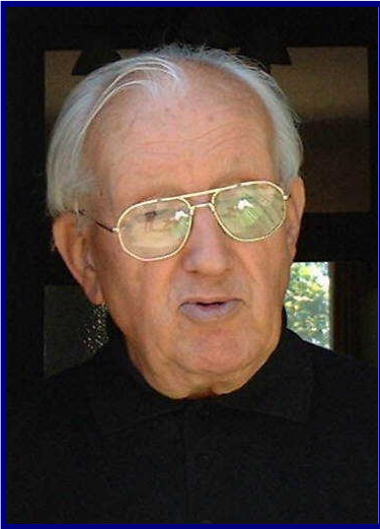


**CURIA GENERALIZIA MARIANISTI**  
**Via Latina 22 - 00179 Roma, Italia**  
**Tel. (39-06) 704 75 892 - Fax (39-06) 700 0406**  
**E-mail: [gensecsm@smcuria.it](mailto:gensecsm@smcuria.it)**

July 9, 2007

**Death Notice No. 15 (To all Unit Administrations):**



The Province of the France, recommends to our fraternal prayers our dear brother, **HENRI COSTES**, priest, who died in the service of the Blessed Virgin Mary on May 18, 2007 in Toulouse, France, in the 84<sup>th</sup> year of his age and the 67<sup>th</sup> year of his religious profession

Born at Durenque in Aveyron on April 10, 1924, Henri followed the classical curriculum of the religious from the Province of the Midi. In 1957, he prepared a licentiate in letters, but did not pass it.

His *curriculum vitae* mentions only a short stay north of the Loire, during his year of novitiate at St. Thégonnec, far from the noise of war. When he left the novitiate at the ripe old age of 16, he remained within a triangle made by La Rochelle, Cannes, and the Pyrenees. He exercised his apostolate in the large Midi communities, namely Montauban, Cannes, Caudéran, Carmaux, and Fiac. He spent five

years, 48–53, in the seminary in Fribourg and was ordained in 52 by Bishop Charrière.

He began as prefect then teacher then-principal of the Petit Collège (grade school) at Caudéran, where he spent almost half a century. He had two successive positions, first as principal of the Petit Collège and then he was asked to take over the position of treasurer to replace Père Maurel, who was the victim of an elevator accident.

Père Henri Costes was well known for greeting people who came through the entrance to the school property. He knew the people of Bordeaux well. The parents of today's pupils had been his pupils yesterday. The little children of the school were given the special attention needed for their age while the adolescents had to be happy with a simple greeting. A visitor was escorted to the main office.

In his free time, he devoted himself to gardening. The beautiful flowers, they were his. His love of plants could be seen on his dirty sweat-shirts as much as in his words.

He liked to speak the “Langue d’oc” (a dialect of the south of France). His Aveyron accent resisted corruption by the Bordeaux accent.

Père Costes always seemed to be a little gruff, a trait very well known in his southern, rural part of France. He held firmly to his ideas, even when one would have an extremely hard time defending them.

Père Costes was a man of punctuality and regularity. In the morning, at the crack of dawn, he liked to be in the chapel where he could meditate alone.

He was the prototype of the southerner attached to his roots, who found his region to be the most beautiful and each morning said to himself: “Why go elsewhere when everything is right here?”