

My Broken Christ Walks over the Waters



Catalina's testimony on the written work
of Fr. Ramón Cué, SJ, "My Broken Christ"

Imprimatur:

Mons. José Oscar Barahona C.

Bishop of San Vicente, El Salvador, C.A.

San Vicente, July 3, 2005, Feast of the Apostle Saint Thomas

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Cover: Based upon a broken corpus of Christ that had become detached from a crucifix and a picture of Christ walking over the waters, religious articles, which Catalina describes at the beginning of Part II, that helped inspire this testimony.

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IMPRIMATUR

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IMPRIMATUR

I have carefully read the book “My Broken Christ Walks over the Waters”, the Testimony of Catalina. This is to certify that I have found in reading nothing contrary to Sacred Scriptures or to the Doctrine and teachings of the Church in its text. To the contrary, the contents of this book help us to better understand the Gospel message, and give us stimulus to put it into practice. Therefore, I gladly give my Imprimatur in order that this book may be published, as it will do much good to those who read it.

San Vicente, July 3, 2005, the Feast of St Thomas.

Mons. José Oscar Barahona C.
Bishop of San Vicente
El Salvador, C.A.



INTRODUCTION OF PUBLISHER

Since September 8, 1993, the Lord and His Mother have given Catalina many beautiful and profound teachings, which have been published in Spanish and are gradually being translated into English and other languages. The recent books from Catalina continue to provide these words from Heaven but they are also demonstrating the fruits of these teachings within Catalina. This latest book is perhaps the best example of the growth and maturing of Catalina's spirituality.

Catalina is a very private person, seeking not to draw attention to herself but rather to Jesus. She has shared little of her personal history in the past, but in her recent books, this one especially, we begin to perceive the essence of Catalina's soul and the depth of her spirituality and love of Jesus and His Mother.

The first eight published books of Catalina, which received Imprimaturs in April 1998, were essentially dictated by Jesus and His Mother. In 2003 and 2004, Catalina wrote a series of books: "*Divine Providence*", concerning the recent deaths of her brother and mother and the Sacraments of Reconciliation and Extreme Unction; "*The Holy Mass*", describing the extraordinary, supernatural events that she experiences during the Mass; and "*From Sinai to Calvary*", in which Jesus explains the profound meaning of His seven last words on the Cross. These latter two books have the Imprimatur and, in the first instance, the recommendation of the Bishop Emeritus of Cochabamba. In these books Catalina begins to reveal more and more of her spiritual journey and growth, which is the result of Jesus' great love and mercy and the guiding hand of His Mother.

In Part I of this present book, we catch glimpses of Catalina's circumstances leading up to the mid-2004 time frame: her distant

memories and past inaccurate impressions of Fr. Ramón Cué's work, *"My Broken Christ"*; her love and concern for her suffering friend, Laura; her appreciation of all life and her strong and active opposition to abortion; her mission with the Lord's help of taking as many souls as she can to Jesus through her writings, prayers, sufferings and sacrifices; her understanding and acceptance of one's daily Cross; the persecutions she experiences in carrying out her mission; and her great love of and commitment to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The sections within Part I may seem disconnected to the reader at first but what Catalina is presenting is a background collage of herself, to help the reader place in context her profound response in Part II to the work of Fr. Cué, *"My Broken Christ"*.

In Part II, Catalina presents her new understanding of *"My Broken Christ,"* which has inspired her so much that she was moved to write this book. This Part focuses on the primary message of *"My Broken Christ"*, which is the central Gospel message of loving God with all our hearts and demonstrating that love by loving the least of, the most marginalized, the most defenseless, the most broken, the poorest of our fellow brothers and sisters. For it is in them that we truly encounter Jesus, where we met Him face to face and have the opportunity to demonstrate our true love for Him.

Section 3 of Part II contains text from the poem, *"My Broken Christ"*, by the deceased Fr. Ramón Cué, SJ, a copy of which Catalina downloaded from the Internet. She was unable to find any current copyright holder for this beautiful work by Fr. Cue which thankfully lives on through the Internet and numerous theatrical adaptations.

In both Parts of this book Catalina shares with us even more of her personal struggles. We know that there are souls whose fidelity to grace opens them to receive it in greater abundance, and in the

light of their intimate closeness to Divine Holiness and Love, they see more clearly the great offense embodied in our smallest of faults. They fight courageously and with no respite during temptation. Many of us are not so vigilant about our faults. For example, when someone hurts us badly, instead of keeping our feelings and reactions in check all the time, we allow them at times to overpower us in the moment of temptation. Later we become aware of our mistake but by then the pressure is off and the situation passed. Catalina shares her continual temptations of this kind, and we see her fierce struggle, seeking a loving response under such pressure.

We pray that you will be as blessed as we have been in reading this wonderful book and that it will inspire and motivated you to be the hands and arms and feet of Jesus in this world.

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INTRODUCTION OF CATALINA

Thank You My God, thank You for everything: For every smile, for every rose, for every thorn and every tear; thank You for so many kind people... Thank You for all those who, during this year, were either on my side of the street or on the opposite side. Bless them all, because all of them are Yours. Thank You Lord, thank You for Your guidance.

Thank you my Mother, Pure and Holy. The Star of the New Evangelization, for having my loved ones as well as those who you have entrusted to me, under the care of your most watchful eye and in the confines of Your praying hands.

Thank you dear Toño, my Guardian Angel, for staying up at night with me and helping me so much.

Thank you dad, mom, mommy Lizy and Chinito, mamma Nelly, Pepita, Maria Esperanza of Betania, because from Heaven you live every situation with us, interceding before the Most High, in the wonderful Communion of Saints.

Thank You my God, thank You for everything...

[To the reader:] The present writing has neither greater nor lesser value than that of being a testimony about what the Lord can bring about from the encounter of an every-day-soul with a work that has been inspired by Him.

Now, my brothers and sisters, I present it to you, first of all, with the purpose of inviting you to meditate on what Fr. Ramón Cué has written. But I am also interested in sharing with you how that reading helped me at a moment when I truly needed it... Our Lord only knows how much!

Catalina

Part I

The Beginning of this Testimony

1. Missing the real story

A few years ago, a sister of the Dominican order brought to one of my prayer group meetings a videocassette titled *"My Broken Christ from House to House"*. I remember it being played after we had prayed the Holy Rosary.

At that moment I was helping the organizers of the group with different tasks. Therefore, in spite of my being interested in the little that I was able hear, I did not give it due attention. Later I tried to borrow the cassette but it had already been returned and I was never able to see it again.

During all these past years, I would say eleven years or so, I had kept a vague memory of that story. It was about a dialogue between a man who had purchased a broken crucifix and the Christ on that crucifix would speak to him, telling him not to have it restored...

From my recollection, the man's crucifix was being taken from home to home and, in this process, it had become lost. The man placed a notice in the paper looking for his Christ, or the Cross... or something like that...

As you will see later, through the text that I will copy for you from an Internet version of this writing, I had pretty much missed the sense of the "Broken Christ". The story that I had recreated from the pieces I had heard that afternoon, had almost nothing to do

with the real story, or better said, with the real subject of the recording.

2. The times in which I am living

It has been almost three months since we began living away from home and, in order to help my husband (Hugo) fill the time while I work along with Father (Renzo), my spiritual father and Director General of the Apostolate, I am always looking for audio-recorded talks for Hugo, in order that he may do his reflections and continue growing in the spirit and closer to the Lord.

This has been one of the most difficult times for me, a period very hard in sufferings, not so much of the physical kind -although fortunately I am never lacking in these- but most of all in emotional and spiritual sufferings.

The initial reason for our coming to the United States within the last seven months was the illness of Laura, my friend, my sister of more than eight years. This was our first visit with Laura since she was diagnosed with Leukemia and having arrived in this country alone, without knowing the language. She had been admitted into a hospital where they did not speak Spanish. Nevertheless, the Lord, who is so kind, gave her a Brazilian doctor, a woman, who is an angel of God and speaks Spanish.

The night that we left her in the hospital, after taking over four hours to do the paper work, I cried very much but kept Laura from seeing it. David [the Director of the ANE-Mexico] and I had cut her hair, since the doctor had said that it would be the best thing to do, since the chemotherapy to be administered would be so aggressive that it would leave her bald. The doctor recommended that Laura not see herself losing big locks of hair at a time, because it would

have been depressing for her. Laura always had very long and well kept hair. It was perhaps one of the most outstanding physical traits of her personality.

I saw that this would make her suffer, so I suggested to her that we cut off at the root this attachment to vanity, which she had as all women do. I cut her hair as short as I could without giving it any style. I remember that Fr. Renzo would say to me that I was not doing it right and not to do it that way. I would make signs, motioning him to pretend that it was fine.

My idea was that Laura would find the cut so bad that when the nurses came to finish it with the razor, she would see it as a solution to that bad hair cut we had given her and feel better about it. But Fr Renzo did not see what I was trying to do, and I saw Laura greatly depressed and sad. I think it was one of the very few times when I saw her morale drop during this whole process.

Only the Lord can know how I felt and suffered over the sole thought that Laura might also go to Him. A year prior to losing my brother and my mom, Pepita, a very dear friend, had passed on. I used to see her more like a daughter than a friend.

That blow was so terrible for me, as it was also for many people in the Apostolate who knew Pepita, that only the pain of the illness of my mom was able to rescue me from that other loss... Today I know that it was for the best, one of the many acts of Mercy of Jesus towards her and towards us, and I thank Him also for that.

I assumed Laura's care with much love. I was the closest person she had, being a two-hour flight away in Mérida, Mexico but that was not enough. It was necessary for me to see where and with whom I would leave her. I had to guide her first steps and offer my company to cheer her up.

After having returned twice to Merida, the Lord brought us back to the United States for a longer period of time. Nevertheless, it was not so much to be close to Laura, as I first thought, but that God had other plans for us. I was not able to see much of Laura, but she did have me near her during all these months, less than an hour [drive] away.

There are two things that I do not wish to omit as I begin my present account. The first is the profound evangelization that all of us who were close to Laura received from her. She was always smiling, happy to announce to whoever was willing to listen that “she had cancer”, but that she trusted in the Lord and that He was going to heal her. She always had a word of encouragement about my sufferings; many times it even seemed that I was the sick person and she the healthy one... Lord, I am so ashamed!

The second thing is my immense gratitude to my dear Cuban friends, who assumed Laura’s care, doing a better job than what I could have done.

God has worked wonders through Laura. I know it. I am certain of it. All that pain, that fear, that anguish and powerlessness were channeled towards a stream of faith in and love for the Lord; into which Laura was immersed by Jesus in order to be taken out of it healthy and strong, as she is today – blessed be God.

I am sure that each one of the members of ANE and the people, who commend themselves to our poor prayers, as well as those who oppose us and do harm to us, are very much indebted to Laura. This is because each intravenous needle, each “chemo”, each pain, each moment of silence in a place where they spoke a language that she did not know, have had much value in having been lifted up to God for all of us, as a sublime sacrifice from a bed of faith.

There, [in that bed] one battle after another was being waged between the wicked one, who would try to discourage Laura, and the little that we could do by bringing her something to read, some music, talks and readings on a CD, crafts, etc.. The victory was once again for the Lord of life and death. He is the Victor and now Laura goes back home **completely healthy according to the medical reports**, in order to witness to the Merciful Love of God, in this great crusade for the salvation of souls.

3. An ode to life - New paths, new challenges

During this time, I had the pleasure of meeting Magaly Llaguno, another extraordinary woman who walks on this planet. For her, life is an everyday challenge and for whom the words, fatigue, illness and lethargy are forbidden.

A woman who, at the sole sound of the words abortion or euthanasia, puts on the Grace of God, in order to confront, as a giant, all those who consciously or unconsciously cause the innocent ones to cry out to Heaven for vengeance against the grave crimes of humanity.

The Lord led us to give Magaly our support, even though our Apostolate already had pro-life ministry, directed in a very suitable and responsible way by Fr Miguel Manzanera SJ and Mr. Mario Rojas, two of the hardest working and best organized people that I have met in my life. But now Jesus was outlining for us a stronger, harder, bolder and more resolute course.

Hence, we had the meeting with: Magaly and Mario; Fr Renzo; Francisco, my son and Secretary General of ANE; David and Martha Lago, Treasury Secretary and Coordinators of the ANE in

Mexico; Hugo, my husband; Laura and I. Our purpose was to coordinate the work and to plan out the future course of action.

I must mention that from that day on which our Apostolate became formally united to the groups of Human Life International, no longer solely as one Ministry but as a true alliance with them, it seemed that all the forces of evil were unleashed against us through many people and circumstances.

Some of these were manageable from the point of view of a greater dedication to our work, human relationships, prayer and faith. Yet as for others, unfortunately we had to resign ourselves, binding them as they are and leaving them at the foot of the Blessed Sacrament, asking Jesus for His infinite Mercy and the guidance of His Holy Spirit, in order to try to understand the people who harm us, and to respond to any of their offenses with authentic love.

4. Speaking of life - a brief dog story

About four months ago, the little poodle that we have in the house became a mother for the first time, giving us five beautiful puppies. The poor dog did not know what a pregnancy was and of course, she did not understand the marvel that was gestating within her.

Nevertheless, when the time came for her to give birth, she moved us with her desperation to pick up her little puppies from the ground every time one of them fell off the little, make-shift bed that she had chosen at the last minute to bring her puppies into the world.

She would look at me desperately, while I watched her from a sensible distance. Whenever she was not able to pick them up on

her own, she would run towards me and ask me through her barking, to follow her and help save her little ones.

She was suffering, sore for sure, baffled, without understanding what was happening, but her maternal instinct would overcome all her limitations, pain, fear, shyness of the moment, helplessness.

Perhaps many people think that I am mixing things here, and distracting from the main story with silly things, but I think that it is not so.

I feel that I must make good use of these pages and cry out to all those who promote abortion, to all the young ladies and the not so young, who ascribe to themselves the right to decide: "when"; "how"; "where"; "under which circumstances"; "what will be the sex of the children they will have"; or as to when they allow that other women have children. I want to tell them that it would do them much good to witness the labor of a pet...

I give thanks to God for having allowed me to witness this miracle with an openness of heart and mind, which undoubtedly was prepared by Him. It was a true hymn to life, to Love and to nature...! Of course, it was a hymn from nature itself sent up to the Lord of Life!

Ladies, you who promote abortion or abortions that seek to snatch from the Author and Lord of life His legitimate and sole rights... you who under the slogan that "a woman has the right to decide about her own body", are concealing the "right" to kill, which will never be a right...

To you I say; please think seriously about what you are doing and get on your knees, pleading for God's forgiveness and turning your lives around radically, because what awaits you on the other side is so horrible that you cannot even imagine.

I say this because the pain you will suffer during your entire lives does not even amount to a thousand part of the pain that you will inflict on your own children while pulling them out of your wombs; and because the pain of a child during the most terrible of abortions will not amount to even a millionth of the eternal suffering to which you are being condemned by your own blindness.

My mission on this journey through the earth is only one, to take as many souls as I can to Jesus. Therefore, as a woman that I am, I am dedicating a few lines to you without the least intention of confronting you with ideas or arguments and without the least intention of hurting any of you. To the contrary, I only want to plead with you to reconsider what you are doing and stop your mad race towards the abyss and that of all those other naïve women whom you “generously help to get out of a problem”.

I do not know how much a word of mine, so poor and sinful, can do to reach your hearts. Nor do I know which of you would be reached by these words of mine, but I do not worry about it because I know that the Lord will take care of that...

What I do not want is that a sin of omission may befall me the day I find myself before the Throne of God to be judged.

Do not go launching campaigns to destroy the most marvelous thing that the Creator has made with His hands. Contemplate yourselves for five straight minutes in front of a mirror, and think of how much love He must have felt when you were being formed in the wombs of your mothers. So much so that He gave you a soul and intelligence, even if you cannot see one or the other. He gave you strength, courage, health and, perhaps, beauty...

Think of how He has formed your hands finger by finger, all perfectly done. And He did it in the hope that you would take in

them a rosary, a cross, a flower, a book, a sewing or any other productive tool... But never a murderous knife!

[Ladies] Please wake up! Look towards the light and flee from the darkness! May the blood of the innocent ones, which runs like a river, not wake you up in the middle of the night to drown you in nightmares...

Friend, come down from your own altar. Please look; look in front of you. Jesus is on the opposite shore, stretching out His hand for you to take a leap and grab hold of it tightly. Please do not fear, and forgive those who may have hurt you so much...

All of us make mistakes, and not just once but thousands of times, yet what is big and wonderful, what is courageous, is to acknowledge them and turn back from the mistaken road in order to take the correct one. Clarity will never come from the hand of those who murder! Flee from them! For even if they convince you of the contrary with their alleged help, they are only going to destroy you.

5. Gifts from Heaven

I have been forbidden to fast for health reasons, and I feel that this is something very negative for my spirit because back in the times when I used to fast, I had a strength that kept me from weakening. And I used to feel like a giant next to the small, daily miseries, those of my soul and those of this humanity of mine, which continually seems to demand its flatteries.

Therefore, the only thing that I have been able to offer to the Lord for years is staying awake at night, or sleeping as little as possible, so as to offer some sacrifice to Him. Thus, I have been able to

overcome and submit myself unto the feet of Mary, so that She may always hold my hand in Hers on the way toward God.

In this fashion, the Lord had been giving me the strength to prevent me from collapsing in the face of so very many attacks that I must confront every day. At bedtime I would say to Him: "Lord, allow that the few hours of rest that I will take be enough for me to continue staying strong..." And so it has been all this time. Now, having little sleep is no longer a sacrifice. It has become a habit for me, and I do not need to sleep many hours anymore.

How many times I have been scolded for this! Especially by those who love me and worry about my health, which I know is not good. But even if at times I look withered and very tired, the truth is that I feel good in general terms with an occasional exception. Every wrinkle in this face of mine, which I often try to erase using the resources available to us women, deep down gives me joy; how wonderful it is to grow old for the Lord!

Not long ago, perhaps about a month and a half, I had a vision during my personal prayer at Communion time. It was as if there was a screen in front of me. I could see myself there next to Jesus and Mary. They were smiling and full of peace, moving slowly, carefully, lovingly but also somewhat ceremoniously.

They drew near me and vested me with a white tunic. I knew that it was me, but I looked much younger, perhaps as when I was 40 or 43 years old. The Blessed Mother tied a white rope, like that used by the Franciscans, around my waist. I kept looking at both of them, feeling thankful and happy.

Suddenly, all that disappeared and I saw myself in armor, a very hard, heavy suit, full of metal. And the chest armor was like that of a soldier at the time of the Crusades.

I had in my left hand some papers or a notebook and a pen, and in my right hand, a long, silvery and shiny sword, which flashed its own very white light. I kept opening my mouth and flares of fire would come out. I became so scared from that ugly vision, as I felt that I was throwing fire from my mouth as a dragon, that I closed my eyes very tightly. At that moment the voice of Jesus said to me:

“This might scare you less. Observe well and then make a drawing of it.”

And I saw before me a red heart, as if it were a large tray. On top of it there was a notebook and again the pen, and diagonally crossing the notebook the same shiny, long sword.

The vision faded and I was back at the end of Mass with the prayer after Communion, followed by the Concluding Prayers and Benediction. Immediately afterward, I sketched the vision in my notebook to show it to my Spiritual Director who gave me an explanation of what all that might mean, an explanation which, for sure, did not leave me altogether at ease.

A few days went by and I had another vision. Jesus was coming close to me and had His hands stretched out toward me. I gave Him mine and He placed the palms of His hands on the backs of mine. Then He delicately slid them and took my two hands by surrounding them with His. He smiled and disappeared, leaving my heart beating at a thousand beats per minute and with a feeling so warm and sweet, that it is impossible to express it in words.

6. Give us this day ... our daily Cross!

A few days after having had that last vision, I received word that certain people were plotting to discredit our Apostolate, starting obviously with me, by writing very ugly things about myself, inventing and manipulating things, vilifying me, at a time when I was just beginning to get over another sad episode that we had experienced with some people very close to us.

I am human; I am not a saint. I wish I were one! So, I am tortured by injustices and, even more, when I see that the attacks from the devil are not precisely against me, even if it may seem that way, but against my Lord and Master, Whom I try to obey in everything, for Whom I live and to Whom I owe myself.

I truly understand and feel that all people are my brothers and sisters, and for that reason my suffering is greater. I have blood siblings. I have brothers and sisters in the faith and bothers and sisters in the bleeding humanity of Christ, who is still trying to make us understand that all of us must be as ONLY ONE...

One morning I went out to the city with some friends, although somewhat forced, as I would have preferred to stay by myself in prayer. But there are such kind people around me who sacrifice their time trying to make me feel good and who, sensing my sadness and perhaps understanding my disappointment and sorrow, which I was unsuccessfully trying to conceal, decided that we should go out together to do some errands. And so we spent the day going from one place to another.

The truth is that I did not enjoy the day out. I was discouraged, very tired and annoyed because I had mentioned many times that it was the eve of the 4th of July (the anniversary of the last apparition

of Our Lady in Bolivia), but no one had become aware of that momentous remembrance.

Everyone knew that it was the day of Independence of the United States, since we are in that country, but no one else remembered that it was the feast of Our Lady of Refuge, a date which, I felt should have been important for all the members of our Apostolate.

As a good fool that I am, I must have expected too much, but I did not in fact, want to bring it to the attention of the people around me. I did not mention the subject but I kept feeling sadder and sadder.

Nevertheless, what bothered me the most was the situation with those people, who were launching attacks against us in such a foul manner. I was suffering again for having to remain silent. I was being crushed by helplessness because of the respect that I owed to those who were taking advantage of their privileged situation to humiliate and mistreat me.

This working in secret; being so far removed from the teaching of the Gospel, which they themselves preach, was undoubtedly what was hurting me the most. They were dumping a ton of garbage on me, but from behind my back, without asking or telling me anything, taking my good name away publicly...

I remembered the story, which many of you have probably heard, about the person who went to Confession about having spoken ill of his neighbor, and to whom the priest gives as a penance that the person remove all of the feathers of a chicken and take them to a high steeple and, then, throw them into the air...

The story goes that when this person went back to the priest to let him know that he had fulfilled his penance, the priest tells him that he should now collect each and every one of the feathers he had thrown into to the air. The penitent replies that it was definitively

impossible, as the wind had, logically, scattered the feathers throughout the whole town...

“That was exactly what you did in speaking ill of your neighbor. Even if you wanted to repair all the damage you did to your neighbor, you will never, ever, be able to go back in time; and there will always be something left from the harm you have caused that person”. This was the response from the priest in order to teach the penitent that the harm done by means of one’s mouth can many times be as damaging as murdering someone, because its effects are equally irreversible.

The respect and the humility, which I had to exercise even in the face of injustice, were destroying me from within. Not for myself since I sometimes say that for these things, I seem to be made out of iron. And if I ever have to tell anyone about his wicked actions, it will be difficult to keep me from doing so. But yes, I was very saddened for the others; for all those people who only want to work for the Kingdom of God, who want to live according to the Law of God and who struggle in order to return to Our Lord His dignity among His people, people who hurt Him so much...

I was saddened by the sorrowful witness being given by those who were speaking ill about us. It hurt me to think that in the end, the One being attacked was Our Lord.

While I was mulling over my pain, some biblical passages from the Gospel of St. Matthew kept coming to mind, which I have transcribed below:

Beware of false prophets, who come to you in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. By their fruits you shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, and the evil tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can an evil tree bring forth good fruit.

Every tree that bringeath not forth good fruit, shall be cut down, and shall be cast into the fire.

Wherefore, by their fruits you shall know them.

(Mt 7:15-20 DRV - see its exegesis as well)

Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, that build the sepulchers of the prophets and adorn the monuments of the just,

And say: If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets.

Wherefore you are witnesses against yourselves, that you are the sons of them that killed the prophets.

Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers.

You serpents, generation of vipers, how will you flee from the judgment of hell?

Therefore behold I send to you prophets and wise men and scribes: and some of them you will put to death and crucify: and some you will scourge in your synagogues and persecute from city to city.

That upon you may come all the just blood that hath been shed upon the earth, from the blood of Abel the just, even unto the blood of Zacharias the son of Barachias, whom you killed between the temple and the altar.

(Mt 23:29-35)

Through these references I think that I am making myself fairly clear about my emotional state in the face of what I was going through. I prayed very much, asking our good God to give me strength, because I knew I was not supposed to enter into a fight with the persons who were attacking me, who were attacking us... I was not even supposed to defend myself...

I knew that if I fell into the temptation of confronting them, I would be giving into the plans of the devil, as were our detractors for sure. But my human side, which I often struggle very hard to control, was pushing to come rushing out like a bull to encounter our attackers.

Such was my [emotional] state on that July 3rd, and I had been getting that way through the passing of the days and weeks... as if all sorrows had been piling up.

We were going back home and I decided to sit in the back of the car. We prayed the Holy Rosary on the way and I found much consolation in prayer because I felt Our Lady close to me in a very special way. She did not say anything but I was overcome by that sweetness, which normally precedes Her Presence.

7. My small sadness and the enormous sadness of the Virgin Mary

On the fourth of July, I woke up with a very bad headache. My blood pressure had gone up. This was a very rare thing for me because my pressure is normally low. We had been invited to have lunch with people, who I value very much, but I was not feeling well at all and I felt bad to have to disappoint them. I was making an effort to open my eyes because the light hurt, when I heard the sweet voice of Mary:

“Little daughter, do you want to stay with Me today?”

I immediately said yes to Her and the day brightened up for me! I made my excuses, this time without the feeling of guilt. I had a bad

headache but I was staying with Her... I did not want to mention anything to anyone.

And so, as soon as they all left, I ran to get my Rosary in order to unite myself with our Lady, because She had said that when we pray the Holy Rosary, She makes Herself present during the first prayer, and that She accompanies us praying in turn, interceding for us and sending our prayers with Her Angels to the foot of the Most High.

At the end of the Fourth Glorious Mystery, I heard Her voice:

“Offer to the Lord all of your sufferings, all that you have lived during these months, for this country, for the authorities, for the Church and for the people in this place. There is too much sorrow in their hearts. There is too much bitterness harbored by them day in and day out without thinking that so many people are helping to save so many souls through their sorrowful exile, because all exile is painful... But how many more souls could be saved if, instead of remembering their sad past or the circumstances for their exile, they would firmly resolve to evangelize one soul every day...”

I am not yet authorized to transcribe the complete message as I received that day. But I can share with you that Her voice was very sad when She said that we should intensify our prayers and sacrifices so that the wars may stop, because a war would take all our countries to a much more desperate situation. She spoke about other things, and finally, She asked me in a maternal tone to not be upset with the others for having forgotten about the date.

“So are men today. So is humanity... It is easier to remember world celebrations than an apparition, which was a gift from God for humanity, and for My people.”

At one point, almost as in a sob, Our Lady told me to forgive that son of Hers who was hurting Her Heart more than mine, because She had wanted to show him another way, through humility.

[Our Lady said] That She suffered when one of us was suffering, but that She was always close to us to console us, to help us offer up our sufferings, because our sufferings will always be redemptive when they are offered to the Lord.

I broke down crying a lot upon feeling Mary's sorrow through Her precious voice. Probably horrible wishes crossed my mind, because I do not care if people hurt me, but I do care when they hurt my loved ones and, even much more, if they hurt our Lady!

She asked me not to allow those feelings to tarnish that pain, which I could offer up pristine to Jesus. She said to write to that person telling him that if he could see Her eyes, far from finding acceptance in Her eyes about what he was doing, he would probably see the sadness that he was causing Her... I promised I

would do it with Her help, although I have not yet mustered the courage to do it.

Lastly, as She was giving me Her blessing, She allowed me to hear a marvelous choir harmonizing with millions of voices in different tones and shades singing, Ave, Ave, Ave Maria...

I was left with much peace in my heart. I began to think that if the Lord was allowing us to be the target of this injustice from those brothers of Christ, it was because He had something very big in mind; and, amid my pain, I felt happy to be able to help the Lord once more, the Lord who is always so good to us.

Part II:

My encounter with “The Broken Christ”

1. From the hand of the Lord...

A few days ago we went to a religious store owned by a good friend of ours. Hugo, my husband, had stayed home because the distances here are terribly exhausting and demand many hours sitting down.

I decided to buy some audiotapes so that Hugo and I would listen to them together as we often do. [But] there was only one cassette left on the shelf, *“My Broken Christ”* by Fr. Ramón Cué, S.J.. I took the tape remembering my version of that story, and being sure that

I already knew it, I thought: “Well, I will take it so Hugo can listen to it.”

At that moment the Lord said to me:

“And you too!”

I replied, “I already know the story... but all right, me too, Lord.” I approached the cashier to pay for the cassette, and Martha asked me to help her count the medals and crosses that she was buying for a work of the Apostolate.

I began to do it and to my surprise, I saw that in the little box with all the medals was a sole, small, metal crucifix. That is what I saw at first, but as I picked it up, I realized that it was a Christ alone with no Cross...

It was simply a Christ that had become separated from a Cross. The rivets were sticking out the back, and the left arm was missing. I immediately looked at the recording of “*My Broken Christ*” and I asked the Lord if this might not be “His doing”.

“Yes, it is. That is why I said that you also should listen to the tape,” answered the Lord to Me.

[Then] I said to every one: “This broken Christ is for me because I have just bought a cassette of “*My Broken Christ*”. They joked a little but no one noticed that I was quivering within. I was in a hurry to get home, to listen to that tape, to enter into prayer, to wait on the Lord and see if He might tell me something else... Well, those are things that happen to me, but I usually keep them to myself...”

I went around the store looking for some prints bearing the countenance of Jesus. They are copies of a painting by a lady who takes them herself to the store to be sold. The face is beautiful, and I thought of acquiring a few more prints for my family.

The ladies who work there were looking for them without finding them when I heard again the voice of the Lord that said:

“Take this other one.”

My gaze turned toward the place where the Lord was interiorly pointing me, and I lifted a print showing a very beautiful Crucified Christ; a print brought from Canada according to what I could read on its reverse side.

The Lord pointed out some other prints:

“Take this other one with you, and also this one...
There, now you have all you need.”

One of them was very large, representing Jesus being taken down from the Cross, His hands still bleeding. He is holding a youth by the underarms. The youth is dressed in a camouflaged uniform, like those used in war. I immediately remembered the message from Our Lady. The other print was an image of the Blessed Mother [looking] very sad and I understood or remembered what the message said:

“Offer your sufferings united to those of Jesus for those countries that are at war, so that a new war may not start, and for peace in the world”...

The people who were with me looked at me a little puzzled, but only a little. They are getting more and more used to seeing me acting like that (“strangely” as the people of the world would say) in similar circumstances.

As we were leaving, I saw a picture almost identical to one that I have at home. The only difference is in the face of Jesus. He is walking over the waters. I liked its frame, and the message is very significant. I thought of giving it to David for his new office and I took it to the cashier to pay for it. The owner, my friend Juan David, says to me: “This one is a gift from me to you.”

I turned toward the other David and told him that I was sorry but he had just missed out on a picture because I could not give to him what was being given to me with such affection. I felt very happy at the same time. But I immediately became aware of, and relived an event in the past about which I will now tell you.

2. The memories return... or are they coincidences?

A little over three and half years ago, precisely on the day when we decided that we would move to Mexico to work from there, in the city of Mérida, Yucatán, we went to church for Holy Mass. As I entered the church, I saw through the door pane a small religious store, and my eyes rested on a picture of Christ, walking over the waters. The image and its colorful finish made an impact on me, and I mentioned it to Martha. And that was it.

Upon entering the church, I saw its patron [saint] on the main altar, and I was rendered almost speechless from enjoyment and happiness. In front of us, painted on the wall was a very beautiful image of the Merciful Jesus. This representation is a little different

from the better-known picture, [this one being] over a beautiful, pastel background...

This was precisely the one that was to be our chapel, the parish that we were supposed to attend based on its proximity to the house where we would live. It was a couple of blocks away. My heart leaped, because the devotion to Divine Mercy has done wonders for my family, and for many people close to us.

During my personal prayer at Communion, I thanked the Lord for having made things easier for us at this our new destination. I thanked Him for the Archbishop and for the Rector of that Shrine, both of whom would be receiving us, and for the marvelous people that God had placed close to us.

Scarcely two days earlier, during a Mass in Mexico City, I had cried very much during Communion telling Jesus that I was afraid, that I felt some pity and perhaps a little self-compassion. I told him that I was made to feel like someone who had been exiled by some people who were my brethren in the faith, who according to my understanding, should have been helping us, but were rejecting us instead.

On that occasion Jesus said to me:

“Never ever feel or think that way again. You are not exiles, to the contrary, you are My Ambassadors and, as such, you will be treated.”

At that moment [in the Mérida Chapel], I remembered those words, and seeing that His promises were beginning to come true. I asked Him to guide us at all times. The change from one country to another not knowing the environment, the customs, with my

elderly mother being ill, having a whole family with me... all that was disquieting and the cause of some fear.

The consolation of the Lord came to me immediately, because, as I was leaving the church, Fafy, a woman with a very sweet countenance, who I had just met for the first time walked up to me. She is like the soul of that community, not only because of her joy and the clarity and transparency of the look in her eyes, but also because she had worked for the Shrine from the very beginning, from the time when it was only a project in the minds of a handful of people who had much faith and firm resolve to erect a center for the devotion to Divine Mercy.

Then, Fafy gave me a fraternal hug. She kissed me and said more or less these words: "I heard that you are all coming to live here. Welcome to Mérida, Catalina. Here, this is for you, a small token of affection," and she stretched out her hand and gave me the picture of Jesus walking over the waters that I had been so attracted to while walking into the church an hour earlier.

I managed to mutter some acknowledgement, but my eyes kept staring at the picture and I felt unable to contain the tears that began to slide down my cheeks. Only then I came to understand the profound meaning of those "God-incidences". This is how Jesus wanted us to be through this new stage [in our lives] that we were starting! [He wanted us] walking over the waters, trusting fully and solely in Him, and taking refuge in His Divine Mercy. This is how He will always want His own people to go through life, moved only by faith and love.

And now, at Juan David's religious bookstore [in Florida], I again had in my hands a picture almost identical to the other, and for a few seconds, I saw it full of light. Then, I realized that I had a topic of profound meditation for the rest of the night.

It was already late, so when we got home, I could not listen to the cassette about *“My Broken Christ”*. Hugo had taken it to his night table. There was nothing I could do.

David and Martha had already flown back to Mérida. I went to check out my mail and, through some acquaintances, I again learned of the next steps being taken by the friends of the dark who, from the shadows, were taking shots at us behind our backs.

It hurt very much because the attack was coming again from a person who should be giving example of charity, of the love, which should be witnessed by any true leader of souls. What a sad testimony!

The next day after lunch, I took the recorder and the tape, and went into the bedroom to rest for a while and to finally listen to the talk by Fr. Cué, *“My Broken Christ”*.

I placed the images I had bought close to me and I said a prayer invoking the Holy Spirit to grant me the submissiveness and discernment required for me to be able to understand what the Lord wanted to tell me.

3. The work that inspired this testimony:

“My Broken Christ” by Fr. Ramon Cué, S.J.

[Publisher’s Note: “The Christ” in this section’s titles refers both to Christ Himself and also to His manmade, human images.]

3.1 The buying and selling of the Christ

It is in the Seville [city in Spain] where I found my broken Christ. Within the realm of the fine arts, I find myself captivated by the

theme of Christ on the Cross. My preference is captured by His Spanish Baroque depictions. The last time [I went shopping] I was accompanied by a good friend of mine. "The Christ" can be found -what a choice of places!- amid nuts and nails, oxidized junk metal, old clothes, shoes, books, broken dolls or romantic lithographs. The thing is to know how to look for Him because Christ walks and is among all things in this convoluted, mind-boggling buying-and-selling activity, which is Life.

But on that morning we ventured around the artist's place. It is easier to find "the Christ" there, but much more expensive! It is already the area of the antiquaries. It is "the Christ" with a luxury tax. It is "the Christ" made rich by the tourists because from the time that tourism was intensified Christ, also has become more expensive.

We had only visited two or three shops, and were then on our third or forth:

"Hmm, may I help you Father?"

"I am just looking around the store."

All of the sudden... I saw before me, laying down on a table, a Christ without a cross. I was about to throw myself at it, but I held back my impulses. I glanced at the Christ from the corner of my eye and I was taken from the first instant. Of course, it was not precisely what I was looking for. It was a broken Christ, and yet that very circumstance locked me to it. I do not know why. At first I pretended to be interested in the objects around me until my hands avidly took possession of the Christ. I controlled my fingers so as not to caress Him! My eyes had not betrayed me... no. It must have been a very beautiful Christ. It was an impressive mutilated piece of scrap. It did not have a cross, of course; half a

leg and a whole arm were missing, and, even though it still had the head, it had lost its face.

The antique dealer approached me. He took the Christ in his hands and...

“Ohhh, it is a magnificent piece. I can see that you have good taste, Father. Notice what superb carving. What good workmanship...”

“But ...it is so broken, so mutilated!”

“That is all right, Father. Right here, next door there is a fabulous repairman-restorer, a friend of mine and he will restore “Him” like brand-new for you!”

He started again to compliment “Him”, to praise “Him”. He caressed “Him” within his hands, but... he was not caressing “the Christ”, he was caressing the merchandise that was going to become money for him.

I insisted. He acted doubtful, paused and looked at the Christ for the last time, pretending it was hard to part with Him, and he handed Him to me in an impulse of fake generosity. And looking resigned and sorrowful, he said to me:

“Here you are, Father. Take “Him”, because it is you. And let it be clear that I make nothing, only 3000 pesetas [Spanish currency]. You are acquiring a jewel.

The salesman kept extolling the qualities in order to maintain the price. I, a priest, kept diminishing His merits so as to lower it. I shuddered all of the sudden. We were haggling over the price of Christ as if He were simple merchandise! And I remembered Judas... Was that not also a buying and selling of Christ? But how many times we buy and sell Christ, not a wooden one, but one of flesh, in Him and in our neighbors! Our lives are many times, a buying and selling of christs.

Well... we both compromised... He brought the price down to 800 pesetas. Before taking my leave, I asked him if he knew the source of the Christ and the reason for those terrible mutilations. Giving me vague and incomplete information, he said that he believed it came from the mountains of Arasena, and that the mutilations were due to a desecration during wartime.

I squeezed my Christ with affection... and I went out with Him to the street. Finally at night I closed the door to my bedroom and found myself alone, face to face with my Christ. What a bloody, mutilated piece of scrap. Seeing Him like that, I decided to ask Him:

“Christ, who dared to do this to You? Did his hands not tremble when he splintered yours, pulling You off the cross? Is he still alive? Where? What would he do today if he saw you in my hands?... Did he repent?”

“BE QUIET!” - a cutting voice interrupted me.

“BE QUIET, you are asking too much! Do you think that I have a heart as small and wretched as yours? BE QUIET! Do not ask Me or think any longer of who mutilated Me. Leave him alone. What do you know! Give him respect! I have already forgiven him. I instantly and forever forgot about his sins. When a man repents, I forgive once and for all. Not in selfish installments, like all of you do.

“Be quiet! Why is it that before My broken limbs, it does not occur to you to think of those who offend, hurt, exploit and mutilate their fellow men and brothers? Which is a greater sin to mutilate a wooden image or to mutilate an alive-in-the-flesh image of Mine, in whom I, Myself throb by the grace of Baptism? O Hypocrites! You tear your clothes at the memory of someone who mutilated My

wooden image, while you shake hands with those who mutilate the living christes who are their brothers and sisters.”

I answered: “I cannot see you broken like that. Even if the repairman charges whatever he desires, You are worth every thing! It hurts to see You like that. First thing tomorrow, I will take You to the restoration shop. You approve of my plan, right? You like it, do you not?”

“NO, I DO NOT LIKE IT!” replied the Christ, plain and sternly

“YOU ARE JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS, AND YOU SPEAK TOO MUCH!”

There was a silent pause. An order as cutting as a lightening bolt came to decapitate the anguish laden silence.

“DO NOT RESTORE ME. I FORBID IT! ARE YOU LISTENING?”

“Yes, Lord, I promise. I will not have You restored.”

“Thank you”, answered the Christ. His tone again gave me confidence.”

“Why do you not want me to restore You? I do not understand You. Do you not understand, Lord, that it is going to be a continual sorrow each time I see you broken and mutilated? Do you not understand that it makes me suffer?”

“That is what I want, that whenever you see Me broken, you always remember the many brothers and sisters of yours. They who live with you, broken, crushed, indigent, mutilated, with no arms, because they have no work possibilities, with no feet, because all the roads have been closed to them, with no face, because their honor has been taken away from them. Everybody forgets them and all turn their backs on them. Do not restore Me. Let us see if, seeing Me that way, you remember them and feel pain. Let us see if broken and mutilated like this, I serve you as the key to the pain

of the others! Many Christians turn their devotion into kisses, lights, flowers over a beautiful Christ, but forget their fellow men, the ugly, broken and suffering Christs.

There are many Christians who soothe their consciences by kissing a beautiful Christ, a work of art, while they offend the little Christ of flesh who is their brother [or sister]. Those kisses repulse Me. They are repugnant! I tolerate them by obligation on the feet of My carved, wooden-mage but they wound My heart. All of you have too many beautiful Christs! Too many works of art that portray My crucified image, and you are in danger of stopping at the work of art.

A beautiful Christ can be a dangerous refuge in which to hide in your flight from the pain of others; appeasing your conscience at the same time in a false Christianity. Therefore, you should have more broken "Christs". One at the entrance of every church that, through its missing limbs and shapeless face may keep always shouting about the sorrow and the tragedy of My second passion in My brothers and sisters! For this reason, I plead with you. Do not repair and restore Me. Let Me remain broken close to you, even if I make your life a little bitter.

"Yes, Lord, I promise," I replied. And a kiss on His splintered, only foot was the signature of my promise. From now on... I will live with a broken Christ.

3.2 God has a left hand

The same afternoon that I bought my Christ, I asked the antiquarian where might be the Christ's right arm.

"Oh, impossible to find it!", He answered. "And do not think that we have not already turned inside out the whole barn where the

mutilated image had been discarded. We did, nevertheless, find the left leg and re-attached it, but as for the right hand, not a trace!"

The antique dealer did not know the whereabouts of Your right hand, Lord, but You, You do know where it is. You are continually detaching it [from the Cross] and it always gets away from you. No, it does not surprise me that You are missing it, Lord. It is out there, moving around, invisible but efficacious.

Who does not from time to time feel the soft rubbing of Christ's wounded hand? That invisible hand which enters all places without knocking: the hospital, a deathbed, the office, the work place, the factory, the movies, the theater. It slips in on tiptoe, as a luminous and musical breeze. We cannot take a single step in life without bumping into the hand of God. But you, my broken Christ, you only have a left hand.

And, having the feeling that my Christ was silently smiling, I imagined Him saying to me: "How little and incorrectly you all know Me. What would your fate, oh men, be if I did not have a left hand? I have it not to avoid being crucified, but to see to it that My Father may not condemn you. I do not use My left hand to save Myself from the Cross, but to save you from hell. Do you understand now?"

The whole tragic and divine adventure of our lives rests in allowing the hands of God to guide us. But within us there is a difficult, aloof, dangerous element: Freedom. And God respects it, mysteriously, infinitely.

In order to win us over, He uses two hands: the right and the left hand. They represent two techniques, two kinds of tactics. The right hand is clear, open, transparent, and luminous; while the left hand finds short cuts, circles around the point. It is clever and diplomatic, not in a hurry. If necessary, it acts from a distance, and

masks its voice. And although it is the left one, it is neither Machiavellian nor treacherous because it is moved by love.

God has two hands for each soul. But He employs each hand in a different manner because each soul is different. With His right hand, as He would white doves or docile sheep, God guided John the Evangelist, Francis of Assisi, John of the Cross, Francis Xavier, the two "Teresas" [note: Teresa de Avila and Thérèse de Lisieux, the latter known in the Spanish countries by the Spanish rendition of her name "Teresa"]. In order to win over Peter, Paul, Mary Magdalene, Augustine, Ignatius of Loyola, God had to employ His left hand.

They rebel in the presence of His right hand; so, the left one comes into play. It seeks a disguise and becomes a lightning bolt, a bullet. It tries to be a restraint that stops us. It wants to lift us from the mud in which we have fallen. It introduces itself into our chests to see if it can soften our hearts. Its resources are infinite. Today God masks His left hand in modern and current disguises. He is the most up-to-date Being...

A dam breaks and it levels my farms! I become inexplicably distracted at work and the machine severs my arm! We were going 80 miles an hour and unexpectedly a truck came out in front of us. My wife and son die instantly and I was left all alone in life. I have never been sick, but the doctor tells me that I have an incurable disease...

Facing the left hand of God, our first reaction is a cry of defiance and desperation. We forget the dam, the machine, the death sentence, because we sense that ultimately we cannot put the blame on them. We presume God is responsible for that pain; and this pain for being so terribly intense could not come from a creature. And not surprisingly we confront God, and we yell at Him. We

summon Him. We protest! We make demands! We defy Him! We condemn Him! "FATHER...! IF YOU WERE A FATHER, YOU WOULD NOT TREAT ME THIS WAY!" We shout, we protest, we rebel and then... we find ourselves alone.

And the first tears come, nervous and burning tears, and without being aware of it, comes the first prayer. We again begin to protest against God, against our first prayer... Fatigue follows. The tears are more serene, we are already praying without protesting. We feel like we need to kiss something. What? Oh yes, we have already found it, a crucifix, and with a kiss we tell God that whatever He decides is fine with us....

Terrible, violent, hard, relentless... but blessed, the left hand of God. Absurd expressions are formulated: "Blessed the press that broke. It leveled my factory but drew me closer to God. I was very far from Him."

My Broken Christ, I tell You this on my behalf and on that of us all, because we are all courageous enough to start asking right now: Lord, if the tenderness of Your right hand is not sufficient for saving us, detach Your left hand from the cross, disguise it in any way you want to [as] failure, calumny, ruin, accident, death. Christ, make us the children of Your hand, of either Your right or Your left hand.

Friend, at the head of your bed or on your night table you have a Christ, nailed to the Cross. Why do you not kiss His left hand tonight before you go to bed? God will know how repay you for this gesture of Christian courage and resignation.

3.3 A Cross has been lost

Notice! A Cross is lost and cannot be found. It is that of my Broken Christ. Have any of you found a Cross? Would you

like its description, its size? The Cross is not too big, but it is a Cross and there is no small Cross. Besides it is a Cross for Christ, therefore, there is no way to measure it. This description would have to do because in the end all Crosses are the same.

So, please forgive my insistence: Who among you has not found a Cross? Or better said: Who does not have a Cross? It is a non-forfeitable property right, being always exercised. We all carry a Cross. We carry one on our shoulders even when it does not show, even if we smile.

Sometimes a Cross is heavier because it is hidden. Tonight as we go to bed, we cannot leave it hanging on the clothes hanger. Tomorrow as we get up, we will not need to put it on. We will already be wearing it as we jump out of bed.

So, who has found a Cross? All of us have... All: the good, the bad, the saints and the criminals, the healthy and the sick. The Cross does not even respect those who seem to defy their pain through the loud laughter and carousing of their lives.

That poor woman, who overly made-up and bored waits sitting at the bar of a coffee shop or leaning against the strategic corner, is carrying a horrific Cross on her shoulders. It is so heavy that she supports it by leaning against the corner. It is a Cross much heavier than we suspect. And the one who is approaching her looking for pleasure is actually trying to flee from another Cross. They both talk; they bargain; they promise and finally come to an agreement. There they go along the street, in a hurry, carrying their Crosses. And when they return after having tried to quench their hunger for happiness, they feel disappointed that their Crosses have increased, that they have become greater. She now feels revolted and vilified. He feels desolation.

A city is ultimately a forest, a jungle, a beehive of Crosses. And, do you know, my friend, why sometimes our Cross becomes intolerable? Do you know why it can end up becoming desperation and suicide? Because in that circumstance our Cross is a Cross alone, with no Christ, and we can only tolerate a Cross when it carries a Christ on its arms.

A lay Cross without the blood or the love of God is absurd. It is senseless. So, I have an idea. I have a Christ without a Cross, and you perhaps have a Cross without Christ. Both are incomplete. My Christ does not rest because He is missing His Cross. You cannot bear your Cross because it is missing Christ. Why do you not give your empty Cross to Christ tonight? You have a Cross by itself, empty, freezing cold, black, senseless. I understand you. To suffer like that is something irrational and I do not comprehend how you have been able to tolerate it for so long. You have the remedy in your hands... Come on, give me that Cross of yours. Give it to me. I give you in exchange this Christ without rest and without a Cross. Take it, it is yours. Give Him your Cross. Take my Christ. Put them together. Nail them, embrace them and everything will be different.

My broken Christ rests on your Cross. Your Cross becomes softer with my Christ on it. We have found a Cross. Ours, which happens to be that of Christ's...

Who broke your face?

Christ, I had many times heard that threat from hatred-filled, trembling lips: "WATCH IT OR I'LL BREAK YOUR FACE!" And I always thought that it all usually did not go beyond a fist blow, a slap on the face, a slash to the cheek. Only in You that brutal threat has been literally realized. They have severed Your face with a single blow

I would have had it restored, but He forbade it. So, by means of a game of affection and fantasy I devoted myself to restoring His face ideally in my mind, placing over His featureless head the faces that have been dreamed up by the universal art. In this game I exhaust [using the religious art of] museums, collections, galleries, cathedrals, small picture galleries. All [these faces] keep passing over the slash on His face and I feel like a Velazquez or a Juan de Meza, with a baroque pathos, or like a Montañés, with Olympian beauty, or like a Leonardo, with infinite sadness.

But a few days ago, I had to also give up the consolation of this game. The broken Christ, terrible in His demands, does not allow for a truce and He has forbidden this game as well. At the beginning I thought that He liked it, at least He used to tolerate it silently, until the day when He interrupted me in a severe tone:

“THAT IS ENOUGH! Do not place any more faces on Me. I have tolerated your game for too long. Can you not understand? Do not put on Me any more of those faces that you ask from man’s art as a beggar. I want to remain like this, without a face! You promised you would never restore Me... Unless you want to try another game; placing on Me other faces. Those... I will indeed accept.”

“Which faces, Lord? I will put them on You right away. Just tell me which ones and I put them on You.”

“I fear that you might not understand and even be scandalized as were the Pharisees... I am talking about other faces; real ones not made-up faces like those you invented, and which are also Mine, like the face that was cut off Me with a single knife slash.

“Oh, I think I can guess, Lord, You are talking about the faces of the saints and the apostles, and of the martyrs...”

“Those faces are indeed Mine. No one contests or denies that. But I want other faces. I claim them for Me. Very few would dare to put them on but I do.”

He paused, as if to gather strength. He took a deep breath. I was scared, I was frightened but I could do nothing about it. Then He said:

“Listen. Do you have a picture of your enemy lying around some place? Of the one who envies you and does not allow you to live? Who systematically misinterprets all you do? Of the one who always goes around speaking ill of you? Of him who caused your ruin by giving bad, crucial reports about you? Of the traitor who back-stabbed you, of him who was able to push you out of the job you had? Do you have a picture of the person who turned you in, of the one that put you in jail?...

“Christ, do not go on!”

“It is too much, is it not?”

“It is inhuman. It is absurd...”

“Have you taken a good look at the faces of the lepers, of the abnormal people, of the drug addicts, of the dirty beggars, of the retarded, of the demented...”

“And...? Are You telling me, Christ, that those faces are Yours? And... that I should place them on You? No, no, impossible.”

“Wait! I am not finished yet... Pay close attention to this last list, and do not leave any face out. You have to put on Me the face of the blasphemous, of the one who committed suicide, of the degenerate, of the thief, the drunkard, the murderer, the criminal, the traitor, the depraved. Did you not hear Me? I need you to put all of those faces over Mine!”

“...No, no Lord...,” I replied, “I do not understand at all! All those miserable and corrupt faces over Yours, so sacred and divine?”

“Yes, that is how I want it! Do you not see that all of them belong to this poor, sorrowful mankind created by My Father? Do you not realize that I have given My life for all of them? Perhaps now you will understand what the Redemption was.

“Listen, as the Son of God, I made Myself voluntarily responsible for all the mistakes and sins of mankind. All their weight was on Me. My Father peered from Heaven to look at Me on the Cross and to contemplate Himself on My face. He fixed His eyes on Me and His shock was infinite. He saw the faces of all mankind, superimposed successively over My countenance at lightning speed. For those three terrible hours of My death on the Cross, He watched from Heaven the tragic parade of a vanquished humanity, as I told Him meanwhile:

“Father, forgive them for they know not what they do!” It was not I alone who was dying on the Cross, but thousands and thousands of hurting human beings, many of them vanquished by their own passions, by their errors, by their sins. The parade was terrible, repugnant, crude. My Father saw passing over My countenance, the face of the proud; that of the sectarian imagining the destruction of God, that of the assassin, cold and merciless...

“There were repugnant lips and circles around sunken eyes, branded by the fire of lust. There were unbearable breaths from inebriation, and the white pallor of early mornings wallowed in vice, and desolate grimaces of bitterness and desperation. There were disturbing looks of perversion and crime, of abnormal, subterranean behavior, dark and ignominious. There was total defeat and the stigma of an unredeemed humanity, agony and

death. And My Father... God, loved them all and forgave their sins."

My Christ said nothing else. How poor and ridiculous seemed to me man's fine arts; and how deep and inscrutable, the love of God. My Christ has since remained silent. He has not spoken to me again.

Let us never forget this supreme and difficult lesson. Let us never forget the flat surface of the face of my Christ, cut off from the top down. We could compare it to an empty photo-frame. It offers us the opportunity to put on it the face of the one, or the ones, who have done us the most harm; or whom we hate very much. This hatred does more harm to ourselves than to those who are the object of our rancor.

Yes..., yes, let us be brave! Let us remember the face, which moves us to most hatred and animosity. Let us bring it close to Christ, even if we feel our hand tremble. Let us place it over His, and imagine that our enemy, that being whom we hate, is taking His place on the Cross. Let us close our eyes. Let us draw closer to the Crucified and reverently and humbly kiss His semblance.

As we kiss a Christ bearing the face of our enemy, we will be enveloped in a warm and musical voice, paternal and kind. A voice, which many centuries ago left us the greatest and most wonderful of inheritances that any man could ever receive, contained in only three simple words: "Love one another."

4. I return to my testimony

Is it not astounding what God tells us through Father Cué? It is not necessary that I tell you now how moved I was, listening to

that cassette, which I am sharing here with you in writing. It is in fact the origin of this testimony...

I must confess to you that at first, when the "broken Christ" begins to speak to the priest, I was taken aback somewhat by the harsh tone of the artist who reads the part of Our Lord on the tape.

But as I continued listening to the dialogue, I started to feel that it was God Himself who was speaking, especially when the Christ says: *"You tear your clothes at the memory of someone who mutilated My wooden image, while you shake hands with those who mutilate their brothers and sisters...";* and *"There are many Christians who soothe their consciences by kissing a beautiful Christ, a work of art, while they offend the little Christ of flesh who is their brother [or sister]..."*

I thought of the many sorrows that we must suffer, we who try to do something to bring souls to Christ... How many people offend us for no reason. They hurt and humiliate us needlessly, taking advantage of the privilege given to them by "their own altar"!

And the tape continued: *"God has two hands for each soul. But He employs each hand in a different manner because each soul is different. With His right hand, as He would white doves or docile sheep, God guided John the Evangelist, Francis of Assisi, John of the Cross, Francis Xavier, the two Teresa's. In order to win over Peter, Paul, Mary Magdalene, Augustine, Ignatius of Loyola, God had to employ His left hand.*

"They rebel in the presence of His right hand, so the left one comes into play. It seeks a disguise and becomes a lightning bolt, a bullet. It tries to be a restraint that stops us. It wants to lift us from the mud in which we have fallen. It introduces itself into our chests to see if it can soften our hearts. Its resources are infinite. Today God masks His left hand in modern and current disguises. He is the most up-to-date Being."

I sat up abruptly on the bed. I backed up the tape and looked at my tiny Christ again. It was indeed His left arm, and I said to Him:

“It is true, Lord; it is that left hand that You are employing with me. I could not be in the same category as the sweet Little Thérèse of the Child Jesus, or in that of the poverty and love of St. Francis of Assisi. I am more like those on the other group... I am perhaps clumsy like Peter, proud as was Paul, a sinner like Magdalene... But why do You allow all this? Do You not see that I cannot handle it because it is Yours? What else do You want, Lord, from this poor soul that is completely useless to You...?”

I broke down and cried, as I had not cried in a long time. Images and situations that I had lived in the last year came rushing to my mind, starting with the death of my younger brother and continuing with my mom’s death. As well as my having not returned to my longed-for, home country for almost two years and the low blows that I received from people I loved so much and to whom I tried to give my best. The efforts that I had to make to remain calm, patient and smiling in the presence of those others, whom I would hear speaking ill of me. And the effort of trying to receive them with the authentic loving face of Jesus, instead of letting them have a piece of my mind, or presenting the same hypocritical mask that they were presenting me...

The watching eyes that I would try not to engage upon verifying that I was being watched as if I was an evildoer. They were trying to see into which of their traps I would fall. The pressures that I have to tolerate so many times because every one wants me to do what he or she thinks best, without taking into consideration my true possibilities or desires. And the realization that even by doing all I can, little or much, I am incapable of pleasing every one.

My efforts to not allow my infirmities to bind me to a bed for a whole day. The times when someone wakes me up during my few sleeping hours because the phone rang, or because there was some

delivery or because... well, because someone felt like doing so. The times that I have to struggle with myself, (that is the first and the hardest of battles of the day, of the moment, of every single instant!) without being able to tame this wild colt within me, that sometimes wants to kick down many corrals.

Trying also to juggle the roles of wife, mother, secretary, friend, good Christian, loving grandmother, affectionate, sociable person; spiritual mother (as the foundress of a lay movement is usually called). Trying as well, to be presentable and ready whenever others need me, even if it is only to chitchat about nothing. And attempting to project a pleasant expression on top of it, trying to "ignore" (if the term is correct) the moments of disappointment, of irritation, of displeasure, of tiredness, of having a terrible urge to be alone for an entire day...

At that point I did hear clearly the voice of Jesus within me:

"All this is hurting you very much and although you are holding back your tears, you are blaming Me...!"

That thought had not yet come to light, nor had it yet peered into my conscious mind, but Jesus knows even the deepest of our thoughts as they begin to take shape. I was terribly ashamed, as someone who has been found at fault and I said to Him: "Forgive me, Lord, if I did so! Have mercy on me!"

Now, my sobbing is definitely much louder, because to make things worse, in addition to all this I have hurt the Lord. I am not good for anything at all! I am feeling self-pity. I, who detests self-pity...!

At that moment the recording was saying: *"My Broken Christ, I tell You this on my behalf and for us all, because we all are courageous enough*

to start asking from now on Lord, that if the tenderness of Your right hand is not sufficient for saving us, that You detach Your left hand from the Cross, disguise it in any way you want to as failure, calumny, ruin, accident, death. Christ, make us the children of Your hand, of either Your right or Your left hand..."

I squeezed my Christ in my hands and I told him: "Forgive me, forgive me, forgive me, Lord, for my pain that does not think of Yours. Forgive me..." I was no longer crying out loud, but only sobbing quietly.

I drank some water and entered into prayer for half an hour. I laid on top of the bed again and turned the recorder back on to finish listening to the cassette.

"Notice! A Cross is lost and cannot be found (...) Have any of you found a Cross? (...) All of us have... All of us: the good and the bad, the holy ones and the criminals, the healthy and the sick. (...)

I hear again the voice of my Lord, along with the voice in the cassette, as in a duet with the reader of the poem, but at a given moment the voice of the reader goes off so that I may understand well what Jesus is telling me:

"Come on, give Me that Cross of yours. Give it to Me. I give Myself to you in exchange. Take Me. I am yours. Give Me your Cross. Take Me... Put us together. Nail us, embrace us, and everything will be different... I rest on your Cross and now your Cross is made softer with Me on it."

Jesus became silent and the actor in the recording continued:

"We have found a Cross, ours, which happens to be that of Christ's. Who broke your face? ..."

What a mixture of feelings! The sweetness that usually overcomes me upon hearing the voice of the Lord and embarrassment for feeling so weak, and gratitude for His consolation... Total prostration before His beloved Presence in all my blood and all my spirit!

I was feeling like that puppy who the master sits on his lap in order to comfort it, because it is all wounded by the clawing and biting of dogs from other neighborhoods. The puppy has no one but its master, and it wants to be comforted and have its wounds tended to, only by its master because the wounds are too sore to allow another hand to get near. The voice of him alone, which provides everything for the puppy, is capable of calming it. Only he, who mercifully cleans the puppy when others hurt it, can expect the puppy to lick his hand in gratitude...

... And only he will the puppy obey and protect, and help if only by barking at the thieves, at the evildoers who roam around, looking to strip the master of what is his, or by barking at those who try to harm him...

The voice on the tape continued: *"Listen. Do you have a picture of your enemy lying around some place? Of the one who envies you and does not let you live, who systematically misinterprets all you do? [Do you have a picture] of the one who always goes around speaking ill of you; of the one who caused your ruin, of the one who gave bad reports about you, of the traitor who back-stabbed you ..."*

"Oh Lord, do not ask this of me now!", I said, sobbing again. "Wait a little bit. You cannot ask me that now..."

The tape continued: "... You have to put on Me the face of the blasphemous, of the one who committed suicide, of the degenerate, of the thief, the drunkard, the murderer, the criminal, the traitor, the depraved.(...) Do you not see that all of them belong to this poor, sorrowing mankind created by My Father? Do you not realize that I have given My life for all of them?..."

"My Father peered from Heaven to look at Me on the Cross and to contemplate Himself on My face. (...) He saw the faces of all mankind, superimposed successively over My countenance at lightning speed..."

"For those three terrible hours of My death on the Cross, He watched from Heaven the tragic parade of a vanquished humanity as I told Him meanwhile, 'Father, forgive them for they know not what they do!' (...) My Father saw passing over My countenance the face of the proud, that of the sectarian imagining the destruction of God, that of the assassin, cold and merciless... There were repugnant lips and circles around sunken eyes, branded by the fire of lust. There were unbearable breaths from inebriation, and the white pallor of early mornings wallowed in vice, and desolate grimaces of bitterness and desperation. There were disturbing looks of perversion and crime, of abnormal, subterranean behavior, dark and ignominious. There was total defeat and the stigma of an unredeemed humanity, agony and death. And My Father... God, loved them all and forgave their sins."

By that time I was on the floor on my knees, shaking like a leaf in sorrow for Jesus, out of embarrassment for the entire humanity, from feeling sorry for my own sins, and in gratitude for the entire message that He was giving to me...

I had been asking for a spiritual retreat for months, of the kind that can shake one's soul by giving it sweetness and love, repentance and gratitude. It is regretful that we are not able to contemplate the splendor of a pure soul, because if we could, we would probably scream with emotion and happiness! The human soul is

magnificent before God. And He, Who is so delicate and persistent, sees the way to please the beloved soul, but always in order to elevate it, never to spoil it...

No retreat had been so strong to my spirit. No talk could have placed me in front of a mirror to watch my nakedness, my poverty. No window had allowed me to contemplate humanity as that mosaic that was shining before my eyes, impregnated with the light of God's gaze. No seclusion could have taken me to the perfect union of feeling joy amidst the sorrow, and to say to God: "More, Lord, give me much more pain so that my cross may be pleasing to You."

Saint Theresa used to say: *"After this life comes Heaven forever, forever, forever..."* Therefore, even if we do not know the reasons, even if we may be overcome by grief, God always wants and does what is best for each one of us, and so we must give Him thanks...

The voice on the tape was ending: *"Let us remember the face which moves us to most hatred and animosity. Let us bring it close to Christ even if we feel our hand tremble. Let us place it over His, and imagine that our enemy, that being whom we hate, is taking His place on the Cross."*

"Let us close our eyes. Let us draw closer to the Crucified and reverently and humbly kiss His semblance. (...) We will be enveloped in a warm and musical voice, paternal and kind. A voice, which many centuries ago, left us the greatest and most wonderful of inheritances that any man could ever receive, contained in only three simple words: 'Love one another'."

5. Concluding words

Dear brother or sister, if you are among those who have hurt me so much, and if at any time my silence, my tears or some

outburst of my temperament has also hurt you... I am speaking to you. Listen to me for the love of God.

I ask for your forgiveness and I forgive you. The sun is at its zenith and the afternoon is about to arrive, and darkness will follow. Do you not hear the wind that brings in the darkness? If you have not yet done so, come down from the altar that you have built for yourself and help me climb to the heights...

Soon, the Harvester will come. The harvest is ready now. May He find us on our feet, holding hands with one another to become stronger, so that the storm may not pull each of us in every direction.

Have you done harm to me? It does not matter, all siblings in a family hurt each other, but later they forgive and give each other a kiss.

Have I hurt you? Forgive me from your heart. We human beings sometimes hurt those whom we love. Look at Jesus on the Cross, nailed by us, and bruised and humiliated, yet forgiving us every day...

Please observe, keep your eyes open. You will see who is behind all of this, looking to destroy you and me... It will always be one: the evil one... at the head of those who inhabit hell, and who seem to have escaped in order to come charging against us...

But do not stop to look at him. He wants to call attention to himself, and the best thing is to ignore him... On my part at least, that is what I will do. I will present him with many "Hail Mary's", praying for you. And I know that he will feel them as stones, falling hard upon him, and he will bite his own tail.

Now look forward. Do you see how our ship called "Ecclesia" [The Church] goes? Yes, it is being attacked from outside but notice

who is at the helm... It is John Paul II who steers this ship, soon to anchor at the majestic pillars seen one day by Saint John Bosco. On one of them is the Blessed Virgin Mary lifting Her arms to calm the storm, because She is the Queen of Peace. And on the other pillar is Jesus Himself in the Sacred Eucharist, the Sacrament and miracle of LOVE.

August 29, 2004,
Feast of St. John the Baptist



My profound gratitude to:

His Holiness, John Paul II for being Moses, Elijah, Peter, John, Paul and another Christ on earth, for his prayers, for his struggles, for his pain and for his love.

Mons. Stanislaw, Mons. Pablo, Mons. Piero and **Mons. James** for caring for the Holy Father with so much affection

Fr. Ramón Cué, SJ, for his marvelous work, "*My Broken Christ*". He is now enjoying Eternity. May the Lord hold him in both of His arms forever.

Mons. René, for his great human quality.

Mons. Abel, for his wholesome priesthood and courageous episcopate.

Mons. Manuel, for his sensitivity, his respect for the human being, his humility.

Mons. Adhemar, for his courage and simplicity

Mons. Gonzalo, for his teachings in the past and his nobility and support of today.

Mons. Salvador, for his charity and affection, his docility to the Holy Spirit of God.

Mons. Rodolfo, for his example of charity, his courage and solidarity.

Mons. Hernán, for allowing the Most Holy Virgin to gild his heart.

Soldiers Oscar and Marta, for their help, courageous and sure. Their words, letters and prayers have been very important to this soldier [Catalina].

To all those who oppose and persecute us, for the cross, for the sorrow, for making us partakers of the Beatitudes - thank you for helping us gain a little piece of Heaven.

My acknowledgement, affection and respect to:

My most dear Fr. Renzo and Hugo, for having remained close to me, and not just during my “best moments”.

Ricardo, for dignifying the red mantle that the Lord entrusted to you one night in Australia.

David and Martha, for being there, for remaining quiet, for speaking, for helping, for suffering, for loving and respecting, for being family.

All of you very dear Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, who support this Apostolate, and those from whom I received a prayer, a blessing. May God reward abundantly your support, now and throughout Eternity.

Fafy, for the painting of Jesus walking over the waters. That is how He wants you today, my friend. Thank you because that painting is like a monument to the Faith... Remember me always.

Mireya, for the hours of peace when you fixed what was broken.

Laura, for teaching me courage, for allowing me to serve Jesus and to love Him in you during all these months, for hoping beyond hope. Thank you for all that you gave me silently.

Juan David, for being a docile instrument of the Holy Spirit in this experience.

Magaly, Fr. Miguel, Mario and Noriska, because one has to be courageous to “study” life and defend that of others, even at the cost of one’s own.

Fr. Teófilo, because your life is the Gospel.

René, for having opened the doors of your home, your “Gran Portal” to me, without even knowing me.

Víctor and Norma, for welcoming me in your home, for your friends, for cooking for me, for listening and allowing others to hear our testimony.

Luís Alfredo, because “Concert in Havana” was the stone that broke this vessel of sorrow to let loose the flow of tears that had been held back.

Alvarito, because you will be blessed for bearing calumny, lies, persecution in His Name and for His sake... That is how the prophets were treated.

Gerardo, Diana, and the **Monterrey family** for the freshness, loyalty and transparency of your love.

Brenda and Luz María, the chips off the old block... for carrying with joy this cross of Jesus.

Thank you, ANE families of México DF, Guasave, Querétaro, Veracruz, Cozumel, Mérida, León, Ciudad Victoria, Guadalajara...

Thank you, Elsa, for the angel you gave me, and the song “*El día que me quieras*” that you played on the piano so wonderfully for me.

Iraida, for our friendship, so beautiful so strong, so simply warm, for having presented us with a private concert, for loving Mili and for taking care of so many people like “Don Tato”.

Rosy, María Esther and Myriam, for your understanding and for the gift of service, your invaluable support and your affection for us.

Tatiana and Francisco, for helping me take the plow and look forward so that the furrows may be very straight.

My grandchildren, for your love, unconditional, innocent and pure, for your warm smiles.

Richy, Any, Cecy, Clau Richito, Mónica and René, for also walking over the waters, sometimes pulling me... and sometimes swallowing some water for me.

Lolita, for taking charge of all these terrible children and for offering your sufferings; for your home and your mausoleum, which is the dwelling place of those who I loved and who are no longer with us on our journey.

Judy, for staying here taking my mom's place.

Gabriel, for saying, "yes" to the Lord.

Hernán, for your daily efforts to understand these "crazy ones for the Lord".

Cecilia, Octavio, Rogelio, Carmen, for your love, your deep loyalty, your class and your commitment to the Work of God.

Raymundo and Patricia, to whom Heaven is still extending an invitation.

Willy and Carolina, for whom the doors of this great family remain open.

Francisco, for your contribution to the "*Comedor del Pobre*" [*Soup Kitchen*], a budding ministry of this Apostolate.

Ana, Lucy, Kitty, Lulú and the whole **ANEMER team**, for your struggle and your loyalty.

Ruy and Ana Rosa, for giving your hands to Jesus for Him to use them.

Miguel, for your serenade to my mother the day of her eternal wedding.

Martita and Leti, my two sisters who give light with their blindness, because you accepted with love the Lord's Will to allow you to see the only thing that is worth seeing, the inner world loved by Jesus; because in bearing your physical blindness with joy, you allow God to illuminate our walk. Thank you for offering yourselves up for your Apostolate.

ANE Bolivia, because every single beat of my heart brings you closer, in the most nostalgic and also most present remembrance and affection. [Also] because you took me by the hand, as you would a little girl, so that I could begin to walk.

ANE Mexico, Colombia, Argentina, Australia, USA, Peru, Chile, Brazil, Italy, Austria, Germany, Poland, New Zealand, Spain, Ecuador, Panama... and to each one of the members of the "Little houses of prayer" of so many other countries, because every one of you contributes to the growth of this work of God.

The entire ANE family, thank you, thank you... May Jesus reward your efforts and commitment.

Doña Elvira, Sor Chiara and Doménica, for also being my family.

Doña Lía, for translating the books of this Apostolate with such zeal and responsibility; the Lord will know how to reward you

José, for your tears at my mother's wake, and for being ready always to help with a smile and an "I'll do it for you".

Doris, may God reward your enthusiasm, your sufferings, your silence, your solitude and your affection in taking care of me. For being that poor person who gives it all, and whom Jesus loves so

much.... one day you will understand how! You were born good-natured; do not ever change!

ALL, ALL OF YOU WERE VERY IMPORTANT DURING THESE RECENT TIMES... WHETHER UP CLOSE OR FROM THE DISTANCE,

Catalina



APPENDIX A

THE CHURCH DECREE COMMISSIONING THE APOSTOLATE OF THE NEW EVANGELIZATION

Translated from the original official document in Spanish:

ARCHDIOCESE OF COCHABAMBA

Casilla 129-Telfs.: (042) 56562 (042) 56563

Fax (042) 50522-Cochabamba, Bolivia

DECREE 1999/118

MONSGR. RENÉ FERNÁNDEZ APAZA ARCHBISHOP OF COCHABAMBA

Considering that the founders of “the Apostolate of the New Evangelization” (A.N.E.) have applied with the following documentation for formation as a private catholic association.

That the goals and objectives of “the Apostolate of the New Evangelization” concur with the directives for the lay apostolate as per the Second Vatican Council and the Magisterium of the Catholic Church.

That according to the Code of Canon Law the rightful Church authority to form an association of a private nature

for the faithful and to grant it legal solicitorship is the diocesan Bishop within its territory (c.312).

WE DECREE

Article 1. To approve the constitution of “the Apostolate of the New Evangelization” (A.N.E.) as a private Catholic association, with ecclesiastic legal solicitorship in accordance to the Code of Canon Law (cc. 113-123, 298-329) and other standard appropriateness.

Article 2. To consider reviewed the statute of “the Apostolate of the New Evangelization,” attached to this decree.

We strongly urge the founders, directors, and members of the A.N.E. to faithfully comply with the goals of the association and to promote the New Evangelization under the guidance of the Church magisterial and its legitimate pastors.

Given by the Archbishop of Cochabamba on the first day of May, 1999.

/signed/

[seal of Archdiocese]

+ MONSGR. RENÉ FERNÁNDEZ A.
ARCHBISHOP OF COCHABAMBA

BY ORDER OF THE ARCHBISHOP

/signed/

ENRIQUE JIMENEZ, CHANCELLOR

APPENDIX B

WHAT IS THE ANE AND ITS MINISTRIES?

We are a lay apostolic movement who have listened to the call of the Lord, and we have decided to place ourselves at His service.

We try to carry the Good News of the Gospel to all our sisters and brothers, in order to contribute to establishing the Kingdom of God among men and women.

Committed to Jesus Christ and the Catholic Church, we respond to the call of John Paul, II as he insistently declared in his three most often repeated phrases during the course of his pontificate:

“Be saints”; “This is the time for the laity”; and “Let us promote the New Evangelization of the world”. We assume responsibility for working with energy and creativity on the New Evangelization, by attempting to utilize effective strategies and methods to call to conversion men and women of our times.

Our Goals

To spread among men and women the living presence of our Lord Jesus Christ and to help them to live their faith in accordance with the Gospel, united to Mary in prayer.

To establish small church communities “Little Houses of Prayer” where we are formed in prayer and knowledge of the Gospel, within the lines set out by the Magisterium of the Church, attempting to give witness to a life that is consistent with the teachings of Jesus.

To promote the spiritual and human growth of those who join the Apostolate, motivating the sacramental life of each one of them and facilitating the study of Sacred Scriptures, documents of the Church, lives of Saints and ANE’s own bibliographical material.

Members of ANE have the duty to evangelize each other, and to evangelize and assist and help those most in need, which is nothing more than “evangelizing” through their witness and example.

Our Ministries

“Come, you who are blessed by my Father. Inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave Me food, I was thirsty and you gave Me drink, a stranger and you welcomed Me, naked and you clothed Me, ill and you cared for Me, in prison and you visited Me... Amen, I say to you, whatever you did for one of these least brothers of Mine, you did for Me.” (Mt 25, 34-35. 40)

Among those Ministries, the following are the most outstanding:

Caring for the Sick: Spiritually assisting the sick and their family members, especially in hospitals and other health centers: a) Helping those sisters and brothers who go before us, to have a “good death”, through prayer and frequent receiving of the Sacraments; b) Consoling and strengthening in God, family members of the sick; c) Encouraging those who are temporarily sick to offer their suffering to the Lord and to draw near Him by using whatever circumstance they are living through.

Support for the Church: Seeking the resources to be able to work together with people who need material help: Parishes, nuns and priests, seminaries, marginal families and in general, those with scant resources.

Ministry of Communication: Producing the messages of evangelization intended for wide distribution, whether through radio, television, videos, daily papers, our magazine, the Internet, audio tapes and CD's.

Catechesis: Planning, coordinating and supervising catechetical formation of those working for ANE as well as the contents of the Catechism during the carrying out of evangelization.

Penitential Work: Accompanying those sisters and brothers who have suffered the misfortune of temporarily losing their freedom by inviting them to experience liberation of soul through the Lord, by reminding them that there is a reality which is different from that harsh environment that surrounds them and that our true hope must be placed in God. In the

Prison at Mérida, our Apostolate is in charge of the section of those suffering from AIDS.

ANE Pro-Life: Unceasingly working to spread campaigns for the defense of life and responsible fatherhood, and against abortion, euthanasia and cloning.

ANE Homes: “Centers of Assistance from the Apostolate of New Evangelization”. Helping in a direct way those most in need through meals and clothing for people, medical dispensaries, catechesis and evangelization programs, rehabilitation programs, literacy planning, delivery of provisions and counseling services.

Small Houses of Prayer: Coordinating the work for the orderly development of the structure of ANE and promoting the link between the different groups which make up our Apostolate.

Apostolate of the New Evangelization

APPENDIX C

NOTE FROM THE ANE

The books of “The Great Crusade” make up a collection of volumes, which are already more than 15 in number [in Spanish], and its teachings convey the spirituality of the Apostolate of the New Evangelization (ANE), which is based on Sacred Scripture and the Catechism of the Catholic Church.

The ANE is a Catholic lay movement, which arises in response to the insistent call of John Paul II to all the baptized, to commit themselves to the task of promoting the Good News, that Christ has died and risen again in order to save us from sin.

As Catholics that we are, we fully abide by the Magisterium of the Catholic Church, which states the following in regards to the matter of private revelations:

Canon 66: “The Christian economy, therefore, since it is the new and definitive Covenant, will never pass away; and no new public revelation

is to be expected before the glorious manifestation of our Lord Jesus Christ. (Vatican Council II, Dogmatic Constitution ‘*Dei Verbum*’ 3 AAS 58)

Yet even if Revelation is already complete, it has not been made completely explicit; it remains for Christian faith gradually to grasp its full significance over the course of the centuries.”

Canon 67: “Throughout the ages, there have been so-called “private” revelations, some of which have been recognized by the authority of the Church. They do not belong, however, to the deposit of faith. It is not their role to improve or complete Christ's definitive Revelation, but to help live more fully by it in a certain period of history.

Guided by the Magisterium of the Church, the *sensus fidelium* knows how to discern and welcome in these revelations whatever constitutes an authentic call of Christ or his saints to the Church.

Christian faith cannot accept ‘revelations’ that claim to surpass or correct the Revelation of which Christ is the fulfillment, as is the case in certain non-Christian religions and also in certain recent sects which base themselves on such ‘revelations’.”

Catechism of the Catholic Church
Canons 66 & 67

You will notice on the inside page of our books the stamp or “IMPRIMATUR” granted by the Bishops of the Catholic Church, of the Latin and Chaldean Rites. Some have been translated into more than eight languages and have been recommended by several bishops who judge that the reading of them will facilitate spiritual growth among faithful Catholics.

The first books of the “Great Crusade” series were not printed with “offset” but were distributed by photocopies taken directly from the first original transcriptions.

With the passage of time, certain persons –clearly with the best of intentions– collaborated in “a second transcription and formatting of the texts” to photocopy them, given the fact that “the copies of the copies” turned out to be illegible in some cases. Unfortunately, in the process,

there were so many spelling and typographical errors committed, that the meaning of the texts was altered and many problems were created.

Precisely for that reason, the Apostolate of New Evangelization, at the suggestion of some priests and bishops, took the decision to request that readers should not make any further transcriptions of these texts, for any reason or under any circumstance, without the strict surveillance and the due authorization of our Director General.

Apostolate of the New Evangelization

APPENDIX D

HELP THE ANE TO HELP

All these books constitute a true gift from God for people who desire to grow spiritually, and it is for that reason that the sale price barely covers the cost of their printing and distribution.

However, as disciples of Christ, the Apostolate of New Evangelization, among other activities, is developing a wide range of spiritual and corporal works of mercy to the needy in seven charitable locations which distribute food and clothing to the people, and hundreds of places supplied with basic foodstuffs from the family basket, by promoting evangelization and catechesis in distant villages, and by providing spiritual and material support to our brothers and sisters in any number of jails and hospitals (mainly in Latin America).

All this work can only be carried out through the generosity of people who responding to the Voice of the Lord, are supporting those who are most in need and are donating their time, their efforts and their material resources for the purpose of this charity.

If you, the reader of this book find within yourself the desire to help us in the building of the Kingdom, please get in contact with us through the addresses and telephone numbers at the end of this Appendix. The harvest is great, but the workers will always be few.

Likewise, if you wish to contribute monetarily to the development of this Work, you can do so by making your tax deductible donation check payable to: “**ANE-USA**”. and mailed to: Love & Mercy Publications, P.O. Box 1160, Hampstead, NC 28443, USA. Donations can be sent along with book and video orders but they must be made with separate checks with the book and video order check made payable to: **Love and Mercy Publications**. Donations will then be transferred to the ANE International Headquarters.

In the name of the Lord, we thank you in advance for any help you can offer us, and we entreat Him who is generous and provident, to reward you one hundredfold.

May God bless you,

Apostolate of the New Evangelization

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APPENDIX E

LOVE AND MERCY PUBLICATIONS BOOKS & VIDEOS

Love and Mercy Publications is part of a non-profit (IRS 501c approved), religious, educational organization dedicated to the dissemination of books, videos and other religious materials concerning the great Love and Mercy of God. As part of its mission, this organization distributes with permission the books containing messages dictated by Jesus and the Virgin Mary to Catalina (Katya) Rivas as well as other related materials. The contents of these have been reviewed by Catholic Church authorities and found to be consistent with the faith and teachings of the Church. Further information on this can be found at the beginning of each book.

The books are available in the original Spanish, in English and some other languages at no cost on the Internet at: www.LoveAndMercy.org . As English translations are made on remaining books, they will be posted on this web site and available to read and/or print. Also, they will be available to

order as printed books for the price that will be on the web site order form. The books and booklets currently available (and in the near future) from Love and Mercy Publications are as follows:

The Holy Mass: A profound teaching with an Imprimatur on the Holy Mass containing visions at the Mass and messages dictated by the Virgin Mary and Jesus to Catalina that can deepen one's spiritual experience at the Divine Liturgy. This is the most widely read of Catalina's books.

Holy Hour: A beautiful devotion with an Imprimatur to read and pray before the Blessed Sacrament that was dictated by the Virgin Mary to Catalina. A reader can see and experience the great love that the Mother of God has for this most blessed of Sacraments.

The Passion: Reflections on the mystery of Jesus' suffering and the value that it has on Redemption as dictated by Jesus, God the Father and the Virgin Mary to Catalina. This is truly a profound account of the Passion of the Christ with an Imprimatur that will deeply touch and change hearts, increasing one's love for Jesus.

The Stations of the Cross: The meditations on the Passion of the Christ in this booklet were almost all extracted from "*The Passion*", a book that was dictated by Jesus to Catalina, and the remainder was from the Bible. The meditations are organized to follow the traditional Stations of the Cross and will provide the reader with a very moving spiritual experience of walking with Jesus and hearing Him describe and explain His Passion as it transpired.

The Great Crusade of Love & The Door to Heaven: Catalina received a large number of profound teachings dictated by Jesus, the Virgin Mary and some saints from the Fall of 1993 to the Spring of 1998. These are two of the six books with those teachings. The translations of the other four books are completed in draft form and are being reviewed. They are: **Springs of Mercy; Ark of the New Covenant; The Great Crusade of Mercy and The Great Crusade of Salvation.** All these books have an Imprimatur.

Divine Providence: A profound teaching on death and reconciliation including visions and messages dictated by Jesus to Catalina as well as her personal account coinciding with and concerning the deaths of her mother

and brother within days of each other in June 2003. This book has a formal recommendation from the Archbishop Emeritus of Cochabamba. This book can give much hope and comfort to all people, for all experience during life the death of loved ones and all will ultimately experience death and a birth to eternal life. A reader of the book can also gain a deeper understanding of the Sacraments of Reconciliation and the Anointing of the Sick.

From Sinai to Calvary: Profound visions and teachings that were dictated by Jesus to Catalina concerning His seven last words during His Passion that were given to Catalina in December 2003-January 2004 time period. Completed in 2004 with an Imprimatur.

My Broken Christ Walks over the Waters: Catalina's testimony on the written work of Fr. Ramón Cué, SJ, "My Broken Christ". Completed in 2005 with an Imprimatur.

The Visible Face of an Invisible God: A testimony that to speaks to us about importance of living our Christianity consciously and of deepening our conversion. It invites us to rediscover the commitment that we, being baptized, have acquired, so that we can assume this responsibility with the befitting seriousness The Spanish text was completed in 2005 with an Imprimatur. The English translation began in mid-2009.

In Adoration: A new contribution to meditation about our faith and the Eucharist. It is a testimony of sublime teaching on the love in the Eucharist and the Mercy of the Lord. The Spanish text was completed in 2007 with an Imprimatur.

I Have Given My Life for You: A compilation of messages given by Jesus to Catalina during the Lents of 2005, 2006, 2007 and 2008, and at the beginning of Lent in 2009 and then published in Spanish. Their beautiful content is a new call of the Lord to each reader, to unite to Him in the dramatic moments in which He prepared to surrender His Life for the salvation of humanity. The English translation began in mid-2009.

Catalina continues to receive messages. Please visit www.LoveAndMercy.org to check on current availability of the books of Catalina.

Related Book - "Reason to Believe": A statue weeps and bleeds in the same city that Catalina Rivas, writes profound teachings she says are dictated by Christ. Elsewhere, a communion host (bread) changes to living flesh. Are these claims true? What does Science have to say? This is a fascinating journey of Australian lawyer, Ron Tesoriero, in pursuit of answers. On the way he invites a well-known and highly respected journalist Mike Willesee to join him. What they discover will confront the mind and heart of every reader.

Video - A Plea to Humanity

This video documents recent remarkable supernatural events in Bolivia. The video was produced by the Australian attorney and documentary producer, Ron Tesoriero. The video also includes footage from the 2-hour, prime-time, FOX TV broadcast, "*Signs from God - Science Tests Faith*," on the bleeding statue of Christ and on Catalina's messages.

Video - The Eucharist - In Communion with Me

This documentary is an educational and evangelical instrument to acquaint people with this most important Sacrament. It also deals briefly with certain Eucharistic miracles approved by the Catholic Church. These are powerful reminders of the true presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist. This documentary was produced by Michael Willesee and Ron Tesoriero.

**LOVE AND MERCY PUBLICATIONS
P.O. Box 1160, Hampstead, NC 28443 USA
www.LoveAndMercy.org**

PURCHASING BOOKS & VIDEOS

Please visit www.LoveAndMercy.org for the most current information on available books and DVDs including pricing, shipping and ordering information.

Back Cover

At that point I did hear clearly the voice of Jesus within me:

“All this is hurting you very much and although you are holding back your tears, you are blaming Me...!”

“Come on, give Me that Cross of yours. Give it to Me. I give Myself to you in exchange. Take Me. I am yours. Give Me your Cross. Take Me... Put us together. Nail us, embrace us, and everything will be different... I rest on your Cross and now your Cross is made softer with Me on it.”

