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# REGNUM CHRISTI NEWS OF THE WEEK

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## **Natural Family Planning Course in Spanish**

*Online course offered to teach NFP to Spanish speakers*

A new course from Colombia in South America is being made available to those who want to teach Natural Family Planning to a Spanish-speaking audience. One of the course teachers, Catalina Rueda Sáiz, said all that is needed to take the course is the ability to speak Spanish and access to the Internet.



Catalina is a Regnum Christi member who works with the Family Institute at the Archdiocese of Cali in Colombia and a local pro-life

organization, Pro Vida Digna in Cali.

The online course will be offered from March 3 to June 16, 2014. It will benefit those who are already NFP instructors or want to be, and those who work with family and youth organizations, and even couples interested in practicing or better understanding NFP.

“Everything needed will be available through the Internet,” said Catalina. “We will send power point presentations and hold three conferences per week, recorded previously, explaining each class. We will send out the readings so people can attend in their own houses at any time. There will also be some live discussion sessions at specific times.”

The course will cover all NFP methods, with special emphasis on the Billings Ovulation Method.

Course contents include:

- Anatomy and Physiology of Human Procreation
- Anthropology Fundamentals
- Recognizing Fertility Methods
- The Teachings of the Magisterium of the Church on NFP and Sexuality (*Humanae Vitae*, John Paul II teachings, etc.)
- Sexuality Principles and Ethics (with an introduction to Theology of the Body)
- Psychology Fundamentals Applied to NFP and Marriage
- Communication Elements to Explain and Teach NFP

Course instructors, in addition to Catalina, include: Maria Piedad Puerta de Klinkert, an expert on NFP and certified Billings Method instructor; Carlos Arturo Tolmos, a theologian and consecrated man with the Christian Life Movement; Ana María Gálvez, a psychologist from Navarra University in Spain; Sonia Muñoz de Ortiz, a physician specializing in bioethics and family intervention from Navarra University; Yolanda Muñoz, a psychologist and expert in post-abortion syndrome and certified Billings Method instructor; and Patricia Velásquez, an expert in marriage communication and family orientation

from Navarra University.

There has been an exciting response to the course offering so far. “People from all over are interested and writing to us,” said Catalina. “I’ve seen letters from Argentina, the USA, Tel Aviv, Guatemala, Perú, and different cities in Colombia. It’s amazing and exciting.”

The cost to participate in the course is \$290.00 in US dollars.

Click [here](#) for the Spanish website with more information on the course. You can also send questions via email to [cursoplanificacionfamiliar@gmail.com](mailto:cursoplanificacionfamiliar@gmail.com).

## A Pervading Sense of Joy at Chicago March for Life

Regnum Christi Live – February 10, 2014  
By Ramon Rodreguez



***Ramon Rodriguez is from Kansas City, Missouri. In the following, he details his experience participating with his fellow classmates from Sacred Heart Apostolic School (Rolling Prairie, Indiana) in the 2014 March for Life in Chicago, Illinois.***

The law legalizing abortion was passed 41 years ago, when most of my generation was not even around. Our generation has taken it upon ourselves to bring an end to this murder of millions of unborn, who deserve a chance to live.

The entire community of Sacred Heart Apostolic School joined the more than two thousand people in Chicago, Illinois, who came to bear witness and speak for those children who are not able to speak for themselves. It was awesome to see how men and women, young and old, of every denomination and race, banded together to show their support for this important cause.

When we arrived to the pre-March rally at Federal Plaza, I was amazed at how many people, especially young people, were there to participate despite the cold and snow. The four blocks we walked were filled with chanting, singing and lots of prayer. What struck me the most was the pervading sense of joy, optimism and bonhomie among the marchers.

Our Walk for Life ended with closing remarks from Congressman Dan Lipinski in a rally before the James R. Thompson Center, which houses the offices of the state government of Illinois.

We mourn the loss of so many lives since the passage of Roe versus Wade, and our prayers go out for all of these souls, and for all those present at the March for Life in Chicago.

## **Stay Salty**

**Regnum Christi Live – February 10, 2014**  
**By Kelly Luttinen**

*Jesus said to his disciples: “You are the salt of the earth. But if salt loses its taste, with what can it be seasoned? It is no longer good for anything, but to be thrown out and trampled underfoot.*

*You are the light of the world. A city set on a mountain cannot be hidden. Nor do they light a lamp and then put it under a bushel basket; it is set on a lamp stand, where it gives light to all in the house. Just so, your light must shine before others, that they may see your good deeds and glorify your heavenly Father.” (Matthew 5:13-16)*



After this Sunday's gospel passage, and as the winter of 2014 progresses, I am not thinking about the salt that seasons food, but rather the salt that melts the ice. You know, the kind that is supposed to be thrown out and trampled underfoot.

Basically what's been happening this winter is it has been so cold, the salt is not working well -- what there is of it, anyway. There is apparently a [salt shortage](#), according to national news outlets.

Perhaps God is trying to tell us something with this "polar vortex" and record breaking snowfall. The cold snap has been so pervasive and widespread, it's certainly possible.

If He is, then what are we doing about it? Are we shining enough of our light to melt the ice? Or, to quote Shakespeare, have we given up hope in this winter of our discontent?

I know I have been guilty of getting very close...every time I watch the TV news and listen to the state of our country and our world, my mood gets a little fouler and my attitude closer to despair.

I think Jesus is reminding me not to go there.

Take some time to pray about what this winter is saying to you. Perhaps it might help you, as it helps me, to meditate on this beautiful song, [Every Season](#), by Nicole Nordeman.

And remember it's always darkest before the dawn. Maybe it's also snowiest before the spring.

Stay salty, my friends.

## Giving Thanks and Praise

*Fr. Nathaniel Haslam LC encourages all movement members to go forth and share their gifts*

In this homily for members of the movement in the Houston, Texas area, on Friday, February 7, 2014, Fr. Nathaniel Haslam LC proclaims the joy felt by all members of the Legion of Christ and Regnum Christi at the election of the new LC General Director and the new councilors.

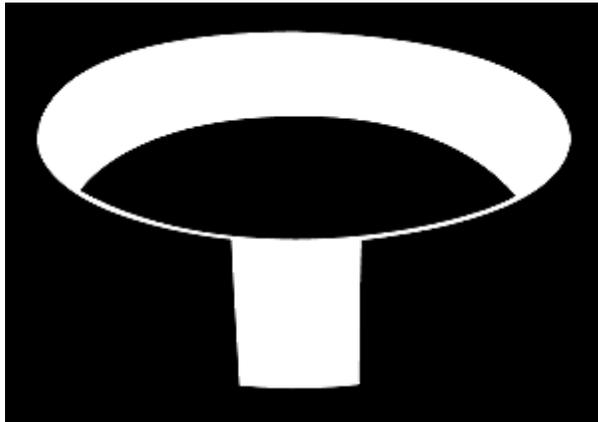


Fr. Nathaniel used the term “decretem laudis,” meaning “decree of praise” -- the official term for when the Holy See grants institutes of consecrated life and societies of apostolic life official recognition as ecclesial institutes of pontifical right.

Fr. Nathaniel calls all members of the Legion and Regnum Christi to give thanks and praise to God for what He has done with and through our movement. Praying for all members he said, “Lord show me how to live this new life I have been given!” Click [here](#) to listen to his homily.

# Saying “yes” to love

Regnum Christi Live – February 11, 2014  
By Fr Matthew P Schneider LC



Religious life is not a “no” to love but a big “yes.”

So often we can equate religious life with the institution – the Legion or the Consecrated Women of Regnum Christi for example. Yet that is not the core – it is one aspect.

Instead, the core is love.

Love is an openness to others. Love means to give ourselves to others to the point they could hurt us. Love trusts that they won’t – and that’s key. A man and women open to each other this way in marriage and even in courtship (we’ve all seen painful breakups).

Yet what is the way to open ourselves completely? To open ourselves to others through opening ourselves to God. That is part of religious life. Instead of opening ourselves exclusively to John, Jane or Sam, we open ourselves directly to God through the vows and, through that offering to every person on earth. This may seem theoretical but let’s get real practical – only to a priest or religious would people open up their deepest worries five minutes after meeting them. My sister is a social worker and naturally more compassionate than I, yet in less than two months since ordination people have opened up to me in ways I doubt they ever have to her. For example, I was picking up an early morning coffee one day I had a packed schedule and the woman behind me asked me to pray for a really serious family issue I doubt she shared with too many others.

Two elements of community life teach us love and move us to open ourselves to others. The vows leave us detached from everything here and attached to God. They are not no's but yes's. Poverty frees me from things, chastity from people and obedience from myself.

The other element we can often fail to recognize is community life. Community life is far beyond a bunch of guys living together for practical reasons: we are a family, we provide each other mutual help, we share a mission, we are a sign of heaven, and ultimately we reflect the love of the Trinity. That love with those close to us helps us learn to love everyone with the same love which Christ loved us with.

Say "yes" to love in your vocation and help others to say "yes" to love in theirs.

## 129 Hours in Mexico

U. S. A. | WHO WE ARE | NEWS

*New Hampshire apostolic school student writes about his recent mission trip*

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*Following is the first of two testimonies from students at Immaculate Conception Apostolic School in Center Harbor, New Hampshire, about their experience on a recent mission trip to Mexico.*

**by Cawood Thompson**

Waking up at three in the morning is no easy task for a sixteen-year-old.

However, on January 7, 2014, I couldn't wait to be woken up. I was going on my first trip outside the country to Metlac, Mexico. There I would be doing charitable missions with 17 of my brothers from



Immaculate Conception Apostolic School in Center Harbor, New Hampshire.

At 2:55 a.m. I was already awake when I felt a tug on my comforter and heard the dean whisper, "Christ our King!" I responded with, "Thy kingdom come!" and I meant it. I knew I would need Christ's kingdom in my heart if I wanted to help people and bring them the Gospel by word and example.

After quick showers, we all grabbed our bags and got on the bus waiting outside. It was then I noticed my wet hair had frozen on the way down from the dorm! That was the last time that would happen for the next week.

We drove to the airport, praying our morning offering and meditation on the way. Security was no problem, and we were at our gate in short order. That's when I realized just how tired I really was, and needless to say, our first flight was uneventful. During our descent into Chicago, Fr. Thanh Nguyen LC, our vice rector and mission leader, told us that we had 40 minutes from the time we landed in Chicago until our next flight. We moved quickly to our gate; I said some prayers, asking the Lord to let us arrive on time. Thankfully, He heard them.

Five hours later we landed in Mexico City and caught a bus to the apostolic school there. The next day we headed to Metlac. We finally arrived at our work site around five o'clock in the afternoon. Our mission was to install light fixtures and switches in the houses of the people living there.

But the first order of business was to set up camp. As I was laying down a tarp, I noticed a little guy, maybe five or six years old, watching us. Smiling at him, I resumed my work of pounding the tent stakes into the ground with a rock. After the stakes were in, I looked up and there were five more kids. My team and I put the rods through the slots at the top, bent them, and clipped some parts that were hanging down to the rods, thus erecting the tent. After we had pitched our "home, sweet home," there were ten youngsters standing in the group, looking on.

By the time we had put on the rain cover, there were 17, and after camp was finally set up, 23 little children were watching us and

whispering among themselves.

We walked over and started to play with them. We played tag, follow the leader, and, of course, soccer, for a long time. And as the sun went down, the number of kids went up again.

I left the fun to get a flashlight from my tent, and, on my way, I noticed a little boy crying and aimlessly walking around.

“What happened, little man?” I asked.

“I hurt my feet,” he said through his tears.

“Where are your shoes?”

“Somewhere in the field, I’m looking for them.”

“What is your name?”

“Ishmael.”

“Come with me.”

I brought him to one of my brothers, who entertained him while we found his shoes, and he was all better in no time.

We worked in Metlac for the next four days, installing lights and switches in the people’s houses. Every morning, we would wake up to a cacophony of sound from the countless local animals. This, along with music that someone, somewhere, was playing, combined with the sirens from a guy who drove down the street advertising his wares with a yell of, “TORTILLAS!” made for quite a distracting environment. However, amid all this, we prayed our morning prayers and meditation. It was amazing to feel the presence of God in the “middle-of-nowhere” in Mexico.

I’ll never forget a realization that came to me, my eyes half open, during meditation one morning – “God is with us no matter where we are, who we are, or what we’ve done, and He just wants to talk.”

After our chat with God, we had breakfast. Then we cleaned up, split up

into four work teams, grabbed our supplies, and headed off into the village. We walked wherever we went, because the town of Metlac was so small. We went up the mountain a little further to work, because the people that live there are the poorest. We stopped at a wooden shack, as our group leader, Juan Carlos, talked to a man standing nearby. I was thinking, "Are we going to install lights in this man's barn?" Then we stepped inside. I was surprised to see his "barn" was, in fact, his home. It was the size of my bedroom back home! Not only that, but the man lived in this hut with his wife, children, and mother. There was a dirt floor, the walls were wood, and the roof was made of tin. The place was full of smoke because they were cooking their lunch, on a wood fire, in the house. I thanked God then and there for all that He had blessed me with in this life.

Then, we went to work. I screwed a metal box into the wall of the house, while my one of my brothers wired the switch. We put the switch into the box and attached the wire to the breaker box we installed outside and to the light fixture. We flipped the new switch on to show the man how it worked. He thanked us and we moved on. I wish I could have done more for that family, but there were others that needed us as well.

After a morning of this work, we went back to our camp site to eat a quick lunch, and then we were back out working again until five o'clock. Afterward, we would go back to camp and entertain the myriad of village children until the seven o'clock Mass.

That was the schedule for the next four days, and by the third day, I was about ready to give up. That's when I realized, "This is what the average man does every day" and "This is what my father does every day." Still not motivated, I reached into my pocket and pulled out my rosary. As I looked at the cross, Jesus said to me, "I died for you, man! You can't even work for four days?" Amazed at my lack of will power, I went back to work, again thanking God for everything.

When four days had passed, we left Metlac, going further up the mountain. As Fr. Thanh put it, we "suffered a night there." Then we had Mass and went to the Legionary mission center in Chilapa, a neighboring village. The next morning we got up at what my father

would call “zero-dark-hundred,” showered, and drove back to the airport in Mexico City. We caught our flight to New Jersey, and then flew from there to Manchester, New Hampshire. A bus from the seminary picked us up and we got back home at two o’clock. I fell into my bed with a smile, thanking Jesus and Mary for the mission trip and the safe return.

## Satan’s War on Women

Regnum Christi Live – February 12  
By Kelly Luttinen



The political left has been shouting of late about a “War on Women.”

Well there definitely is such a war, but not in the way they are claiming. It’s a spiritual war against God’s plan for humanity, focused on women’s ability to give life, and it’s been raging since the beginning of time.

If you follow current events, you know that battle is heating up. I don’t know about you, but I’m greatly disturbed by the trends I see in our world’s “Culture of Death.” Following is a small sampling of the news, and links to the articles and videos. (For some reason, much of it seems to be coming from New York...not sure why.)

[Number of babies aborted in New York City in one year would fill Super Bowl stadium](#)

[Andrew Cuomo: Pro-Life People “Have No Place in the State of New York”](#)

[Abortion Activist: “I Want to Rip the Uterus Out of Cathy McMorris Rodgers and Eat It”](#)

[Police probe whether dead baby found in bag of Victoria's Secret 'shoplifter' was murdered](#)

[Pa. woman gives birth in sports bar, suffocates newborn and hides body in toilet tank: police](#)

[Violent mob of topless pro-abortion feminists attacks praying men defending cathedral](#)

I'm convinced that the veracity and pervasiveness of this news has a diabolical cause. An [obscure article](#) from an online radio site in the Philippines describes the crux of the issue well. It's entitled "Exorcist Talks about Satan's 'Special Hatred' for Women." Fr. Joseph Iannuzzi, a Rome-based theologian and exorcist who has assisted the former chief exorcist of Rome, makes an interesting statement. "I am quite familiar with Satan's hatred toward Mary and therefore, toward women in general on account of Mary."

Satan hates women because he hates our Blessed Mother. Her "Yes" foiled all his plans.

More on this later...

Fr. Joseph said that the devil is particularly active today in the Women's Rights movement in the fight for contraception and abortion on demand. He also points out that Satan likes to focus his attack on women who are "young" and "pleasing in appearance." To prove this point, I only have to mention the questionable antics of popular singing artists like Beyonce at last year's Super Bowl and recently Katy Perry. (Did you see this year's Grammy's?)

And though Father Joseph doesn't say this directly, I see Satan's attack on the very young in our Culture of Death's subtle corruption of fairy tales. You may have noticed of late how Disney and other Hollywood producers are changing themes in such stories to become more politically correct with the women's movement. You know what I'm talking about -- how princesses no longer need princes to save them, and sometimes they even save the prince. Or maybe there isn't even a prince around at all.

On the surface, nothing seems wrong. Maybe on some level, it's even good. But the trend touches on a distortion of a much deeper truth -- why God made us male and female in the first place. There is a great deal to

understanding this sublime mystery, but to make very dense theology short and sweet, in Ephesians 5, St. Paul discusses how the marriage of man and woman is like that of Christ and His Church. In the analogy, men image Christ, and women image the Church. Christians who know their faith are well aware that Christ saves the Church, and not vice versa.

I once heard a young priest giving a Theology of the Body presentation to teenagers, discussing how he became interested in early Disney princess cartoons, traditional ones like Snow White and Sleeping Beauty. In the stories about damsels in distress being saved by a prince riding a white stallion, he was mesmerized by the Truth he saw. He recognized Jesus Christ in these stories, saving his Bride from the evil one. (Interestingly, the Christ figure in the book of Revelation rides a white horse. See Revelation 6:2.)

Now let's go back to Adam and Eve, where it all began. Through the sin of pride, the first man and woman listened to Satan's lies and believed they could become like God -- that they really didn't need Him. And we know what happened after that. Right from the beginning, Satan targeted the woman, the one who images humanity, rather than the man, who images Christ. Eve tried to contend with Satan herself, and failed miserably. And Adam, who was right there, did nothing to stop it.

Fast forward in history to the "fullness of time." On Calvary, the New Adam, Jesus Christ, stepped between His Bride and the serpent. He was able to do this because the New Eve, Mary, the mother of the Church, said "Yes" to God's plan at the visit of the angel Gabriel. She would also say "Yes" at the foot of the cross, watching her Son accept the consequences of the sin that Satan talked us all into.

Just something to ponder and pray about in our distorted world.

Lord Jesus, come save your Bride! Mary Mother of Church, destined to crush the head of Satan with your "Yes" to God by bringing Life into the world, pray for us.

**Different Air, Different People,**

# Same Redemption

U. S. A. | WHO WE ARE | NEWS

## *Student from Immaculate Conception Apostolic School writes about his recent mission trip to Mexico*

*Following is the second of two testimonies from students at Immaculate Conception Apostolic School, Center Harbor, New Hampshire about their experience on a recent mission trip to Mexico.*

**by Felipe Chavez**

It's three o'clock in the morning and I wake to a flashlight shining in my face. It's Br. Lucas, our dean. I open my tired eyes, look up at the ceiling and think, "Time to go to Mexico, Lord!" I get up and start my morning routine and once I'm finished, grab my hiking bag and hop on the bus.

We leave around three-thirty in the morning, and arrive at around five in the morning. Already, we have encountered a few "scary" situations. We almost forgot our passport-bag on the bus, and one of my brothers thought he left his gear back home. But I knew God willed us to go on this mission trip because the conflicts were immediately solved.

Once we are on the plane, I realize going to Mexico for missions isn't going to be a vacation. I am the only fluent Spanish-speaker in the pre-candidate community, and reflections of Christ's ministry here on earth start hitting home. I know there is only one thing I can do to love God more fully in this situation, and that is to leave everything in His hands.

It is a six- or seven-hour flight to Mexico City. Once we arrive, three of my brothers who suffer from motion-sickness are in rough shape for at least two days. I am fine and happy to be back in Mexico. I'm glad to smell the



The missionaries from Immaculate Conception Apostolic School



combination of petroleum and street tacos in the air. However, there is only one thing that is different compared to all of the other times I have been in Mexico. I have never been here as a person discerning a vocation to the priesthood, as a young man who deeply loves Christ.

After we get all of our baggage, we ride to the other Apostolic School in Mexico City called La Joya. I meet the other pre-candidates there and a few apostolic students as well. I surprised at how charitable all the pre-candidates are. Two of them walk up to me a

little nervous. One of them says “Hello! How are you?” and I respond in Spanish. He laughs because he thought I didn’t speak Spanish, and his face resumes its original color.

The next night, I am sitting at the table and I ask if they will pass the Horchata, a famous Mexican drink. The pre-candidate next to me grabs the pitcher and pours some into my glass. He sees I have no napkin and so he gets me one. Two things came to my mind immediately: I need to step it up and be more Christ-like; and I realize Christ died for these students, too. Everything they do, as far as spiritual life, is exactly like ours, only “in Spanish.”



Felipe Chavez and a new friend



We leave for missions the next day and it is a six-hour bus ride from the Apostolic School to our “drop-off.” From there, we get in a pickup truck with railings in the back and ride for half an hour to our destination, Chilapa.

When we arrive, I am stunned to see how poor the people are. I have been to Mexico “millions” of times before, but never to a village like this. Houses are held together by wooden planks, the wiring is in poor condition, dirty slippers and ripped sandals are the normal attire and there is a small chapel the size of a typical American living room.

We set up our tents inside an abandoned church with a missing a roof and without most of its walls. While we are unpacking and setting up tents, a

group of kids walks up to us. I ask one of them in Spanish, “Hey! What were all of you doing?”

“We were singing.” The little boy replied in a bashful tone. “We sing, too,” I said. “Want to hear us sing?” They all giggle, nodding their heads. My brothers and I quickly think of songs we sing repeatedly in Mass and begin singing. They love it! Unfortunately, we have to get going so we stop at four songs and tell them tomorrow we will sing more.

For the next four days, our schedule will be something like this:

- Wake up every morning at 7:00 am and pray our morning offering from 7:20 to 8:00 am
- Have breakfast from 8:00-8:40 am
- Work until lunch at around 2:00 pm
- Start working again until 5:00 pm
- Play games with the kids until Mass at 7:00 pm
- Have dinner and talk about the people we encountered, the food we ate, and how many times we were asked for candy while walking from place to place

Later on, we set up a fire and have night prayers and then go to sleep. There aren't any showers, so we didn't shower.

Our work involves setting up new wiring in people's houses. It is a little tough for me because the person helping us do the work gets annoyed at us when we make mistakes. But I am the only one who can understand him, and speak to him. It is fine, though. I can't blame him for being annoyed, and we are good friends by the end of the day.

The people we are helping are poor, simple people. Most of them don't go to school or know about apologetics to defend their faith. But what they do have is a sincere devotion to our Blessed Mother and trust in her intercession. Every house we enter has a picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe and a little shrine dedicated to her. The people have their values in life in the right order.

Whenever Fr. Thanh, our vice rector, hears confessions, celebrates Mass, or holds Benediction, the people really want to go. I walk from one house to another to pick up tools and people always ask me, “Do you know what

time the Priest is ending confessions?” or “Do you know what time Mass will begin?” Every evening, Fr. Thanh celebrates Mass outside of our camp and hundreds of people show up. One day Fr. Thanh can't



Hundreds of people come to Mass



even go work with us because he hears Confessions all day long.

These peoples' hearts are full of faith. Whenever we work at a new house, as a sign of gratitude, the family always feeds us. After Mass we talk with some families, and some of us hear them pour out their life story. It is amazing.

One day, when I am giving Catechism to a group of boys, I ask, “Who is the Holy Trinity?” I lose count of how many times someone answers “Mary.” Slowly but surely, I get to them to say “Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.” I explain to them who we were, and what a seminarian is. They are

content with what they learn.

Every evening we give out candy to all the kids who come to Mass. There are more than 200 kids every night! I hear my name from all corners of the abandoned church crying out, “Felipe, help! How do you say ‘please form a line’ and ‘no cutting’?” In the end, we work at more than 100 houses and give testimony to countless numbers

of people. I think the experience brings a deep conversion for all of us.

When we get back home, we are all tired. We arrive at two in the morning. However, I can’t stop thinking about the simplicity of the people. I can’t stop blessing and thanking God for having redeemed all of us from sin. My heart is open with a deep and sincere awareness that Christ died for everyone, and His love remains the same as it was when He extended His arms on the Cross and gave His life for us. Truly, God is present in all people.



Visiting the local families



## What next?

**Regnum Christi Live – February 13**

**By Jim Fair**



If you are reading this, you likely visit the websites of Regnum Christi and the Legion of Christ. So...I'm betting you are aware there has been much news over the past week.

After consulting several soothsayers, some tea leaves and a wise priest, I visited Rome from January 27 to February 5, the most likely time for news of the Legion's new governing team to be announced. Well, actually, I was supposed to go a couple weeks earlier, but the polar vortex disrupted air travel.

Either way, I missed being in Rome for THE big day and had returned to the cubby in my basement where I work when not on the road. And I traded rainy Rome for snowy Chicago.

So...things seem to be moving along nicely at the Extraordinary General Chapter. (No, I wasn't observing or participating, just working on the communications and with media folk who are watching us.)

The atmosphere is upbeat and hopeful. The Chapter Fathers certainly have a sense of the historic nature of their work. And I get a sense that most are getting tired of meetings and looking forward to going home.

Presumably, they all will be home in the near future, the constitutions will go to the Holy Father and we'll wake up one morning living in a place like this:



Just kidding. We may have new constitutions. We may have issued the historic communiqué of communiqués. We may have a new General Director and outstanding team of people to work with him.

But we are just passing one point in the long road of renewal. And I'll let you in on a little secret; this road doesn't have an end. We all need renewal all the time. That means we'll find ourselves living in a place more like this:



That's right. Our home will remain under construction. But we have a solid plan and I believe we have become humbly teachable. That is a good place for a Christian to be

## **Growing a Parish Community**

MEXICO | WHO WE ARE | NEWS

*Fr. Patrick Corrigan LC discusses the fruits of his church*

## *building project in Mexico*

*Fr. Patrick Corrigan LC, ordained in Rome, Italy, on November 1, 1970, has worked in Mexico for 43 years. He has served on the Isla Mujeres at Immaculate Conception parish, and in Bacalar, where he oversaw 52 local communities, including the poor refugees of the civil war raging in Guatemala at the time. He is now assigned to Chetumal, in the state of Quintana Roo, south of Cancún.*



Fr. Patrick Corrigan LC and friends

*Fr. Patrick is a parish priest of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe Church, but he is also in charge of the economy and chancellery of the local diocese and is director of the boys and girls section of the Regnum Christi and director of the Christian doctrine organization.*

*In his “spare time” he manages the construction of a new parish church called "Saint Joseph the Worker" (San José Obrero).*

*Following, Fr. Corrigan tells us about his parish work and the new building project.*

### **How did you come to be in charge of building the church?**

There are few priests to serve in our area, and the local priests agreed that the established parish (Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe) would take on this added responsibility to our already full program.

Because I am overseeing the new housing estate and I was able to acquire sufficient land for a new church, the bishop invited me to take charge of building the church and the pastoral activity thereof.

### **How did the project begin?**

Our first efforts were to get the people together to make a shaded area to protect the community from the sun and the rain. Some men arranged eight posts, strong enough to sustain a Mayan-fabricated thatched roof. They did an excellent job, might I say.

Sometime later, however, a cyclone destroyed this magnificent contribution. (That group of faithful men also assisted at the Masses while I celebrated under a tree.) After that ordeal, the thatched roof system was replaced with a tar macadam version.

### **How are things progressing thus far?**

Thanks to the help of an architect, I had a general plan made for the land and the smaller facilities and buildings. I knew that to round up the amount of money was going to take many years.

I have been at the church for seventeen years looking for ways to finish the project. I celebrate Mass on Sundays on the ground story, which is supposed to be classroom space, but because of the space required for the Mass, these are not yet completed.

The faithful help out by giving donations, taking up collections, holding raffles, dinner-dances, breakfast get-togethers, selling food rations in the make-shift kitchens on Sundays after Mass and sometimes in the evenings.

The most difficult phase of the building project has been the roof. With the contributions of so many generous people, we'll go as far as we can. The estimated cost for finishing the church is \$186,000 dollars, including the roof, walls, floor and all the little details included.

### **Has this project benefited the local parish?**

When we considered the length of time it would



Putting up the roof of San José Obrero.



take to get the money together and then to build, we left planning the Church to last, so that we could form the community first.

We knew the actual physical construction of the building would make more sense for the faithful if it was filled with men and women who will give the new structure life and reason.

I had expressed my desire for groups in the parish to extend their activities to this added section of the parish, with the hope of adding new members to each of these groups as an extended part of the new church.

The response was immediate. Each group sent representation, including Christian doctrine teachers, the Legion of Mary, Regnum Christi boys and girls, renewal in the Holy Spirit, acolytes, choirs and more. There has been a steady rise in numbers week after week.

As time went by, the additional members have needed more and space for each group -- bathroom facilities, wood planks for the choirs and others to sit on. An inspired and enthusiastic group of ladies from Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe parish came together to create a makeshift kitchen and help wherever they perceived a need at the parish.

So far our work has helped to stimulate communication and confidence between everyone involved. Parents were interested in preparing their children for the First Holy Communion. Others wanted to support a greater Church presence as a course of action against the various evangelical groups sprouting up here and there amidst the Catholic community. The pastoral plan has definitely produced its spiritual fruits.

**Thanks for your hard work,**

**Fr. Corrigan! You and your parish are in our prayers!**

*To follow his work, click [here](#) for Father's Facebook page.*



The patron of San José Obrero



**Fr Jerzy Popieluszko**

**Regnum Christi Live – February 14, 2014**

**By Fr Simon Devereux LC**



*"Who do you say that I am?" - Jesus*

My brother, Fr. Matthew, recently visited the grave of Fr Jerzy Popiełuszko. As a seminarian he were forced to make a break in his seminary studies and do military service in the 1960's. The communists tried to steer him and the other seminarians away from the faith and obviously from returning to the seminary to finish their formation. In some cases they succeeded but many returned and now are the among the great, faithful priests of Poland.

Fr. Matthew continues, "One interesting detail which you may not believe, as soon as Fr Jerzy's body had been retrieved from the river (he had been beaten and then thrown in the river with weights tied around him so he would drown...they buried him in the parish where he worked...) Well, after his funeral, people started to flock non-stop to his grave and up until the time of his beatification (before his beatif.) 18,000,000 (18 million, bro!) people had visited his grave. Something unheard of. This helped Rome see that truly he was a saint..."

Makes me think ... how much am I prepared to endure for my faith that Jesus is the Son of God?

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