

The Holiness of a Knight

Brothers, there comes a time in the life of every Knight when he must ask himself a question deeper than why he joined, how many meetings he attended, or how much good he accomplished:

Am I becoming a holy man?

Not an impressive man.

Not an important man.

Not merely a good Catholic man.

A holy man.

Because one day, brothers, all of this will end.

There will be a final meeting.

A final Mass.

A final time we put on the regalia of a Knight.

Someone else will sit in our chair.

Someone else will do the work we once thought could not be done without us.

And eventually, our name will be spoken mostly in memory.

When that day comes, very few people will remember how many meetings we attended.

But our wives will remember **how we loved them.**

Our children will remember whether we had time for them.

Our grandchildren will remember whether our faces lit up when they entered the room.

And our brother Knights will remember whether, when life became difficult, **we stood beside them.**

That is where holiness begins.

Not in extraordinary things.

But in the ordinary moments when nobody is watching.

Sometimes holiness is simply **being tired without becoming cruel.**

Being frustrated without wounding someone.

Listening when we would rather speak.

Apologizing when pride tells us to remain silent.

Forgiving someone who may never understand how deeply they hurt us.

Walking into our home after a long day and remembering that the people inside deserve the best of us—not merely what is left of us.

And sometimes holiness is looking into the mirror at the end of the day and admitting:

“Lord, I could have loved better today.”

Every man in this room knows that feeling.

We have all said things we wish we could take back.

We have all missed opportunities to love.

We have all been too busy.

Too impatient.

Too proud.

Too distracted.

And some of us carry regrets that nobody else in this room knows anything about.

But a holy man is not a man who has never fallen.

A holy man is a man who has learned how to **come home to God.**

Again.

And again.

And again.

He kneels before Christ and says:

“Lord, I failed You today.

But I am still Yours.

Begin again with me.”

Brothers, we Knights speak often about **charity**.

But charity is not merely something we do.

Charity is the man we are becoming.

Sometimes charity feeds the hungry.

Sometimes it protects the unborn.

Sometimes it cares for the widow.

And sometimes charity is noticing the brother sitting quietly at the edge of the room.

Because beneath the shirts, jackets, handshakes, laughter and smiles are men carrying things we cannot see.

A marriage struggling.

A child who has walked away.

A diagnosis that frightens him.

A wife whose health is failing.

A loneliness he doesn't know how to admit.

A prayer that seems to have gone unanswered.

A grief he still carries years later.

And sometimes the most important thing a Knight can ever say to another Knight is simply:

“Brother, you don't have to carry this alone.”

That is fraternity.

Not merely standing beside one another at ceremonies.

Helping one another get home to God.

Perhaps every Knight needs one prayer simple enough to carry into every moment of his life:

Lord, help me love.

When your wife needs patience and you have almost none left:

Lord, help me love.

When your children disappoint you:

Lord, help me love.

When another Knight irritates you:

Lord, help me love.

When someone needs forgiveness:

Lord, help me love.

When you are frightened:

Lord, help me love.

When you are tired:

Lord, help me love.

And when the day finally comes when your strength begins to leave you...

Lord, help me love.

Perhaps if we pray those words long enough, something beautiful happens.

The prayer begins becoming **the man**.

We become gentler.

We listen more.

We judge less.

We forgive sooner.

We notice the lonely.

We hold our wives a little longer.

We call our children.

We tell our brothers what they mean to us while there is still time to tell them.

And gradually, almost without noticing it, Christ begins changing us.

Then perhaps one day, long after we are gone, someone will speak our name.

And maybe our wife will say:

“He loved me well.”

Maybe our children will say:

“Dad was there.”

Maybe another Knight will quietly say:

“There was a terrible time in my life when I didn't know if I could keep going... and that man called me.”

And perhaps someone else will simply say:

“When I was around him, I wanted to become a better man.”

Brothers...

what greater legacy could a Knight leave?

Not that people remembered our accomplishments.

But that because we lived,

someone felt less alone.

Someone found courage.

Someone experienced mercy.

Someone returned to God.

And someday each of us will stand before Christ without titles, without accomplishments, without possessions, without anything except the man we became.

And perhaps He will show us the faces of the people He placed along our road.

Our wives.

Our children.

Our grandchildren.

Our brother Knights.

The poor.

The forgotten.

The difficult.

The lonely.

And perhaps He will ask us only:

“Did you love them?”

So tonight, before you sleep, ask yourself:

Where did I love well today?

Where did I fail to love?

And who has God placed in my life that I still have time to love better?

Then pray:

Lord, make me gentle when I am tired.

Patient when I am frustrated.

Merciful when I have been wounded.

**Courageous when love requires sacrifice.
And humble when no one is watching.**

**Make me worthy of the woman who walks beside me.
Make me worthy of the family You have entrusted to me.
Make me worthy of the brothers who call me brother.**

**And Lord, when my years are finished,
may the people I leave behind not remember how important I was.
Let them remember that I loved them.**

**Make me holy, Lord—
not so that people will see me,
but so that somewhere along the way,
because they encountered me,
they encountered a little more of You.**

Amen.

Brothers, tomorrow morning when your feet touch the floor, you do not need to become a saint before breakfast.

You need only begin again.

And whisper:

“Lord, put someone in front of me today whom I can love.”

And when He does—

do not miss him.

That is the work of a Knight.

That is the beginning of holiness.