



# ***Old Catholic Church*** ***of the Americas***

[www.facebook.com/#!/pages/Old-Catholic-Church-of-the-Americas/321729191282545?fref=ts](http://www.facebook.com/#!/pages/Old-Catholic-Church-of-the-Americas/321729191282545?fref=ts)

**November 30, 2013**

**Volume 1, Issue 10**

## **Praying to the Holy Rosary—Deacon Tammy J. Wood**

### **Inside this issue:**

Praying to the Holy Rosary	1
O My Soul	2
Giving Thanks	3
To every Season	4
My Journey	4
One of Those Days	5
Divinely Inspired	6
It's That Time of Year, Again	7

First, I should give you a quick background on myself. I grew up Southern Baptist and was active in the church until I went away to college. For me, praying the Holy Rosary was a new concept. This is what it means to an individual who was not brought up doing Holy Rosary on a daily basis.

The Holy Rosary begins with the sign of the cross, which means to me the father is the Creator, the son redeems us with his precious blood, and the Holy Spirit sanctifies us. Moving to the Apostles' Creed, it gives an individual a brief history of what has happened and will happen in our lives as Catholic Christians. The Our Father (prayer) I am familiar with, because I recited the Lord's Prayer growing up.

As one can tell I have been setting the stage for history and tradition.

The time has come for community of meditation. Saying the Hail Mary in the beginning for faith, hope and charity starts me out to thinking of what I have to

look forward to in my vocation. Then going on to say the glory be to the father which is the prayer of praise.

After that is when the different mysteries begin. There are 4 in total; joyful, lumi-



nous, sorrowful and glorious. They are done on different days of the week. In saying the mysteries one learns or becomes acquainted with the scriptures in the Bible.

With the Joyful mysteries on Mondays & Saturdays one begins taking the journey with the annunciation of our lord to finding Jesus in the temple.

The Luminous mysteries on Thursdays cover the baptism in the Jordan to the institution of the Eucharist.

The Sorrowful mysteries on Tuesdays & Fridays cover the agony in the garden to the crucifixion and death.

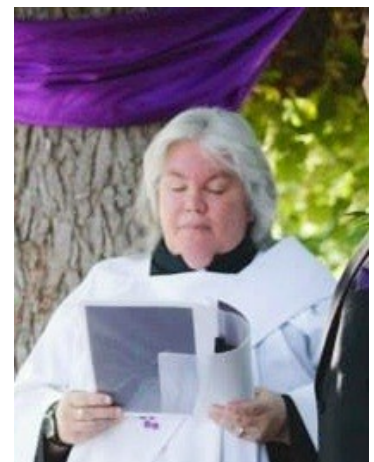
The Glorious mysteries on

Wednesdays & Sundays cover the resurrection of our lord to the coronation of Mary.

Hail Holy Queen Mary is the advocate for all of the prayers that individuals are offering. What an advocate we have in having Jesus' own mother to help in our prayers.

In saying the Holy Rosary, it has a calming effect on the soul. It calms the mind and focuses on being in the moment instead of thinking of all the chores or many other things I didn't get done today. I do my best to say the rosary before I sleep so my mind is clear and I have a peaceful rest.

Whether through prayer, meditation or alone time with the Lord, an individual needs more than one cares to admit; so come pray the Holy Rosary with us on Saturday nights at 5 p.m.



Soul of Christ, wounds hide me  
sanctify me, Permit me not  
Body of Christ, to be separated  
save me, from Thee  
Blood of Christ, from the malig-  
nate enemy,  
Water from the side of Christ, defend me,  
wash me, In the hour of my  
Passion of Christ, And bid me  
strengthen me, come to Thee  
O good Jesus, That with the saints  
hear me! I may praise Thee  
Within Thy sacred for ever and ever

**AMEN**

## O My Soul. . . . a devotional by Mother Rachael Christian, OSB

Bless the Lord o my soul, bless and give Him thanks and praise! There is a new day dawning, it's time to give my life to you, my God, again, as I do every morning. Let me today, O LORD, forget the past and what has gone before, laying it all down into the palm of the Almighty and allow you, my Healer, to finally consume what I have held and toss the old to the north and to the south and to the east and to the west, that I may not

ever reach the depths of the oceans and return the past to my hand, but never remember it again. O LORD, bless my soul and teach me to not forget all that you have done. I casually move from day to day, listening and burying, opening and forgetting words and thoughts and actions I have promised, deeds I have left undone and countless words of pain or encouragement I have spoken, because I think, "that was yesterday, this is today." And foolishly I believe that what I think, others do too, but they like me, Lord, carry with them old and deceitful things they have experienced and have done, and so we all measure one another's worth by old ways and not think at all about the new. O LORD, receive my heartfelt praise that in the midst of all of this, you are faithful to me and lead me to quiet places, both in physical and in emotional mead-



ows. You give me strength to endure the trials and tests and to overcome the temptations which are nothing more in me, that niggling little gnat that bites and snip at my calm, and when I fall, they laugh with great joy and I weep for the sorrow I live in and yet continue in selfish ways. O Lord, thank you for the patience and endurance you show time and again. Your word says, The

LORD, slow in anger, great in compassion and mercy. Thank you Lord that my soul is made new with the dawn; that my heart can be strong and filled with hope even when I rise with pain, there is still new to see, hear, smell, touch, taste, talk about, be concerned for, and I can leave myself behind, should I choose to, and care for others with a self-less love and be healed in your Name, Jesus. Thank you God, for hearing my heart and for engaging with me in conversation that soothes my soul and by which from many days over, so many I had forgotten them; that I can praise you first and my situation last. O my soul; give thanks to the LORD for He is good, His mercy and love, truly endure forever! He is slow to punish but quick to restore, slow in wrath but patient in understanding. He is quick to console and quicker still to lift up,

to bring me to new places where my eyes can see and my mouth taste the goodness that He has given us. Help me LORD, to bless you, through the prayers of my soul, and the words of my mouth, help me when I fall and fail to please you, to stand upon the Rock and begin new, for my soul, that is



what I am here for, to praise the LORD who is my Help, my Stronghold, my Redeemer; Let the day begin wherever my friends and family are, and may our hearts be glad, our voices raised in wonder and awe and thank God for health of mind and body and plenty of food, water and needs being met that we might meet those of others in need. Amen.

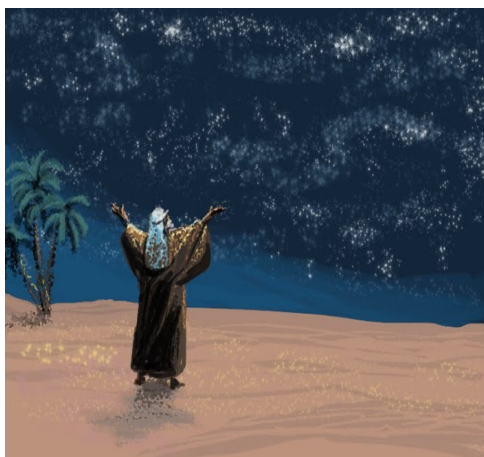
## Giving Thanks - Mother Rachael Christian, OSB

Every day we have an opportunity from the moment our eyes open to the hour when we drop into our beds in exhausted sleep, to give thanks. I often wonder why we don't. Why is it that we reach for the worst case scenario rather than being glad we are given the chance to move through that to something better because we have weathered the storm of trials, tests, temptations, and terrors and overcome them all by our testimony of faith in what we believe, or say we believe, and act upon that? It too, in

so many ways is our act of giving thanks. This time of the year we think of the poor and the lonely and the lost children and the widows. We thank the Lord for their presence in our lives,

because in them, and through them, we have the chance to grow closer to God by looking out for them. Or we have the chance to not, depending on what we give thanks for.

As I sit here writing this, I find myself thinking about my own walk with God and I am wondering, what am I truly thankful for. To give thanks in my estimation means that I have considered all that I have and not found it wanting but, rather, find joy, in what I have gained even though I have lost to gain what I have. So what am I thankful for? I would have to start from a young age. I am thankful God saw fit to see me through the patent ductus surgery I had on my heart, the surgery where the doctors were so big and fat, (this according to my mom) that you could not see me on the table. His will brought me through that time, and gave me the joy of a child showing proudly her scar to



everyone who walked by or looked her way! Then, I fell off a mountain and by saying, Help me God, I don't want to die!" I was immediately saved by angels. To which then I felt grateful for. I could go on and on. Most of us, truthfully, have so much to be thankful for that when we stop to count the number of things, and ways and means, we lose count...I know I do. I am thankful God never gave up on me, or my family either though most have gone home to Him. I am thankful for my friends, who think of me on holidays and every day and care for me as though I am one of their family; I am thankful they are mine.

Giving thanks for the sun playing gold and fire on leaves; the misty fall air, the soft smell of change drifting through the night; The hand of God holding mine as I sleep and rise; I am thankful that I have gone through hard times, good times, laughter and tears, surgeries and healing. I am thankful for food to eat and water to drink. I am thankful that when I am able the extra coins or dollars I have, I share with another in food or drink. I would not have any of this, if it were not for God who loves me and has a plan for my life that I have not fulfilled yet. I am thankful that every day is new. And I am thankful that I am learning to love. Love that is not holding another down but lifting another up, love that listens and cares beyond reason and hopes without seeing for what is yet to come. I live simply, I live basically, and I am thankful that though I am poor in the eyes of the world, I am rich in what God gives me, His love that I can give back by paying it forward to those around me. Often I wonder, most every day it seems, what am I not thankful for? When I

sin, which I do many times a day, I am thankful that most people don't see me, but, then I realize God does and that is enough to make me grow still, think hard and thankfully and gratefully, start new. I am thankful for you. I am thankful, though I long to speak as I write, that God has given me a gift of writing that tells my soul what my mouth cannot express. I am thankful for winter, spring, summer and fall. Not cold and allergy and flu seasons. I am thankful Mary said yes to God and Jesus was born to show the world what love really means, giving up something better and greater than you are (than I am) to give to someone else, hope, love, peace, joy, faith and courage and the greatest of all these that I am thankful for? Love! Love isn't a word, it's a verb. Its hope in action, joy in serving, compassion in listening and understanding in holding, who but Jesus would teach, show, and teach again? Giving thanks is so easy and yet we make it so hard. I know sometimes I do. The world captures and captivates and I grow weary. Then a songbird sings a melody as evening comes on and I am reminded as I look at the mountains and hills, that God is the Reason for my being and I am thankful even more than before.

And then I end the night with my childhood prayer: Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep....

*If you wish to have an article or news item included in **OCCOA Newsletter**, please contact Bishop Jim Morgan or Mr. Minott Gaillard. This is just an attempt to share with each other and give us a chance to "promote" each other when someone does something good that we'd like to copy—or tries something that doesn't work—and we won't try that—bottom line, we'd just like to open communication channels—share **lessons learned**—share our blessings. Minott is at [wmg937@aol.com](mailto:wmg937@aol.com). Please submit articles no later than the 15th of the month.*



## **“to every season. . .”—By Sister Ann, OSB**

Autumn has gracefully let go her mantle. The scarlet and gold leaves lay like puddles at the foot of the trees. When I see the sky at dawn, I remember again how I love seeing the silhouettes of the now-bare trees. As

much as I love them full of fresh green leaves in the spring, there is something wonderful about tracing the intricate boughs to the very twigs. How lovely!

Many people see the coming of winter as the time for the garden to sleep. They do not realize that there is really a lot going on under the snow.

Winter is time for root growth. Fed by the leaves all summer, the trees force new roots, spreading new



tender shoots deeper into the earth. Fall is the best time for planting, but still the plant nurseries sell forests of trees and perennials in the springtime. From personal experience, I can say that a peony planted in the spring will put out and refuse to

bloom. Ever. Planted in the fall, peonies explode with the warm days of late spring.

My walk with God is very much that way. There are times when I feel the flames of the Holy Spirit and am filled to overflowing with joy, with gratitude, with His love. Then there are times when I feel dormant. His words

resonate inside, but I do not want to sing and dance, just be quiet. Sometimes I feel that I have strayed very far away from Him and am near death spiritually.

And yet...in His own time, He brings me back. A kind word from a friend or a chance phrase from the Bible is Our Beloved reminding me that He is always there. It seems necessary to have down time so that when I am again refreshed and renewed, I can see that I have grown a little. Or a lot, actually. My down times can be so painful.

Our Lord brings me back and shows me a new perspective and appreciation of His power and love.

“to every season...”



## **My Journey. . .—By Deacon Bea Salinas**

My name is Beatrice Salinas. I was born and raised in Ogden, Utah. I lived in a Christian home with my two brothers and one sister and both of my parents. I had a general idea about God, Heaven and Hell, and I knew I didn't want to end up in a place of fire. I tried to be good and avoided bad company, and by doing this I thought I would be going to Heaven. However, by the time I started junior high school, I started hanging out with bad company and



not doing what my parents wanted.

I ran away from home. I then started smoking and drinking by the time I was fourteen. I started smoking weed and going to house parties. I was doing this so others would like me. I got into trouble

at the age of fifteen for running away from home and smoking. I ended up going to court and being sentenced to reform school for nine months.

When I got out, I started hanging out with the same individuals as before. You would have thought I would have learned a lesson, but, no, I kept doing the same thing as before and was picked up again. I would get into trouble for being underage in the bars and would get sent back to reform school. I became addicted to drugs—Cocaine, heroin, and I experimented with all sorts of drugs and was too scared to bring myself to tell my mother and father. I knew it would break their hearts. They also didn't know that I was pregnant.

## One of Those Days . . . By Deacon Darren Hayes

Do you ever have those days where nothing seems to go according to plan?



Or you have one of those days where you want to be active in doing things, you have a list of things you want to accomplish then as soon as you start working on the

things you put before you, you realize all of a sudden all of your ideas and your attitude has completely changed into a different dynamic. You have fallen into the category of not seeming to come up with anything and frankly it is all just a bore to you. You have essentially come to the attitude of Blah or Meh as so many seem to call it this day.

This subject has been something that I have been thinking about for awhile now and it was interesting because at the same time I was getting articles on this subject from different sources so I decided to write on it as well.

You may take this day and look at it as you have done to much or that you simply need to put yourself in a box of not caring, then there is also the other direction that could be brought up the fact that there is some deeper issue that you have not brought yourself to deal with. Something that keeps entering your mind that you know you

should deal with yet instead of dealing with it you completely shut down not just on the questionable situation at hand on everything else as well.

There are some things that people can do to avoid being burnt out especially when it comes to ministry work, one of those things is looking at your own life. Something a lot of us do not do instead we tend to put ourselves completely on the backburner not taking the time of focusing on our own health and our own needs, this is something that needs to be done especially for those in roles of leadership areas. People in these types of roles need to be in a healthy place, and sometimes that means doing stuff that you don't focus on like yourself as an individual. Take the time to evaluate who you are and what your strengths and weaknesses are. Remember to take care of Yourself. This pertains to everyone.

You are not alone, ask for the help of others around you, we are The Church we need to be able to rely on one another to get things done and to be able to Share the Message that God has in mind for us to Share, sometimes that means it



takes others to help out to get things done and also to get God's Word spread to the community.

Make time for yourself for things that you enjoy, we all need time with friend, family and loved ones. We also need to take the time for ourselves to enjoy the things that we enjoy in our personal time and sometimes that means you have to turn some things down. This however will make you more productive and coherent as a pastor and your ability to care for those around you will increase if you take time for you. This may even require you to take movements of refreshing yourself during your busy schedule instead of always being on the go. An idea that was shared in other sources even had the idea of scheduling personal appointments for yourself and keeping them.

Do not keep yourself isolated remember have someone that you can talk to about your burdens. It is always good to have a friend to be able to bring things to, your fears, your joy, your thought, your ideas, etc. This keeps you from having everything bottled up inside

yourself where it just keeps building, remember to share yourself with a person or persons who you can trust who can give you feedback and share your dialogue with. In the end keep in mind that you might just need a break and time to yourself, however

don't forget to deal with things and issues that might be blocking your focus.



## Divinely Inspired. . . By Cody Carter

What does it mean to be "divinely inspired"? Well, what a strange term or it was when I first heard it. I have been working with a friend of mine trying to figure out what types of grants are available from the government. I told her that we wanted a brand new shiny church building paid for by grant money. I wanted a two story 14 classroom deluxe pad, with room to grow. That was my dream, and why not, dreaming is one of the fun parts of life.



She called me the other day and advised me that the government does not supply money for a church building, it needs to be "divinely inspired" by God. In short, it is up to the members of the church to save and gather the money necessary to fund a building, or get financing from a bank, which in itself is a nightmare. There is grant money available out there, but none for a new shiny church.

So it got me thinking, everybody in the congregation needs to be on the same page, have the same dream, and see what the future could hold. The people need to want to grow, share and outreach to the community, and have a

place to meet, dine, and be entertained. A facility that is large enough to accommodate all the people who want to be there and share what we all have in common, to hear and share the "Good News".

The group needs to work towards a common goal, setting mini goals along the way, to make the journey more rewarding and also to be ready for possible setbacks that could happen. A setback is just that, and not something that would derail a whole project. We have awesome members, who have some awesome ideas and dreams of what they want our church to do.

There are a number of things I would like our church to do. Most of it is outreach to the community. There is over 100 million dollars for emergency feeding of people that is untouched in the Recovery Act that President Obama passed. It is just sitting there waiting for somebody to apply for their part of it. If we could get some of that grant money imagine what we could do. Feed many people who are going hungry. There are a lot of people who are not homeless that cannot afford food. It would be nice to



help them get a meal. It would also be nice to feed the many people who do not have a place to call home.

There is also a program that allows people to buy groceries at discounted prices. It would be delivered to the church, and the people who ordered the food would have a window to come and pick it up. It is a program that is like Bountiful Baskets, only the church would be able to make \$1.00 on every box of food sold, and also have the opportunity to get free food for the pantry. It would be a discounted food ministry, like Angel Food ministries.

I would also like to see our church group be able to help around the community by visiting people in nursing homes, feeding some home bound people like meals on wheels, doing some community service, etc. There are so many avenues to get out and help people and also be able to invite people to attend services at our church. The growth potential is endless. I hope I was able to inspire you and give you something to think. I would like to hear what some of your ideas are.



### Continued from Page 4:

This is when my depression and numbness sank in. I wouldn't eat or talk to anyone because of my drug addiction, so I would stay away from everyone. Eventually, I told my mother and father that I was pregnant. They actually did try to help me, yet I would get so mad at them and walk away. My drug addiction got worse, and I started to sell my body for drugs, wishing the drugs were there.

My parents took my child, Emilo, from me until I agreed to go get help. I went to drug rehab for three months, and I got out and was doing great. I

even got into boxing and working out. Well, I started getting bored. So I went back to the bars, and I started dating another individual and got pregnant again. It was discovered I was using drugs and I was reported. So my second son was taken away. So I said "to Hell with it" and went to Wyoming where I worked oil rigs. I met a man named Jessie and ended up pregnant with my son Jessie, still working and doing well. Until one day when this man went home from work to make lunch for us both and never came back to work because he had shot himself. After that, I returned to Ogden and had Jessie.

I started selling drugs and sold to an undercover cop. I went to prison for eighteen months got out and did the same thing again. After being in and out of prison for eight years I knew I had to stop. So I did with the help of the Lord. I invited the Lord into my life, and what I want to say is "Thank God and thank everyone here at Glory to God for all your prayers and help to overcome all this."

Thank You. May God bless each and every one of you.



## **It's That Time of Year, again. . . By Deacon Darren Hayes**

"It is that time of year again." Do you ever hear that from someone and see this look of pain in their eyes like they were just hit by a two by four? The thought that they are going to have to spend more money on presents, decorations, food, family members, parties, etc. It all just seems to pile up on individuals as they seem to dive deeper and deeper into the materialization of Christmas.

I am not saying that none of these things should happen, that you shouldn't be celebrating and spending time with your loved ones, sharing gifts in front of the tree and the fireplace. It just becomes a painful sight when you see that people have begun to see Christmas as this time of dread, a time of obligation of having to out max their credit cards to the point where they are no longer happy about what they are actually celebrating.

They let the anger and the resentment build when things begin to not go the way they had planned. The Christmas tree falls, they don't get the right present, they missed something on the list, they were cut off in traffic, and the snow trapped them keeping them from getting out of the driveway, slowly what was once an important day becomes something that is no longer important.

*"But the Lord said to her, 'My dear Martha, you are worried and upset over all these details! There is only one thing worth being concerned about. Mary has discovered it, and it will not*

*be taken away from her.'"* [Luke 10:41-42 \(NLT\)](#)

Why? Why get upset over simple things that are distracting us from the real reason for the season. Do not let the details of what has become of Christmas distract you from Jesus the Christ. Remember, this is the time to be in deeper company with Christ and celebrate his birth. To share fellowship with those around you, take the time to share Jesus with someone that needs Jesus shared to them. Whatever comes your way allow joy, peace, and love to be present within you and don't allow yourself to become angered by little things that seem to go wrong.

We take for granted the things that go right, not giving much thought on them and sometimes never even thanking God for the great things that are present in our life. Focusing on the negative aspects of things seems to be a great thing for some individuals during this time of the year. So let us remember to give thanks to God for the blessings he has placed upon us, strive for a deeper relationship and understanding of Jesus the Christ and the Good News this season.



I leave you with this prayer:

*Lord, as we tend to get closer to the Christmas season and celebrating you Lord we may become distracted, distracted by busy schedules, the weather, getting together with friends and family, a broken ornament could even lead to anger building and removing us from staying focused on you. Lord, help us stay focused on you Jesus, to keep you in our thoughts and prayers and for us to remember and be grateful of the things that you have given us in this life. In the name of Jesus. Amen.*

A word from your Editor: I just want to take time to wish each and everyone of you a blessed holiday season. As I look at my life, I so quickly see so many things for which I am Thankful. Family, Friends, Good Health—a place to sleep and more than enough food—a boxer named Tippy who thinks I am the key to her world!! (I know where the treats are hidden!!) I enjoy sharing the stories you submit—and I hope, as we progress, that more of you will take time to let others know what's going on with you or in your Parish!!

Thanks to each of you!! *Wm Minott Gaillard*