The video you have just seen showed real life heroes. Athletes, the 35th President of the United States, humanitarians, astronauts, and first responders at the largest terrorist attack on US soil to date. Like the heroes of old they are Knights. Knights, in service to others. Knights, the ones of strong principles and virtues. Knights, the men defending the faith. From the Knights of Columbus humble beginning in 1882 we have stayed true to our name as Knights. We were founded by a parish priest, the Venerable Father Michael J. McGivney, in the basement of his parish to provide aid for widows and orphans after the passing of the breadwinner. Armed with the same core principles and the knightly virtues, which we still stand for today, we support our communities and care for our families.
What I have told you is more than my personal belief; it’s a similar statement that you would have heard from any of the 1.9 million men around the world that call themselves Knights of Columbus.

I wanted to come to you today to share my personal testimony about one particular event in my life that I feel most exemplifies what it means to be a member of the Knights of Columbus. In July 2012, just a day following my birthday, I was taken to the hospital with chest pains and breathing issues. After the triage diagnosis by the ER doctor I was admitted to the hospital while more tests were run and specialists were called in to consult. Unfortunately before a pinpoint diagnosis could be made my condition took a change for the worst. My lungs started dangerously and rapidly filling with fluid. My family was told that my situation was grim and that the chances of me leaving that hospital alive was extremely unlikely. I was placed into a medically induced coma, for the better part of a month, while the doctors and nurses did everything in their power to save my life. During this process my family was driving everyday to be at my bedside, and the financial costs during this time was eating away at their fixed income. Upon hearing of my condition and the situation that my family was in our Knights of Columbus council donated a check to my family for day to day expenses and to help cover my needs if I left the hospital. Brothers from other councils around the state, for which I had only passing interactions with, visited my bedside, sent get well cards, their support, and prayers.

The tidal wave of emotions I felt when I woke from my coma to find my family at my bedside and upon hearing of all that my brothers from the Knights of Columbus have done for us during my time of need can best be described as feelings of fraternal brotherly love, respect, thanks, and caring devotion. Whenever anyone asks me, “why should I become a member of the Knights of Columbus?” I think back on this experience and how my brothers were there for me and my family. It isn’t a matter of “if” your time will come it is only a matter of “when.” I want every man to know that when their time comes we, your brother Knights, will be there to do anything in our power for you and your family. I want you to share in the same feelings of fraternal brotherly love that we share with all our members, and I hope one day I can be honored to call you a brother Knight. Thank you.