



1ST SATURDAY DEVOTION NEWSLETTER

September 2017

In this Issue

Behold, Your Mother	1
Overview for the Month	
Feasts for September	
Cenacle Corner	2
Highlight of the Month	3
God Touched Me	5
Spiritual Army News Dispatch	
Upcoming Events	8
Spiritual Enrichment Recommended	9
Thank You	10
Devotion Schedule	

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"BEHOLD, YOUR MOTHER" (OUR LADY OF SORROWS)

By Fr. Scott Hurd

How did Mary show her feelings as she witnessed her Son's Passion? Was she numb with shock? Did she try to be stoic and stifle her tears? Did she crumple in a heap and sob uncontrollably? Or did she express her anguish in all of these ways?

Scripture doesn't answer these questions. However, if Mary is human, which she is, and if she loves her Son, which she does, then surely the Passion must have filled her with sorrow. It is this sorrow that we recall today, the memorial of Our Lady of Sorrows.

We recall especially that Mary suffered while Jesus suffered. When we suffer, Mary invites us to gaze at Jesus on the cross. Jesus, however, refers us back to Mary and says: "Behold your mother." It's as if he says, "Look at Mary; she's your example; do as she did."

And what did Mary do? She stayed with Jesus at the foot of the cross. She didn't run away. We can learn three things from this.

First, when we stay at the foot of the cross, we realize that we're not alone in our suffering. We have a Lord who has suffered for us, and who suffers with us. This can be for us a source of consolation and strength.

Second, staying at the foot of the cross helps us to think not only about ourselves, something so easy to do when we suffer. By being at the cross, Mary was able to comfort her Son, in spite of her own pain. Her witness can teach us to be compassionate too.

Third, keeping the cross in sight reminds us that it was followed by an empty tomb -- which is a cause for joy. As Mary learned, sorrow and joy can coexist, and sorrow will never have the final word. Through her witness, Our Lady of Sorrows embodies for us what Mother Teresa once wrote so beautifully: "Never let anything cause you so much sorrow that you forget the joy of Christ risen!" □



Reverend R. Scott Hurd is a priest of the Archdiocese of Washington, D.C. Fr. Scott began his ordained ministry as an Episcopal priest and entered the Catholic Church in 1996. He holds degrees from Oxford University and the University of Richmond. He has served as Executive Director of the Archdiocese of Washington's Office of the Permanent Diaconate and as Vicar General of the Personal Ordinariate of the Chair of Saint Peter.

OVERVIEW FOR THE MONTH

www.catholicculture.org

The month of September is dedicated to Our Lady of Sorrows, whose memorial the Church celebrates on September 15. September falls during the liturgical season known as Ordinary Time, which is represented by the liturgical color green.

During September, as in all of Ordinary Time (formerly known as Time After Pentecost), the Liturgy does not focus on one particular mystery of Christ, but views the

mystery of Christ in all its aspects. We follow the life of Christ through the Gospels, and focus on the teachings and parables of Jesus and what it means for us to be a follower of Christ. During Ordinary Time we can concentrate more on the saints and imitate their holiness as Christ's followers. ☐

FEASTS FOR SEPTEMBER

The feasts on the General Roman Calendar celebrated during the month of September are:

- 3 Twenty-Second Sunday in Ordinary Time, Sunday
- 8 Birth of Mary, Feast
- 9 Peter Claver (USA), Memorial
- 10 Twenty-Third Sunday in Ordinary Time, Sunday
- 12 Most Holy Name of Mary, Opt. Mem.
- 13 John Chrysostom, Memorial
- 14 Exaltation of the Holy Cross, Feast
- 15 Our Lady of Sorrows, Memorial
- 16 Cornelius and Cyprian, Memorial
- 17 Twenty-Fourth Sunday in Ordinary Time, Sunday
- 19 Januarius, Opt. Mem.
- 20 Andrew Kim Taegon, Paul Chong Hasang and companions, Memorial
- 21 Matthew, Feast

- 23 Pio of Pietrelcina, Memorial
- 24 Twenty-Fifth Sunday in Ordinary Time, Sunday
- 26 Cosmas and Damian, Opt. Mem.
- 27 Vincent de Paul, Memorial
- 28 Wenceslaus; Lawrence Ruiz and Companions; St. Simón de Rojas O.S.S. (Spain), Opt. Mem.
- 29 Michael, Gabriel and Raphael, Feast
- 30 Jerome, Memorial

The feasts of St. Gregory the Great (September 3) and St. Robert Bellarmine (September 17) are superseded by the Sunday liturgy ☐

OUR CENACLE CORNER

*Seeking a deeper relationship with God
through meditation of passages from Holy Scriptures*

BOOK OF ESTHER

THE LIFE AND THE FAITH OF THIS JEWISH WOMAN WHO WAITED
PATIENTLY TO SAVE HER PEOPLE.

PRESENTATION AND DISCUSSION WILL BE SHARED BY
BROTHER FRANK BATINO AND SISTER MARILYN BATINO.

HIGHLIGHT OF THE MONTH

THE WISDOM AND POWER OF THE CROSS

A HOMILY FOR THE EXALTATION OF THE CROSS

Msgr. Charles Pope

The Readings for today's Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross provide a rich teaching on the Cross. Let's look at five themes, each in turn.

I. The Pattern of the Cross – One of the stranger passages in the Old Testament is one describing a command Moses received from God to mount a bronze snake on a pole.

The people had grumbled against God and Moses for the “wretched” manna they had to consume (Numbers 21:5). They were sick of its bland quality even though it was the miracle food, the bread from Heaven that had sustained them in the desert. (Pay attention, Catholics who treat the Eucharist lightly or find it boring!) God grew angry and sent venomous snakes among them, which caused many to die (Nm 21:6). The people then repented and, in order to bring healing to them, God commanded a strange and remarkable thing: Make a snake and put it up on a pole; anyone who is bitten can look at it and live (Nm 21:8).

No Graven Images??

Now remember, it was God who had said earlier in the Ten Commandments, Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth (Ex 20:4). Yet here He commands a graven (carved) image be made.

Why does God do this? That is covered in the next point.

II. The Palliative Quality of the Cross – And yet when Moses made it of bronze and showed it to the people, those who looked at it became well (Nm 21:9).

In a way it is almost as if God were saying to Moses, “The people, in rejecting the Bread from Heaven have chosen Satan and what he offers. They have rejected me. Let them look into the depth of their sin and face their choice and the fears it has set

loose. Let them look upon a serpent. Having looked, let them repent and be healed; let the fear of what the serpent can do depart.”

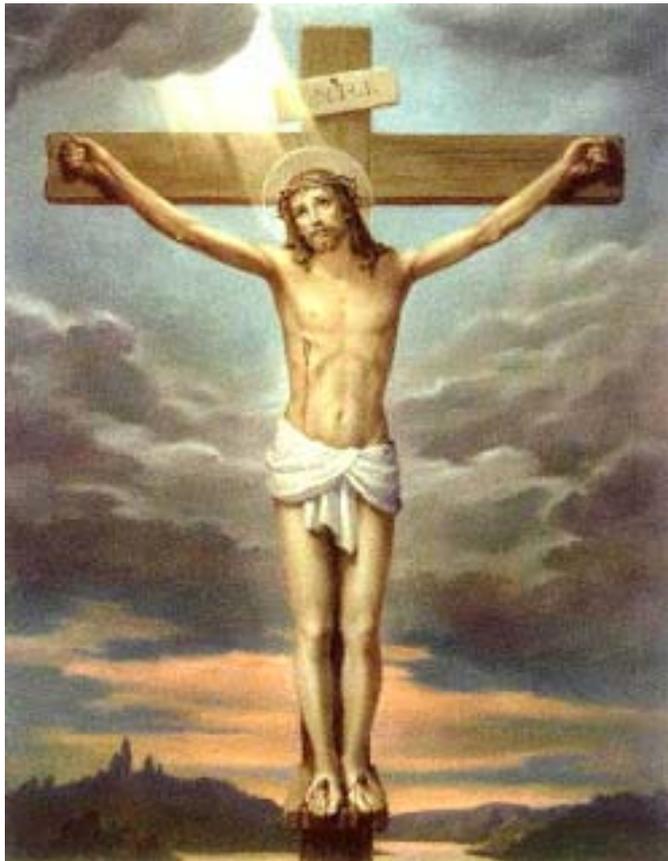
Jesus takes up the theme in today's Gospel and fulfills it when He says, And just as Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, so that everyone who believes in him may have eternal life (John 3:14). It is almost as if to say, “Let the people face their sin and see the ugly reality that it is and what it does to me, to them, and to others. Let them face their choice and seek healing repentance. Let them also see the outstretched arms of God's mercy and find peace.”

There is something about facing our sins, our shortcomings, our anxieties, and our fears. There is something about looking them in the face in order to find healing. One of the glories of the Catholic faith is that it has never hidden the Cross. We have never run from it. There have been brief times when, shamefully, we de-emphasized it. But throughout most of our history, the crucifix has been prominently, proudly, and fearlessly displayed in our churches. We cling to it and glory in it.

Do you know how shocking this is? Imagine that you were to walk into a church and instead of seeing a crucifix you saw Jesus dangling from a gallows, a rope around His neck. Crucifixion

was the form of execution reserved for the worst of criminals. It was shocking, horrifying, and emblematic of the worse kind of suffering. When the Romans saw or thought of something awful they would cry out in Latin, “Ex cruce!” (From the cross!) for they could think of nothing more horrible to compare it to. And this is the origin of the English word “excruciating.” Crucifixion is brutal — an awful, slow, ignoble, and humiliating death: ex cruce!

But there it is, front and center in just about every Catholic Church. There it is, at the head of our processions. There it is, displayed in our homes. And we are bid to look upon it daily. Displayed there is everything we most fear: suffering, torment, loss, humiliation,



nakedness, hatred, scorn, mockery, ridicule, rejection, and death. And the Lord and the Church say, "Look! Don't turn away. Do not hide this. Look! Behold!" Face the crucifix and all it means. Stare into the face of your worst fears; confront them and begin to experience healing. Do not fear the worst that the world and the devil can do, for Christ has triumphed overwhelmingly. He has cast off death like a garment and said to us, In this world ye shall have tribulation. But have courage! I have overcome the world (Jn 16:33).

III. The Paradox of the Cross – A paradox refers to something that is contrary to the common way of thinking, something that surprises or even perturbs us by its reversal of the usual standards. In a world dominated by power and its aggressive use, the humility and powerlessness of the Cross accomplishing anything but defeat both surprises and upsets the normal worldly order.

At the heart of today's second reading is the declaration that Christ humbled Himself and became obedient unto death — death on the Cross. But far from ending His work, it exalted Him and brought Him victory. To the world this is absurdity, but to us who are being saved it is the wisdom and power of God. Consider that darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that. Hatred cannot drive out hatred; only love can do that. And pride cannot drive out pride; only humility can do that. At the heart of Original Sin and every personal sin is the prideful notion that we know better than God. Satan's fundamental flaw is his colossal pride; he considers himself equal to God. He is narcissistic, egotistical, and prideful.

But the solution to conquering pride is not to have greater pride, but rather to manifest great humility, as Jesus did. And while Satan disobeyed God, Jesus humbly obeyed His Father. He did not cling to His divine prerogatives, but rather laid them aside, taking up the form of a slave and being seen as a mere human being. It was thus that He humbled Himself and obeyed even unto the Cross. Jesus was seen as the lowest of human beings, accepting a death reserved for the worst of criminals and sinners though He himself was sinless and divine.

So astonishing is Jesus' humility, that it literally undoes Satan's pride and all of our collective pride. It is the great paradox of the Cross that humility conquers pride, that God's "weakness" conquers human power and aggression, that love conquers hate, and that light dispels the darkness.

It is the great paradox of the Cross that makes a public spectacle of every human and worldly presumption.

IV. The Power of the Cross – The gospel today announces the great power of the cross: **So must the Son of Man be lifted up, so that everyone who believes in him may have eternal life.** Thus Jesus, the Son of Man, when He was lifted up from the earth

called to the heart of every human person. And those who believe in him and look to him are saved from their sins and snatched from the hands of the devil. The power of the Cross is the power to save.

And not only are we saved from the effects of our sins, we are empowered to live a whole new life.

For the text says that God does this that we might not perish, but that we might have eternal life. The word eternal does not refer simply to the length of life, but also to its fullness. And therefore, by the power of the Cross, we are given the gift to live a completely new life, transformed increasingly into the very holiness, freedom, joy, and blessedness of the very life of Christ. In dying with Him in baptism to this old life, we rise to the new life that He offers: a life increasingly set free from sin, a life transformed from vice to virtue, from sorrow to joy, from despair to hope, and from futility to meaningfulness and victory. Thus the power of the Cross is manifest as the power of the tree of life.

V. The Passion of the Cross – And why all this? Why this undeserved gift? In a word, love. "For God so loved the world..." Yes, God loves the world. Despite our rebellion, our unbelief, our scoffing, and our murderous hatred, God goes on loving us. He sent His Son to manifest His love and to obey Him within the capacity of His humanity. Cassian says that we are saved by the human decision of a divine person. Jesus loved His Father too much, and loves us too much to ever say no to Him. And the Father loves us too much to have ever withheld the gift of His Son from us, though Jesus is His only begotten Son, the greatest gift He could ever offer. And in His love, He does not withhold this gift, but offers Him.

Why do you exist? Why is there anything at all? How are you saved? God so loved the world. God so loved you. God is love. And God, who loves us, proclaims the truth to us and invites us to except His truth. He does not force His love upon us, but invites us and gives us every grace to turn and to come to Him. But why does He care? Why does He not simply force us to obey? God is love and love invites; it does not force. Love respects the will of the beloved and seeks only the free response of love in return.

The Cross — nothing is more provocative; nothing is more paradoxical; nothing is greater proof of God's love for us and of His desire to do whatever it takes to procure our yes to His truth, His way, and His love. Run to the Cross and meet the Lord, who loves you more than you deserve and more than you can imagine. Run to Him now, because He loves you. ☐

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GOD TOUCHED ME

REMINISCING ABOUT A PILGRIMAGE TO SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA

From Twenty Tuesday Afternoons, A Devotee's Blog

I woke to the sound of old ladies singing. It was a familiar sound, like my grandmother and her lady friends from her Block Rosary Crusade were on procession outside. But I wasn't at Mama's house in the suburbs of Metro Manila. It was the feast day of Our Lady of Fatima, and I was in a hotel room, on my last morning in Santiago de Compostela. After spending the last week with a group walking the last hundred kilometers of the French Way of the Camino, I was flying home to Zürich in a few hours. A glance at my phone told me it was 5:06. Too early to be awake. I rolled over to go back to sleep. Perhaps I was dreaming. I saw a pure, bright, dazzling light, in the shape of a woman with a veil with her palms outstretched. I could not make out any features, just her silhouette. I jumped awake. 5:13 am. I could still hear the singing. Brushed teeth, showered, dressed, out the door and on cobblestones of the Fuente de San Antonio by 5:20. I was going to catch up with that procession of grannies. Old ladies tend to walk slowly. They couldn't be that far ahead of me.

Following the singing, I ran through the cold streets of Santiago, up Rua Das Orfas, past the Igrexia de Sta. Maria Salome, up Rua Nova – towards the cathedral. I would have put money on the procession ending at the cathedral. Two days ago, I had knelt in front of the cathedral and placed my hand on the scallop shell in the middle of the Plaza del Obradoiro. We had arrived. The square was full of people, university students, mothers and sometimes fathers with babies in their carriages, nuns, school children, monks, souvenir hawkers, police, musicians, and pilgrims at various stages of acquaintance with the town. The newest arrivals would still have their backpacks and walking sticks. Their heads swiveled to and fro, wanting to take in everything about this moment of arriving, and having a hard time deciding what to look at first. They were sweaty, sun-burnt, tired, and very happy. Those who had been there longer – even by just a few hours - looked calmer and lighter. They had shed off their heavy backpacks and hiking boots in their hotel rooms. They smelled of soap and shampoo and wore sandals to air their blisters. They simply sat, some in the middle of the square, others under the arches of the Palacio de Raxoi across the cathedral. They gazed upon the cathedral, the people, the square, but the scenes that played before their inner eyes were of those of the infinitely varied ways in which God's hand had led them there.

Running past the walled convents, the monastery gates, the closed cafes, and boarded up souvenir shops, I had imagined that I'd arrive at the square and find the singing

grannies wrapped snugly against the cold. They would be accompanied by their younger folk, perhaps their children, long grown-up with their own children in tow, bearing candles, flowers, and banners. Six monks would be maneuvering the float carrying Our Lady. The padre would open the cathedral doors and they would enter singing. There would be an enterprising soul setting up his stall for selling churros and hot chocolate. People were always hungry after Mass and he would make a tidy profit. Or so I had imagined. I was surprised to arrive at the Plaza del Obradoiro and find it silent and empty. Where did they go?

I circled the cathedral three times, peering down streets I now know (writing this with a map of the city beside me) as the Rua Do Vilar, the Rua Xelmirez, the Rua Da Raina, and the Rua Fonseca. It was 6:10 and still dark. That enterprising soul with his churros and hot chocolate was still asleep in his warm bed. The cathedral was not due to open for another hour. I did not feel like going back to my hotel. When I finally convinced myself that there were no processions of singing grannies hiding around the corners, I made my way to the arches of the Palacio de Raxoi. From there, leaning my back on one of its columns, I had the view of the famed western façade of the cathedral all to myself. I sat on the cold pavement, waiting for sunrise or for the cathedral doors to open. I didn't mind which came first.

I thanked God for leading me to Santiago, for Ross, my mom, and the kids back in Zürich, for my dad, my stepmother, and brothers and sister in Manila, and for Paolo Coelho and Joseph Campbell and how the power of their words started me off on this journey. I thanked God for the mysterious silver rosary in my hand. I thanked Him for the wonderful people I had walked with – Annie and Sylvia, Jody and Caitriona, Liz and Tony, Mario and Estrella, Catherine, Patricia, John, Pat, Vince, and Elaine. I thanked Him for the bouts of illness He sent to make me question the direction I was going, and for the voice in my heart that had been exhorting me to quit my job for the last two years. I thanked Him for sending me Uncle V, who taught me that the heart is our connection to God, and that when hearts talk, we should listen. I thanked Him for the dream He sent one night, where I had a pleasant chat with Jesus, the Blessed Mother, and my guardian angel about prayer and walking uncharted paths. That dream gave me a boost of courage to quit my job the next day. In the days following, the adrenaline faded and the doubts started their insidious creep back in. I thanked Him for sending the dream where an angel with a flaming sword raised a wall of fire behind me to keep me

from turning back. Amen. Amen. Amen. Wave upon wave of gratitude washed over me as I sat under the arches of the Palacio de Raxoi.

A few weeks after I made my travel arrangements for Santiago, my mom called me from Manila. She would be coming to Zürich to help Ross with the kids while I was away. "You won't believe this. We found a rosary for you for your pilgrimage. We have no idea where it came from, but it's meant for you," she said over the phone. "How do you mean?," I asked. "It's for you. It's from Compostela," she said. "But how do you know?," I asked. "It's in a little blue pouch from a shop called Malleoc in Santiago. There's a little sticker with the address. The beads are silver scallop shells. Aren't scallop shells the sign of St James?," she asks. "What do you mean you don't know where it came from?," I asked. "It's not mine and I've never seen it before. We found it when we were dusting the altar at home," she said. How could that be? Could it be my grandmother's? My mom had lived with my grandmother after my grandfather died. Perhaps it had come into her possession when Mama herself passed away? "No, it's not Mama's. She had never been to Santiago," said my mom. How could a silver rosary from Santiago de Compostela materialize out of nowhere in my mom's Makati apartment? "I have no idea," she said. "I guess we'll just have to call it a miracle then."

The cathedral doors opened at 7:15, and I attended Mass in one of the many small chapels on the side of the main aisle. Afterwards, I prayed a Rosary before Our Lady of Fatima, who was beautifully adorned in white lilies for her feast day. I went behind the altar to kneel by St James' tomb, and climbed the steps to embrace his statue above the main altar. I didn't really know much about St James before this pilgrimage, but now I felt we were friends. "Please help me to come back again someday, St James," I prayed.

Outside, the Plaza de Obradoro was filling with people. I never did see the man with the churros and hot chocolate stall. Come to think of it, it is only in Disneyland where I've seen churros sold from portable stalls. Spaniards are dead serious about their churros and hot chocolate. You only have them sitting in a café. I did a quick walk around

the cathedral to buy presents to bring home. Rosaries and statues of St James for my mom and my brother James. Cheesy "I love Santiago" T-shirts for the kids. I had been deliberating many hours what to get for Ross. Finally, I chose him a Celtic-style braided leather bracelet with three silver knots from Malleoc, the shop where my rosary came from. "One knot for each of the kids," said Maeve when I fastened it on Ross' wrist. "What part are you, Mom?," asked Olive. "I'm the sharp hook that digs into his flesh," I said, winking at him.

In a typical (for me) case of not-buying-remorse, I regretted not buying myself an Azabeche bracelet with a little scallop shell charm. At the time, I thought to myself that I did not need a momento from the trip. What did I need a trinket for when the experience was already seared indelibly into my soul? I still had the padre's homily in my head. I had attended a special pilgrims' service one evening. We gathered in a circle around a fire in a courtyard. The padre welcomed us to Santiago and congratulated us on arriving. He gave us black cards. These signified our old lives, he said. He asked us to meditate a few moments on the old skins we had shed on our journey, and then asked us to throw the black cards into the flames. Pilgrims always start their journeys heavy with so much stuff they think they need. My cheeks flushed a guilty pink as I remembered John and Pat insisting on carrying my 25 kg suitcase up four flights of stairs for me. (I woke extra early the



**MY FAVORITE PHOTO FROM SANTIAGO, TAKEN ON MY IPHONE.
OUR LADY OF FATIMA WITH ST JAMES
(DO YOU SEE ST JAMES WITH HIS PILGRIM'S HAT?)**

next day so that I could carry it down the stairs myself before they came for breakfast.) However, a pilgrimage is like a refining fire. As pilgrims go through their journey, they come to realize that they don't need so much after all. We are born anew. Hmm, that is at least what I think he said. He was speaking in Spanish. If I listened just to his words, I would have been lost. But I found that if I tried reading his eyes, somehow I understood. I glanced at my arm. It looked just like my old skin, slightly more tanned. My pilgrimage only lasted a week. That was as long as Ross and my mom would let me be away from home. When the kids are grown, I will start from St. Jean Pied de Port. That would take about a month. I should certainly be more noticeably refined after a month. As it is, I don't know how much refining could've happened in a week. But then, as Paolo Coelho said in *The Devil and*

Miss Prym, "A week is enough time for us to decide whether or not to accept our destiny". It is anyway enough time to decide to change course and start on a new path. As for my Azabeche bracelet, I still pine for it somewhat. The occasional desire for shiny pretty things unfortunately did not get burned away in that fire. I sketched it in my journal. With a little help from St James, I'll pick it up when I come back to Santiago next time, as I surely will.

P.S.: I did this pilgrimage to Santiago from May 5-13 in 2012. A few weeks later, I found myself in Los Angeles on my last work-related trip. (I had arranged to leave my job at the university end of June 2012.) After months of email correspondence, I finally met Uncle V in person. I spent a day with him and his family. At some point, he had an errand to take care of at the Convent of the Sister Disciples of the Divine Master, where his congregation held their First Saturday devotion. I waited for him in the gift shop. There were various statues of the Blessed Virgin for sale. A particular one caught my eye. A veiled Virgin Mary with rays of light shining from her outstretched palms. "Uncle V, I've seen her before," I said excitedly when he came back. I told him how she woke me up and how I chased a phantom procession of grannies through the streets of Santiago de Compostela. "That is Our Lady of Grace and the Miraculous Medal," says Uncle V.

Two weeks ago, on May 6, John sent an email reminding us that it had been a year ago that our group had started out from Sarria towards Santiago. And I remembered that Annie and Sylvia's prayer cloths, which they had quilted

from pieces of fabric contributed by members of their parish and symbolized bringing their petitions to Santiago, also had a picture of Our Lady of Grace.

Some books I've enjoyed about the Camino

The Pilgrimage by Paolo Coelho

I'm Off Then by Hape Kerkerling

The Camino by Shirley Maclaine

A Pilgrim's Guide to the Camino de Santiago by John Brierley

I joined a guided walk organized by Follow the Camino. Our guide, Elaine Jones, was superb. She was savvy, knowledgeable, and very organized. She briefed us on all aspects of the Camino throughout our trip, from how to deal with blisters, to which cafes to stop at at which towns, what regional specialties to try (octopus in Melide), to the history of the Camino and the cathedral, to navigating the Pilgrims Office in Santiago to get our Compostela Certificates. Elaine also leads walking groups on the Via Francigena to Rome.

***If you have any personal articles
or God's miracle in your life
you want to share with the devotees,
we may be reached at
the following e-mail addresses
and phone numbers:
evelyn.pua@spiritualarmyofgod.org
alice.a@spiritualarmyofgod.org
(702) 274-4315 and/or (213) 385-7798***

***... The whole humanity must now prepare
to be in harmony with each other.***

***Prayers you say must be coming from your hearts
before our Father in heaven.***

***Jesus of Nazareth,
Your Loving God***

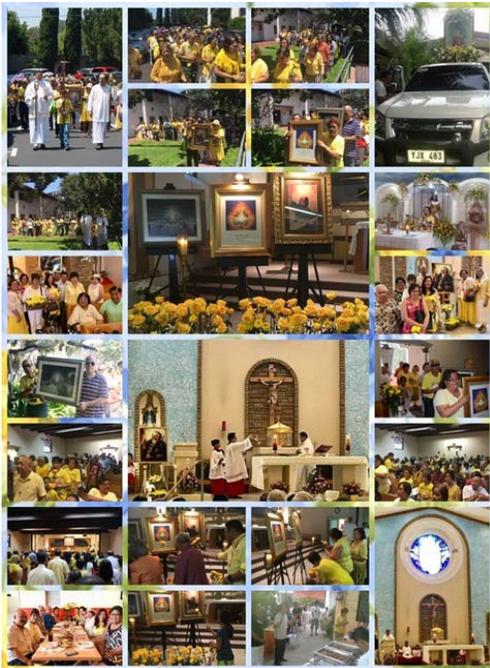
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SPIRITUAL ARMY NEWS DISPATCH

THE FEAST DAY CELEBRATION OF ETERNAL FATHER

The Feast Day celebration of the Eternal Father is celebrated on the 1st Sunday of August, the 6th. This year, Los Angeles chapter celebrated the feast on the second Sunday of August, the 13th due to a perpetual vow event at the Monastery of the Angels on August 6th. At St. Bridget Catholic Church in Las Vegas, and at the Chapel of the Eternal Father [Altar of the Black Nazarene] in Cajunlao, Lapu Lapu City, Philippines, the feast day was celebrated on August 6th. The celebration was also a day of the final consecration to the Eternal Father, offering a white scapular representing the purity of our hearts when we face our Creator. It's our promise to keep His commandments; and ourselves as offering to the Highest God in heaven.

In Los Angeles, the feast was attended by devotees from different parishes of Los Angeles totaling approximately 200 in number. In Las Vegas, the celebration was organized by The Spiritual Army of God the Father devotees and was attended by devotees from other God the Father groups and parishioners of St. Bridget Church. The mass was celebrated by Fr. Truc Nguyen in Los Angeles, Rev. Fr. Frank Yncienrto in Las Vegas, and Fr. Paul Yntig, SSP in Cajunlao, Lapulapu City Philippines.



The celebration's highlights were the procession of the Eternal Father icon, personal petition through flower offering and the 8th day Consecration Prayers to God our Father. The devotees in Los Angeles served lunch and it was indeed an apparent reflection of how all them pulled their resources to share appetizing food to each and every hungry soul. In Las Vegas, lunch and fellowship were at Goldilocks.

In the Philippines, the Feast of God the Father was attended by Cajunlao parishioners and devotees of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Divine Mercy Ministries. The Mass was celebrated at the Chapel of the

Eternal Father [Altar of the Black Nazarene). There were at least 120 people who attended the Mass. Procession of the image of God the Father followed, and after which a sumptuous feast awaited the attendees. The descendants of Serapio and Cresencia Berdin had been spearheading the celebration and consecration for six consecutive years now.

This celebration gives us the opportunity to allow our own faith to be strengthened and transformed, drawing us closer to God, and helping us to know Him better and worship Him more perfectly. It also assists us in inviting others to experience that joy. The power of our feast day celebration is to fortify our work of evangelizing to the world. •❑

UPCOMING EVENTS

TOY DRIVE FOR THE LOS ANGELES CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

PLEASE DROP OFF
YOUR NEW UNWRAPPED TOYS
EVERY 1ST AND 3RD SATURDAYS
AT THE CONVENT OF THE SISTER
DISCIPLES OF THE DIVINE MASTER

PILGRIMAGE TO OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE, MEXICO DECEMBER 9-13, 2017

DAILY ACTIVITIES AND OTHER
INFORMATION ARE AVAILABLE AT
WWW.SPIRITUALARMYOFGOD.ORG

INFANT JESUS CELEBRATION JANUARY 19-21, 2018 SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES LAS VEGAS, NV

SPIRITUAL ENRICHMENT RECOMMENDED

INSPIRATIONAL PARABLE OF THE PENCIL – PENCIL STORY

Author Unknown

A pencil maker told the pencil 5 important lessons just before putting it in the box:

1. Everything you do will always leave a mark.
2. You can always correct the mistakes you make.
3. What is important is what is inside of you.
4. In life, you will undergo painful sharpenings, which will only make you better.
5. To be the best pencil, you must allow yourself to be held and guided by the hand that holds you.



We all need to be constantly sharpened. This parable may encourage you to know that you are a special person, with unique God-given talents and abilities. Only you can fulfill the purpose which you were born to accomplish. Never allow yourself to get discouraged and think that your life is insignificant and cannot be changed and, like the pencil, always remember that the most important part of who you are, is what's inside of you and then allow yourself to be guided by The Hand of God! ☐



THANK YOU

... a small and simple phrase that comes from a grateful heart!

Psalm 106:2

THE 2000 HAIL MARY DEVOTION

The Spiritual Army of God the Father acknowledges with thanks our generous September sponsors of the 2000 Hail Mary Devotion. We are grateful that we have merited their partnership and support in providing a venue of spirituality and fellowship for the devotees of God the Father.

Las Vegas, Nevada

Billy & Nicet Santos

Los Angeles, California

Edith & Myles Avanzado | Norma Fuentes

Regina Lim | Alice Ng

Elena Rosales | Aurora Sevilla

FOR PRAYERS HEARD AND PETITIONS GRANTED

Thank you, Eternal Father, for Your Will that transformed our sorrow into joy, our tears of anguish into tears of thanksgiving. Our physical and spiritual re-creation, through Your Healing Hands, kept us enclosed and revived in our hope for renewed lives as we look up to the heavens praising You, in Jesus' most Holy Name, through the intercession of Mary, our Blessed Mother, and of the angels and saints.

Thank you for the reminder that I am a part of God's plan.

- Joyce

O, God Eternal Father, thank you for Gary's continued health recovery and allowing me and my sister, Racquel, to join a blessed Pilgrimage to the Marian Shrines in Portugal, Spain & France in celebration of the 100th Anniversary of the Apparitions in Fatima. We are in awe of your amazing and gracious presence in our lives!

Almighty Father, everything is possible to You. Thank you, Father!!! We will love and reverence You with all our heart, soul, mind and strength all days of our lives!

In Jesus' most Holy Name and through the intercessions of Our Lady of Fatima and the protection and guidance of St. Michael The Archangel, we implore Thee, have mercy on us, devotees of The Spiritual Army of God The Father and the whole world. Amen.

- Maria and Gary Sheets

The month of August is a special month to The Spiritual Army of God the Father. Thank you, Father, for everything you have blessed us with, for making everything possible, and for your Divine Providence and spiritual guidance.

- Fed

LORD, I give to You all glory, honor, and praise on this occasion of my husband's birthday. Thank you for having it in your heart to create Gerrard into being . . . thank you for your all-knowing wisdom in putting us together as husband and wife . . . and thank you for blessing both of us and entrusting us with the care of two of Your children. I cannot put into words how much our lives have been blessed, LORD. All I can say is THANK YOU LORD!!! . . . and I LOVE YOU LORD!!!

As G and I offer ourselves and our family to You, may we continue to seek You and serve You that all will be for Your greatest glory!!!

- D

DEVOTION SCHEDULE



THE SPIRITUAL ARMY OF GOD THE FATHER

cordially invites you to the following devotions:

IN LOS ANGELES:

1st Saturday Devotion

The Convent of the Sister Disciples of the Divine Master | 501 N. Beaudry Avenue | (213) 250-7962
Holy Mass starts at 8:30 A.M. | 1st Saturday Devotional Prayers follow.

Devotion to God the Father

Every 1st Sunday of the Month | The Monastery of the Angels | 1977 Carmen Avenue on Gower | (323) 466-2186
12:30 P.M. - Rosary to the Father | 1:15 P.M. - Holy Mass
2:00 P.M. - Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament

2000 Hail Mary Devotion – September 16, 2017

at the Convent of the Sister Disciples of the Divine Master | starting at 8:30 a.m.
Please call Victor at (213) 385-7798 if you wish to become a Sponsor of the 2000 Hail Mary Devotion.

IN CHINO HILLS:

Sacred Heart Devotional Group for Departed Souls

Every 1st Friday of the Month | 16657 Tourmaline Street | Chino Hills, CA 91709
Devotional Prayers start at 8:30 P.M.

IN LAS VEGAS:

Sacred Heart and Precious Blood of Jesus Devotion for Departed Souls

Every 1st Friday of the Month
at The Cenacle House in The Enclave 8455 W. Sahara Avenue #172 | Las Vegas, NV 89117
Devotional Prayers start at 2:30 P.M.

1st Saturday Devotion

at Saint Frances de Sales Parish | 1111 Michael Way | Las Vegas, NV 89108 at 8:00 AM
Devotional Prayers follow.

and

at The Cenacle House in The Enclave | 8455 West Sahara Avenue #172, | Las Vegas, NV 89117 at 1:00 PM
Cenacle will be at 10:00 AM before the devotional prayers.

Please call Evelyn at (702) 274-4315 for entry to The Enclave or for more information.

Devotion to God the Father

Every 1st Sunday of the month from 2:00 to 3:30 P.M.
at The Cenacle House in The Enclave | 8455 West Sahara Avenue #172, | Las Vegas, NV 89117

2000 Hail Mary Devotion – September 9, 2017

*Please call (702) 255-9616 or (702) 274-4315 for
dates and venues for the coming months or for more information or if you wish to Sponsor the Devotion.*

Mother of Perpetual Help Novena & Rosary Prayers

Every Wednesday of the month after the 7:30 AM Mass (*except during the Holy Week*)
St. Francis de Sales Parish | 1111 Michael Way | Las Vegas, NV 89108

IN THE PHILIPPINES

2000 Hail Mary Devotion - Metro Manila Area

Letty Rollan has organized the 2000 Hail Mary Devotion in various areas of Metro Manila through the members of the "Mother Butler." Please call her U.S. Vonage phone (510) 779-6652, text her at Manila #916-384-9300, and/or call her Manila landline 939-4677. Mention Mila Lumba's name to be recognized.