



Fr. Robert M. Haux, Rector of St. Andrew's Church in West Point, Georgia, passed away on Saturday, November 15, at his home. Fr. Haux will be remembered by many for his kind and generous spirit and his good humor as well as the practical spiritual guidance that he provided.



Fr. Haux was born December 16, 1954 in Bridgeport, Connecticut. He attended St. Joseph of Arimathea Anglican Theological College graduating with a Bachelor of Sacred Theology (S.T.B.).

After he retired as a Narcotics Homicide Detective from the Stratford Connecticut Police Department, Fr. Haux was the Rector of St. Andrew's for fifteen years.

Fr. Haux was a devoted supporter of the Nazareth

house missionary work in Sierra Leone. In lieu of flowers, the family respectfully requests contributions be made in memory of Father Haux to the Nazareth House at www.nazarethhouseap.org, or mail contributions to Nazareth House, 2216 Goldsmith Lane, Louisville KY 40218.



Fr. Haux is survived by his wife Su Sasso-Haux; adopted daughter and son-in-law, Theresa Erika and Tony Selph; and a grandson, Richard Erik Fuller Selph.

Funeral service information and an online memorial guestbook are available at <http://www.hunterallenmyhand.com/>.

The following is from Fr. Haux's message in the December, 1999, Saint Andrew's newsletter. It contains an autobiographical précis and much insight into the spirit of Fr. Haux.

As we come to the end of the seasons of Christmastide and Epiphanytide, the seasons of light, we begin to turn our gaze from the wondrous epiphanies and Theophanies (manifestations) of God, and back to examining ourselves as we prepare for Lent. It's a time to begin to look at ourselves and to see how we manifest ourselves towards others. That leads me to the subject of *vocations*, of which you'll hear more about your personal vocation later.

Since we've gotten onto the subjects of *self* and *vocations*, I guess the best place for me to start with is myself, since a priest is supposed to personalize the Gospel.

Back in the early 1970's, and shortly after my mother died, I lived for a while at Holy Cross Monastery in West Park, New York. I loved living there. There was the *Opus Dei*, "the work of God" as St. Benedict, the founder of Western Monasticism called it. It's a cycle of prayer that begins at dawn and ends after sunset. It is an immersed life of prayer that's one's primary duty, and then comes the work of the world after that. At age 18, I wanted to join the order; a wise novicemaster, Fr. Tom Schultz told me that this wasn't the wisest course for my young life. He said that I would probably stay for about a year, and then tire of the monastic routine in favor of the world, and then I would leave the monastery. Fr. Tom told me that in order to have a good monastic life, I needed to go out and experience the world, and then come back if it was what I was called to do ~ because the last thing monasticism was was an escape from life.

And so, I went out and had several secular jobs. I became an acrylics designer for exceedingly expensive pieces sold through Bergdorf-Goodmans, Nieman Marcus, and the like. (While making \$1.90 an hour, mind you...). In April, 1977, I was elated that I finally became a police officer in Fairfield, Connecticut, the other thing which I always wanted to be. The first thing I wanted to be was a priest, but that seemed now to be on a back burner. I never stopped going to church though.

Later I became a patrolman in Stratford, Connecticut. Stratford is a city of 55,000, next to Bridgeport, a city of 360,000, and 50 miles from New York City. There was no wont of action. As soon as I could do so I took the promotional exam for detective, since that's where I thought my true talents as a police officer lay. Through the grace of God I was promoted, and found myself in the Special Services Division. My commanding officer was Detective Lt. Clyde J. Haggerty, from whom I learned volumes on the state of mankind and of crime. But Clyde, may he rest in peace, also taught me to take care of my spiritual side as well. He got up early and went to Mass every day before coming to work, and on Holy Days of Obligation, if we were working, we'd go together. Our main task in Special Services was to combat narcotics, but murders and organized crime were thrown into the bargain, since they were often intermingled. In fact, for a while I was even assigned to the State's Attorney's Task Force on Unsolved Multiple Organized Crime Homicides. I can assure you, I took Fr. Tom Schultz's advice and

gained a whole lot of worldly experience, many times more than I cared to have ever seen. I won't get graphic; there's no need to, you can use your own imagination, and then double it to get a reasonably fair assessment. It's never easy to see people suffer, needlessly throw their lives away, and many times die, and I've seen more than my share.

I had to retire due to injuries sustained in the line of duty. But you see, in God's own good Providence, all that I had gone through from April, 1977 until I retired in August, 1991 had a reason. That reason was to prepare me for my true and final vocation. And so, I went to St. Joseph of Arimathea Seminary instead of back to Holy Cross Monastery.

That *vocation* is to be a priest, a sacrificial servant of God.

Many things are the same in both professions, as it were (though the former you're hired for, the latter you're called by God to do). You have to be there for people in their time of need, and you have to learn to be a good listener. Either as police officer or priest, people expect you to be a sort of "Shell Answer Man". You're a protector, confessor, psychologist and counselor, among many things. The big difference is that then I saved bodies ~ now I try, through the grace of Christ, to save souls. Then I tried to see what the state could do for people, now I rely on what the Holy Spirit can do for them as well.

My first and foremost job as a Rector, or pastor, is that I have the *Cure of Souls* in my parish. When I was instituted as the Rector, my hands were placed inside my Bishop's, and he said to me "*accipe curam, meam et tuam ~ receive this cure which is mine and thine*". My duties as a priest charged with the *Cure of Souls* are to teach, preach and premonish. (*Premonish* is like *admonish*, but it's done before the person doing the deed accomplishes it ~ a sort of preventive medicine.) Then there are the *A,B,C's* ~ *absolve* penitents of sins, *ble*ss people and things in the Name of God, and *con*secrate bread and wine so that it becomes the real and living Body and Blood of Christ in order to feed His sheep that I'm charged with being the shepherd for. On the dreadful day of judgement, both my bishop and I will stand and face God and tell Him how we cared for His people in this specific place. That's my first and most important job. Second to that are my other jobs which are a part of my vocation. I'm sure most of you know that I'm the director of the St. Patrick's Diocesan Summer Camp, wherein I try to provide a positive influence and role model for our greatest assets, *our children*. We're entrusted with our portion of the Catholic and Apostolic Faith to pass on to them, whole and intact. We're also entrusted with helping them shape their lives well, and that's where some of my previous experience comes in. At each camp, they gain some worldly insights along with the spiritual ones, but without the pain of actually having to have been there to see the awfulness of what I convey to them. I also try to instill into them the importance of education. And as far as an educated clergy goes, as an *examining chaplain* for the diocese it's my job to insure that we have men who are academically competent before they are ordained deacon or priest ~ both for their own protection, and for that of the people who compose Christ's Church.

I use my previous experience in another way as well. For several years now I've had the honor, privilege, and pleasure of being the chaplain for the Chambers County, Alabama Sheriff's Department. Since I've walked many miles in the shoes that the members of the sheriff's department continue to walk in, I'm there to help out whenever needed. Just last week, as part of my job I was present to hold the Bible and help to administer the Oath of Office for all the deputies. But before that oath was administered, I took some time to talk with them about a few salient things. The first was the importance of the oath which they were about to swear, to uphold the Constitution of the United States and of the State of Alabama. I told them the most important words were the last four uttered by each and every one of those men and women who took it: "*so help me God*". I told them that this was an oath taken to God, and that it was only short of a *covenant*, which is a promise that's sealed in sacrificial blood. (Of course the New Covenant is the sacrificial Blood of Christ which was shed for all of us). I also told them that in law enforcement, the *oath* sometimes becomes a *covenant*, because it becomes sealed in the blood of fallen brothers and sisters who have sacrificed their lives in the performance of their duty to God and country as they protect and serve each of us. I also told the deputies that I'd been to six police funerals for fallen brothers, and that five of the six would be alive today if only they'd worn their, at times, uncomfortable bullet proof vests. They have a duty and vocation to fulfill in serving and protecting others, as well as having a vocation of being a good and living spouse and parent in their families.

The very next afternoon, Captain Robbie Bishop of the neighboring Villa Rica, Georgia Police Department was murdered in the line of duty. We buried him on January 24th, in a cemetery just South of Tennessee. Let's pause for a minute here and reflect on a life that was too short in our eyes, but well spent. Robbie's vocation was severalfold. At 35, he was a devoted husband to his wife Lisa, and father to his son Cody and daughter Lauren. He loved children, and saw that what drugs did to them in virtually every schoolyard in America is a scourge from hell. It was his vocation to be the best narcotics fighter that he could be. He took immense amounts of drugs off the streets of Georgia, and he was so good at what he did, he trained others to do the same, both in person, and by instructional videotape. At the same time, he took being a Christian seriously. He was baptized this last November, and was serious about what he was called to do for others in his vocation as a police officer, and as a Christian.

A few weeks ago one of St. Paul's epistles was from Romans 12:1ff. I think that it's very applicable here, and so here it is:

Therefore, I urge you, brothers, in view of God's mercy, to offer your bodies as living sacrifices, holy and pleasing to God ~ this is your spiritual act of worship. Do not conform any longer to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind. Then you will be able to test and approve what God's will is ~ his good, pleasing and perfect will. For by the grace given me I say to every one of you: Do not think of yourself more highly than you ought, but rather think of yourself with sober judgment, in accordance with the measure of faith God has given you. Just as each of us has one body with many members, and these members do not all have the same function, so in Christ we who are many form one body, and each member

belongs to all the others. We have different gifts, according to the grace given us. If a man's gift is prophesying, let him use it in proportion to his faith. If it is serving, let him serve; if it is teaching, let him teach; if it is encouraging, let him encourage; if it is contributing to the needs of others, let him give generously; if it is leadership, let him govern diligently; if it is showing mercy, let him do it cheerfully. Love must be sincere. Hate what is evil; cling to what is good. Be devoted to one another in brotherly love. Honor one another above yourselves. Never be lacking in zeal, but keep your spiritual fervor, serving the Lord.

St. Paul therefore, describes how we should all be as we answer the vocation that God has given each of us to fulfill, for our betterment and to His glory. Captain Robbie Bishop fulfilled his vocation to the best of his ability, and we can see how well he fit into St. Paul's definition above. He fulfilled it in a way that Jesus Christ thought most highly of: *"Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends"*. (St. John 15:13). To the best of my abilities, I continue to try to fulfill my vocation, and urge you to do the same.

To fulfill your vocation, first you have to recognize what the various gifts are that God has given you, and then to practice self sacrifice and to use those gifts not only for yourself, but for others. All of us are called to be sacrificial servants of God. What are your particular gifts, and how can you use them? No matter who we are, we all have plenty of gifts. Every single one of us can be a listener to others. That means we take the time to communicate with others. For many, just simply having someone there who cares about them is half the battle. All of us can (and should) pray. One of the things I have learned through seeing many lifetimes of pain and suffering is that nothing is accomplished without prayer. Particularly, intercessory prayer is a wonderful thing, and often works miracles. Who or what to pray for? Think about it a bit, and it will come to you. There's also an intercessory prayer list published in this newsletter every month for starters. But beyond that, many of us can reach out to others as well. I know well that some of you do. For example, off the top of my head I know there's people who are involved in Boy/Girl Scouts, in delivering "meals on wheels". Others may do well to be a hospital volunteer, or perhaps a literacy volunteer. I know of several healthcare professionals who give good advice to others outside of the standard healthcare setting. Have you had a catastrophic illness that you've recovered from, or suffered the loss of a loved one? Maybe one of the things you should consider is joining a support group to help others who now find themselves in the same boat that you were originally floundering in. Would such a support have helped you at the time of your need? Probably so. Remember that when you help the least of Christ's brethren, you also help him. You help yourself to grow and blossom into the person that God meant for you to be as well. Think about all the God has given you; think about how good a person you are now, and then imagine how much better you can become.

So as we enter the Pre-Lenten and Lenten seasons, search for and find your gifts, and then take them up and use them to fulfill your vocation.

R.M.F.H. □

