Although it’s been several months since Mother Angelica’s death, I want to mention how important her support has been to Renewal Ministries over the years.

In the early 1980s, shortly after Renewal Ministries began and my book *A Crisis of Truth: The Undermining of Faith, Morality and Mission in the Church Today* was released, Mother Angelica invited me to appear in a series of interviews about my book for her program on the still-young EWTN. She then invited me to start a weekly program on her network. More than thirty years later, that program, *The Choices We Face*, is the longest-running program on the network with the same host. Let’s pray for Mother Angelica to soon see the Lord if she hasn’t already—that’s what she asked us to do—and let’s also ask for her intercession. Thank you, Mother Angelica, for your partnership with Renewal Ministries all these years!

We also continue to be grateful to the Lord and to you, and to remember you in prayer. We pray each day at noon—saying the Angelus and adding prayers for the intentions of our supporters—and are glad to be moving forward on all fronts!

As I write this, Sr. Ann is in Poland, Peter is in England, and I will be leaving soon for Spain. It is a privilege to continue speaking God’s Word in the power of the Holy Spirit, particularly in such challenging times as these.

Closer to home, I recently had the privilege of giving four talks to all the priests of the Diocese of Arlington, Virginia. Almost every parish in that diocese has two priests—thanks in part to its urban concentration and the size of its parishes. That enabled half of the priests to come for half a week while the other priests stayed home to serve the parishes; then they switched places for the rest of the week. That meant I actually gave eight talks—four to each group—but Bishop Paul Laverde and Fr. Paul Scalia stayed with me the whole time to give continuity in leadership for the priests. I’ve given these retreats/study days/annual convocations in more than thirty different dioceses and archdioceses over the past several years, and I think it is one of the most important things that the Lord has me doing. It is a real privilege to “wash the feet” of our priests with the Word of God and the water of the Holy Spirit.

*continued on page 2*
Another thing we sometimes have the chance to do is to go to small towns and rural areas where a visit from someone from Renewal Ministries is a special occasion—special for those we visit, but also very special for us, as we get to see the “salt of the earth” servants of the Lord scattered throughout the land.

Peter and Debbie Herbeck visited Mercer County, Pennsylvania, several months ago, and I recently had the chance to visit there as well. I am inspired by the fact that this mainly rural area of Western Pennsylvania actually has a Mercer County Evangelization Council that provides events for preaching the Gospel and evangelizing the people.

Every day, we receive letters, emails, and telephone calls that attest to the fruit we are bearing together—so let’s keep on!

In fact, during our Gathering a few months ago, Shayne Bennett, a friend from Australia who does similar work as ours, joined us. Shayne works as a lecturer and a member of the formation staff at the Holy Spirit Regional Seminary in Brisbane. He also works with NET Ministries, overseeing the development of FX (Francis Xavier) Mission Teams, a new university ministry with a focus on evangelization and discipleship. He wrote up some reflections on his visit that provide an interesting “outsider” perspective on our Gathering and Renewal Ministries. Shayne wrote,

> I was captivated by the family spirit at the Gathering. While these people were from diverse backgrounds, they identified with one another in the struggle of being isolated; they identified with one another in their desire for renewal in the Church; they identified with Renewal Ministries because it had become not only a lifeline in difficult circumstances, but a means of encouragement and strengthening to continue the journey, even when things continued to be difficult. These people who struggled to respond to the call for a new evangelization and were ready to give their all in response to God. Whether it was preaching and teaching, the call to prayer, or the practical organization of mission experiences, Renewal Ministries filled more than a few gaps for ordinary parish people, and their gratitude was obvious.

We’ve heard from many people regarding the impact of the Gathering this year, but one story that particularly touched our hearts was from a couple who wrote,

> Renewal Ministries is a prophetic voice that gives us a true light to follow in today’s dark world. We’re so grateful that you, Sr. Ann, and Peter have hearts open to God’s guidance, wisdom, and discernment.

Then they shared a story about something that happened to them shortly after the Gathering:

> When we got back to our cottage, we were watching the national news one morning when all of a sudden The Choices We Face came on with you and Peter. We said, ‘Wow—Renewal Ministries is on national TV!’ But we came to realize that somehow our TV channel switched to EWTN, which we didn’t even know we received, because we only subscribe to basic channels. We felt it had to be divine intervention. We prayed about it and felt the Lord wanted us to give you a special donation . . . .

We are so grateful for all of the support we receive—both through prayers and financial means. We also appreciate each of your letters, because they help us stand even more in awe of our powerful and faithful God and the hearts of our supporters, who constantly seek to hear His voice.

Another example of a letter that causes us to give such thanks to our Lord is the following one, written to Peter about a Life in the Spirit Seminar:

> We advertised the seminar in our parish and had over one-hundred people register, attend, and then be baptized in the Spirit. What an anointed night. There was one lady who is usually so quiet, but she surprised us all when she started praying loudly in tongues. The As By A New Pentecost DVD lessons are amazing and I thank the Holy Spirit for prompting me to seek your help. Our seminar has been a huge success and I want you to know how much we appreciate your generosity.

Sr. Ann also receives similar letters of encouragement:

> My first time listening today, you were addressing me personally. Thank you and I am going to continue listening and putting your words in action. You’re light and truth shining into a dark world.

> Your new booklet is truly marvelous, clearly expressed, and leads the reader to easily understand the message.

> Thank you so much for everything you have done to help me in the past twelve years. The beautiful talks about our Lord and our faith have helped me endure my cross.

May the Lord continue to help each of us as we carry our cross and as we carry the Good News of His truth and love into the world!

Your brother in Christ,

Ralph Martin

Ralph Martin
In the spring of 2013, my right hip started to become painful, and by the summer I noticed my right foot was turning in. The discomfort in my right leg increased throughout the summer and into the fall of 2014.

I told my primary care doctor, Dr. Catherine Foster of the VA Hospital in Ann Arbor, Michigan, about the problem with my right hip and leg. I thought it was a pulled groin muscle. She sent me to the hospital’s pain clinic. After that examination, she sent me to an orthopedist, Dr. Bruce Miller. He said I would need a hip replacement in the future. The next year, I continued to struggle with the pain but still didn’t want to have surgery.

In the fall of 2015, Dr. Miller told me during a routine appointment that I would need to lose twenty pounds in order to have hip surgery. The day I lost twenty pounds, I called for an appointment and was scheduled to see a doctor on May 3, 2016. At that time, the pain level was almost always at a nine.

Then, at the Renewal Ministries Gathering in mid-April, everything changed. Fr. Mathias Thelen prayed for healing for everyone attending the conference. He told anyone who experienced their pain decrease by eighty percent to stand up and come to the podium. My pain decreased by forty to sixty percent. Then—my goodness!—I felt more heat in my leg, and after that I felt that I had reached the eighty percent.

I walked to the podium, about twenty feet away, without my cane. Fr. Mathias asked what was happening, and I told him that my right hip was healed. We praised Jesus together. Then, while Peter Williamson and I stood together proclaiming the good news of Jesus Christ, I realized my right arm was straight up. I had not been able to lift my right arm for three to four months.

My appointment regarding the hip replacement surgery I had believed was imminent and necessary came just over two weeks later, on May 3, 2016. At that time, I received news from Dr. Jeffrey Osworth that I am no longer a candidate for hip replacement surgery, because I don’t need it! What’s also amazing is the doctor believes in miracles!

Praise Jesus! Praise Jesus! Praise Jesus! Glory be to Christ Jesus! AMEN!

Additionally, my right foot is now straight. It's not turning inward, I don’t need to use a cane, and I don’t need pain medicines. Hallelujah!
One of the scariest roller coasters in the world is the X2. Its first drop is 250 feet, hitting seventy-six miles per hour before it flips you through two loops, and flame throwers spit fire.

**IT’S NOTHING COMPARED TO OUR MARRIAGE.**

Our particular roller coaster started thirty-four years ago. It began with the usual ups-and-downs and then hit a nice stride in 1993, when Christ saved us. Julia had been born Catholic, but we entered the Protestant Church. In fact, I was a devout anti-papist until 1999, when the Lord inspired me to read the early Church fathers—which ultimately inspired me to become Catholic.

Peter Herbeck was my sponsor when I joined the Church in 2000. Our wives had met at a community Bible study at which Debbie had been the teaching director, and Julia had been a table leader. However, Julia and I later left the Church. We moved to Columbus, Ohio, and circumstances there led us to attend a Methodist church. Those years were filled with Bible studies, small groups, mission work, and prayer retreats—the perfect, insulated snow globe of Christian life.

Then, in 2008, a crack appeared in the form of a heart attack. The Lord acted with an unmistakable miracle: no heart damage, due to the “coincidence” that a visiting cardiologist happened to be at our little hospital when I arrived. Julia was there the whole time, blanketing me with prayers. One would think that would have set me on a new evangelistic trajectory, but the opposite happened. My heart turned cold as the reality of James 4:14 hit me head on: “Whereas you do not know about tomorrow. What is your life? For you are a mist that appears for a little time and then vanishes.”

Six months later, I had left Julia and our kids, and was living in New York City, ticking off the entire sordid list of Galatians 5:19-21. Peter even wrote to me,

> Dark has become your light.

Most abandoned me, except for two: Julia and God. God constantly pursued, even though I’d see His Cross and say, “I don’t need You.” Julia clung to the husband I once was, and clung even harder to The Lord, pouring herself into Him and listening to His voice instead of the many who told her to quit. It wasn’t pretty, as she lost over twenty-five pounds to my selfish torment.

**Divorce was inevitable,** and in September of 2010, I stopped into my lawyer’s office to wrap up the paperwork. He was out, so his partner took over. (Get ready. God’s about to work!) Out of the blue, she said, “Is there anything your wife’s wanted you to do that you haven’t done?” I answered, “Go on an Emmaus Walk.” (This is an ecumenical Cursillo.) She said, “Go,” so I did, just wanting to get through this “last chance.” But God had different ideas, and two nights later, I was on my knees, experiencing His grace lifting the garbage from my soul.

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**REDEEMED: How God Saved a Marriage**

In recent years, God has both saved Bruce and Julia Rooke’s marriage and brought them back into the Catholic faith. We are grateful Renewal Ministries has been one of His tools in this great work. We pray their story fills you with wonder at God’s abundant mercy—and gives you the strength, in all circumstances, to persevere in faith, hope, and love.
He had broken through, but I was still far from truth. I was headed back to New York City, but now Julia was the one with different ideas. While asking Peter to write me an “agape letter” for my Emmaus Walk, she explained our dire situation to him, and he counseled her to keep me away from New York City until my head and heart were more secure.

Julia responded by “kidnapping” me to Ann Arbor, where Peter and Debbie took off work to minister to us. Peter hammered me with how marriage and God are sacramentally united. (He even used salt and pepper shakers as an illustration!) He explained that we cannot simply discard our spouse and expect to continue on a close walk with the Lord. Meanwhile, Debbie impressed upon Julia that God’s love is all you ever need. Their prayers led us to the next miracle of Retrouvaille, which taught us how to share again.

As our marriage healed, we started attending the Renewal Ministries’ Gathering weekends, where the Lord continued the work He’d begun. Just last spring—after three straight Gatherings—the Spirit led us back to the healing truth and beauty of the Eucharist.

So here we are, five years redeemed, and our marriage is not just repaired, but re-created and ready to help other couples see the same promise. We are excitedly awaiting what happens next. It’s like waiting in line for the X2, except now we know there is no roller coaster God can’t tame. 🎢

“Every valley shall be lifted up, and every mountain be made low; the uneven ground shall become level. . . . And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed.” (Is 40:4-5).

--- Pause ---

A Godly Meditation
by St. Thomas More, from the Tower of London (1535)

Give me thy grace, good Lord, to set the world at nought;
To set my mind fast upon thee, and not to hang upon
the blast of men’s mouths;
To be content to be solitary; not to long for worldly company;
Little and little utterly to cast off the world and rid my mind
of all the business thereof;
Not to hear of any worldly things, but that the hearing
of worldly phantasies may be to me displeasant;
Gladly to be thinking of God, piteously to call for his help;
To lean unto the comfort of God, busily to labor to love him;
To know mine own vility and wretchedness, to humble and
meeken myself under the mighty hand of God;
To bewail my sins passed; for the purging of them patiently
to suffer adversity; Gladly to bear my purgatory here;
to be joyful in tribulations; To walk the narrow way
that leadeth to life; to bear the cross with Christ;
To have the last things in remembrance, to have ever afore mine
eye my death, a death that is ever at hand; To make death no
stranger to me, to foresee and consider the everlasting fire of hell;
To pray for pardon before the judge comes, to have continually
in mind the passion that Christ suffered for me;
For his benefits uncessantly to give him thanks, to buy the time
again that I before have lost; To abstain from vain confabulations;
to eschew light foolish mirth and gladness; Recreations not
necessary—to cut off; of worldly substance, friends, liberty, life,
and all, to set the loss at right nought for the winning of Christ;
To think my most enemies my best friends; for the brethren of
Joseph could never have done him so much good with their
love and favor as they did him with their malice and hatred.
These minds are more to be desired of every man than all the
treasure of all the princes and kings, Christian and heathen,
were it gathered and laid together all upon one heap.

--- Pause ---

All:
May we not mistrust, you, Lord, though we feel ourselves
weakening and on the verge of being overcome with fear.
Rather let us recall how St. Peter, at a blast of wind, began to sink
because of his lack of faith, and let us do as he did:
Piteously to call upon you for help. For then, we know, you shall
hold us up, and in the storming seas save us from drowning.

Amen.
Reflection by mission team member Caitlin Dillon:

It seems fitting that my third mission trip to St. Lucia happened during the Jubilee of Mercy. God used many opportunities there to speak to me of His great mercy.

I also saw God’s mercy at work during my first two trips to St. Lucia. While I was pushing through my fear to carry out acts of mercy in the prison, He was increasing my faith and that boldness that comes with faith (Eph 3:12).

God gave me the courage to speak and to act, knowing I am not alone, but that God is behind all acts of mercy, and that I was accompanied not only by my visible teammates but also by our invisible companions, the angels and saints.

On the plane to St. Lucia for my third trip, I realized that the three rosaries I had with me were blessed by Pope Francis, Pope Benedict, and Pope Saint John Paul II. I thought, “Wow, three popes’ blessings—and tomorrow is the feast of the Chair of St. Peter. I think I need to call on the popes for intercession during this trip—especially St. Peter.”

At Mass the next day, we heard St. Peter’s proclamation, “You are the Christ” (Mt 16:16). This was the very purpose of our trip—to proclaim the Good News. A couple days later, when it seemed like a young woman who had previously asked to receive prayer was not going to come, I asked SS. Peter and Paul to send an angel to bring her—to lead her like the angel led Peter out of prison (Acts 12:1-19). The young woman did show up, and after we prayed together, she said, “Tonight, I had decided not to come here, but I was just cleaning up after dinner and—I don’t know, I just left my house and came here.” Thank you, our companions, SS. Peter and Paul!

One afternoon, Michelle and John Kazanjian and I took a walk, and Michelle asked what I would be doing after St. Lucia, since my work in establishing literacy-development systems in schools was finishing up. However, while God had made it clear that it was time to complete that work, my next step was not as clear.

Michelle mentioned her recent surprise at learning she loves parasailing, despite the fact that she is usually afraid of heights. We discovered we are both afraid of standing along canyons or rooftops, and yet we enjoy the inspiring views from airplanes. I looked down at the waves hitting the shore in the distance, and said, “Being up so high right here doesn’t scare me, because there’s not really an edge—how about you, Michelle?” “No,” she answered, and concluded,
Hey, we’re not afraid of heights; we’re afraid of edges!

The next day, John asked each of us to think of a witness story about performing a corporal work of mercy that we could tell that night at the parish mission. Although I had been learning to preach the Gospel more freely, I still didn’t like to witness in front of a large group with a microphone—at that point, gutting a fish sounded better. But a story came to mind right away, so I practiced telling it during lunch as John had suggested.

My witness was about visiting a sick man in the hospital and, in doing so, learning to ask God boldly for whatever love seems to call for. Even as I told it, I began to doubt that this would be a good story and to doubt that the Holy Spirit could work with my telling of it. So, I was pleasantly stunned when I finished and heard John say, “Caitlin, tonight you need to tell that story, just that way.”

That night, my twinge of nerves was overtaken by genuine excitement to proclaim God’s mercy. Responding to God’s call to witness was deeply satisfying, as were the thumbs-ups and words of encouragement from my companions afterwards. I began looking forward to the next chance to witness before I even sat down. In speaking up boldly, and calling others to ask boldly when they pray, God graced me with more faith and confidence, and also with a joy in proclaiming the Good News.

In the prison, however, God called me to something other than proclaiming the Good News. I did not go into the cell blocks with my teammates at all. Instead, I received permission to train potential reading instructors, in order to help increase the literacy levels among the inmates. It was a thrill to be able to use the gifts God has given me, even to the point of working with some of the inmates to model instruction, despite very little direct preparation and few materials.

I was in awe at all the doors that opened throughout the week. The patron of students, St. Thomas Aquinas, seemed to make many last-minute arrangements for us.

On our last day in the prison, the director allowed me to speak about my approach to literacy instruction and to give certificates to those who had completed the training—including one officer named “Aquinas Thomas.”

Once again, performing acts of mercy led to God showering His mercy on me and giving me joy and the confidence to make plans to dive in even deeper, with the bold hope of ultimately maximizing the literacy skills of all the inmates there, and maybe in more places back home, too. God’s plan for my path after St. Lucia seemed to be emerging, gently, in His time, at just the pace my confidence was growing. The next day, we even heard a pastor speak in a strong, deep, Gospel-style voice that felt like God the Father’s message to me personally:

Come on and walk on the water with me! You will not fail! You will not fail!

On our drive home that night, two teammates inspired me with ideas for further literacy instruction. I talked about those plans the next day at the airport when Joan asked me, “What’s coming next?” Nodding her head slowly, she said, “You’re at the edge.”

I thought back to Michelle’s insight during our conversation. Afraid of edges? Usually. But this time, thanks to this mission trip, the team, and our God of mercy, I’m ready to step out in faith over the edge. I’m ready to boldly dive in, deep into the ocean. I know it’s the ocean of mercy, and that I’m not stepping out alone, but with Our Lady, my angel, and many beloved saints, towards God’s gently-calling voice, so that He can fill me with the grace of confidence and joy.
On the Road

July 2016 ENGAGEMENTS

Madrid, Spain
Spanish National Charismatic Conference
July 1-3
Ralph Martin

Madrid, Spain
National Priests’ Retreat*
July 4-8
Ralph Martin

Beaverton, OR
His Mercy Endures Forever Retreat
July 13-17
Sr. Ann Shields
Contact: Cynthia Hernandez at 501-649-7127

Kansas City, KS
Fraternity of Priests’ Retreat*
July 31-Aug 4
Peter Herbeck

* Not open to the public
For a complete listing, visit: RenewalMinistries.net/Events

My dear friends, listen to me!
If you do not give time to prayer nor accept the counsel of a spiritual guide, the confusion of the world can even succeed in drowning out God's voice.

As some have quickly observed, by satisfying our own immediate needs we lose the capacity to love in the name of Christ and become incapable of giving our lives for others as he has taught us. What will we do then? 

• St. Pope John Paul II

Please Pray...

❖ For all those who are grieving, that the Lord will comfort their hearts and give them strength and hope for the journey ahead.

❖ That the Lord will grant us courage to share His truth in love and generous hearts that enable us to give of ourselves to others.

❖ For the prayer intentions of all our supporters and their families, especially as they face the challenges of illness and economic uncertainty.