

From the Director...



Dear Mission Friends:

Over the past few months we have celebrated Easter, the Ascension, and Pentecost. These solemnities recall historical events that unfolded in the city of Jerusalem almost 2,000 years ago. They have shaped our Faith and given rise to rituals that we re-enact each year, remembering not only when Jesus was physically present on this earth, but also His continued presence among us through the Sacraments of the Church.

In the fifth century, Pope St. Leo the Great wrote, *“The body that lies lifeless in the tomb is ours. The body that rose again on the third day is ours. The body that ascended above all the heights of heaven to the right hand of the Father’s glory is ours. If then we walk in the way of His commandments...we too are to rise to share His glory.”* In this newsletter, Fr. Timothy Conlan, O.P., shares with us his experiences of the Easter celebrations of the Achi Indians

and the Ladinos of our mission territory in Rabinal, Guatemala. As we reflect upon Father’s poetic meditation, let us recall the last words of Jesus to us at the time of His Ascension: *“And know that I am with you always, yes, until the end of time.”* (Matthew 28:20)

In the Peace of the Risen Christ,
Father Martin de Porres Walsh, O.P.

Fr. Timothy Conlan, O.P.



The Way of the Pilgrim

Did you see the moon last night?
Bright like the light of an incandescent street lamp,
Floating in space, like us, and faithful on its course.
So far away, yet it seemed so close,
Like the fire at the Paschal Vigil,
Glowing with hope for a new day.
Sign that the sun was gone for a while, but there all the
time.
So it is with the Lord, who died and was buried,
Hidden in the earth but still full of Divine Life.
And we waited with calm on the night of His resurrection.

How full of promise was our celebration that night of the
Paschal Vigil, as we sang praise to Christ,
Light of the World, glorious Son of the Father,
Risen never more to die.
And we embraced Him with faith like the women at the
tomb,
Took Him to our hearts in the Bread of Heaven,
Threw out the old leaven of envy and hatred,
And rose with the new leaven of peace and generous love,
Confident to see the dawn of the eternal day.

After sunset of Holy Saturday, I drove twelve miles up the steep dirt road 3000 feet higher than Rabinal, To the chapel filled with quiet farmers in La Joya de Ramos. The chapel, with its floor covered with freshly cut pine needles, Stood at the ready for its first ever Paschal Vigil, Dedicated just last year, made of cement block, Built with money sent by illegal migrants to the USA, sons of these poor hardworking peasant farmers. It is the concrete monument to their undying faith in Jesus.

Oh, what joy, what ecstasy, to see the faces of these tough Ladinós!
So thankful to have that house of God,
With great faith they accept that the Lord of Heaven is present
On the rough wooden table in the lowly form of bread and wine.
The struggles of Lent, culminating in the rite of communal Penance,
Opened the ground of their hearts for the new seed of eternal life.
And with wonder we contemplated the mystery of the Risen Lord.

The light in their hearts gave them hope as they descended in the dark to their simple wooden homes.
As I descended from the chapel by a deep-cut narrow trail
In the cool darkness of the thin mountain air,
The lights of the great capital city, seventy miles to the south,
Spread across the horizon like the Milky Way,
The lights that attract the workers who cannot grow enough on these steep mountain sides.



One of the many families who offer hospitality to Fr. Timothy as he travels through the mountains, ministering in the villages he describes.



Fr. Tim at Mass.

Holy Week celebration in Rabinal.





Chipuerta, the scene of Fr. Timothy's Easter morning Mass.

Building the chapel at Chipuerta.



Another chapel built by Fr. Timothy and the villagers to whom he ministers.

Early morning mist hugged the patio of the simple boarded ranch house
 As I rose before sunrise to greet the Easter morn.
 I quickly packed up my sleeping bag and gear,
 Rushing to warm my hands by the fire in the barren kitchen,
 And to fill my cup with the home-grown coffee brewing in the pot precariously balanced on the grill over the log fire.
 The melancholy face of the family beagle stared at me from his corner,
 And the brood hen blinked from her basket in the other corner.
 Chickens and ducks were waiting their turn to rush in
 For any fallen crumb of the little biscuit I munched in silence.

I warmed the cold air with my heated breath,
 As I marked my paces with even strides
 To ascend the narrow trail with my backpack.
 Then I drove down to a spot a thousand feet higher than the village of Chipuerta.
 As I descended the mountainside, from three hundred yards above,
 The adobe chapel appeared, glowing white with the rays of the sun.
 The portal of the courtyard gate was festooned with the vibrant green of pine branches,
 And within, the floor was carpeted with pine needles.
 The early morning risers, wrapped in ponchos,
 Welcomed their first ever Mass of dawn on the Day of Resurrection.

Weeks have passed, but the glow of the Easter light
 Still lingers in the Paschal candle in the sanctuary.
 And we here in Rabinal continue celebrating that Easter faith.
 The earth is awaiting its own resurrection.
 The seeds are being blessed in the Masses of Planting.
 The feast of the Holy Cross is being celebrated with great
 faith
 In every village by the confraternities of the Holy Cross.
 We keep planting that seed of faith and watching it burst forth
 In the First Communion and Confirmation classes.
 The harvest of faith needs its workers, sowers of the Word.
 Let us pray to the Lord of the Harvest to send His apostles.

--Father Timothy Conlan, O.P.

Father Tim
 with
 First
 Communicants.



If you, or someone you know,
 would like to receive
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Address:

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State, Zip Code:

Please know that we do not sell
 or give out the names or
 addresses of our benefactors.

MISSION APPEALS

*We have been invited to speak
 on our missionary work at the
 weekend Masses of the following
 parishes. If you are in the area,
 please come out and meet our
 Dominican preachers.*

July 5/6

**Our Lady of the Rosary Church
 Paramount, California
 Preaching: Fr. Martin Walsh &
 Fr. Vincent Lopez**

July 5/6 and July 12/13

**Sacred Heart Church
 Battle Ground, Washington
 Preaching: Fr. Antoninus Wall**

August 2/3

**All Souls Church
 Alhambra, CA
 Preaching: Fr. Paul Scanlon**

August 9/10

**Cathedral of St. Mary of the
 Assumption
 San Francisco, CA
 Preaching: Fr. Martin Walsh**