

## Fr Sean

The first time I saw Fr Sean I didn't know he was a priest, I only saw the top of his head. It was at St Mary's Cathedral on a Sunday night, and the first time I had heard tongues.

Like most people I know, who hear them for the first time, I thought that everyone had gone mad. I then heard one voice which I knew was different, I looked round and I said to myself "Oh it's that fellow with the white hair". I didn't go back as I had young family at home. And it was several years later when I was having problems with my family, that someone said to me, "Go and see Fr Sean".

It was my first time in a face to face confession, which I found very liberating, but when I started to ramble on about the family, he put his hand up and said: "Stop, you can't heal the family until you have healed yourself". Then all my life story came tumbling out; I certainly hadn't intended to talk about it.

Since then I have never gone to anyone else for confession, 'till he became ill, and I still find it hard.

I think he knew more about me than I know myself and I miss him dreadfully. He was a great support and friend and I thank God daily for the gift that he was to us all.

I hope that he is still watching over us now.