

IS THIS ADDRESS
CORRECT?
IF NOT, CUT IT OUT,
CORRECT IT AND
SEND TO:
THE RIO GRANDE
CATHOLIC
499 ST. MATTHEWS ST.
EL PASO, TX 79907

THE RIO GRANDE CATHOLIC

Vol. 29, No. 8

The Official Newspaper for the Diocese Of El Paso

August 2020

El Paso Commemorates One Year Since Aug. 3 Tragedy



The El Paso Community Remembered The August 3rd Tragedy. Photographs of the Fallen were held by Victim's Advocates during a memorial on Sunday August 3rd at Ascarate Park. The El Paso Community and the Diocese of El Paso also gathered during various events to mourn with the injured and the victims families of the deceased. *Photo by Fernie Cenicerros*

August 3rd in Photographs



The El Paso Comunity commeorated the anniversary of the August 3rd tragedy with a vari-
ous events around El Paso, *Photo by Fernie Cenicerros*

Inside:

- Page 4:** Avoiding “Historical Dementia”
- Page 5-8:** Rembering August 3rd Tragedy
- Page 9:** Accelerating The Vaccine
- Page 10:** Who’s Reassuring Whom
- Page 11:** Nothing is Lost where there is Hope

Dialogue is Encouraged

My relationship with sleep is a kind of love/hate situation. It can be blissful when I can sleep, however when I have trouble sleeping, it can be the elusive friend that you want to spend time with, but no matter how hard you try, that friend escapes you. The early morning hours of August 8, 2019, was one such morning during which sleep was eluding me.

After trying to go back to sleep for an hour, I decided it was time to start my morning. 4:30 AM was a good a time as any to get up and at 'em, right? Can you detect the sarcasm in the previous sentence? I put on a pair of shorts and a t-shirt



Fernie Cenicerros

and a ball cap. I thought I might take a walk, but I could not take my mind off of that Wal-mart down the road. I had avoided the makeshift memorial, mostly because I felt that, whenever I was off from work, I needed a break away from those dreaded events of August 3. On this par-

ticular day, I thought it would be early enough that I could visit without a crowd. I could maybe pray for those affected and take a couple of photographs for our diocesan archives.

Even though it was a cloudy and slightly drizzly morning, I was surprised at the number of reporters and camera-people. I was also surprised at the number of people who were there paying their respects. It was a somber place. The memorial site overlooked the back of Wal-mart, and what stunned me more than anything else was that cars were still parked there. They hadn't been moved since Saturday morning. To me, that spoke volumes of the serious-

ness of that event. With that realization, I prayed a rosary for the departed and for those families that were affected. I did what I could to stand alone so that I could pay my respects. As I left the site, I was left with several questions: How is it possible for someone to hate this much? How is racism still present in our communities?

In the year that has followed August 3, we have been having an ongoing conversation about racism. For many of us in El Paso, this event may have brought race to the forefront of our conversations. Sometimes it may be difficult to find the words, but we have seen firsthand how necessary it is to find

a way to talk about race.

In the last two months, since the murder of George Floyd, we have a unique vantage point in our dialogue about race in America, given that we have been continuously talking about that day for almost a year.

As we come to the anniversary of August 3, my prayer for El Paso is that we continue to have an open dialogue on the affects of racism and how we can be more mindful of our biases to be better members of our community. I believe that the 23 souls we lost and the 26 people who were physically injured that day deserve us to continue that dialogue.

Se Fomenta El Diálogo

Mi relación con el sueño es una especie de situación de amor/odio. Puede ser feliz cuando puedo dormir, sin embargo, cuando tengo problemas para dormir, puede ser el amigo escurridizo con el que quieres pasar el tiempo, pero no importa cuánto lo intentes, ese amigo se te escapa. La madrugada del 8 de agosto de 2019 fue una de esas mañanas en las que el sueño se me escapaba.

Después de intentar volver a dormir durante una hora, decidí que era hora de empezar mi mañana. Las 4:30 de la mañana era un buen momento para levantarse y atacar, ¿verdad? ¿Puedes

detectar el sarcasmo en la frase anterior? Me puse un par de pantalones cortos y una camiseta y una gorra de béisbol. Pensé que podría dar un paseo, pero no podía dejar de pensar en el Wal-mart de la calle. Había evitado el improvisado monumento, sobre todo porque sentía que, siempre que salía del trabajo, necesitaba un descanso de esos temidos eventos del 3 de agosto. En este día en particular, pensé que sería lo suficientemente temprano para poder visitarlo sin una multitud. Tal vez podría rezar por los afectados y tomar un par de fotografías para nuestros archivos diocesanos.

A pesar de que era una mañana nublada y ligeramente llovisnosa, me sorprendió el número de reporteros y camarógrafos. También me sorprendió el número de personas que estaban allí presentando sus respetos. Era un lugar sombrío. El lugar conmemorativo daba a la parte trasera del Wal-mart, y lo que me sorprendió más que nada fue que los coches aún estuvieran aparcados allí. No habían sido movidos desde el sábado por la mañana. Para mí, eso decía mucho de la gravedad de ese evento. Al darme cuenta, recé un rosario por los difuntos y por las familias afectadas. Hice lo que pude para estar solo y así

poder presentar mis respetos. Al salir del lugar, me quedé con varias preguntas: ¿Cómo es posible que alguien pueda odiar tanto? ¿Cómo es que el racismo sigue presente en nuestras comunidades?

En el año que ha seguido al 3 de agosto, hemos estado teniendo una conversación continua sobre el racismo. Para muchos de nosotros en El Paso, este evento puede haber traído la raza al frente de nuestras conversaciones. A veces puede ser difícil encontrar las palabras, pero hemos visto de primera mano lo necesario que es encontrar una forma de hablar sobre la raza.

En los últimos dos meses, desde el asesinato de George Floyd, tenemos un punto de vista único en nuestro diálogo sobre la raza en América, ya que hemos estado hablando continuamente de ese día durante casi un año.

Al llegar al aniversario del 3 de agosto, mi oración para El Paso es que sigamos teniendo un diálogo abierto sobre los efectos del racismo y cómo podemos ser más conscientes de nuestros prejuicios para ser mejores miembros de nuestra comunidad. Creo que las 23 almas que perdimos y las 26 personas que fueron heridas físicamente ese día merecen que continuemos ese diálogo.

THE RIO GRANDE CATHOLIC

499 St. Matthews St.
El Paso, TX 79907
Phone: (915) 872-8414
Fax: (915) 872-8435

Publisher: Most Rev. Mark J. Seitz, D.D.
Twitter: @BishopSeitz

Editor: Fernie Cenicerros
Twitter: @FCenicerrosphoto

Special to the Rio Grande Catholic:
Rev. Michael L. Lewis, STL
Paul Sandoval

Advertising Manager: Norma Muñoz
Spanish Translation: Fernie Cenicerros,
Contributors: Janet M. Crowe, Fr. Wilson
Cuevas

www.elpasodiocese.org

© 2020 by
THE RIO GRANDE CATHOLIC
All rights reserved

THE RIO GRANDE CATHOLIC (ISSN#1079-9621) is published monthly for \$12.00 per year by the Office of Communications, Diocese of El Paso, 499 St. Matthews St., El Paso, TX 79907, Phone: (915) 872-8414, Fax: (915) 872-8435. "PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT EL PASO TX."

POSTMASTER: Send changes of address to: THE RIO GRANDE CATHOLIC, 499 St. Matthews St., El Paso TX, 79907

THE RIO GRANDE CATHOLIC is a monthly newspaper assisting the Bishop of the Diocese of El Paso by communicating the events and themes of the faith life of the local and universal church through news reports, features, columns and photographs. Articles and photographs become the property of THE RIO GRANDE CATHOLIC. If photos are on loan to the newspaper, please enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for their return.
Printer - PDX Printing.



@DioceseofElPaso



@ElPasoDiocese



@ElPasoDiocese

INSEITZ INTO THE FAITH

One Year After the Matanza

Can it be that a year has passed since that day in the beginning of August that changed all of our lives here in El Paso and beyond? We still attempt to wrap our heads around what took place that Saturday morning. What makes the mass murder or ‘Matanza’ so shocking and chilling is that Saturday, August 3rd, 2019 was a morning like so many others. What is more normal here in El Paso or wherever you are than to go shopping on a Saturday morning in the weeks before school begins?

We were not in a wartime setting. We were not protesting. There was no brewing battle between opposing street gangs. Not that any of these situations would have in any way justified what followed. But the fact that we were in the midst of an ordinary Saturday morning in which people were involved with ordinary unremarkable activities

made what followed all the more shocking and insidious.

On that Saturday morning we experienced what happens when a person allows hatred to take possession of their soul. From everything we have heard it appears clear that this young man allowed his heart to be possessed by racial hatred, which was reinforced day by day as he was exposed to rhetoric that made it appear to him that Latino people coming from south of our border were ‘invading’ this country; that they were rapists and criminals.

This hate-filled man came to divide people based upon the color of their skin, as though skin color was somehow a team color. Between these ‘teams’ he imagined a deadly opposition. For this mind, warped by racial prejudice, there were no non-combatants: old, young, women, men, husbands and wives, mothers and fathers, all were fair game.

Within the course of minutes that quiet ordinary Saturday morning was transformed into a scene of chaos, blood, tears and screams of anguish. Lives were snuffed out and many more lives were changed forever.

For me, as I walked through the Emergency Room at UMC that morning; as I blessed the body of a young mother who had been killed and visited others who had been wounded, including a young girl and a baby, I came to see with a greater clarity than I ever had that racial prejudice is not simply an unfortunate footnote from our history or only the ignorant writing of some fringe group. I saw lying there before me the true impact of racial hatred. This hatred kills!

As we mark the sad anniversary of this hate crime we renew our prayers for all those who died due to the events of that day. We reach out to the families that



Bishop Mark J. Seitz



will never be the same. We unite ourselves to them and to one another because we know that our strength comes from our unity built upon mutual love.

From day one speaking to the families of the slain and listening to community leaders I heard one united message. Hatred will not overcome hatred. Violence will not resolve violence. Only love can overcome hatred.

We turn to the God who loved us so that he was willing to take

upon himself the worst that hatred could dish out. When evil seemed to triumph and Christ lay in the tomb, in the midst of earth’s darkest night, he rose to new life.

And so, we choose love! We choose forgiveness! We choose reconciliation! We choose unity! We counter any ongoing threats without fear. Because as the poet has reminded us, “What can they do but threaten us with Resurrection!”

Un Año Después De La Matanza

Puede ser que haya pasado un año desde ese día a principios de agosto que cambió todas nuestras vidas aquí en El Paso y más allá? Todavía intentamos entender lo que ocurrió ese sábado por la mañana. Lo que hace que el asesinato en masa o “Matanza” sea tan impactante y escalofriante es que el sábado 3 de agosto de 2019 fue una mañana como tantas otras. ¿Qué es más normal aquí en El Paso o dondequiera que estés que ir de compras un sábado por la mañana en las semanas previas al comienzo de la escuela?

No estábamos en un ambiente de guerra. No estábamos protestando. No había ninguna batalla entre bandas callejeras opuestas. No es que ninguna de estas situaciones hubiera justificado de ninguna manera lo que siguió. Pero el hecho de que estuviéramos en medio de una mañana de sábado normal en la que la gente estaba involucrada en actividades ordinarias sin importancia hizo que lo que siguió fuera aún más chocante e insidioso.

En esa mañana de sábado experimentamos lo que sucede cuando una persona permite que el odio se apodere de su alma. De todo lo que hemos oído parece claro que este joven permitió que su corazón se poseyera por el odio racial, lo que se reforzó día a día al exponerse a una retórica que le hizo parecer que los latinos que venían del sur de nuestra frontera estaban “invadiendo” este país; que eran violadores y criminales.

Este hombre lleno de odio llegó a dividir a la gente basándose en el color de su piel, como si el color de la piel fuera de alguna manera un color de equipo. Entre estos “equipos” imaginó una oposición mortal. Para esta mente, deformada por el prejuicio racial, no había no



combatientes: viejos, jóvenes, mujeres, hombres, maridos y esposas, madres y padres, todos eran un juego limpio.

En el curso de los minutos esa tranquila y ordinaria mañana de sábado se transformó en una escena de caos, sangre, lágrimas y gritos de angustia. Las vidas se apagaron y muchas más vidas cambiaron para siempre.

Para mí, mientras caminaba por la sala de emergencias de la UMC esa mañana; mientras bendecía el cuerpo de una joven madre que había sido asesinada

y visitaba a otros que habían sido heridos, incluyendo a una joven y a un bebé, llegué a ver con mayor claridad que nunca que el prejuicio racial no es simplemente una desafortunada nota a pie de página de nuestra historia o sólo la escritura ignorante de algún grupo marginal. Vi ante mí el verdadero impacto del odio racial. ¡Este odio mata!

Al conmemorar el triste aniversario de este crimen de odio renovamos nuestras oraciones por todos aquellos que murieron debido a los eventos

de ese día. Nos acercamos a las familias que nunca serán las mismas. Nos unimos a ellos y a los demás porque sabemos que nuestra fuerza proviene de nuestra unidad construida sobre el amor mutuo.

Desde el primer día, hablando con las familias de los muertos y escuchando a los líderes de la comunidad, escuché un mensaje unido. El odio no superará al odio. La violencia no resolverá la violencia. Sólo el amor puede superar el odio.

Nos dirigimos al Dios que nos

amó para que esté dispuesto a asumir lo peor que el odio pueda repartir. Cuando el mal pareció triunfar y Cristo yacía en la tumba, en medio de la noche más oscura de la tierra, se levantó a una nueva vida.

Y así, ¡elegimos el amor! ¡Elegimos el perdón! ¡Elegimos la reconciliación! ¡Escogemos la unidad! Contrarrestamos cualquier amenaza continua sin miedo. Porque, como el poeta nos ha recordado, “¿Qué pueden hacer sino amenazarnos con la Resurrección?”

SPECIAL COLUMNIST

Avoiding “Historical Dementia”



Timothy Cardinal Dolan

A Brief Introduction from Bishop Mark Seitz

The questions of what to do with statues and other images of people from former times is a difficult one. Clearly, there is not a ‘one size fits all’ solution. I believe Cardinal Dolan’s blog reproduced here represents an important perspective that should be taken into consideration.

Thank God some good can come out of evil. The horror of the nauseating death of George Floyd has brought thoughtful, necessary, sane reflection on the curse of racism that has afflicted our beloved country for close to four centuries. This process is indeed therapeutic and helpful. What is not helpful is the impetuous, cascading demand for the destruction and removal of monuments, portraits, statues, and literature that adorn our buildings, public areas, and culture. Such rash iconoclasm can lead to an historic amnesia that will eliminate something essential for our necessary common conversation on racism: the memory of flawed human beings who, while sadly and scandalously wrong on burning issues such as slavery and civil rights,

were right on so many others, and need to be remembered for both. Years ago I was dedicating a new parish to Saint Peter. A woman wrote to protest: “Why would you name a Church after such a coward, a sinner who denied even knowing the Lord when Jesus needed him most, at the hour of His arrest and crucifixion?” Knowing her and what parish she was from, I wrote back, “But you’re a proud parishioner at Saint Mary Magdalene Church. She was sure not a paragon of virtue for a chunk of her life. Yet, by God’s grace, she became a radiant, inspirational saint. If we can’t name churches after sinners, the only titles we’d have left would be Jesus and His Mother!” Is not the same true with our country’s historical personalities? All of them had flaws, yet all of them still contributed a lot of good to our nation’s progress. Defacing, tearing down, and hiding statutes and portraits is today’s version of puritanical book-burning. Our children need to know their country’s past, and her normative figures, their virtues and vices. That’s how we learn and pass on our story. Is there any more effective way to comprehend America’s innate racism than reading Huckleberry Finn or one of Flannery O’Connor’s short stories, works of literature now ominously on the chopping block? I do a lot of research in my family roots. Refreshingly, my ancestors are mostly loving, hardworking, virtuous people, well worthy of emulation. But



are there ever some embarrassing lemons. Yet, I’m not about to erase their names from my family tree. If I’m honest, I acknowledge both their dark side and their side of light, existing together, in my own character. My own Mom kept a picture of her mother and father hanging on the wall of our house; her dad, my grandfather, was an abusive drunk who abandoned his family. Mom certainly would have been justified in tossing that picture in the trash. I’m glad she didn’t, and we got to know of my grandfather, the good and the bad. The same could be true of the Church I love and am honored to serve. Yes, there are scandalous parts of our history, and countless episodes when popes, bishops, priests, and others – including some who are now saints – did not act as they should have. God forbid we’d go through a

“cultural revolution” like Mao’s China did five decades ago! What a mess! What a disaster! Beware of those who want to purify memories and present a tidy – and inaccurate – history. It seems like some of our leader’s today wake-up each morning and ask, “What are the demands from the protestors today? Let’s agree to them!” And who’s to say which statues, portraits, books, and dedications are spared? Remember when some objected to raising the status of the Reverend Martin Luther King’s birthday to a national holiday, citing his humbly self-admitted flaws as reasons to exclude him? Thank God they did not prevail! If literature with some expression of prejudice, or words or scenes that are today rightly abhorred, is to be banned, I don’t know if even the Bible can sur-

vive! If we only honor perfect, saintly people of the past, I guess I’m left with only the Cross... and some people would ban that! Nope! As an historian by training, I want to remember the good and the bad, and recall with gratitude how even people of the past who had an undeniable dark side can still let light prevail and leave the world better. I want to keep bringing classes of school children to view such monuments, and to explain to them how even such giants in our history had crimes, unjust acts, and just plain poor judgment mixed in with the good we honor. Most of all, I do not want to be infected by the new virus of today, “historical dementia.” As the saying goes, “Those not familiar with the past are bound to repeat its mistakes.” **Cardinal Timothy Dolan Archbishop of New York**

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, FATHER!


Fr. Saul Pacheco	8/3
Fr. Miguel Angel Sanchez	8/4
Fr. James Marcus McFadin	8/5
Fr. Benjamin Flores-Ruiz	8/6
Fr. Jose Luis Garayoa, OAR	8/7
Fr. Celimo A. Osorio	8/12
Fr. Gleen Carpe	8/14
Fr. Gerardo Francisco Salgado, OFM Conv.	8/14
Fr. Esteban Sescon	8/15
Fr. Jose Alberto Morales	8/21
Fr. William J. Donnelly, MM	8/28
Fr. Humberto Cruz, OAR	8/31

ORDINATION ANNIVERSARIES

Fr. Celimo A. Osorio	8/15/1987
Fr. Michael S. Gallagher, SJ	8/15/1991
Fr. Tobias M. Macias, OSM	8/20/1994
Fr. Humberto Cruz, OAR	8/24/1996

ORDINATION ANNIVERSARIES (RETIRED)

Fr. Fidel Cervantes	8/14/1955
---------------------	-----------



Diocese offers assistance for victims of sexual abuse

Bishop Mark J. Seitz invites anyone who has been a victim of sexual abuse by a priest, deacon, religious, or any minister of the church, to contact the Victim’s Assitance Coordinator, Mrs. Susan Martinez LCSW, at (915) 872-8465 or the Office of the Chancery, (915) 872-8407. The Church desires the healing of anyone that has been harmed.

La diócesis ofrece asistencia a las víctimas de abusos sexuales

El Obispo Mark J. Seitz invita a cualquier persona que haya sido víctima de abuso sexual por parte de un sacerdote, diácono, religioso o cualquier ministro de la iglesia, a contactar a la Coordinadora de Asistencia a las Víctimas, la Sra. Susan Martínez LCSW, al (915) 872-8465 o a la Oficina de la Cancillería, (915) 872-8407. La Iglesia desea la curación de cualquiera que haya sido dañado.



PDX Printing proud printer of the Rio Grande Catholic

PDX Printing is a full service commercial print shop.

In addition to newspapers, we print and bind books, programs, brochures, carbonless forms, flyers, posters, letterhead, envelopes, business cards and much more.

Call us and allow us to bid on your printing needs.

915.544.6688

208 Octavia St., El Paso, TX 79901

In Memoriam: Aug 3rd One Year ago



Bishop Mark Seitz prays along with family members of the fallen and pastoral center staff during a prayer service weeks after the tragedy. The Diocese of El Paso served an integral role to the people most affected by the events of August 3. *Photo by Fernie Cenicerros*



The Mexican, American, and Texas Flag were placed along with many other items that offered support were placed in a make-shift memorial located behind the Walmart in East El Paso. *Photo by Fernie Cenicerros*



Fr. Fabian Marquez prayed with the Flores Family at the memorial behind the Walmart. The Flores Family lost two members of their family during the tragedy at the Walmart on August 3rd. *Photo by Fernie Cenicerros*



Survivors of the Tragedy at Walmart embraced during the Interfaith ceremony at Ponder Park held the evening of Sunday, August 4th. *Photo by Fernie Cenicerros*



The El Paso community gathered at Ponder Park on Sunday, August 4th at a prayer vigil held by the Interfaith Coalition of the Southwest. *Photo by Fernie Cenicerros*

In Memoriam: Aug 3rd in P



Bishop Seitz offered words of healing during the Mass of Remeberance and Healing marking the 1st Anniversary of the August 3rd tragedy. *Photo by Fernie Cenicerros*



Various members of the families affected by the tragedy of August 3rd were in attendance during the Mass of Healing at St. Raphael Parish in East El Paso. *Photo by Fernie Cenicerros*



Social Distancing measures were taken to prevent the spread of COVID-19 during the Mass of Healing at St. Raphael. *Photo by Fernie Cenicerros*



Survivor Michelle Grady attended the Mass of Healing and Remembrance on Monday, August 3 at St. Raphael Parish. *Photo by Fernie Cenicerros*



Representatives from The El Paso County Sherrif and the El Paso Police Department rang bells 2 honor the anniversary of the tragedy. *Photos by Fernie Cenicerros*



Youth held hands to help a fellow mourner grieve during the interfaith vigil held in memory of the

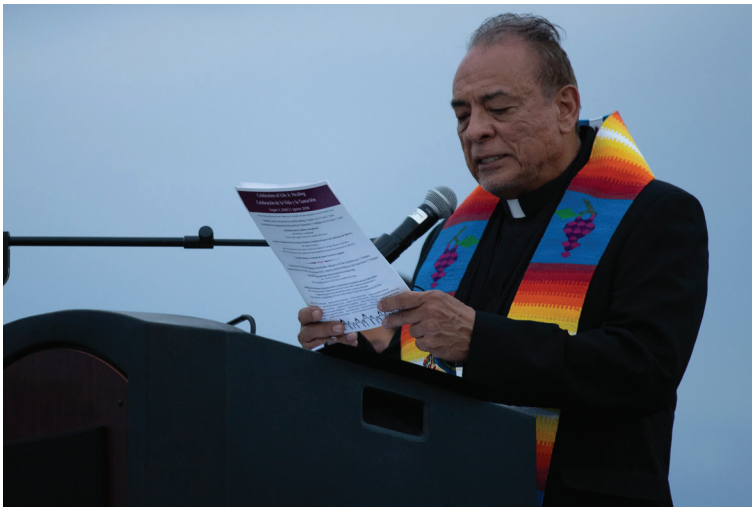
Photographs One Year Later



23 times to honor the fallen victims of the August 3rd tragedy during an interfaith prayer vigil to



the August 3rd tragedy. *Photos by Fernie Cenicerros*



Monsignor Arturo Banuelas, Pastor of St. Mark Parish in East El Paso takes part in leading prayer during the interfaith vigil on August 2, 2020. *Photo by Fernie Cenicerros*



Family Members grieve together during the interfaith vigil held at Ascarate Park on August 2, 2020. *Photo by Fernie Cenicerros*



Members of the Diocesan choir sing amazing grace during the interfaith vigil on August 2, 2020. *Photo by Fernie Cenicerros*



Bishop Seitz closed the interfaith vigil on August 2, 2020 with a prayer and words of encouragement to those in attendance. *Photo by Fernie Cenicerros*

In Memoriam to the Fallen of August 3, 2019



+ Andre Anchondo



+ Jordan Anchondo



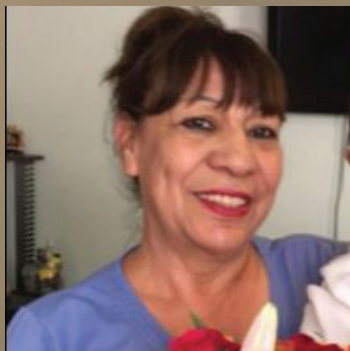
+ Arturo Benavidez



+ Javier Rodriguez



+ Adolfo Cerros Hernández
+ Sara Esther Regalado Moriel



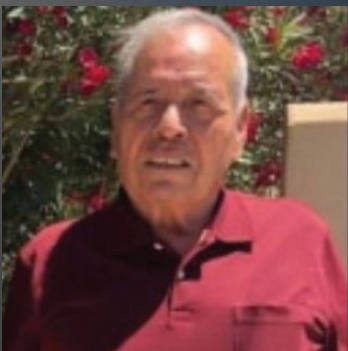
+ Gloria Irma Marquez



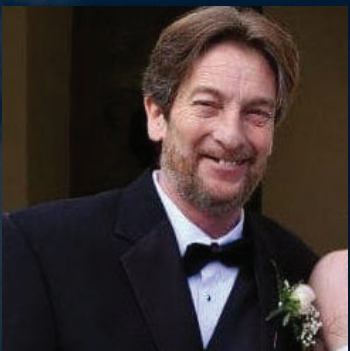
+ María Eugenia Legarreta
Rothe



+ Ivan Manzano



+ Juan de Dios Velázquez
Cháirez



+ David Johnson



+ Leonardo Campos Jr.



+ Maribel Campos



+ Angelina Silva Englisbee



+ Raul Flores
+ Maria Flores



+ Jorge Calvillo Garcia



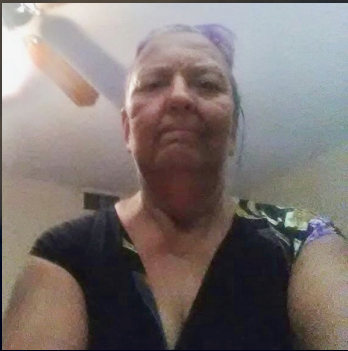
+ Alexander Gerhard Hoffman



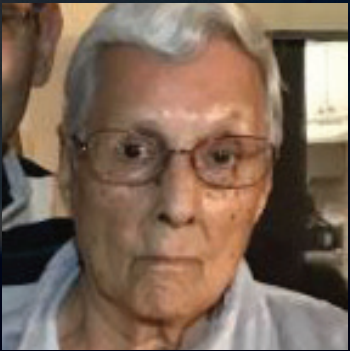
+ Luis Alfonzo Juarez



+ Elsa Mendoza de la Mora



+ Margie Reckard



+ Teresa Sanchez



+ Guillermo "Memo" Garcia

+
"Oh, would that my words were written down! Would that they
were inscribed in a record: That with an iron chisel and
with lead they were cut in the rock forever!
As for me, I know that my Vindicator lives,
and that he will at last stand forth upon the dust." Job 19:23-25
+

Accelerating Vaccine Development



Fr. Tad Pacholczyk

Creating a new vaccine and bringing it to market typically requires more than a decade of research and clinical testing. Many companies and research groups are working overtime to shorten this timeline dramatically in the wake of the Covid-19 pandemic.

Some have suggested it may be possible to develop a vaccine within a year or two, but such a feat would be a first, especially considering that no vaccine for any type of coronavirus has ever been successfully developed.

The former director at the Food and Drug Administration’s Office of Biotechnology put it this way: “Scientists have tried unsuccessfully for decades to develop a vaccine to prevent HIV/AIDS and a ‘universal’ flu vaccine that wouldn’t need to be reformulated and readministered every year. All have been duds.”

Another specialist in the field of infectious diseases, when asked about the prospects of a quick Covid-19 vaccine, demurred, saying it would require a “home run” and “nearly everything to go right.”

Some vaccines end up taking so long to develop that the original threat disappears by the time they become available, as happened, for example, with the Ebola vaccine after the original viral outbreak in Africa.

Nevertheless, scores of laboratories are now urgently working to develop a Covid-19 vaccine. Their haste in trying not only to save lives, but also to beat their competitors, raises the concern that biomedical researchers may succumb to temptations to cut corners ethically in the research and development phases of their work.

One concern involves safety testing. The bar for safety has always been very high for vaccines that are to be administered to healthy people, and typically tens of thousands of people need to be systematically tested before a new vaccine receives approval and becomes widely available.

The first rotavirus vaccine (RotaTeq) was tested on 72,000 healthy infants, while the newest shingles vaccine (Shingrix) underwent safety testing on about 29,000 people. And those tests were done only after extensive testing on animals had been completed.

Such large-scale testing is a formidable and meticulous task requiring a good deal of time and expense so that the purported treatment doesn’t unintentionally harm those it intends to help. In terms of Covid-19, the concerns about safety are even greater, since some developers are looking at novel and largely unproven technologies, like mRNA vaccines and DNA vaccines, raising further safety questions that may require additional time to sort through during the phase of clinical trials.

Another concern involves the proposal to shorten the timeline by soliciting young, uninfected volunteers who would be intentionally infected with the



virus after having been given either the potential vaccine or a placebo. This “challenge trial” approach would enable researchers to assess the effectiveness of a proposed vaccine more rapidly than a traditional clinical trial, which would require waiting for some of the participants to become infected in the course of ordinary life.

Experts who favor this approach say that they have already heard from many people willing to volunteer. Carrying out a challenge trial for a virus with no known cure clearly involves risk. There is no way to predict what kind of reaction a volunteer may have from either the virus or the proposed vaccine; even the young and healthy could end up hospitalized or dying.

While it is not intrinsically unethical to take actions with a degree of risk for the good of the community, provided that it comes with the patients’ full

and informed consent, questions about whether it would be prudent to do so need to be carefully addressed. Given the significant competitive pressures arising from many dozens of companies and research teams trying to get to the finish line first, big pharma needs to remain vigilant about over-stepping the boundaries of reasonable risk.

A final concern in attempting to speed up vaccine development involves the use of human cell lines derived from abortions. A variety of cell lines are available for Covid-19 research and vaccine development, some originating from hamsters, mice or other mammals, some from insects, and some from humans. The cell lines from humans may come from acceptable sources, like human skin, or from problematic sources, like direct abortions. Regrettably, several of the Covid-19 vaccine candidates that are being developed today have relied on

cell lines that were harvested from aborted fetuses. Scientists have a duty to avoid the use of such unethically derived cell lines and should instead select available alternatives as they ramp up their research programs.

Vaccines, of course, are real “game changers” in public health. As a society, we must continue to insist that vaccine development and production be held to the highest ethical standards. This is especially true during the accelerated push arising from the present pandemic, lest we foster practices meant to save lives by risking the lives of other vulnerable human beings.

Rev. Tadeusz Pacholczyk, Ph.D. earned his doctorate in neuroscience from Yale and did post-doctoral work at Harvard. He is a priest of the diocese of Fall River, MA, and serves as the Director of Education at The National Catholic Bioethics Center in Philadelphia. See www.ncbcenter.org

EL PASO CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

Where your child will receive a safe,
high quality, faith-based education in our
El Paso Catholic Schools

For more information, Please call (915) 872-8426

Who Is Reassuring Whom?



Janet M. Crowe

Calendars are telling us that summer is coming to a close this month. However, here in the desert southwest, one step outside the air-conditioned house lets us feel a different story. Whew!

Those same calendars are also saying that the new school year is about to begin. However, this is 2020 so we all know the story is much different this year. Virtual learning. Face to face classrooms. Possibly smaller class sizes. Safety issues. Home schooling. A hybrid of several options. Who knows what school is even going to look like this year? Whew!

School with its new beginnings can be exciting as well as a little scary every year. This year, though, the uncertainty is being felt by the adults with maybe a little more apprehension than

usual, possibly even something bordering on panic.

If the adults are experiencing some trepidation about how the new school year will affect their children, just think about how the children are trying to handle the typical ‘new grade level’ jitters as well as their fears connected with the pandemic that they’ve endured these past several months.

Many households may be trying to answer some rather scary questions in the next few weeks: “What if Joey sneezes on me?” or “What if I bring home someone’s germs and make our whole family sick?” and, surprisingly, on many children’s minds these days, “Am I going to die?”

This is a time in all of our lives with big questions and big concerns. Of course, as parents, we will try to reassure our little ones that we will always be here for them.

Yes, I can hear those conversations in houses throughout our neighborhoods. At the same time, the beginning of a new school year typically brings back memories of some of the more childlike conversations held in our home throughout the years: “If that boy Tommy is in my

class again this year, I’m going to walk right up to him, put my hands on my hips, and say, ‘We can be enemies again this year or we can be friends, and you’d better choose friends this time,’ and that is what I’m going to do.”

And my favorite, “But how am I going to poop? You know I can’t poop at school. I’m just so tired of all this poop stuff. Why did God make us have to poop all the time?”

After holding my son in a warm hug long enough to stifle my laughter at his very serious and worrisome dilemma, I reassured him that I really don’t like poop either. I don’t exactly know why we have to poop all the time but there must be a reason, like maybe poop gets rid of all the extra stuff that our bodies don’t need. We discussed having him go to the nurse’s office or the main office, after I cleared it with administration, so that he could poop in a more private location. That is when he turned to me, patted my hand, and said, “Don’t worry, Mama, it will be okay. Everybody poops. We just gotta do what we gotta do. It’s just poop, after all.”

That’s when I realized that while he had heard all my

adult-sounding remedies, I had not understood the problem as he saw it.

Sometimes, amid all our efforts to be the parent, to be the adult with all the answers, we forget the most important lesson of all – to listen. Yes, we need to reassure our little ones throughout this pandemic and all the other crises that life will throw their way throughout the years. However, sometimes we forget to stop and listen. Their worries, their fears are their own. They see things – life and difficulties – in a different way than we do. Our solutions don’t always fit their worries in the way they perceive the problem. In order to help them, and help ourselves in our concern for them, we need to look at the problems both from their perspective as well as from our own.

Putting ourselves in their shoes, to borrow a cliché, we need to ask questions that relate more closely to the worries and concerns our children have, especially considering that they are experiencing a situation in a much different manner than we, as adults, would experience it. We need to understand not only the problem, but how they,

as children, think the problem affects them. We need to ask questions to see things from their perspective. Most importantly, we need to listen.

Why does my child think something might happen? What does my child think would be a good solution to the problem? How does my child think he or she could avoid or prevent the situation? What could he or she, as a child, do to help others in the same situation while staying safe themselves? What opinion does my child have about how the adults are either trying to prevent or solve the problem? Does my child have a better idea? Quite often, they do.

Parenthood means reassuring our children in difficult situations. Parenthood also means helping our children learn how to think through the situation and overcome obstacles. By valuing their concerns and their ideas, we show them that they are not powerless.

No matter what form the school year takes this year, we will hold our children tightly and value their input and their innocent wisdom as we weather this crisis together.



SPECIAL GUEST
MATT MAHER

The 14th Annual
Foundation of Faith Event
Come and See

Thursday, September 17, 2020
7:00 to 8:00pm
\$75 per registration
Live Streamed on YouTube

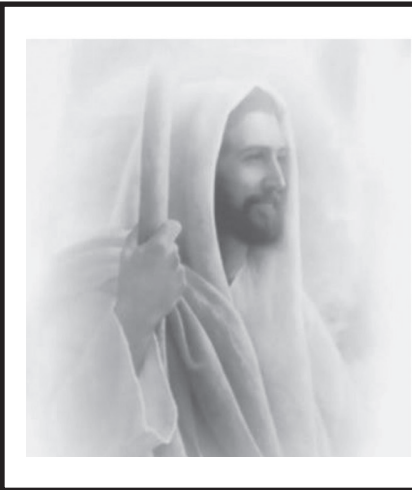
WE'RE GOING VIRTUAL

Live Auction • Fund a Needs • Raffle Prizes • Shout Outs • Clergy Clips

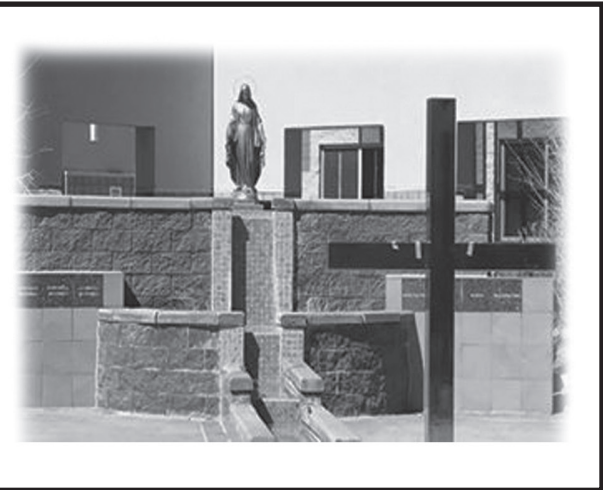
For more information fodinner.org | 915.872.8412



SPECIAL GUEST
BISHOP ROBERT BARRON



The Shepherd's Corner
Gifts & Books
Hours of Operation:
Monday & Tuesday 5:00 pm to 7:00 pm
Wednesday - Friday 9 am -12 pm
Saturday 3rd and 4th Saturday 10 am -1pm
Saturday 5 - 6
Sunday 10 am - 2:30 pm & 4:30 pm - 6:00 pm
St. Luke Catholic Church
930 E. Redd Road, El Paso Texas 79912



¡Nada Esta Perdido Si Hay Esperanza!



Padre Wilson Cuevas

Todas las batallas se ganan o se pierden primero en la mente y luego en la realidad. Puedo esperar lo mejor si de verdad creo que aún hay tiempo para convertir una derrota anunciada en un triunfo clamoroso. Nada está perdido mientras arda el fuego de la esperanza. De todo abismo parte un camino y con fe en Dios todos los caminos se abren. La única diferencia entre los que se rinden ante las dificultades y abandonan lo que hacen, y los que utilizan sus energías para reconstruir y seguir avanzando se encuentra en la palabra “esperanza”

Escuche con paciencia mientras un señor me contaba todos sus problemas. Su trabajo no iba bien, algunos de sus hijos andaban por mal camino y estaba preocupado por ellos. La gota que reboso el vaso fue cuando su esposa decidió dejarlo. Sentado frente a mí, hundido por su desesperación, la última frase de su historia fue la que me alarmo. Dijo: “No tengo nada porque vivir, he perdido toda esperanza”. Comencé a decirle que la esperanza era algo que no podemos darnos el lujo de perder. Estaba a punto de perder su negocio, su dinero y también su familia, pero aun así, podría reiniciarse en la vida si mantenía la esperanza viva. Solo se puede avanzar si se alejan las dudas y se domina el desaliento.

Solo se puede progresar con

una fe firme y una nueva confianza sustentada en la perseverancia y con entusiasmo. Hoy y siempre debemos apreciar nuestras cualidades y hacer inventario de todo lo positivo y creer que con la ayuda de Dios lo podemos todo. (Filps. 4,13). Con una tal entereza fue como el escritor argentino Jorge Luis Borges sobrellevo la ceguera en los últimos anos de su vida. Qué bueno convertir en un permanente canto de alegre fe estas palabras tuyas!: **“Bendita seas esperanza, memoria del futuro, olorcito de lo por venir, pilote de Dios que a todos nos invita ser dioses”**. Como el podemos seguir adelante impulsados por la esperanza. Recordemos que el éxito se compone de una serie de pequeñas victorias diarias. Hay que insistir porque vivir es un milagro a pesar de los problemas o de las crisis que estamos pasando con esta pandemia del COVID-19.

Una esperanza activa, guiada por la fe en Dios y las ganas de vivir y luchar, es la fuente de esa energía que nos ayuda a superarlos y avanzar día a día en medio de todos estos proctólogos de bio-seguridad por la pandemia. Gracias a la esperanza vivimos, porque sin ella solo vegetamos. Es una virtud que se afianza cuando apreciamos lo bello, contamos nuestros dones y dejamos de concentrarnos en lo negativo de la crisis por la que estamos pasando. La esperanza riñe con la pasividad y es amiga de los ideales y de la paciencia. Cuando sabemos esperar vemos el fruto en la semilla y en la noche oscura un claro amanecer. **“No hay situaciones desesperanzadas, sino hombres sin esperanza”**, decía Clemenceau.

Si la esperanza es tan impor-



tante, Que es? Tertuliano dijo: “La esperanza es la paciencia con la lámpara encendida”. La esperanza es aferrarse cuando las cosas de alrededor comienzan a deslizarse. **La esperanza es orar con expectativas cuando aparentemente no hay respuestas.**

G. Campbell Morgan, cuenta que un hombre cuyo negocio se quemó durante un incendio desastroso en Chicago, lleo al lugar de las ruinas a la mañana siguiente, llevaba una mesa. Puso la mesa en medio de los escombros acumulados y sobre ella este cartel optimista **“Todo se ha perdido con excepción de la esposa, los niños y la esperanza. Los negocios se reanudarán como es habitual, mañana por la mañana”**. Muchos hombres y mujeres se vuelven pesimistas frente a la vida por causa de las circunstancias desafortunadas en las que se encuentran. Muchos abandonan. Otros se deprimen

y otros se han quitado la vida. Que es lo que hace la diferencia en los resultados? El talento? No! Que hace la esperanza por la humanidad? La esperanza es mas brillante en las horas oscuras, nos motiva cuando viene el desaliento; energiza el cuerpo cuando esta cansado; la esperanza nos ayuda a creer, cuanto las evidencias se eliminan. La esperanza escucha las respuestas, cuando nadie habla; escala los obstáculos cuando nadie ayuda. La esperanza permanece en las dificultades cuando nadie se preocupa o se considera que no hay nada que hacer que todo esta perdido. La esperanza tiene respuesta cuando nadie pregunta; empuja hacia la victoria cuando se ha perdido en entusiasmo y las ganas de seguir luchando. La esperanza nos anima a dar, cuando nadie quiere compartir; trae la victoria cuando nos sentimos derrotados y perdidos. La esperanza sonríe confia-

damente, cuando hay más ganas de llorar y gritar, que de reír.

No queda otra cosa que enterrar a una persona cuando sus esperanzas se han ido. Perder la esperanza habitualmente precede a la perdida de la vida misma. Usted no necesita un medio ambiente mejor, solo necesita más esperanza. **Es la única cosa que no puede faltarnos para poder vivir!**

Contamos con tres fantásticas amigas que nos sacan adelante y nos permiten recobrar el entusiasmo y las ganas de vivir. Son tres virtudes llamadas FE, ESPERANZA y AMOR. En la fe encontramos luz y confianza; en la esperanza hallamos ánimo y coraje, y en el amor esa medicina que sana cualquier herida. Contamos con fuerzas insospechadas porque Dios es nuestra fortaleza. **En toda flor marchita hay semillas de nueva vida!**

Nothing Is Lost Where There Is Hope!

All battles are won or lost first in the mind and then in reality. I can hope for the best if I really believe there’s still time to turn an anticipated defeat into a clamorous triumph. Nothing is lost as long as the fire of hope burns. From every abyss appears a way, and with faith in God all the ways are opened. The only difference between those who surrender to difficulties and abandon what they do, and those who use their energies to rebuild and move forward, is in the word “hope”

I listened patiently as a gentleman told me all his problems. His job was not going well, some of his children were on the wrong track and he was worried about them. The drop that finally overflowed the glass was when his wife decided to leave him. He was sitting in front of me, defeated by his desperation. The last sentence of his story was the one that alarmed me. He said, “I have nothing to live for, I’ve lost all hope.” I began to tell him that hope was something we can’t afford to lose. He was about to

lose his business, his money and also his family, but he could still rebuild his life if he kept hope alive. You can only move forward if doubts are erased and discouragement is overcome.

Progress can only be made with strong faith and new confidence sustained by perseverance and enthusiasm. Today and always we must appreciate our own qualities and take stock of all that is positive and believe that with God’s help we can do everything. (Philps. 4:13). With such fortitude it was that the Argentine writer Jorge Luis Borges endured blindness in the last years of his life. It is good to turn these words of his into a permanent song of joyful faith: “Blessed be hope, memory of the future, and anticipation of what is coming, pilot of God that invites us all to be gods”. You can go forward driven by hope. Let us remember that success consists of a series of small daily victories. We must persist because living is a miracle despite the problems or crisis that we are going through with this

COVID-19 pandemic.

An active hope, guided by faith in God and the desire to live and fight, is the source of that energy that helps us to overcome ourselves and move day by day in the midst of all these bio-safety protocols of the pandemic. Thanks to hope we live, because without it we are only breathing. It is a virtue that is entrenched in us when we appreciate beauty, when we count our blessings and when we stop focusing on the negatives of the crisis we are in. Hope quarrels with passiveness and is a friend of ideals and patience. When we learn how to wait we see the fruit in the seed, and in the dark night a clear Dawn. “There are no hopeless situations, but only men without hope” said Clemenceau.

If hope is so important, what is it? Tertullian said, “Hope is patience with a lamp lit.” Hope is to hold on when things begin to slide. Hope is to pray with expectation when there is no apparent answer.

G. Campbell Morgan, says that a man whose business was

burned down during a disastrous fire in Chicago arrived at the ruined site the next morning, carrying a table. He put the table in the middle of the accumulated rubble and upon it this optimistic sign: “Everything has been lost except for the wife, the children and hope. The business will resume as usual, tomorrow morning.” Many men and women become pessimistic in the face of unfortunate circumstances in which they find themselves. Many quit. Others become depressed and others have even taken their lives. What makes the difference in results? Talent? No! What does hope do for humanity? Hope is brighter in the dark hours, it motivates us when discouragement comes; energizes the body when it is tired; hope helps us believe, when evidence is removed. Hope hears the answers, when no one speaks; hope surmounts obstacles without help. Hope remains during difficulties when no one helps or considers it to be a lost cause. Hope is answered when no one cares; pushes towards victory when one

has lost his enthusiasm and the desire to keep fighting. Hope encourages us to give, when no one wants to share; brings victory when we feel defeated and lost. Hope smiles confidently, when the desire to cry and scream is stronger than to laugh.

There’s nothing left but to bury a person when their hopes are gone. Losing hope usually precedes the loss of life itself. You don’t need a better environment, you just need more hope. **It is the only thing that we can’t be without in order to live!**

We have three fantastic friends who propel us forward and allow us to recover the enthusiasm and the desire to live. These are three virtues called FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE. In faith we find light and trust; in hope we find inspiration and courage, and in love, the medicine that heals any wound. We have unsuspecting forces because God is our strength. **In every withered flower there are seeds for new life!**



Our Lady of Mount Carmel Cemetery

Our Lady of Mount Carmel Cemetery is the only cemetery in El Paso established specifically to serve the Catholic community. In your greatest need, Our Lady of Mt. Carmel is an extension of the parish family that provides services and support to help you manage the difficult decisions and many practical details that come with end-of-life arrangements.

Facilities and Services

Our Lady of Mount Carmel offers a full range of options

- Intimate chapel for on-site services
- Traditional burials, in-ground or mausoleum
- Internment of cremated remains in the columbarium or the chapel
- Peaceful, well-kept grounds maintained with environmentally Responsible reclaimed water

Aside from immediate need services available, staff members can provide assistance with arrangements for future needs

401 S. Zaragosa Rd • Ph. (915) 860-0606



**We need YOU to be
our Hunger Warrior!**
**...Because no one
should go hungry.**

DONATE

www.elpasoansfightinghunger.org/donate