, I “fell in love with the holy Curé of Ars”. God's ways are not our ways. How true that is! I was very happy as a teaching Brother, a Brother of the Sacred Heart. Providential events led me to leave my Community, go to study in Rome and be ordained. I still marvel at this, am grateful... and happy.

I often say that I am spoiled, and not only by Providence. One of my consolations, in addition to that of saying Mass, is to hear confessions several times a day, a grace obtained perhaps by the holy patron of priests, the Curé of Ars. He is my idol, but I still have a lot of “crusts and potatoes” to eat before I am imitating him even a little.

To whom do I owe my wonderful vocation? To my parents, of course. I made them suffer a lot by leaving my Community. But, as usual, the crosses are bearers of graces. They understood my choice.

I owe this grace to the Army of Mary also, to the fidelity of its foundress, Marie-Paule. Without her I would never have become a priest. There had never been any question of that, but Jesus through Mary played a good trick on me. And here I am, a priest!

Many thanks to all the benefactors who have contributed to the work of vocations. There are many of them.

My soul glorifies the Lord, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary!

Father Roland Marcoux