

Wyoming Catholic Register Editor October

2003

Thankful for ministry in penitentiary

Dear Editor,

We, the Catholic community at the Wyoming State Penitentiary, recently lost a dear friend, Marty Sallade, who has "retired" after over 16 years as our Eucharist Minister.

To call our Marty anything but our shepherd would be a misnomer. She was always our friend, counselor, teacher and most important our guidepost to a spiritual life. She made time for each and every man. Even the non-believers knew her as a strong believer who gave of herself openly and with compassion for all.

I have had the privilege of knowing Marty most of the time she was here, joining this community some three weeks after she started leading our services. She is amazing, although small of stature, her presence filled the room with reverence and welcoming. No matter how "hardened" the man, we all melted and let the word be heard.

I do not know how many lives have been changed by Marty, but I know it is in the hundreds. I know she never thought about numbers, only in serving the Lord in serving the least of His children, though she would never think us of in that way.

For years Marty rearranged family events, holidays and personal events to make sure she was here every Monday. No postman ever had a better record. Marty used her talents to make sure we had priests, musicians, and other volunteers over the years, often sharing her family with us.

Many people think they can't make a difference. How wrong! So many men have changed, becoming better citizens, husbands, fathers and Christians, as a result of Marty's ministry. I give a prayer of thanks everyday to the Lord for bringing Marty Sallade into my life. I try to thank her everyday by passing on the lessons she taught me, for she truly saved this life.

We will miss you, I will miss you, but you will always be with us in our hearts. God Bless You!

Dave Jones #14474

Wyoming State Penitentiary

Rawlins

Define 'Catholic' colleges

Dear Editor:

In the August issue of the Wyoming Catholic Register, an article mentioned that some "Catholic" colleges and universities made it into a US News and World Report annual ranking of the nation's best colleges. These included Georgetown University and Boston

College.

I don't know how these two could be termed "Catholic." In the February, 2003 issue of the Cincinnati Right to Life newsletter, it was reported that the following "Catholic" colleges and universities promote Planned Parenthood from their web site:

Georgetown University, Boston College, DePaul University, Loyola University, Santa Clara University, Seattle University.

In addition, more than one person has reported that the students at Georgetown are given credit for community service when they act as escorts at abortuaries in Washington, D.C. (Escorts are the people who make sure the pregnant girls and women get into the abortuary and are not contacted or counseled by the pro-life people praying outside.)

Planned Parenthood is the largest provider of abortions in this country, performing more than 2 million since 1977. They have worked with the Chinese on their forced abortion programs. Since 1987, they have received more than \$2 billion in taxpayer money. Their total profit from 1987 to 2000 was \$417.1 million.

Surely we shouldn't designate the above-named schools as "Catholic" until they, like John Carroll University, remove Planned Parenthood from their web site and replace them with pregnancy support services.

Martha Killion
Pierce. Colo.

Real pain may be revealed in shabby appearance

Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

Perhaps I need to clarify my remarks in the previous Wyoming Catholic Register about women wearing burkas to Mass. For those of you who know me personally, you already know that I have a tendency to be an irreverent smarty pants and have a twisted sense of humor, so enough said. But, for those of you who don't know me you may have thought that I was being facetious. And I was. I am sorry. I did not mean to offend anyone. I hope you will forgive me.

What I really wanted to tell you was this:

Once I was at a meeting at the Church on a cold, dark winter night, when a man came in whose clothes were filthy dirty and smelled of a combination of wet dog and grease. He also reeked of alcohol.

This man looked around at the group of clean, nicely dressed ladies and said he saw the lights on and came inside "looking for God." Maybe I was foolhardy, but I got up and led him out into the foyer so that we could talk in private. It never occurred to me to be concerned for my own safety. Something (or someone) told me to put my arms around him. He laid his head on my shoulder and cried like a baby. Through his tortured sobs,

he confessed to me that he wanted to kill himself because he felt overwhelmingly guilty over the death of his young son.

Apparently, the two-year old boy had been playing behind the man's truck. The man didn't know he was there and backed over his son, killing him. All I could do was to hold this man in my arms and tell him over and over again that God loves him. That was the only thing that seemed important at the time. To make a long story short, we were able to get the man into a safe place for the night. I do not know what happened to him after that night.

Later, as I was getting ready for bed, I could still smell that man's dirt, grease and alcohol on my clothes, my hair and my hands. The weird thing is I didn't want to wash the smell off because I didn't want to forget about him. I put my face into my dirty, smelly hands and cried and prayed that somehow that man would find forgiveness and healing and the desire to go on living. I thanked God for giving me the opportunity to come face-to-face with him, because I do believe that I held Jesus in my arms that night. Maybe this doesn't have anything to do with what people wear to Mass. But maybe, it does. How do we know that the dirty, smelly stranger or the young girl with the short skirt or the man with the suit and tie aren't hurting badly and need for us to see beyond the window dressings to the beautiful person underneath who came "looking for God."

Theresa Miller

Gillette