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REGNUM CHRISTI NEWS OF THE WEEK

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Baptized into One Body

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

In conjunction with Catholics around the country, the Legion and RC in Connecticut join in prayer on August 17 for Iraqi Christians

Even the most faith-filled person can feel helpless in the wake of the current crisis in Iraq involving the forced evacuation of more than 60,000 Christians from their ancient home in Mosul and surrounding areas.

While in prayer, Br. Kyle Crosby LC felt a call to do something more.

“The idea of holding a prayer vigil occurred spontaneously during my conscience exam one night, when I realized that I was interpreting the news events – in particular, the news of the atrocious persecutions in Iraq - in a worldly way and not as a true Christian,” he said. “When I mentioned my experience to a Regnum Christi member the next day and said I wanted to organize a prayer vigil, (that person) immediately understood we had to do something to help our brothers and sisters. She forwarded my proposal on to the Territorial Director and suggested that the entire territory join in prayer for the persecuted Christians on the 17th.”

As it turned out, Bishop Pates of the United States College of Catholic Bishops also asked all US Catholics to join in prayer on August 17 for the persecuted Christians in Iraq and Syria. “This confirmed for me that it was coming



Legion of Christ seminarians join in prayer for Iraqi Christians.



RC members and friends at

from the Holy Spirit," said Br. Kyle. "We decided that the theme for our vigil would be 'We were all baptized into one body... If one part suffers, all the parts suffer with it.' (1 Cor. 12:12, 26)."

prayer vigil at Legion of Christ seminary in Cheshire, Connecticut.



Approximately 30 RC members and friends joined the novices and religious at Cheshire for a one-hour event, including a Liturgy of the Word and Eucharistic Adoration.

"At the end of the event, we invited a member of the local community -- an Iraqi Catholic who had just visited his family in Mosul -- to give us his testimony, which was truly riveting and upsetting," said Br. Kyle. "Many people came away wanting to do more to help those who are still under persecution in Iraq."

Br. Kyle said six people who had been contemplating doing so decided that night to join Regnum Christi. (Their incorporation date has not yet been set.)

"The entire experience during the vigil

confirmed that the Holy Spirit was at work, and that He wanted us to be more active in listening to His inspirations," he said. "These inspirations most often come through our everyday encounters with people and circumstances."



Coming Back to Your Home

Regnum Christi Live – August 25, 2014
By Br John Klein LC



My second year in seminary, I was asked to call a few high school students and invite them to a retreat at the seminary. One particular call, which lasted only about 10 seconds, stands out to me still. It was about 8pm in the evening when I called a family in Connecticut asking for Josh. The father of the family picked up the phone. “Good evening. Is Josh home?” The father paused and in a tone of voice that I will never forget, one that was filled with a sadness that cut straight to my heart, replied, “No Josh doesn’t come around his house anymore.” With this, the phone call ended and I was left with my thoughts. I didn’t know what had happened between Josh and his Dad. Maybe it was a fight, a falling out, or something different. What was clear to me, even in that 10 second phone call, was that his Dad missed him and deep in his heart desired that Josh would come back home. Ultimately, this scenario reflects our relationship with God our Father who desires us to come back home and is ready to forget any offense we have committed against him. This song is written from the perspective of a son as he comes home to his father and finds not confrontation, but rather deep forgiveness and reconciliation.

COMING HOME <http://www.reverbNation.com/johnkleinlc/song/21350862-coming-home>

Book of the Year

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

Meditations on Vatican Art by Fr. Mark Haydu LC selected as *Book of the Year* from the Association of Catholic Publishers

Fr. Mark Haydu LC's book, *Meditations on Vatican Art*, was given top honors by the Association of Catholic Publishers.



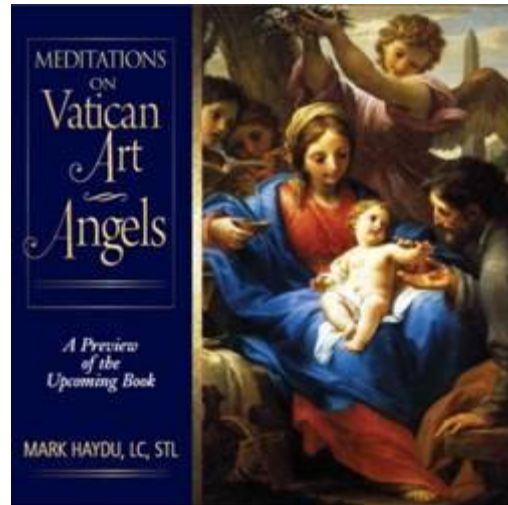
Several weeks ago it was announced *Meditations* [placed first](#) in the categories of spirituality and design. [This award](#) recognizes the best book out of all the first place finishers.

"Meditations on Vatican Art compels the reader to pray in a 28-day retreat format," noted one of the judges. "The book engages multiple senses to create a prayer experience that is engaging on multiple levels. The format of the book physically is a beautiful compliment to its compelling prose."

Fr. Mark's book blends the art of the Vatican Museums with the spiritual life, featuring art from masters such as Michelangelo, Raphael, Cortona, Cano, Poussin, Caravaggio, Pinturicchio and many others. Click [here](#) to read more about the book, available from publisher [Liguori Publications](#).

Fr. Mark has not been resting on his laurels. On November 1, just in time for making Christmas

shopping lists, he will be releasing his newest book, *Meditations on Vatican Art: Angels*. Stay tuned!



It's Not Science Fiction Anymore

Regnum Christi Live – August 26
By Kelly Luttinen



I'm going to tell you a scary story.

Imagine a world years in the future. You live in an enclosed society with other survivors of a cataclysmic disaster that contaminated most of the outside world. In your underground shelter, everyone is carefully monitored to maintain an orderly, safe and healthy environment. All must do their assigned work and follow strict rules. Life is monotonous and dull.

Your only hope of escape is the chance to win the lottery with the lucky few chosen to go to the one place left on earth that is free of contamination and

is still habitable -- a small tropical island where only a small population can exist. Everyone dreams of winning.

One day, your name is selected! Everyone looks at you with envy. You pack your bags and go to sleep that night, thinking about the next day when you take a trip to paradise.

That morning you find yourself coming awake with difficulty. Dimly, slowly, you become aware you are strapped to an operating table. You hear someone in the room say something about how the anesthesia is wearing off.

“We don’t want to run the risk of cutting him open like that. He might die of shock, and the donor is waiting for that healthy heart and lungs...”

In a rush of adrenaline that brings you fully awake, you realize there is no Island, and these people are about to harvest your organs. With the strength that comes from terror, you rip yourself free of the tubes and wires, and jump from the table to run.

You don’t get far, however. In the hallway, armed security guards pursue you, capture you and drag you back to the operating room...

This is the plot of a 2005 Hollywood movie called *The Island*. I watched it on the Sci Fi Channel last week. And I apologize if I am going to spoil things for you.

The protagonist of the movie, played by Ian McGregor, starts to question his existence, and eventually discovers he is a clone that has been created by a secret organization whose clients want an “insurance policy” against illness and death. The clones are kept in their secure environment, basically uneducated with only this post-apocalyptic reality drummed into their consciousness, until the client who paid for them needs to collect on their policy. Then the particular clone wins the lottery, and, well, you can guess the rest...

I am always amazed when Hollywood explores issues that point out our present culture of death. The really sad thing about this film, and others like it (as film critic Roger Ebert points out in his [movie review](#)) is that most of the creators don't even see the relationship of the situation in their fictional tales to the reality of our current world.

Today we regularly employ utilitarian tactics such as in-vitro fertilization, artificial insemination, surrogate pregnancies, stem-cell research on embryos, and attempts at cloning human beings, not to mention abortion-on-demand.

One particularly poignant part of the movie *The Island*, for me, involves a female clone who is pregnant. (They refer to these women as breeders.) In a strange twist to our culture's view of the disposable nature of unborn infants, here the mother is killed after the birth and the child given to a happy, adoptive couple.

Those of us who are praying for the rebirth in our society of a respect for the dignity of life as created by God in His image can see how the scenario is all too real, and the future is now.

Our nightmares have come true. Here's hoping we wake up soon.

Top Catholic Instagrammers

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

Fr. Matthew Schneider LC solicits input from his followers to select the top Catholics on Instagram



The following is an excerpt from the [blog](#) by Fr. Matthew Schneider LC entitled the “Top 12 Catholic Instagrammers.” (Fr. Matthew contributes to the blog <http://www.projectym.com/>.) Two of those chosen 12 just happen to be Legionaries, [Fr. Jason Smith LC](#) and Fr. Matthew himself!

In the photo gallery above are selected pictures taken from the links to these Legionary Instagrammers’ accounts.

By Fr. Matthew Schneider LC

Instagram is famous for people posting tons of selfies and pet pictures. However, it can be used for good.

I’ve found a few Catholics who really use it as a platform for their faith. It will never be a complete catechism but it can help you in your walk with the Lord. Instagram is all about being beautiful, and beauty is an important way to see God today (as my Instagram [bio](#) reminds you).

These Instagrammers are good for every Catholic to follow;

adult or teen, in ministry or barely hanging onto their faith....

Go to the following link to read the entire article: <http://www.projectym.com/top-12-catholic-instagrammers/>



Instagram photo of the Immaculate Conception Basilica by Fr. Matthew Schneider LC.



Pope in Korea

Regnum Christi Live – August 27, 2014
By Fr Simon Devereux LC



"It's not up to you to choose whether or not you have a vocation. It's God who chooses!" - Pope Francis

The Pope said this to 6,000 Asian youth during his visit to Korea.

Here are some of my own thoughts on the topic:

- A vocation is not a career one chooses. It is a call from God. I heard this call when I was seven. However, for each it is unique, concrete, intimate, and breathtaking.
- One responds in the measure of one's faith. The gold standard is Abraham who left everything to follow God.
- The parents' faith is also tested. Do I hold on to my child excessively or do I realize my child ultimately belongs to God and I am a steward?
- I cannot tell you how happy I am being a priest. Even statistically, the priesthood is the "happiest" profession.
- A friend told my mother after I had left home for the seminary: pity! Simon could have been a doctor! Well, as a priest I am a doctor! A doctor souls! In addition, the training was 13 years!

Visit to Caserta, Italy

ITALY | WHO WE ARE | NEWS

Pope Francis visits Italian city during the feast of its patron, and greets Legionaries there

Pope Francis made a pastoral visit to the city of Caserta, Italy, last month, and gave a special blessing for the Regnum Christi community during that time.

On July 26, the feast of St. Anne (mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary) the Pope met with the clergy and faithful of the diocese. (St. Anne is the patron saint of that city.) He met with the approximately 150 priests there, including the Legionaries of Christ who work in the Villaggio dei Ragazzi in the nearby town



Pope celebrates Mass on the feast of St. Anne in Caserta, Italy



of Maddaloni. The Legionaries greeted the Holy Father and exchanged a few words with him.

After his introduction, the Pope answered the questions from the priests. He

discussed the need for unity between and with the bishops, the danger of certain types of spirituality, popular piety, pastoral creativity as a fruit of prayer, and the spirituality of the diocesan clergy.

Among the priests present were the three Legionaries of Christ who carry out their apostolate in the Villaggio dei Ragazzi: Fr. Juan Sabadell, now president of the Foundation; Fr. Bonifacio Cuesta, chaplain of the Institute; and Fr. Francisco Elizalde, local coordinator of apostolate for Regnum Christi in Maddaloni.



Father Juan Sabadell LC greets the Pope during his visit to Caserta.



Fr. Bonifacio explained briefly what he does as a chaplain and asked for the Pope's blessing and prayers for them, to which the Pope replied by asking where he was from. "I am from Burgos, Spain," he said. Then the Holy Father quoted verses from the poem [Cántico del Mío Cid](#) that he had learned in his youth.

Fr. Francisco Elizalde spoke to the Pope of the closeness and prayers



Fr. Bonifacio Cuesta LC showing the pope a brochure about their work in the

of all the members of the Regnum Christi Movement, to which the Holy Father expressed his appreciation by giving his blessing to all those in Regnum Christi and asking for prayers for his ministry.

Villaggio dei Ragazzi.

After greeting all the priests present, the Holy Father presided over the Eucharistic celebration that took place outside the majestic Reggia of Caserta. Two hundred thousand people took part.

Pope Francis' speech during his meeting with the clergy and the text of his homily can be found



Father Francisco Elizalde LC conveyed the greetings of the Movement to the Holy Father.

at the following link:

http://w2.vatican.va/content/francesco/en/speeches/2014/july/documents/papa-francesco_20140726_clero-caserta.html

Giving His Life for Life

Regnum Christi Live –August 28, 2014
By Kelly Luttinen



I've rarely met a more prolife person than Mike Stack.

When I served years ago as the office manager at [Mother and Unborn Baby Care](#) Problem Pregnancy Center in Southfield, Michigan, I got to know Mike through his volunteer work as an ultrasound technician there.

Mike died recently after suffering an aggressive bout with pancreatic cancer. (Click [here](#) for his obituary.)

During his life, Mike became a stalwart advocate for the organization [Rachel's Vineyard](#), which offers help and healing to those traumatized by abortion. He himself went through a healing retreat in that program. I remember asking him why, and he said it was for healing from having experienced the life of unborn babies during those ultrasound

procedures, and then having some of those mothers decide to abort their children anyway.

I'm told one of the last things Mike said before he died was the lament, "50 million babies..." referring to the [approximate count](#) of children aborted since the Roe versus Wade decision in 1973.

In addition to making a contribution to Rachel's Vineyard as Mike would have wanted, I want to make a suggestion to everyone who reads this blog. The wonderful documentary, the [40 film](#), will be available on DVD for purchase this October. (Click [here](#) to read a past blog I wrote about this film.) The film's message about the effects of the past 40-some years since abortion became legal in our land are hard to ignore.

If you can, please order a copy for yourself and one to share. And tell everyone this film is available. The film's promoters would like to encourage prolife groups and organizations to consider selling the DVDs.

Go to the 40 film website <http://www.the40film.com/> for updates on how to order.

May God bring Mike into eternal happiness, where he will be able to see the fruits of the prolife work to which he dedicated his life, and through the prayers of our Blessed Mother Mary, may we see an end to abortion in our lifetime.

Making an Effort to Alleviate Suffering

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

Br. Kramer Cameron LC shares his experience on mission

in Haiti, and reflects on coming home

Following is the testimony of Br. Kramer Cameron LC on his experience working with Mission Youth in Haiti this summer.

One Saturday morning in Haiti, I went with my friend Nameer to a place called the Wounds Clinic.

We drove with the Missionaries of Charity sisters. We were crammed in a van and sped along. The sisters prayed the rosary out loud, as we dodged traffic and honked the horn through the crazy streets of Port au Prince. We drove up to a gate. Passing through the gate we entered an open area with an outdoor Church on our left. We got out of the van and went through another gate on our right only to find a small courtyard that was pretty empty. We were led to the end of the courtyard to still another gate.

All of the gates gave witness to the fact that we were right beside the roughest part of Haiti. As it opened, I stood in awe. I saw a narrow area about as long as a basketball court. Within were grey cement ledges on either side packed with people: old and young, men and women, boys and girls. I ended up in a large side room also packed with people. All in all there were probably some three hundred people. And they were all there for medicine, or to get their wounds looked at and treated.

There were so many people and so many needs. I wanted to help out with the wounds because I knew it would challenge me, but by circumstance found myself helping with the medicines. For a while we mixed water with powdered medicine and placed the containers on the table. When the medicine preparation slowed down, I made my way over to the room where they were treating the wounds. These were no little bumps and bruises; they were gouges and holes and infections.

One American woman who had lived in Haiti for four years and volunteered



Br. Kramer Cameron LC with fellow Haiti missionaries, who just happen to be his sisters, Paulette (left) and Josefa.



her time to help out with the Missionaries of Charity on Saturdays, invited me to help her. She was taking care of the patients on a hospital-like bed – she seemed to have the worst cases. The first guy I helped her with had a huge open wound across his chest. It was about three inches wide and stretched from one collar bone to the other. It was one of the most difficult things I've ever had to look at.

She immediately got me involved in the process of treating him. It was bad... his dark skin folded over into the open blood-red wound. Much of the skin was gone, and I saw what I think was his muscle. She treated him, and I did what she asked. I held his hand as he suffered in pain. Everyone getting their wounds treated was suffering and in pain.

Helping at the Wounds Clinic that day was a heart wrenching experience of suffering – of God suffering in people. At the same time it was a heart-filling experience of touching Jesus Christ.

Post Haiti Reflections

Since my experience in Haiti I have been thinking -- their needs are so tangible. One baby needs her diaper changed. Another needs a cup of water. Another needs to be held, since his mother is not around. The man in the hospital with sores all over his body who looks like he had been on fire needs to be accompanied, prayed with and for his hand to be held. The lady with a huge wound on her leg needs it to be cleaned and covered with antibacterial anointment and wrapped again.

Jesus says, "Whatever you do to the least of my brothers, you do to Me." And touching and loving God in Haiti is so easy because the needs are known – the needs are in your face.

Conversations I had with a few young people in Haiti and since I've returned home reveal that for some reason, it's harder to love at home and in our normal surroundings than in Haiti. Why? Here are a few probable reasons.

In our first-world countries, we wear so many masks. We dress ourselves up, put on makeup, take drugs to "medicate" ourselves, and are addicted to so many things. We have so many things, and we buy more. We consume so much of what we are "fed."

We surround ourselves with glamour and glitter and sometimes the ones who appear to be the greatest “kings” are the ones who are suffering the most. Consider these words from the late singer, Michael Jackson: "People think they know me, but they don't. Not really. Actually, I am one of the loneliest people on this earth. I cry sometimes, because it hurts. It does. To be honest, I guess you could say that it hurts to be me."

Here I think it is even harder to love because it's harder to break down the barriers that we build up around ourselves. We are so busy, getting things done, making more money, being more successful. It's hard to take the time to realize that the people around us are suffering and in need.

We can be in line with others at the coffee shop and be more like individuals trapped in walls placed side-by-side, unaware of our different personalities and needs. It's like here we are walled in, and we think we like it that way. It's like we are trapped in concentration camps of selfishness.

It's almost impossible to know what one another's needs are, even among our own family.

People who have gone to Haiti often say the hardest thing about going to Haiti is coming back. I was extra attentive as I flew back into Atlanta. On my flight I was so eager to meet the needs of those around me. I sat beside a young girl. As soon as I did she quickly tried to untangle her headphones and shove them in her ears – I didn't even get to say a word to her until nearly the end of the flight.

How can you know if someone is suffering if we don't even talk to each other? How are we supposed to help others who don't express their needs?

When I landed in Atlanta and waited at my gate, I sat beside a sports bar. In Haiti, just hours earlier, I was with people whose stomachs are bloated. At the bar, men and women sit around eating all they want, on individual bar stools, facing the counter. They drink and drink and drink, consumed by alcohol and by the TV screens in front of them. They watch celebrities, golf, football training, tennis, advertisements selling products to make your hair grow back, vacations and cruises.

Were any of the people sitting there suffering? Who isn't? Maybe their needs are greater and deeper than the needs of those in Haiti, but I will never know. Maybe someone is considering suicide, another's parents are getting divorced, another is addicted to heroin and another has been abused. Who knows?

I realize we must go out of our way, out of our comfort zone and take the time to find out the needs of those around us. I challenge myself, and all, to go out of our way to discover others sufferings and



A young girl smiles as, in the background, Mission Youth missionaries serve.



needs. I present the challenge to tear down our own walls of selfishness and reach out to those around us who are also trapped. I present the

challenge to make ourselves vulnerable in a healthy way, and let down our walls and tell those around us what we need.

Love is the ultimate destroyer of selfishness and when I went to Haiti, it was like I went caught in my own selfish concentration camp. But I left a free man.

The Unrequited Lover

Regnum Christi Live – August 29

By Mirianna Sternhagen



I have always been a slow reader. With apprehension, I opened to the first pages of that formidable brick, *Les Misérables* a year ago. Yesterday I turned the last page, but that book sure was worth the long haul! Sitting in the chapel afterwards, the last scenes of Jean Valjean ran through my mind... (If you have not read the book, I suggest you read no further in this blog so as not to spoil the end!)

What had shocked me most—because I saw no hint of it in the musical—was Marius’ and Cosette’s coldness to Jean Valjean. After Valjean informs Marius he is an ex-convict, and asks if he should not see Cosette again, Marius coldly replies, “I think it would be better not.” With Marius’ mounting suspicions, Cosette herself

became thoughtlessly indifferent towards Valjean. Unwanted, Jean Valjean gradually retreats from Cosette's home. And his life ebbed away. His walk became slow and his breath short, as he would stop at the corner of the street to turn toward the house of his beloved daughter. He retreats to his derelict home quite alone, unwanted by those whose lives he had saved.

Suddenly I looked up at the monstrosity, and like a wave the truth came crashing over me that Jesus must feel the same way! He has loved me to life, saved me from the misery and death into which I foolishly plunged myself, and has given me new life...new life, with of its sweet beauty, freedom and joy. That very day I had been blessed with life, glorious weather, wonderful classes, three hearty meals...and had I even thanked Him? Here he was before me now—silent, still, uncomplaining, but He is every bit my Savior. And in some insane way, His happiness is as dependent on my love as I mine is on His.

As soon as Cosette and Marius discovered the truth they rushed to Valjean, and in the nick of time. One thing I love about Jesus is that it is never too late for us to turn our hearts back towards Him. It is never too late to thank our unrequited Lover.

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