

### Excerpt from “And Nothing but the Truth”

I knew coming back to St. Mary’s, I would be getting the great lecture from O’Sullivan, who was very outspoken for a priest. I had intentionally avoided this during my divorce, or at least after everyone found out the truth about my divorce. Up until then, I had them all eating right out of my hand, but when the truth came out, things were different, as they usually are. The fantasy was over. I dreaded meeting with Father but knew it was unavoidable. Father had insisted on speaking with me. I did not look forward to this meeting for obvious reasons. I knew Father O’Sullivan somehow felt personally betrayed by me, probably because I had never come to him for guidance. But why would I? I knew what he was going to say, and at that time in my life, that was not what I wanted to hear. Yet, as with most events this weekend I knew it was coming, I knew it wouldn’t be pleasant and I was just going to have to take it like a man. Meeting with Father O’Sullivan was the first of many ghosts I would have to face this weekend.

Walking into his office, I felt like a fourth-grade boy who had just pulled Sally Ann’s hair in the lunch line and had been sent to the principal’s office. I sat in the lounge as the secretary announced me and then showed me in the door. There he sat in all his goodness. Father O’Sullivan and I have had some good times together. I used to help out at services on Sundays, and local church events, and he could always depend on me for a good laugh. We were friends. As I walked in, Father O’Sullivan turned around in his chair to face me. He looked as though he had been praying. Praying for me I don’t know, but his face didn’t exactly light up at the sight of me as he dismissed his secretary.