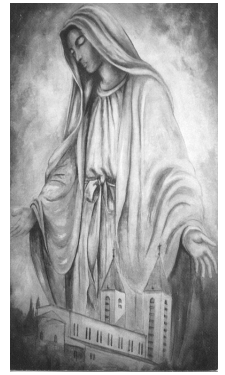


Share the Messages



# OUR LADY'S MONTHLY MESSENGER

THE MIR CENTER OF WESTERN COLORADO

Vol. 24, No. 5

May, 2020

*There are different kinds of spiritual gifts but the same Spirit; there are different forms of service but the same Lord; there are different workings but the same God who produces all of them in everyone. To each individual the manifestation of the Spirit is given for some benefit... (1 Cor 12: 4-7)*

## Our Lady of Medjugorje's Monthly Message of April 25th, 2020:

*Dear children! May this time be an incentive for personal conversion for you. Pray, little children, in solitude, to the Holy Spirit to strengthen you in faith and trust in God, that you may be worthy witnesses of the love which God bestows upon you through my presence. Little children, do not permit trials to harden your heart and for prayer to be like a desert. Be a reflection of God's love and witness the Risen Jesus by your lives. I am with you and I love all of you with my motherly love. Thank you for having responded to my call.*

On the 25th of each month, Our Lady gives a message through the visionary Marija Pavlovic-Lunetti for the villagers in the parish of Medjugorje and for all those who choose to follow her on the path to holiness.



Cause of Our Joy

### Inside:

*A Divine Mercy story -pg. 2*

*By hook and by crook -pg. 4*

*The Catholic martyrs of Wuhan -pg. 5*



## A Story of Divine Mercy

from godspy.com

A relatively young priest is in a hospital in Poland visiting some of his parishioners. He is walking down the hallway, and a nun stops him and says, "Father, can you go into this room? There's a man on his deathbed. He's been here for days. We've asked priests to go in, but he chases everyone away. He doesn't want to talk about Jesus. But he's dying. Could you please visit him?"

The priest goes in and introduces himself to the patient. The guy erupts and starts cursing at him. He is so angry: "I don't want anything to do with you. Get out of here!" The priest says, "Okay" and goes out into the hall.



The nun is still there. She says, "Could you go back in?" The priest replies, "He doesn't want anything I have to offer." "Just give it another chance," pleads the nun. The priest reluctantly reenters the room. "I'm not going to ask if you want to go to confession. I'm not going to ask if you want Holy Communion. But is it okay if I just sit here next to your bed and pray the Chaplet of Divine Mercy?" The old man replies, "I don't care. Do whatever you want."

The priest sits down and begins softly praying the words of the Chaplet: "For the sake of His sorrowful Passion, have mercy on us and on the whole world. For the sake of His sorrowful Passion, have mercy on us and on the whole world...."

Suddenly the man bursts out, "Stop it!" Startled, the priest looks up and asks, "Why?" "Because there is no mercy for me!" "Why do you think there is no mercy for you?" asks the priest. "It doesn't matter," responds the old man.

But the priest persists: "Why do you think there is no mercy for you?" "I'll tell you... Twenty-five years ago, I was working for the railroad. My job was to lower the crossing guard arm when a train would come to prevent cars from going on the tracks. But one night I was drunk. I didn't lower the crossing guard arm, and a couple and their three young children were on the tracks as a train came, and they were all instantly killed. That was my fault. So there is no mercy for me. I have failed. It is over."

The priest just sits there staring at the rosary in his hands. Finally he asks, "Where was this?" The man tells him the name of the Polish town. The priest looks up and says, "Twenty-five years ago, my



*(Divine Mercy continued on page 3)*

## Boy prays on the street for end of Coronavirus

From Aleteia.org



Today in the neighborhood we came together to pray and ask God for help with the emergency situation we are living, so that in this way we could share hope and faith. I took advantage of the minutes before the people went outdoors to pray, to take a photo of all the candles. It was a satisfying moment when I found this boy and, taking advantage of his concentration, I took the picture."

"Then I asked him what he was doing, and he answered in his innocence that he was asking God for a wish on his own, and that he went out because there was a lot of noise in his house, so otherwise his wish would not be fulfilled," she continued. "I was left with a smile on my face, with my faith and hope at 1000%, but above all I was delighted to be a witness of the love and trust of that child towards God. How beautiful it is that these virtues are instilled in them, even in difficult times."

Later it was revealed, thanks to a report published by Peruvian news outlet, that the boy is named Alen Castañeda Zelada. He's six years old and he made this decision to go out to the streets to pray to God because of the love he feels for his grandparents, whom he has not seen since the confinement in Peru began.

"I pray that God will take care of those who have this disease. I'm asking that no one go out, many elderly people are dying from this disease," said the little boy, according to the Peruvian news outlet. The boy's father also made it clear to the local press that his son wanted to go out into the street for a moment to pray because of the noise in the house. "We're a Catholic family and I was quite surprised. My son is a little boy of six and I didn't think he would react like this, it has been a surprise for all of us," he said.

This particular scene of Alen praying for the end of the coronavirus also takes place in the context of a neighborhood where prayer is public and unabashed. Several members of the neighborhood coordinate and make a prayer chain every night, and many of them go out of the doors of their homes to pray together, albeit at a distance.

## From the Diary of Sister Emmanuel

www.childrenofmedjugorje.com

Reminder of Mary's message conveyed on the Feast of the Annunciation on March 25th, 2020:

***"Dear children! I am with you all these years to lead you to the way of salvation. Return to my Son; return to prayer and fasting. Little children, permit God to speak to your heart, because Satan is reigning and wants to destroy your lives and the earth on which you walk. Be courageous and decide for holiness. You will see conversion in your hearts and families; prayer will be heard; God will hear your cries and give you peace. I am with you and am blessing you all with my motherly blessing. Thank you for having responded to my call."***

*(Divine Mercy continued from page 2)*

mom and my dad were taking my little siblings on a trip. I couldn't go with them. They were driving through this small town. For some reason the railroad crossing guard arm wasn't lowered. As they were crossing the tracks, a train came and killed them all. I lost my whole family that night." The priest gazes intently into the man's face, and he says, "My brother, God forgives you. Not only that, I forgive you."

The man realizes that God's mercy is for him. The priest asks, "Would you let me hear your confession and give you the Eucharist?" The man makes his confession and receives Holy Communion. Two days later he dies. Mercy wins. His failure is not final.

The story goes on. It's kind of cool. After giving the man Communion, the priest goes into the hallway in search of the nun. He can't find her. The administration tells him, "We don't employ any nuns at this hospital."

For years the priest does not know who this nun is. Eventually he goes to the town of Vilnius, which is where Saint Faustina lived. He goes to the convent to say Mass for the nuns there. He sees a painting on the wall of Saint Faustina, and he says, "I had met that nun a couple of years ago." "No, Father, you did not," replies one of the nuns. "She's been dead since 1938."

The priest then realizes it was Sister Faustina who told him to go into the patient's room, and told him again to go back into that room. Failure is not final. Not when it comes to Jesus. Not when it comes to God's mercy.



Sister Emmanuel

## Some local news

Outwardly, nothing has changed, the village remains deserted and silent! But internally, beautiful things are happening, bonds are becoming stronger between communities, people are helping each other with shopping and errands, people have the time to speak on the phone which is almost impossible when everything is "normal". In a word, the Lord is strengthening our brotherly bonds, something He is so good at doing!

We are praying for 3 people in the parish who are victims of the coronavirus. Father Ante, who was hospitalized in Mostar, went home to the Father on Saturday 18, at the age of 77. He had already dealt with several viruses in Africa.

Also 2 religious' sisters from the retirement home convent in Miletina have gone to their rest. Father Ante passed away, as did Saint John Paul II, during the vigil of Divine Mercy Sunday in April 2005. The other Franciscan friars are doing well, thanks be to God! It is a great joy for them to be together in their ordinary community life, while respecting the prescribed distances!



The live-streamed Medjugorje evening Mass was followed by a vast number of people (3,516,903 on April 16th). It is beautiful to see how spiritual Communion is increasingly well understood and more widely practiced. Even though we can't wait to get back to sacramental Communion! See <http://www.medjugorje.hr/it/multimedia/live-streaming/> As for Father Jozo Zovko? He is living in his community in Zagreb like all the Franciscans of that parish. It is not yet known whether he will be able to preach at his summer retreats on the island of Badija the way he has done in recent years. Those retreats planned before that date will be postponed to October, God willing

## Update on the visionaries

The visionaries are sheltered in their family homes, like all of us. Marija has sent this lovely fraternal note to us: "God ever bless you my dearest! With the Risen Jesus in our hearts and the Gospa with us, we lack for nothing. We are also in prayer, just as the Gospa taught us from the very beginning. Prayer holds first place, and conversion in the family. A big kiss to all of you!" Your Marija.

As for our house, well, we are still in good health and continuing to make our videos despite our limited technical resources. For instance, it takes 1 hour to send a 5-minute film to France for editing, so that it can be posted on YouTube and

*(Diary of Sr Emmanuel continued on page 6)*

## By Hook and by Crook

By Archbishop Fulton J Sheen

From [thecatholicthing.org](http://thecatholicthing.org)

Sunday morning came, and it was one of calm, like the sleep of innocents, and the clear, benign air seemed almost as if it had been stirred by angels' wings. Mary walked in the garden and someone near her spoke a word, and pronounced it longingly, wistfully, in that touching and unforgettable voice which had called her so many times: "Mary." And to this one and only word, she made an answer, a word and only one: "Rabboni." And as she fell at His knees in the dewy grass and clasped in her hands those bare feet, she saw two scars, two red-lined marks of nails — for Christ was now walking in the glory of His new Easter morn.

That was the first Easter Day. Centuries have whirled away since, and on this new Easter Day as I turn from that garden to the altar, I behold placed over the tabernacle, on this Resurrection Day, the image, not of a Risen Savior, but the image of a dying one, to teach me that Christ lives over again in His Church, and that the Church, like Christ, not only lives, not only dies, but always rises from the dead. She is in love with death as a condition of birth; and with her, as with Christ, unless there is a Good Friday in her life, there will never be an Easter Sunday; unless there is the crown of thorns there will never be the halo of light; and unless there is the Cross there will never be the empty tomb.

In other words, every now and then the Church must be crucified by an unbelieving world and buried as dead, only to rise again. She never does anything but die, and for that peculiar reason she never does anything but live. Every now and then the very life seems to have gone out of her; she is palled with death; her blood seems to have been sapped out of her; her enemies seal the tomb, roll a stone in front of her grave, and say: "The Church will never rise again!" But somehow or other she does rise again.

At least a dozen times in history, the world has buried the Church and each time she has come to life again. . . .

It is a strange but certain fact that the Church is never so weak as when she is powerful with the world; never so poor as when she is rich with the riches of the world; never so foolish as when she is wise with the fancies of the world. She is strongest with Divine Help when she is weakest with human power, for like Peter she is given the miraculous draught of fishes when she admits by her own power she has labored all the night and taken nothing.

When her discipline, her spirit of saintliness, her zeal for Christ, her vigils, and her mortifications, become a thing of less importance, the world makes the fatal mistake of believing that her soul is dead and her faith is departed. Not so! The faith, even in those days of lesser prayer, is solid — for it is the faith of the centuries, the faith of Jesus Christ. What may be weak is her discipline, her prayerfulness, and her saintliness, for these are of men, whereas her faith is of God. A renewal of spirit, then, will come not by changing her way of thinking, for that is divine, but her way of acting, for that is human.

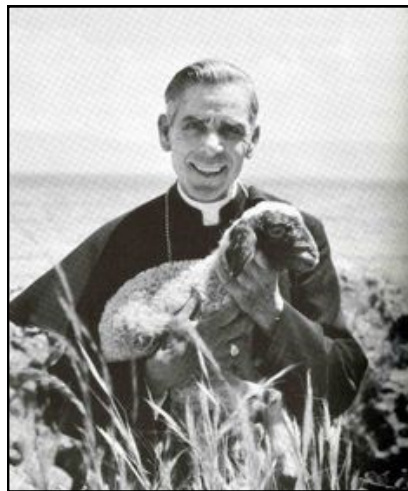
But the world, failing to make this distinction between the Divine and the human in her, as it failed to make it in Christ, takes her for dead. To the world, her very life seems spent, her heart pierced, her body drained; in its eyes she is just as dead as the Master when taken down from the cross, and there is nothing left to do but to lay her in the sepulcher. . . .

There emerges, then, from her history one great and wonderful lesson and it is this: Christ rose from the dead, not because He is man, but because He is God. The Church rises from the sepulcher in which violent hands or passing errors would inter her, not because she is human, but because she is Divine. Nothing can rise from the dead except Divinity. The world should profit by experience and give up expecting the Church to die. If a bell had been tolled on a thousand different occasions and the funeral never took place, men would soon begin to regard the funeral as a joke. So it is with the Church. The notice of her execution has been posted but the execution has never taken place. Science killed her and still she was there. History interred her, but still she was alive. Modernism slew her, but still she lived.

Even civilizations are born, rise to greatness, then decline, suffer, and die; but they never rise again. But the Church does rise again; in fact she is constantly finding her way out of the grave because she had a Captain who found His way out of the grave. The world may expect her to become tired, to be weak when she becomes powerful, to become poor when she is rich, but the world need never expect her to die. The world should give up looking for the extinction of that which so many times has been vainly extinguished.

Like a mighty oak tree which has stood for twenty centuries she bears fresh green foliage for each new age, that the age may come and enjoy the refreshing benediction of its shade. The flowers that open their chalices of perfume this spring are not old things, but new things on an old root. Such is the Church. She is reborn to each new age, and hence is the only new thing in the world. . . .

She will go on dying and living again and in each recurring cycle of a Good Friday and an Easter Sunday her one aim in life will be to preach Christ and Him Crucified. . . . To bring the peace of Christ to the souls of our countrymen. There will be no weapons to make that peace an armed peace, but there will be two insignificant instruments used, which have been used from the beginning, and they will be the instruments Our Lord taught His Apostles to use, namely those of fishermen and shepherds. I might say, therefore, we will go on "by hook and by crook" and the hook will be the hook of the fisherman, and the crook will be the crook of the shepherd; and with the hook we will catch souls for Christ, and with the crook we will keep them, even to the end of time; for as fishers of men and shepherds of souls we are committed to the high destiny of making Christ the King of human hearts, and with only the sign of Jonas the prophet, the fulfillment of that destiny can never be doubted, for if truth wins, Christ wins; if truth... Ah! But truth can't lose.



# The Catholic Martyrs of Wuhan

by Anthony E Clark, from Catholicworldreport.com

Providence often carries us in unexpected directions. When I was in Wuhan, China, some time ago conducting research on the martyr saints of that area, I was certain that almost no one from my native U.S. had ever heard of Wuhan, and I also thought that they never would hear of Wuhan. I was wrong. "Wuhan" is now in the common lexicon of nearly every person on earth.

These saints of China were canonized not only for how they suffered and died, but also for their heroic witness of charity and faith were martyred in a district of Wuhan: Saint Francis-Regis Clet, CM, (1748-1820) and Saint Jean-Gabriel Perboyre, CM, (1802-1840). The famous Carmelite nun, Saint Thérèse of Lisieux (1873-1897), was so impressed by these two martyrs of Wuhan that she kept in her personal prayer-book a holy card of Saint Perboyre. Francis-Regis Clet was the tenth child of a family of fifteen children, and when he was twenty-one years old he entered the Vincentians because of his admiration for Saint Vincent de Paul's love for the poor and afflicted. He was in Paris when the violent persecution of Catholics began during the French Revolution (1789-1799), and when priests were being exiled from their native France he volunteered to go to China where he was certain to confront more of the same persecution.

Jean-Gabriel Perboyre, like his confrere, Father Clet, was born into a large French Catholic family, and four of his siblings, like him, became Vincentians because of their desire to serve others as Jesus had, and to follow in the footsteps of Saint Vincent. Jean-Gabriel joined the Vincentians when he was only sixteen years old, and while he was in the seminary he was known to have had such a passionate devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament that he spent long hours in front of the tabernacle in prayer and kneeling in thanksgiving after receiving Holy Communion.

While Clet lived in China, there was a rebellion led by a millenarian sect called the "White Lotus Society," and local officials lumped Christians into the same group. The result was terrifying for both the missionaries and Chinese faithful; Christians were hated and attacked both by the White Lotus group and the government.

In one letter, Francis-Regis Clet wrote that, "they destroy everything in their path, burning houses and taking everything they can carry, and then they kill everyone who cannot escape in time." For Perboyre, the turbulence he experienced was both external and internal – not all saints face fear with a sense of peace and resignation. When the landscape around him grew more violent and alarming, Jean-Gabriel, as one source puts it, "experienced an intense anguish of the soul" and "was harassed by a violent temptation to despair." It was

reflecting upon the Apostle Thomas' disbelief that removed doubt and fear from Perboyre – "Put your finger here; see my hands. Reach out your hand and put it into my side. Stop doubting and believe" (Jn 20:27).

An anti-Christian intrigue in 1818 forced Francis-Regis Clet into hiding. On May 25, the imperial palace in Beijing was suddenly enveloped in "strong winds and torrential rains, while the sky turned red as thunder pealed above the city." The emperor's advisors suggested that the strange occurrence was caused by the spiritual interference of the Christian missionaries, and thus constables were sent to arrest Father Clet. He was forced to remain in seclusion, hiding in small caves and remote places in the woods. He eventually sought refuge in the home of a Catholic family, where he "sheltered in place" for six lonely months.



Clet's location was eventually revealed by an apostate and he was locked in chains. He was delivered to a local court, where he was forced to kneel on chains while his face was beaten with a leather strap because he refused to denounce his Christian faith. When he was later transferred to the prison at Wuhan, his clothes were, as one witness described them, "stained with blood from cuts and wounds caused by the blows. He was condemned to death by slow suffocation on February 17, 1820, and he was taken to the execution ground where he "calmly endured strangulation when a chord was tightened around his neck in three stages."

Perboyre's suffering and death, some say, was even more cruel. An anti-Christian movement emerged in 1839 that forced Jean-Gabriel to live in a state of isolation, and through this time he was hidden and protected by Chinese Christians who sheltered him despite the danger of losing their own lives. After offering Holy Mass on September 16, 1839, a local Christian arrived to inform Father Perboyre that two officials and a large band of troops were quickly approaching the church. Perboyre refused to escape the danger until he had consumed the Blessed Sacrament and gathered the sacred vessels to protect them from being profaned.

He was eventually discovered and seized by patrolmen, who dragged him away by his hair to be interrogated in tribunals. He was tortured – forced to kneel on chains and hung from beams by his thumbs – before being taken to Wuhan along with several Chinese Christians who refused to abandon their pastor. In his Wuhan prison cell, Jean-Gabriel Perboyre was chained to the wall – the chains were so tight that he lost part of a foot and a hand. One of the Chinese Christians with Perboyre, who had taken the baptismal name of Stanislaus,

(Diary of Sr Emmanuel continued from page 3)

Facebook, etc. You may have noticed our "amateurish" skills in editing, and the photos don't always have the best resolution... Nevertheless, it is all being done with love to reach out to you wherever you are during this ordeal of confinement, and so impatient to see the end of this pandemic!

Just so you can get a glimpse of the 3 workers who are carrying out this task, and so that you can keep praying for us even more, here is a picture taken a few years ago of Nancy (my American assistant now in Medj), Gaby (who is stuck in France) and myself.



Here is a glimpse of our simple daily life as recluses in the home, and how we alternate between filming and peeling...

### ***We supported the fundocovid***

Before Easter we received a beautiful sign of God's blessing! On Holy Saturday, the number of nations affected by Covid19 was 193. On that day, according to the site's statistics, Christians from 193 nations had pledged to pray with us and invoke the Name of Jesus at 3pm. On that same day, the number who died was 103,000; and on our website, we found that there were 103,000 people praying! God loves to give us such small signs of encouragement! We will continue to invoke the name of Jesus at 3 p.m. until the end of the pandemic.

### ***The Blood and the Glory!***

Great is the joy in our hearts, for Christ is risen! This joy cannot be taken away from us. However, this Easter celebration is marked by great suffering, which in many cases is unprecedented. This has made me think a great deal about a woman who established the connection between intolerable suffering and glory, two intertwined realities that the world is experiencing today. This woman is St. Veronica, known for wiping the face of Jesus on the way to Calvary.

According to Venerable Martha Robin, her real name was Seraphia. She was a cousin of the Blessed Mother and barely older than her. She loved and adored Jesus, and fed Him in the Temple when His parents lost him at the age of 12. When she heard the screams and agitation in the street under her windows, and saw that Jesus was in custody and carrying His cross, her heart skipped a beat and she rushed off to the sinister procession of Roman soldiers, Pharisees and onlookers who were accompanying Jesus toward His crucifixion. God only knows how she managed to get close to Him, given that the Romans and other guards with their horses formed an impassable barrier. She set off, however, knowing that she could be exposed to serious injury or even death. But love does not care about barriers and knows how to open a breach! There she was, standing before Jesus, a disfigured, unrecognizable

Jesus who no longer looked human. She barely had time to wipe His face before being kicked out by the Roman guards. However, when she locked eyes with Jesus, that gaze was something she would never forget! Then Seraphia realized that Jesus' face had been etched onto her veil... An unbelievable marvel! The relic of all relics! But there was more there than a relic on the cloth: Jesus had another gift for her, rewarding her wildly loving gesture towards Him: He etched the Fire of His own Heart onto hers so that she could carry within her the seal of Christ's love. Henceforth Seraphia was a different person. For the remainder of her life, she would feel the burning fire of charity in her.

Why this story today? The Church is in agony. The shepherds are without their flock, the sheep are without a shepherd, and the churches are closed. No public Masses, no sacraments, no prayer gatherings... However, as the Gospa told us last year, "**The Church is my Son!**" The Church is like her Master, she endures violence and looks beaten. Some are even leaving her in a fit of spite. But this is not the time for abandonment!! On the contrary, this is the time when, like Seraphia, we go before Jesus who is a prisoner in chains to show Him our unconditional love. Far from whining and complaining, we want to welcome the Crucified One, who rose from the dead, was victorious over Evil, and who will transform the brand of blood that is making us suffer inside into a flame of love and glory. After this trial, however difficult, there is before us the Triumph of the Immaculate Heart prepared by God. It is by worshipping our King that we will hasten this Triumph. In adoration, Jesus' beautiful gaze will not fail to look deep into our soul, communicating His flame, and healing it from emptiness and fear.

## Medjugorje Pilgrim Testimonies

From iMedjugorje video @stellamarfilms.com

Back in 1983, when I was only 15 years of age, my older sister read an article that there were apparitions in Yugoslavia, as it was then, and we just decided to come— a bunch of teenagers. *Magnus Macfarlane, Mary's Meals*

When the war started in the 1990's, my family and I came to Herzegovina as refugees, and that is how Medjugorje became a big part of my family's life. Even when I'm guiding people, I always say Our Lady is the guide. She is the true guide. She's the one in charge. *Svjetlana, Medjugorje guide.*

When I came here, I experienced the most amazing peace that I ever experienced in 24 years of life. If my mother was here today she would say that my son left Ireland, but somebody else came back— because I was actually smiling for the first time. *Fergahl from Ireland*

I am not what you call, one of these happy-clappys. Like the youth festival. I've tried. I'm a dour Scotsman and I am proud of it. And I think the Virgin Mary has given me enough signs to make that transition from a life of secularism to a life that is more conducive to holiness. *Paul from Scotland*

Being a Viet Nam war veteran in probably the worst situation you can get in, it's been a tough go. I know the Eucharist is in every parish. I know Our Lady is everywhere you go when you pray the Rosary, but there's something different here. She's very much alive here among the people. *Neil from USA*

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(Martyrs of Wuhan continued from page 5)  
 was tortured along with Jean-Gabriel. Stanislaus was taken to a dung hill where he was ordered to trample on a crucifix and deny his Christian faith – and he was condemned to die for refusing to follow that command. Father Perboyre heard Stanislaus' final confession before he crawled to his execution, for his limbs had been too badly beaten for him to be able to walk upright. What Perboyre endured was as cruel as what his friends around him had suffered; he was made to kneel on broken glass, his face was branded with the accusation, "teacher of false religion," and he was forced to wear his vestments while being paraded about and humiliated.



The holy card of St. Perboyre that Ste. Therese of Lisieux kept in her prayer book

At last, Jean-Gabriel Perboyre was summoned from his cell on September 11, 1840, and led to his execution while carrying a sign announcing his sentence. The executioner placed a cord around his neck and slipped a piece of bamboo into the knot. With a strong twist, he tightened the cord around the convict's neck, and then he loosened the cord to give the poor sufferer a moment to catch his breath. Then he tightened the cord a second time, and relaxed it again. Only after the third twist did he keep the cord tightened until death followed.

Among the things that most moved those who watched Perboyre's punishing interrogations was that when the magistrate commanded him to step on the crucifix, he would simply pick it up and kiss it, as he would if he were receiving the Last Rites of the Church.

These are the words of Saint Perboyre – one of the two saints of Wuhan – that were written on Saint Thérèse of Lisieux's holy card that bore his image; they describe Perboyre's advice for how each of us should confront suffering and death: "Just as God wanted to die for us, we should never fear dying for Him."

Aren't the messages of Our Lady too good to keep to yourself? Isn't there a friend or relative that you'd like to add to our mailing list? There is no charge for "Our Lady's Monthly Messenger", but donations are accepted. Please Note: if you add more than 2 names, please consider a donation of 20 dollars per name per year. Make checks payable to: *The Mir Center*. And please, no overseas orders... Thanks and God Bless!

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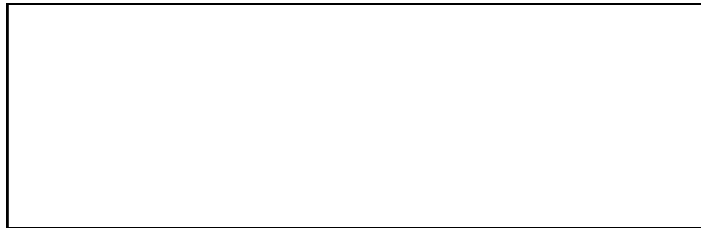
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May

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1 <b>St. Joseph The Worker</b>	2
3	4	5 Medjugorje prayer group 7:00pm St Francis	6	7	8	9
10	11	12 Medjugorje prayer group 7:00pm St Francis	13 <b>Our Lady Of Fatima</b>	14	15	16
17	18	19 Medjugorje prayer group 7:00pm St Francis	20	21 <b>The Ascension</b>	22	23
24	25	26 Medjugorje prayer group 7:00pm St Francis	27	28	29	30

**Upcoming events:**

- + The Ascension of the Lord, May 21st or 24th
- + Pentecost Sunday, May 31st
- + Trinity Sunday, June 7th
- + Corpus Christi Sunday, June 14th



Our Lady's Five-Point Program  
 \*Conversion  
 \*Prayer  
 \*Fasting  
 \*Peace  
 \*Reconciliation

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 mailing list, please let us know...***

MISSION STATEMENT

The MIR Center of Western Colorado was established to provide accurate information about the messages and events originating from Marian apparitions occurring in Medjugorje and helping others to live the messages as well. By living the messages of Medjugorje, which are in essence the message of the Gospel, we hope to spread peace into our families, into our communities, and into our world. As a nonprofit organization, we intend to use any and all funds raised or donations received to aid in spreading the messages of Our Lady to all who will listen. With regard to the apparitions occurring in the world today we humbly submit to the final authority of the Catholic Church.