

God calls each one of us. Let us open our hearts to his call. We need to be still each day for a moment so that we can hear Him. Last year, I heard God calling me in Deacon Mike Mims homily. The call was for me to go out and use the gifts that God has given me. Go encounter the poor. There are many stories to tell of the mission trip. One that I would like to share with you is about Don Felipe. This 62 year old man lived in Mirador near the top of the mountain with his wife. He had a stroke a few years ago and was bedridden. His wife meticulously cared for him. He had no bed sores and he was very clean. She would spoon feed him what ever food she could gather. Unfortunately, his health deteriorated since last year due to malnutrition. His body wasted and his mental status declined. A group of us went to visit them. There he lay near a small window in their adobe hut. The light fell on his face gently. His wife was dutifully by his side. I felt tentative as I approached his bed. I reached for his hand and to my surprise he reached for mine. As we shared this precious moment, he smiled, looked at me and sweetly groaned. His eyes pierced my heart! In that holy moment, I experience Jesus' love. He was so joyful even in his dying state. It reminded me of Jesus on the cross having mercy on us. He stroked my hand with his own just smiling. Loving our neighbor, we show love to Jesus. That is what it is all about! Don Felipe received the Eucharist along with his wife for the first time in two decades that day. He now rests in Heaven with our Father. Rest in peace my friend.

Teresa Romero