

THE MAGAZINE
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AGUVA



LOVE

for Jesus and one another

THE DIVINE MERCY CHAPEL OF ADORATION
CATHEDRAL OF THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY

THEOLOGY 101

What we do is
what we believe

NEW EVANGELIZATION

No one can believe alone

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Eucharistic Congress

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saint of the month



DEVOTED ST. DOMINIC

Feast Day: August 8

► In 1208, Pope Innocent III began a seven year crusade against the Albigensians in response to the heretical movement's murder of a papal legate. The Albigensians, who had grown very popular by this time, had a dualistic worldview wherein two, equal forces (God, the force of good, and Satan, the force of evil) battled for dominance. Moreover, they held the Gnostic belief that the physical world itself was evil because it had been created by the evil Satan.

St. Dominic (1170-1221), who had already been preaching against the heresy, followed the crusading army in order to continue to preach to the heretics. However, he had very little success in converting the Albigensians.

Frustrated, St. Dominic entered in the chapel of Notre Dame at Prouille and began to pray. He soon found himself complaining to Mary, the Mother of God. However, Our Lady responded to his complaints by appearing to him with a rosary in her hand. She said, "Wonder not that you have obtained so little fruit by your labors, you have spent them on barren soil, not yet watered with the dew of divine grace. When God willed to renew the face of the earth, he began by sending down on it the fertilizing rain of the angelic salutation (or what we now know as the Hail Mary prayer). Therefore preach my Psalter composed of 150 angelic salutations and 15 Our Fathers, and you will obtain an abundant harvest."

As the future founder of the Dominican Order began praying the rosary, the conversions of the Albigensians increased precipitously. In fact, St. Dominic's devotion to the rosary led to over 100,000 conversions.



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Bishop Oscar Cantú
PUBLISHER

Father Enrique López-Escalera
EDITOR

Christina Anchondo
MANAGING EDITOR

Father Enrique López-Escalera
Donna Curtiss
Emma Rivas
CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

Christina Anchondo
COVER PHOTO

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Patrick M. O'Brien
PRESIDENT/CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Elizabeth Martin Solsburg
VICE PRESIDENT

Cait Palmiter
GRAPHIC DESIGNER

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Reach us by phone: 575.523.7577 • fax: 575.524.3874 • e-mail: aguaviva@dioceseoflas-cruces.org • web: dioceseoflas-cruces.org

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LOVE

for Jesus and one another

THE DIVINE MERCY CHAPEL OF ADORATION
CATHEDRAL OF THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY

By Donna Curtiss

My pace quickens as I approach the door — I enter the code to reach the dwelling place of my Jesus. Yes, I know that he lives in my heart and soul — yet, when I enter this precious chapel, I feel I am on holy ground. Like Moses, I feel that I should remove my sandals from my feet.

The moment I open the door to the chapel, the peace of Christ comes over me. Yes, my Jesus, I long for the peace that you give to your beloved children. My thoughts come quickly at first: Oh, my Jesus, I thank you for this chapel — for the Holy Spirit inspiring Lea Gaughan to establish it here at the cathedral. How blessed I have been over the years to come here, to talk with you face-to-face. How blessed to be Catholic and to believe in transubstantiation. My heart and soul are so full of gratitude. I am a child of God, a daughter of the King of Kings. As a cradle Catholic I might miss Mass, but never this Holy Hour of adoration — unless I am out of town. When that happens I have a list of adorers who step in for me. They feel the same way about this holy place as I.

This Holy Hour for me is the touchstone that I rely on to center myself each week. I am uncertain how many years, Lord. My daughter was in her early teens and she is now 31.

In this chapel, I've prayed the rosary, used the same beads to pray the Divine Mercy. I've poured out my heart when we have been

alone. There have been times I have simply sat quietly and listened for your voice.

My commitment to this hour of adoration has changed my life. In your presence, Lord, I've mourned my dad and survived a second battle with cancer. It was in this chapel while I prayed about my work moving east that you whispered to me to send my resume to Father Bob Power, which led to a 10-year position with the diocese. Lord, I have experienced boundless joy in your presence.

There have been so many blessings. Once, I witnessed a beautiful young mother with an adolescent son stop to pray. Both had dark skin, dark eyes and hair. We left the chapel together and I noticed that their car was far from new. I wondered if I had just witnessed you, my Jesus with your mother Mary.

I have witnessed men and women prostrate themselves before your tabernacle, Lord, in tears and in joy. I have witnessed a full house — all praising you in their own way. I've been blessed to be alone with you for my hour. I cherish those times, too.

Father Juanito has touched my heart in the way that he simultaneously raised his



arms and his heart to you in prayer.

And, I have felt inept. I am saddened that I've lived in this area of the country for nearly 30 years, yet, when a woman came to the chapel sobbing in Spanish, I could not respond in her language. She was so obviously bereft and she did not speak English.



► **QUIET PRAYER:** Faithful in prayer in the chapel at St. Ann in Deming during Perpetual Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

So, I could only hold her, hug her. That is the way it is in our multi-cultural diocese—we all speak the language of your love.

Love is the common thread that runs through this chapel. We hug and bless those who come before us and those who follow our hour in your name. We are

known by our love, my Jesus by our love for you and for one another.

What a gift to live in this country where we are free to worship; to live in this diocese where Bishop Ricardo Ramírez and Bishop Oscar Cantú have approved this holy chapel; to live in this parish where the

rectors of the cathedral have endorsed this chapel. These Holy Hours of adoration have opened the eyes of my heart and soul. On behalf of all of the adorers, we thank you Very Rev. Bob Power, Rev. Sean Garrity, C.S.B., and Very Rev. Bill McCann. Most of all, we thank you, Jesus!



el AMOR a Jesús y con los demás

Por Donna Curtiss

Mi paso se apresura al acercarme a la puerta – rápidamente marque el código para entrar en la morada de Jesús. Sí, sé que él vive en mi corazón y mi alma – sin embargo, cuando entro en esta capilla preciosa me siento que estoy en Tierra Santa. Como Moisés, siento que debo quitarme las sandalias de mis pies.

En el momento que abro la puerta a la capilla – la paz de Cristo me invade. Sí, anhelo por la paz que le das a tus hijos amados Jesús. Mis pensamientos se precipitan al principio: ¡Oh mi Jesús, gracias por esta capilla – por haber inspirado a Gaughan Lea por medio del Espíritu Santo a establecerla aquí en la catedral. Cuán bendecida he sido durante estos años por venir aquí, para hablar contigo cara a cara. Que bendición ser católico y creer en la transubstanciación. Mi corazón y mi alma están tan llenos de gratitud. Yo soy una hija de Dios, una hija del rey de Reyes. Como católica de nacimiento

puedo faltar a misa pero nunca a esta hora Santa de adoración a menos que esté fuera de la ciudad. Cuando eso sucede, tengo una lista de adoradores que entran por mí. Ellos sienten lo mismo que yo acerca de este lugar santo.

Esta hora Santa para mí es la roca en la que me apoyo y confío para poder centrarme cada semana. No estoy seguro cuántos años, Señor. Mi hija estaba en su adolescencia y ahora tiene 31 años. En esta capilla – he rezado el Rosario, utilizo las mismas cuentas para orar la Coronilla de la Divina Misericordia. He derramado mi corazón cuando hemos estado solos. Ha

habido ocasiones en las que simplemente me he sentado en silencio y he escuchado tu voz. Mi compromiso con esta hora de adoración ha cambiado mi vida. En tu presencia, Señor, he llorado a mi papá y sobreviví a una segunda batalla con el cáncer. Fue en esta capilla mientras rezaba sobre mi trabajo para trasladarme al Este de los Estados Unidos que me susurraste enviara mi curriculum a Padre Bob Power, lo que llevó a una posición de diez años con la diócesis. Señor, he experimentado infinito gozo en tu presencia. Ha recibido tantas bendiciones.

Una vez fui testigo de una bella joven madre que entró con su hijo adolescente a orar. Ambos eran hermosos, de piel oscura, ojos y piel oscuros. Salimos juntos de la capilla y me di cuenta de que su auto estaba muy viejito. Me preguntaba si te había presenciado a ti, mi Jesús con tu madre la Virgen María. He sido testigo al ver hombres y mujeres postrarse ante el Sagrario, Señor, derramar lágrimas de dolor y alegría. He presenciado una capilla repleta – todos alabándote a su manera. He sido bendecida al disfrutar mi hora estando a solas contigo. Valoro esos momentos también.

El padre Juanito ha tocado mi corazón en la forma como levantaba sus brazos y su corazón en la oración.

Y me he sentido inepta. Triste de haber vivido en esta zona del país durante casi 30 años y cuando una mujer llegó a la capilla sollozando en español, no pude responder en su idioma. Obviamente su pena era inmensa, ella no hablaba inglés. Por lo tanto, sólo podía acercarme a ella y abrazarla. Así es en nuestra diócesis multicultural – todos hablamos el idioma de tu amor.

El amor es la característica común de los que atraviesan esta capilla. Abrazamos y bendecimos a aquellos que nos precedieron y a aquellos quienes siguen viniendo a esta hora en tu nombre. Somos conocidos por nuestro amor, Jesús mío, por nuestro amor por ti y del uno al otro.

Es un regalo vivir en este país donde hay libertad de culto; vivir en esta diócesis donde el obispo Ramírez y obispo Cantú han aprobado esta capilla Santa; vivir en esta parroquia donde los rectores de la Catedral han autorizado esta capilla. Estas horas santas de adoración han abierto los ojos de mi corazón y mi alma. En nombre de todos los adoradores, les agradecemos Padre Bob Power, Padre Sean Garrity, C.S.B. y Muy Reverendo Bill McCann. Sobre todo ¡te damos gracias a ti, Jesús!