



## Share the gift ~ SPONSOR

Next Men's Cursillo Weekend is scheduled for April 17-20, 2009 and Women's Cursillo Weekend May 22-25, 2009

Send in your application as soon as it is filled out or at least One Month before the weekend. **Sponsor Today!**

### My Daughter's Room

Debi Farnham

My home has 8 rooms in it. I have painted and decorated each of them myself, all but one, "My daughters' room."

In April of 2006 my husband Chad and I were joyfully surprised to learn we were expecting our third child in December. At this time I was also preparing to perform my very special Palanca as a Cha Cha on Fran Wilhelmi's Women's Cursillo weekend.

I kept this little bit of information quiet until after the weekend. This was not an easy accomplishment especially since my aunty Faith was on our team as lay spiritual director, and my friend Judy Lloyd and I rode to our weekly Wednesday team meetings together.

With the power of the Holy Spirit I fulfilled my Cha duties on a glorious weekend in May. I was tired but I felt strengthened by the rollos I witnessed and the palanca I provided for my team and the candidates. On the last day in Chapel I felt my soul truly being lifted and refreshed. I have this same feeling when I go to "My daughters' room."

My wonderful women's team, including my aunty and mom Elaine, celebrated my good news (after the shock wore off) by throwing me a baby shower hosted by Tom and Fran. I was presented with lovely children's books, and beautiful handmade sweaters, afghans, and a quilt.

One of my gifts was from our very own Dorene Pennell. Her card included the gift of her talent in art. She came to my house on 3 different days and designed and painted a beautiful room for my Amber and our soon to be born baby girl.

As you enter their room you are greeted by glowing lavender with soft sponge accents on the wall to the right. Over the antique white crib to the left are soft lofty clouds and the precious phrase "You are a child of God." In a corner by the door frame sits an adorable red eye tree frog (requested by Amber) with a friendly smile. On the lower edge of the window a little brown bunny waits with a sweet twinkle in his eye. Tall wisps of grass and cattails are scattered around the walls. Purple, pink and blue butterflies and dragonflies dance playfully over little lady bugs as they rest on leaves.

In this room, "My daughter's room," I find peace and solace. As I sit in my glider with Katrina cuddled in her warm quilt handmade by aunty Fran, I can be with God. I am reminded of my purpose in life. I am a mother and the Lord will lead me if I will only let him. I just need to let go and just be what he wants me to be. The endless lists of chores that fog my mind are erased while I rest here in "My daughters room."

Everyone needs to have a place this lovely and inspirational to retreat to. Maybe the laundry room should be next.

Peace and De Colores



CLIP OUT & SAVE!

Dec	Jan	Feb	March	CALENDAR
19	16	20	20	DIOCESAN Ultreya - 7:30 p.m. (3rd Fri.) Blessed Sacrament Parish Hall, Holyoke, MA
11	8	12	12	Local Ultreya - 7 p.m. St. Stanislaus, Chicopee, MA (2nd Thurs.)
Feb. 6-8, 2009		Men's Retreat Weekend - Holiday Inn, Holyoke		
March 6-8, 2009		Women's Retreat Weekend - Holiday Inn, Holyoke		
Fri, April 17-20, 2009		Men's Cursillo Weekend - Holy Name, Springfield		
Fri, May 22-25, 2009		Women's Cursillo Weekend - Holy Name, Springfield		
<b>Visit our website for applications, latest updates, etc.</b>				
<b><a href="http://www.cursillowmass.org">www.cursillowmass.org</a></b>				

### HEART HUNGER

Faith St. Onge

During the last women's Cursillo, I included in my talk a poem that used the expression ~ heart hunger. It was a new thought for me: heart hunger, so I placed it in the back of my mind to be remembered.

This past week (mid-October) I was driving to Ware to visit my Aunt Rose (89 years young!) It was a beautiful October day with not a single cloud in sight, and the sky was just one shade lighter than that perfect blue ~ I always call Blessed Mother Blue. The trees were a feast for my hungry eyes. The red leaves seemed to be on fire and the yellow leaves were that brilliant shade of yellow with just a whisper of gold. The words from the poem came to me and I realized my heart hunger was being fed! I drove with my windows down (unusual for this devotee of air conditioning), and the warm October breezes were delicious to my senses. The hills were a patch-work of red, russet, gold, green and evergreen; and, oh, the sight of them fed my heart hunger! I was listening to the Chaplet of Divine Mercy, and that fed my soul hunger. My grateful heart repeated again and again, "Thank you, Lord, for all this beauty."

I know there will be other autumns ~ perhaps, with even more vibrant colors. And I know there will be other October blue skies ~ perhaps, even a deeper blue. But for now, for this moment, I thank you Lord for feeding ~ no, for satiating my heart hunger.

De Colores

### KEEPING STEP

Iris Alderson

**Lord, you gave me hands** with which to do so many things, but how often do I put them together to pray?

**Lord, you gave me feet**, but how often do I walk away, rather than remain peacefully by your side?

**Lord, you gave me speech**, but how often do I use words that hurt rather than heal?

**Lord, you gave me ears**, but how often do I close them to others, but demand you hear my plea?

**Lord, you gave me eyes**, but how often do I fail to see the beauty around me, yet, shudder at the poverty within?

**Lord, you gave me a heart**, but how often do I close it to others, and love only myself?

**Lord, you gave me free-will**, but how often do I choose death and cease to really live?

**Lord, help me** to take the first step away from selfishness and draw me closer to you. So I may walk by your side. Do it your way, instead of my own.

Be watchful! Be Alert!

Mark 13:33



Winter Retreat  
Applications inside  
Great  
Christmas Gifts!  
Merry Christmas to All!

Time Dated Material

THE CURSILLO COMMITTEE  
P.O. Box 1207  
HOLYOKE, MASS. 01041-1207

Non-Profit Org.  
U.S. Postage  
**PAID**  
Springfield, MA  
Permit No. 1128

Both Retreats are held at the  
Holiday Inn Holidome and Conference Center  
245 Whiting Farms Road, Holyoke MA

## Men's Retreat Weekend FEBRUARY 6-8, 2009

### *The Saints*

Friday 7pm through Sunday noon

\$160pp based on double occupancy

Payment is DUE IN FULL with registration by Jan. 23, 2009

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ e-mail \_\_\_\_\_

Share room with \_\_\_\_\_

Please make checks payable to: *Brian Kelly*

Mail registration form and payment in full to:

*Brian Kelly, 26 Queensbury St., Springfield, MA 01129*

*For more information please call Jerry Adams at 734-7270*

*Any dietary needs or allergies to anything please place note with registration*

## Women's Retreat Weekend MARCH 6-8, 2009

### *The Commandments and how they relate to our lives today*

Registration Friday at 7pm

\$160pp based on double occupancy

Payment is DUE IN FULL with registration by Feb. 23, 2009

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ e-mail \_\_\_\_\_

Share room with \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Cursillo \_\_\_\_\_ Birthday: Month \_\_\_\_\_ Day \_\_\_\_\_

### **Bring Your Used Books for the Book Swap Table**

Please make checks payable to: *Ellie Twohig*

and mail registration form and payment in full to:

*Ellie Twohig, 19 Washington Ave., Holyoke, MA 01040*

*For further info or special dietary needs call Ellie at 533-8309*



URSILLO®

We are planning on publishing a listing of all those attending. If you do NOT want your name and information included please check this box.

## NOTE FROM THE LAY DIRECTOR

Pat Triggs

One of the great aspects of this job is that I get to REALLY think of what has been happening in my life that would have some relevance to most people in our Cursillo community. I had three experiences recently which all had the common theme of LISTENING, even though the experiences were all quite different. I had two opportunities to spend time with friends who were ill and receiving care in the hospital. It is a pretty universal experience in our culture to feel very helpless when you are confronted with suffering and pain which you can not alleviate, and my time spent with them had that in spades! Truly, it is a solitary journey when one is suffering, and rather than fill the empty space with chatter (which is always tempting) I did my best to listen to what was being said, as well as what was not being said. It reminded me of the value of quietness, so that I might have the "ears to hear and the eyes to see," instead of barging along on my own agenda. (Unfortunately, a common trait of mine!) It is an exquisite privilege to be allowed into the world of our suffering sisters and brothers, and I was very aware of these holy moments when, mercifully, I was able to listen with my total being.

The next experience was a little lighter in nature. Our daughter had invited us to participate in "StoryCorps" a national, non-profit organization dedicated to gathering the stories of average Americans, some of which are shared daily on National Public Radio. She was to be our "interviewer", and Bobby and I were to relate stories which we selected from our family stash of stories. The preparation for this involved a whole lot of reminiscing, laughing, crying, and reflecting. It was a wonderful opportunity for the three of us to share. When the time came for us to actually say these stories out loud, I realized how powerful the human voice is. It reminded me that I have an old, scratchy, poor quality tape recording of my Mother and Father telling a few stories of their own. When I am particularly lonesome for them, both long ago deceased, I sit quietly and listen to them tell the same stories over again, and find myself comforted and inspired by these sounds. At times our world is so frantic that it is difficult to settle for a quiet time of listening, but what a reward it is to me.

My final listening experience happened on a Wednesday evening, when the Cursillo community gathered for Mass at Our Lady of Hope parish. There were so many people there, from newly met friends to friends from many, many years ago. I felt like a sponge, soaking up the "catch up" stories that were shared with me. What a gift it was to hear about grown families, how Thanksgiving was celebrated, and how sometimes painful experiences were weathered. No doubt about it, I came home that evening so enriched that my evening prayers focused on thanksgiving for such a blessing. Listening is sometimes not so inspiring; it can be tedious, slow, and yes, sometimes boring. But I have come away from this reflection with renewed fervor to be a better listener, to try and focus some of my formation activity on this, in order to cultivate this gift. The Advent and Christmas season gives us the opportunity each year to prepare ourselves to listen to what is being asked of us by our Creator. I hope to be listening!

De Colores

## GOD'S "HANDS"

Deacon John Bledsoe

The following quote came to my attention recently and I would like to respond to it:

*"Simon Well has underlined this paradoxical nature of Gods love: "A victim of misfortune is lying in the road, half-dead with hunger. God pities him but cannot send him bread. But I am here and luckily I am not God. I can give him a piece of bread. It is my one point of superiority over God."*

First I need to say that I haven't read the complete article this quote came from. I know there is a danger when we take something "out of context" but I will just comment on the above quote as it is written and, from my point of view.

When I read the last sentence it made me uncomfortable because it is saying we have "superiority" over God but as I thought about the complete quote I started to think maybe there was something to this! It is true that God is not here on earth, in the flesh, so He could not help this person with bread BUT you and I could! As I continued to think about this it occurred to me that we are not superior to God just because we can give bread to the poor. We give bread to the poor because God works through us so we become God's Hands here on earth. If someone sees a "victim" lying in the road and does not have God in their life they are apt to pass them by. If you and I see that same person, we are "directed by God" to stop and attend to their needs. We have been to the Mountain Top and we have been touched by the Holy Spirit and cannot just pass by, so it is not us, but God, who, working through us, that stops and attends to their needs. For many of us the Cursillo weekend touched us deep down in our very soul and changed us in so many ways. God now directs us in our daily lives to be alive and aware of everyone around us, and to attend to their needs. The Cursillo weekend is planned to slowly awaken us over those three days to learn to see Christ in everyone that we meet. We leave the weekend and start our "fourth day" with a deep burning desire to go forth to do that which Christ has asked of each of us. After our weekend if we see someone suffering from hunger we cannot pass by as if we don't see them. Or if we do, then we pay the price with sleepless nights and feelings of guilt because we know that that person was a child of God and it is our responsibility to reach out to them.

As we await the birthday of our Christ let us always be mindful of the many among us who are less fortunate than we are and see in them the Christ that loves each of us.

De Colores

## Donations to Cursillo

*In Memory of  
Jane Wotowicz  
from Irene & John Bledsoe  
from Betty & Leo Arel*

*In Memory of  
Bernie Gaudrault  
from Irene & John Bledsoe*

*For Cursillo  
from Jeanne & Marc Gaudet*

~ IN MEMORIAL ~

John O'Neill (9/17/08)  
made weekend Feb. 1976

Jane Wotowicz (10/30/08)  
make weekend April 1988

Mary Lavoie (11/5/08)  
weekend unknown

Mary Dufresne (11/5/08)  
made weekend June 1977

John Wall (11/20/08)  
made weekend Feb. 1992

Donations can be made at any time,  
send to: Cursillo Committee  
PO Box 1207, Holyoke, MA 01041



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Deacon John Bledsoe  
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### **Lay Director**

Pat Triggs 788-6535

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