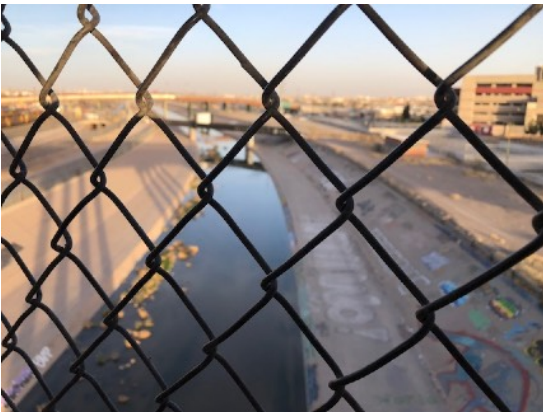


Of Borders, Bikes and Babies



The Rio Grande seen from the middle of the international bridge. Make sure you are back before sundown.

with. One of them escorted us across the Rio Grande into that other world called Los Estados Unidos Mexicanos (or “Mexico” for short). Across the heavily fortified border from El Paso lies Ciudad Juarez, which just a few years ago had the infamous distinction of being the murder capital of the world due to the depredations of the drug cartel death cults. We parked our car on the American side and gamboled across the international bridge, up a bustling avenida to the city’s crown jewel, the Cathedral of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Inside, along with the crowds of Mexican devotees, we prayed for our Catholic neighbors to the South in this suffering nation.

Back in El Paso we were blessed to have discovered the relics of a newly canonized Mexican, San Pedro de Jesus Maldonado Lucero. This great priest of



Our Lady’s Cathedral stands glorious in the midst of afflicted Ciudad Juárez.

Dear Parishioners,

I have just returned from the great American Southwest, where I did a whirlwind tour with a pro-life organization called 40 Days for Life. This burgeoning movement currently has up to 300,000 people at any given time in the USA and 46 other countries praying in front of abortion mills and calling upon the Lord and Giver of Life for mercy and victory over the forces of death and chaos. Their efforts have shut down 90 abortion mills, gotten 150 abortions workers to quit and saved 14,000 babies – all by the grace of God and their humble offering of themselves as His instruments. Our trip began in fabled El Paso, Texas, not far from the pueblito of San Elizario, where Don Juan de Oñate and his grand retinue celebrated the Catholic First Thanksgiving in 1598 and claimed the Southwest for Christ and Crown.

Here I met the Knights on Bikes – a subfaction of the Knights of Columbus, and definitely not a group to mess



Knights of Columbus, El Paso style



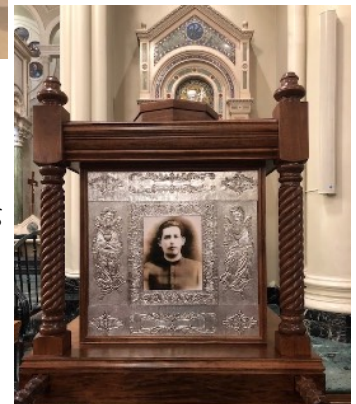
Knights of Columbus motorcycle club members, El Paso

God was bludgeoned to death on Ash Wednesday of 1937 by henchmen of the masonic Presidente Plutarco Calles. Before San Pedro died his killers mockingly stuffed his mouth with the Eucharist he was carrying, inadvertently giving him Viaticum as he died. Now San Pedro reigns in glory with the Church Triumphant, while his murderers’ progeny continue to plague Catholic Mexico.

After a day’s drive through the tumbleweeds and cacti of the New Mexican and Arizonan deserts we arrived in Flagstaff, where a small group of pro-lifers was raising the banner and kicking off yet another 40 Day Vigil for Life. Then to Phoenix, for another campaign stop. There I was blessed to concelebrate Holy Mass in the Basilica of St. Mary with the great Bishop Thomas Olmstead, who got to hear me preach for 17 minutes (according to one unnamed source).

All across the country, and in fact the world, there are fellow soldiers in the grand battle that wages between the culture of death and the Gospel of Life. Rest assured, my dear friends, that we are part of something of the utmost moment, and we are on the winning side...

San Pedro de Jesus Maldonado Lucero, pray for us!



The reliquary of San Pedro de Jesús Maldonado in El Paso’s cathedral

—Father de Rosa
February 15, 2018