



Epiphany: Our God Revealed

by Chris Reynolds, President, Gospa Missions

The word *Epiphany* comes from the Greek, *epiphaneia*. According to the Merriam Webster Dictionary, it means “a usually sudden manifestation or perception of the essential nature or meaning of something.” In other words, a manifestation makes an idea or concept suddenly and clearly understandable.

In the Biblical sense and Catholic tradition, the *Epiphany* refers to the manifestation of Jesus to the Gentiles. The Jewish people knew the signs that predicted the Messiah from their scriptures but they still failed to recognize His coming. But the Magi, who were Gentiles, surprisingly did understand His manifestation. They acknowledged that Jesus was the long-awaited One and knew that the star they followed would lead them to Him. An amazing event, to say the least, that foreign dignitaries would come to pay an Infant such homage. A small indication of the profound effect this Child, born in a lowly stable, would have on the world.

The Magi obviously didn't expect that the Child who merited a miraculous star would be found, lying in a manger, in a cattle stall, in out-of-the-way Bethlehem. They naturally went first to King Herod, perhaps thinking he had fathered this unique Child. They at least expected he would know where the Child was. Unfortunately, their visit only served to make Herod jealous of a possible usurper of his throne. The Magi did, however, discover that this long-prophesied Child was to be born in Bethlehem. So they went there and had a further epiphany. They understood that, despite the poor circumstances, this Child would be the King that would change the world forever.

And so they adored Him, while His parents looked on in amazement.

Then, the Magi offered gifts befitting a king, not a baby. And their gifts were meaningful: gold—riches for a king; frankincense—incense used for holy things; and myrrh—a spice used for healing and burials, foreshadow-



The Adoration of the Magi by Hieronymus Bosch

ing the redemptive death of Our Lord. The Magi would take their experience and tell others that the Messiah had come. This was their task and God protected them. An angel appeared to the Magi in a dream, telling them to travel home another way, bypassing Herod. They listened and obeyed. This would enable them to share the remarkable news with others and, ultimately, give more time for the Holy Family to flee to Egypt before King Herod ordered the murdering of the Holy Innocents.

That is all we learn about the Magi, or Three Wise Men, in the Bible; but Tradition tells us their names: Balthazar, Melchior, and Caspar. They converted either immediately or shortly after seeing the newborn King. They traveled and spread the message of the King who had come for all, not just the Jewish people. They steadfastly kept their faith to the point of death and are considered martyrs. Their relics were discovered by St. Helen in the 4th century during a visit to the Holy Land. She brought the remains with her to Constantinople and they eventually ended up in Cologne, Germany, where they are encased in gold in the Cathedral to this day.

The number *three*, always important in the Bible and Catholic tradition, is a significant number for the wise men. It is believed to represent the three continents of the Old World: Europe, Asia and Africa. This is why the Wise Men are often depicted in Art as having different ethnicities. What more fitting way to reveal to the Gentiles that the Messiah has come for all?

It is also no happenstance that the Feast of the Epiphany falls on the twelfth day of Christmas, twelve also being a number of significance in the Bible. The Epiphany is a necessary part of the Christmas Story. The Messiah came and He came for *all*. “There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free, there is neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus.” (*Gal 3:28*)

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GOSPA MISSIONS

Mission Statement: Gospa Missions is a nonprofit organization headquartered in Evans City, PA. It was established in A.D. 1990 for the purpose of evangelizing the world's people to the Catholic Church. Gospa Missions is dedicated to serving our Lord, spreading devotion to His Blessed Mother and general faith-building. We are obedient to our bishop, spiritual directors and the Magisterium.

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Gospa Missions' religious goods store, Amazing Grace, is also available for your conference or event.

*This newsletter is dedicated
to the Holy Spirit.
May we always
do God's will.*

A Story by Thomas Rutkoski

...and a Message from Mary Rutkoski...

Hello, everybody! Here we are again...back in the long-ago editorial that Tom wrote for his *January/February 2005* issue of our *Gospa Newsletter*.

Every once in awhile, Tom would write a longer editorial because the subject meant so much to him. This month's article is one of those. I think you'll enjoy reading the editorial because it is written with a lovely story, to which Tom attached his own feelings and love for God, the Catholic Church and the Traditional Latin Mass. This one sounds like it should be written today.

When I read these editorials that Tom created, especially this one, it just makes me so proud because he explains how he fell instantly in love with the Catholic Church. With the whole ceremony of majesty and awe, he watched the procession of the priest and altar boys. But the family was not greatly involved so, as a lone young adult, the little faith he managed slipped through his fingers. But God never abandoned him. That is love! And he attended daily Mass for three years. And, as Tom says, it could be the beginning of falling in love again because he was in love with the Latin Mass, too.

Please read Tom's story and editorial and so much more. I know you will be amazed.

God bless you all!

Falling in Love Again

by Thomas Rutkoski

"It's by far the hardest thing I've ever done, To be so in love with you, yet so alone."

The above words are from a song out of my past that are running through my mind right now. I just finished watching a movie entitled *Bed of Roses*. It was about a young woman who endured a very difficult childhood. She had been left at the Pittsburgh airport when she was about three months old, abandoned by her parents. The court arranged for foster parents and she was welcomed into a new home. Her new mother passed away, almost instantly, and she was left with only a foster father. He petitioned the court for adoption and was successful. He was a drunkard, but the movie only intimated the details of how traumatic life then became for this child. But it did a marvelous job of demonstrating her resulting turmoil in her adult life; that she was almost fearful where love was involved.



The movie goes on to bring a stranger into her life, a young man, who was simply walking the street one night, when he looked up, and saw her crying in the window. He became enthralled with her and sent her flowers and a magnificent love story developed. Her past haunted her, to the point that, when this young man proposed to her, she could not believe someone could love her and she bolted. She did not see the young man again for many months. During that time, a great emptiness filled her and she became depressed. But a loving conversation with a friend got her to realize that she had to go to him and try to make things right. With flowers in hand and great hope in her tear-filled eyes, she knocked on the young man's door. It was an awkward moment at first and her peace offering was seemingly rejected. But as she reached for the door to leave, she paused and said, "I thought this would be the part where you would say, 'Wait!' and I would turn to you and you would take me in your arms, and we would live happily ever after." The

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young man just stood there, almost stunned, with no physical reaction at all. The young woman turned again to leave, but this time, he whispered, "Wait." And you know the rest of the story.

Love is such a precious thing and, since I guess I am a hopeless romantic, my eyes well with tears when I watch movies like that. And if Hollywood could ever get over its preoccupation with sex, they actually could be artists at what they do. If not for one scene, I would highly recommend the movie for even children. By the end of the movie, another song came to mind: Joni Mitchell's Big Yellow Taxi. "Don't it always seem to go, that you don't know what you got 'til it's gone?"

There is a similar kind of love story going on in my life at this particular moment, with the same rocky road. When God granted me the start of my conversion, I fell instantly in love with the Catholic Church, as the man did with the girl in the window. In recalling my childhood adventures with the Church, all I remember is majesty and awe as my childhood eyes witnessed the procession of the priest and altar boys towards Jesus, waiting there in the tabernacle. How commanding the priest seemed to be and how holy the altar boys, as they held the crucifix high. There was an opportunity there that we somehow missed. My family was not so involved with the Church other than for Sunday Mass. The result was, when I became a young adult, the little faith that I did have slipped through my fingers. But God, in His infinite mercy, never abandoned me. That is love!

Upon my returning to the Catholic faith, as the girl did to the one she loved, I experienced, as she did, something quite different than I had remembered.

The majesty and awe were gone — maybe because I was so much older. But they were replaced by something closer to a social gathering rather than the worship of our God. And again, as in the movie, I felt I received about the same cold reception our heroine got from the man she prayed still loved her.

The people in church looked different. They weren't all dressed up in their Sunday best anymore; they were wearing work or even play clothes. The music wasn't as majestic. The venerable, classic hymns were gone and much seemed to be missing.

Don't get me wrong. I was glad to be back to my Catholic faith and my experience was somewhat fulfilling, but something most definitely was missing. I couldn't put my finger on it and it wore on me. A couple of things, in rapid fashion, became quite obvious. No one was kneeling at the communion rail. In fact, it didn't even exist in most places. It was replaced with walking up to the priest, or even a layperson, holding out your hand, and having Jesus placed upon it. There was something eerie about that and it did not sit well with me. I remember, as a child, kneeling at that altar rail with profound anticipation as the priest drew closer and closer. And then it was my turn. I stuck out my little tongue and the priest placed Jesus there. I felt close to God at that point. But with the New Age way, something is definitely lacking. Then as I studied Scripture and the tradition of the Catholic Church, a greater love affair developed. I became a daily communicant. In the process of studying tradition, I started to learn about how the changes in the Church came about and it saddened me. Something felt wrong. It seemed more like a dark cloud hovered over the Church. I started to beg God to grant me the

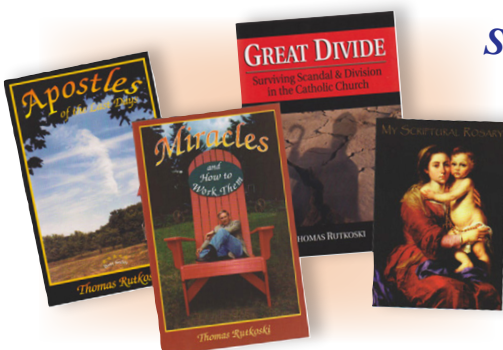
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truth, to show me a place where I could truly feel His presence.

I've come to feel lost at the new Mass. It is as if everyone were experimenting to create their own Mass. The universal meaning of Catholic is disappearing. I felt like bolting but where was there to run? No one else had the Eucharist, the Body of Christ, His Blood, Soul and Divinity. All the others had something much less and that was not a direction I was willing to go. It's by far the hardest thing I've ever done. To be so in love with you, yet so alone...

My relationship with the Church is like many marriages today, a love-hate affair. One moment you're embracing it and the next moment you're at each other's throats, including priest against priest and bishop against bishop. How could the Church have come to this? And is there a solution? I found out, in time, that I was not totally alone in my thoughts and that God was answering my prayers. I became aware that the Vatican had ordered that the Traditional Mass would once again be allowed. I will never understand how there could ever be a directive to cease altogether, as in completely eliminate, something so beautiful as the traditional Latin Mass. But for many years, this was so. It's why the Vatican had to intervene to re-allow the Traditional Mass.

It wasn't long before I had the opportunity to attend a traditional Latin Mass. I had to drive twenty-five miles to do so. I was quite excited upon entering the church. It was a church with which I was quite familiar since, early on in my conversion, I had attended daily Mass there for approximately three years. The church itself was quite traditional and I felt somewhat at home because the surroundings were familiar and the visual magnificence was still intact. I felt proud of the Catholic Church once again as the priest with a myriad of altar boys processed toward the altar. It was awesome. The organ from the choir loft reverberated through the entire church and the choir, coming from above us, was superb. The combination of the procession and the music made my heart beat a little quicker. I thought to myself, this is where God lives!

I have to admit that once the Mass started, I felt a bit disoriented. You have to remember that almost everything is in Latin, with the exception of the *Epistle*, *Gospel* and homily. I could only guess that the rest of the Mass was intact since it had been forty or more years since I had been to a Latin Mass. When we entered the church, we were given little red books and, as I briefly scanned the pages, I could see that the left pages were in Latin and the right pages were in English. It was a guide by which you could follow the Mass. I found it most difficult to follow along but

I did read some of the pages in English and I was awestruck at the power of the words and the prayers. Once or twice I looked over at my wife, Mary, and I could see a tear trickling down her cheek. I had a thirst for more and I felt, because of Mary's tears, that she would want to return also.


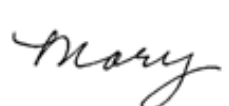
A while later, we made it back to that church. But the second time there, Mary, being quite familiar with Latin, began helping me to associate the pages in Latin with the English and to keep track of where we were in regard to the Mass that was being prayed before us. It took several return trips before I felt comfortable and was able to follow along on my own.

A great love had returned to my heart, a void was filled. It was God reaching out, as He does to all of us, and saying, "Wait." All of a sudden, I understood more about why we have so many problems in the Church today. How could you not have problems in a Church which, in so many areas of this world, refuses to allow Catholics to experience something so holy as the Traditional Mass.

There are some statistics that are quite remarkable about Latin Mass communities. I understand that the giving habits of those who attend Latin Mass are much greater than today's "regular" parishes. I also understand that the number of vocations generated from those who attend the Latin Mass are much greater than English Mass attendees. If there are these kinds of fruits to be had from the Latin Mass experience, then why is it that the Catholic Church in America has not taken to heart the suggestion of the Vatican to implement at least one Latin Mass in every parish?

I believe the answer lies in the heart of each parishioner. God will only grant to the Church what her followers desire and so there will only be Latin Masses where the desire is great enough. My suggestion to all Catholics is to attend a Latin Mass (if you can find one) and experience for yourself its profoundness. And please don't give up after your first visit. Keep in mind, it is a learning process and we all have to be catechized back to a holier state. The Latin Mass community is one that believes in frequent confession, fasting, Rosary and adoration. It is a place where you can kneel before your God, as a child, and receive Him, as a child.

It could be the beginning of falling in love again — the beginning of a very happy ending — just like in that movie.


Thomas Rutkoski
...and Mary 

INDIA: Improving Quality of Life

Happy 2023! May God grant you an especially blessed New Year!

We hope you enjoyed your Christmas and the letters and photos from your sponsored children. It's been quite a year and it's wonderful to see how motivated the children are to improve themselves.

There have also been some necessary repairs and improvements to the campus. Please see the photos below that show your wonderful response to our campaigns for additional facilities for the girls and a pavilion under which the students may eat their meals in more sanitary conditions.

—Shalini Dominic-Savio & Dawn Sanders

The New Girls' Bathrooms



Construction of new restroom located to the side of the girls' hostel



View of the new bathing (left) and toilet (right) facilities. Indoor plumbing is rare so the children bathe using a bucket of water and a cloth. The toilets are made for squatting, not sitting. Primitive by Western standards but a great improvement over what the children have at home.



Completed facility with doors and privacy wall

The New Dining Pavilion



Since Mary Rose Buds School opened, the children have had to eat their meals in the outside corridors. This has become a problem, not just because of crowding but because bits of food get tracked into the classrooms and attract insects – not a healthy situation.

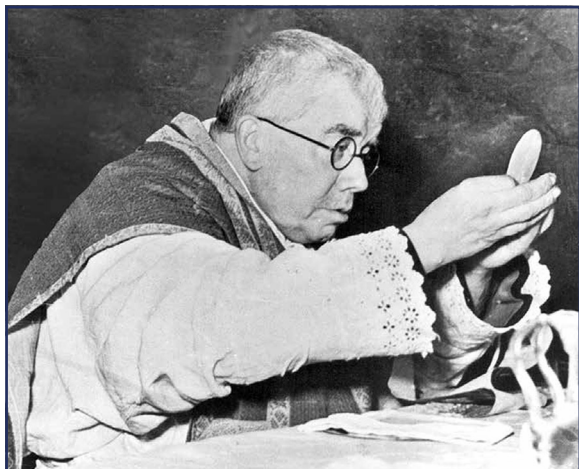


Left, Preparing the ground, erecting the support structure for the pavilion against the back wall between St. Thomas and Mary Rose Buds School. Right, Adding the outer roof.



Students enjoying their lunch under the completed pavilion

“Jesus, You Take Care of It”



Fr. Dolindo Ruotolo was a contemporary of St. Pio of Pietrelcina. Like the well-known stigmatist, Fr. Dolindo (now Servant of God) was a man familiar with suffering. Even his name, *dolindo* or *dolor*, referred to pain and sorrow. From his youth he had been sickly and, in old age, he spent his last ten years paralyzed.

Also like Padre Pio, he prayed for thousands and they were healed. He had the grace to cast out demons and comprehend the workings of souls who came to him for confession and spiritual direction.

He offered himself as a victim soul and was joyous in his crippling arthritis and infected wounds. Despite the chaotic state of the Catholic Church around the world during his lifetime (1882-1970), Fr. Dolindo would allow no disparaging remarks against Her or the pontiff. He firmly believed that the Church continued to be the Mother of Saints and that sainthood was “a goodness bought through the bank of tears.”¹

Although he was a dedicated pastor and masterful scholar, Fr. Dolindo is best known for a simple prayer the Lord Jesus gave to him: *the Surrender Prayer*. These humble words express the attitude all should have towards Christ: one of complete confidence in His love and will.

The Surrender Prayer can be said all at once or broken into nine stanzas as a novena.

If the turmoil of the world is stressing you out, this prayer is a good place to start dealing with it.

The Surrender Novena

Day 1

Why do you confuse yourselves by worrying? Leave the care of your affairs to Me and everything will be peaceful. I say to you in truth that every act of true, blind, complete surrender to Me produces the effect that you desire and resolves all difficult situations.

(Repeat the following prayer 10 times.)

O Jesus, I surrender myself to you, take care of everything!

Day 2

Surrender to Me does not mean to fret, to be upset, or to lose hope, nor does it mean offering to Me a worried prayer asking Me to follow you and change your worry into prayer. It is against this surrender, deeply against it, to worry, to be nervous and to desire to think about the consequences of anything. It is like the confusion that children feel when they ask their mother to see to their needs and then try to take care of those needs for themselves, so that their childlike efforts get in their mother’s way. Surrender means to placidly close the eyes of the soul, to turn away from thoughts of tribulation and to put yourself in My care, so that only I act, saying, You take care of it.

(Repeat *O Jesus, I surrender myself to you, take care of everything!* 10 times.)

Day 3

How many things I do when the soul, in so much spiritual and material need, turns to Me, looks at Me and says to Me; “You take care of it,” then closes its eyes and rests. In pain you pray for Me to act, but that I act in the way you want. You do not turn to Me, instead, you want me to adapt to your ideas. You are not sick people who ask the doctor to cure you, but rather sick people who tell the doctor how to. So do not act this way, but pray as I taught you in the *Our Father*: “Hallowed be thy Name”, that is, be glorified in my need. “Thy kingdom come”, that is, let

all that is in us and in the world be in accord with Your kingdom. “Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven”, that is, in our need, decide as you see fit for our temporal and eternal life. If you say to Me truly: “Thy will be done” which is the same as saying: “You take care of it.” I will intervene with all My omnipotence, and I will resolve the most difficult situations.

(Repeat *O Jesus, I surrender myself to you, take care of everything!* 10 times)

Day 4

You see evil growing instead of weakening? Do not worry. Close your eyes and say to Me with faith: “Thy will be done, You take care of it.” I say to you that I will take care of it, and that I will intervene as does a doctor and I will accomplish miracles when they are needed. Do you see that the sick person is getting worse? Do not be upset, but close your eyes and say “You take care of it.” I say to you that I will take care of it, and that there is no medicine more powerful than My loving intervention. By My love, I promise this to you.

(Repeat *O Jesus, I surrender myself to you, take care of everything!* 10 times)

Day 5

And when I must lead you on a path different from the one you see, I will prepare you; I will carry you in My arms; I will let you find yourself, like children who have fallen asleep in their mother’s arms, on the other bank of the river. What troubles you and hurts you immensely are your reason, your thoughts and worry, and your desire at all costs to deal with what afflicts you.

(Repeat *O Jesus, I surrender myself to you, take care of everything!* 10 times)

Day 6

You are sleepless; you want to judge everything, direct everything and see to everything and you surrender to human strength, or worse – to men themselves, trusting in their intervention- this is what hinders My words and My views. Oh how much I

Continued on Page 8 — Take Care of It

O Mary, Mother of God, Pray for Us!



Madonna & Child with Lamb

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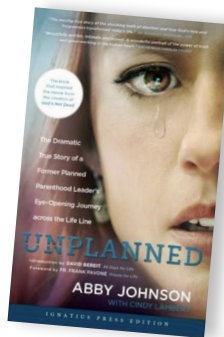


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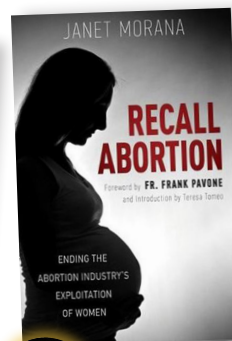
January is Right-to-Life Month

UnPlanned: The Dramatic True Story of a Former Planned Parenthood Leader

The best-selling book—also made into a movie—about Abby Johnson, a former Planned Parenthood director and her dramatic conversion to being pro-life. Updated edition, now in paperback.



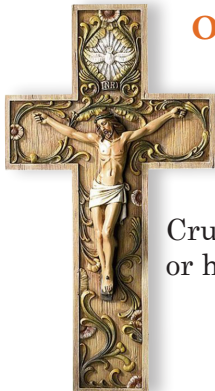
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Continued from Page 1 — Epiphany

The Feast of the Epiphany is one from which all believers can learn.

When you undertake something, seek Christ first with prayer and adoration. Come to Him humbly. If the wealthy Magi were willing to kneel before Him, so can we.

Then offer yourself to Him. God has a role for everyone in spreading the message of His love. Listen for what He desires of you, then be obedient.

Whichever path the Lord sends you on, you could be the revelation of Christ to someone. Trust Him like the Wise Men did. He will give you the knowledge and courage to be His witness.

We hope that Gospa Missions has been a Manifestation of Christ to you and others through our outreach. If so, will you please help us continue our evangelization efforts by making a donation to Gospa Missions at gospa.org? Simply click the Donate button at the top of the page!

May God bless you, your family and friends during this Christmas Season and the New Year! Be assured that we will keep you all in our daily prayers!



Continued from Page 6 — Take Care of It

wish from you this surrender, to help you and how I suffer when I see you so agitated! Satan tries to do exactly this: to agitate you and to remove you from My protection and to throw you into the jaws of human initiative. So, trust only in Me, rest in Me, surrender to Me in everything.

(Repeat *O Jesus, I surrender myself to you, take care of everything!* 10 times)

Day 7

I perform miracles in proportion to your full surrender to Me and to your not thinking of yourselves. I sow treasure troves of graces when you are in the deepest poverty. No person of reason, no thinker, has ever performed miracles, not even among the saints. He does divine works whosoever surrenders to God. So don't think about it anymore, because your mind is acute and for you it is very hard to see evil and to trust in Me and to not think of yourself. Do this for all your needs; do this all of you and you will see great continual silent miracles. I will take care of things; I promise this to you.

(Repeat *O Jesus, I surrender myself to you, take care of everything!* 10 times)

Day 8

Close your eyes and let yourself be carried away on the flowing current of My grace; close your eyes and do not

Our Lady's Power Hour

*with reflections by
His Excellency
Bishop Joseph Strickland*

*We will be praying
for our families, our Church
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think of the present, turning your thoughts away from the future just as you would from temptation. Repose in Me, believing in My goodness, and I promise you, by My love, that if you say, "You take care of it," I will take care of it all; I will console you, liberate you and guide you.

(Repeat *O Jesus, I surrender myself to you, take care of everything!* 10 times)

Day 9

Pray always in readiness to surrender, and you will receive from it great peace and great rewards, even when I confer on you the grace of immolation, of repentance and of love. Then what does suffering matter? It seems impossible to you? Close your eyes and say with all your soul, "Jesus, you take care of it." Do not be afraid, I will take care of things and you will bless my name by humbling yourself. A thousand prayers cannot equal one single act of surrender, remember this well. There is no novena more effective than this: *O Jesus, I surrender myself to you, take care of everything!*

(Repeat *O Jesus, I surrender myself to you, take care of everything!* 10 times)

Mother, I am yours now and forever. Through you and with you, I always want to belong completely to Jesus.

—Dawn Sanders
¹ www.sign.org