

AMMI *Lacombe* Canada MAMI

Oblate Spirit

February 2017

A time to heal



Touched by a *God moment*



There are many ways we can be hurt, for example by loss of income, loss of a loved one, loss of mobility, loss of a home, or loss of hope. The trick is to bounce back from hardship and find a time to heal.

Healing is not easy when one is in the middle of a tough stretch of news. However, we all should be inspired by Jim Bleackley, OMI, and his story of “surrender” (see Page 3). It is an astonishingly beautiful description of a person moving from the depth of despair to a place of peace, hope and acceptance.

And speaking of despair, the people of Haiti must feel an abandonment of hope. The country was devastated by an earthquake that claimed thousands of lives in 2010. Then, last fall, Hurricane Matthew struck the country that was still recovering from the earthquake. More damage, more destruction, and hope dashed again.

Gerry Conlan, OMI, would call these *God moments* (see the Kenya notebook starting on Page 16). It is our chance to respond to people in need, people who have lost hope.

Blaise MacQuarrie, OMI, has a knack for finding those *God moments* in Peru. Imagine a group of youngsters who had never seen a team uniform, their chests proudly puffed out in their new jerseys and playing on a field especially built for them.

These boys and girls may have had their lives changed forever. They have had a taste of hope fulfilled. They likely don't realize it, but they have tasted healing, moving from a place of negativity to one of promise fulfilled.

Our hope is that you, our valued friends and supporters of the Oblates, can experience a *God moment*, a time in our lives when healing occurs.

John and Emily Cherneski
Communications Coordinators

Surrender to the Cross

BY JIM BLEACKLEY, OMI

OTTAWA – Dear Friends of the Oblates

I have been asked to share with you a personal experience of the cross. It will be a kind of confession, for it speaks about a time in my life when the mystery of the cross was more about being a symbol and an identity than a call to surrender completely to the paschal mystery.

I profoundly remember the day in 1972 when I made my final vows and received the Oblate cross and joined the long line of Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate, called to preach the gospel to the poor, especially to the most abandoned.

When I was sent to the Yukon to live and minister with the First Nations Peoples, the cross was the visible sign I used when preaching. I have fond memories of going to their bush camps to celebrate the Eucharist, using a wooden stump for an altar and tying my Oblate cross to a nearby tree, creating a focal point for the celebration.

The First Nations Peoples loved the cross. Because of their own suffering and pain they could intimately relate to Jesus on the cross; for them it was much more than a symbol. The Jesus on the cross walked with them, wept with them and helped them to persevere when they were overwhelmed by the many injustices the dominant culture inflicted on them. It was the power that allowed them to walk with dignity and grace despite the great suffering they endured.

There is something I came to appreciate and understand when forced to enter into the transforming mystery of the cross. There is a moment when the experience of the cross moves from my head to my heart, from an intellectual understanding to a personal experience.



In 1974, I was given an obedience to my home-town in Whitehorse, Yukon. It was an unusual assignment for a missionary priest, but one that affirms the ministry of the Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate who generously served the diocese for more than a hundred years.

I was assigned to the cathedral in Whitehorse and the pastor asked me to be the chaplain to the schools and the hospital. I loved that assignment. One reason was my mother, who had worked in the hospital for 25 years, was the night supervisor and that

meant I would often see her when I was visiting patients in the hospital.

In my second year of ministry in Whitehorse, early in the morning, I received an emergency call from the hospital. The nurse informed me that my mother had collapsed and was in the intensive care unit. When I inquired about her situation, the nurse told me to come quickly. I was confused as I drove to the hospital because my mother was a young, healthy woman. How was it possible that the news from the hospital could be that serious?

When I arrived at the intensive care unit, I found my mother surrounded by several nurses and doctors who were trying to deal with a violent seizure that was convolving her whole body. As I prayed and anointed her, my heart was filled with the fear that this could be the final moments of my mother's life.

After doing some tests, it was determined that my mother's condition was due to a large brain tumor, which had to be removed immediately. Because the Whitehorse General Hospital could not do this kind of surgery, she was flown to the Alberta University Hospital in Edmonton.

Before the operation my two brothers, my sister and I met with the doctor who informed us that there was a very slim chance that my mother would survive the procedure because the tumor was not only large, but it was situated in a vital part of the brain.

On hearing this news, my older and younger brother disappeared from the room, my sister returned to my mother's room and I made my way to the chapel in the hospital to say Morning Prayer. As I opened my breviary, I found myself looking at the Prayer of Abandonment, a prayer I often said to begin my day:

*Father, I abandon myself into your hands;
do with me what you will,
whatever you may do, I thank you;
I am ready for all, I accept all.
Let only your will be done in me.....*

At this point I stopped praying and closed my breviary and looked up at the large cross on the chapel wall and said, "God, I cannot pray this prayer this morning; I'm afraid your will might be very different than mine. I have only one prayer this morning; I want you to heal my mother."

Of course it wasn't a prayer, but rather a demand that left me feeling very anxious and worried to the point I left the chapel and returned to my mother's room. On the



way, I told myself not to worry because the doctors will take care of everything.

After waiting for eight hours, my brothers and sister and I once more met the doctor, who informed us that he was not able to remove all of the tumor and most likely it would grow back. When we asked about the prognosis, he told us he didn't know; our mother might have a day, a week, a month or a year. It was too difficult to predict how fast the tumor would grow and end her life.

On hearing this news, my older brother announced to us that he was going to a bar, and my younger brother offered to go with him. But my older brother said, "One drunken Bleackley at a bar was enough."

My sister, with tears in her eyes, returned to my mother's empty room and I retraced my steps to the chapel. When I got there, I opened my breviary and found the Prayer of Abandonment and began to read the words. While trying to pray, a line of scripture came to me. "If any want to become my followers, let them deny themselves and take up their cross and follow me."

At that moment the words didn't speak about carrying a heavy burden, but rather an invitation to embrace the cross and surrendering myself to the love and mercy of God, an act that acknowledged my mortality and lack of control over the uncertainties of my life. Even though my mother's situation had not changed, my anxieties and fears faded away and I was filled with a sense of peace.

The next day as I went to mass, I had a strange sensation: my senses were heightened; colours appeared brighter. Intuitively I noticed people around me who seemed to be in pain, the Sunday readings took on new meaning and, while receiving communion, I heard in the depth of my being these words: "This is my Body given up for you." I was overwhelmed with an appreciation and gratitude for everything, especially the unconditional love that allows us to live the suffering,

death and resurrection mystery in a way that makes all things new.

My experience echoes the words of Leonardo Boff in his book, "Passion of Christ, Passion of the World":

Where God seems not to be, where God seems to have withdrawn, there we shall find God most intensely present. Reason seeks the cause of suffering. Reason seeks reasons for evil. The cross seeks no causes. God is to be found in suffering, and most intensively of all. Where reason sees the absence of God, the logic of the cross sees God's full revelation.

For me, embracing the cross is living each day the suffering-death-resurrection rhythm found in all of life; to remember that I can only follow Jesus, by dying with him and surrendering to his unconditional love.

I would like to conclude this reflection with one of my favourite prayers from Blessed Charles Eugène de Foucauld, French Catholic religious and priest who lived among the Tuareg in the Sahara in Algeria:

*Father, I abandon myself into your hands;
do with me what you will,
whatever you may do, I thank you;
I am ready for all, I accept all.
Let only your will be done in me
and in all your creatures –
I wish no more than this, O Lord.
Into your hands I commend my soul;
I offer it to you with all the love of my heart,
for I love you Lord,
and so need to give myself,
to surrender myself into your hands,
without reserve,
and with boundless confidence,
for you are my Father.*

My mom was born on Feb. 13, 1918, and died on May 24, 1979.

Finding blessing amidst the sorrow

BY CORRINE PAMBRUN

SASKATOON – Dec. 20, 2016, marked nine months since the phone call came from mom's family doctor telling our family that antibiotics were no longer working for her. As per mom's wishes, we all agreed there would be no more hospitals or needles, and what mattered most was making her happy, comfortable, pain free and surrounded by love and family.

Although we have witnessed some very low days, these past nine months gave our family many blessings that included celebrating mom's 87th birthday in September and another Christmas with mom that has been treasured by each one of us.

In June we were able to be part of the precious blessing to see mom given the gift to love and hold Lexi, her 22nd great granddaughter. Over the summer months mom got to enjoy a garden planted by her oldest son Myles. We as a family through

all of 2016 have been able to witness and enjoy many beautiful and wonderful visits from mom's very large, loud and memory-making family.

Mom has also been given the gift of living in community with Oblates Fr. Alois Kedl and Fr. Ron Zimmer, and she looks



Marion Heidt, Corrine Pambrun

forward to her weekly visits from Fr. Lester Kaufmann.

We as a family are so grateful that mom is now able to be a part of Sunday Eucharist when she is up to it. We are especially grateful to Fr. Albert Ulrich who has added Sunday mass at Central Haven Mennonite Based Care Home to his weekly ministry.

I have come to realize that Oblates do not retire. They serve and go wherever there is need and give their time so selflessly for the care and comfort of others. Even Fr. Ron, who requires nursing care himself, continues to do daily ministry, whether it be visiting with the residents of Central Haven, or cutting Mom's meat to make it easier for her to eat. Most special of all, if mom is having a low day, he will take the time to sing her a German lullaby that will bring a smile to her face.

It brings me such happiness when I am told that Br. Walter DeMong and Fr. John Zunti took time to check in on mom while they were busy repairing a chair for Fr. Ron.

As an Oblate Associate I cannot begin to tell you how much it means to be able to witness every day the work of our Oblate priests, who in retirement often give more of themselves than anyone should ever be required to give.

On behalf of my family and myself, I would like to thank all the Oblates for their continued prayers for our mom.

Please pray as well for our wonderful retired Oblates who continue to serve and bring the Joy of the Gospel to all those who find strength in God's Words.

We are truly blessed!



Nicole Pambrun, Marion Heidt,
Cheryl Wack

Supporting the Oblates

BY MICHAEL YAPTINCHAY
PRINCIPAL, ST. AUGUSTINE SCHOOL

VANCOUVER – St. Augustine School in Vancouver celebrated its annual evening of song and prayer in December.

It is a wonderful way to gather as a faith community during the Advent season. This year the songs, scripture and reflections focused on the meaning and purpose of Advent.

During the four weeks of Advent, we spend time preparing for and thinking about Jesus's coming – in history, mystery and majesty. God became human and came into the world as a baby more than 2000 years ago, an event we celebrate on Christmas Day.

Jesus also wants to come into our hearts and live with us every day, so during Advent we spent extra time praying, receiving sacraments and reflecting on our faith life and the presence of Jesus in it.

Each year during our Advent gathering we have a collection to help support the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in their missionary work in Kenya. Over the years, our contributions have helped to build water systems, schools and bakeries. They have been used to purchase medical supplies and transportation vehicles.

This year, our donations are going to help a young man in his first year of formation with the Oblates in Kenya. As a community we raised \$4,100.



Hope through sports

BY BLAISE MACQUARRIE, OMI

CHINCHA ALTA, Peru – One of the areas where we were working, building houses and putting in a clean running water system, was near a plot of land about 12 acres in size, flat but with a deep natural ditch running through the centre of it. In my mind, I could see a football (soccer) field.

Because I am a person who likes to get things done, I went to see a man who had a front-end loader and explained my plan.

He went to work with his powerful machine and flattened the low area into a nice children-size soccer field. Once the width and length were achieved, we transported thousands of

Blaise MacQuarrie, OMI



adobe bricks, each weighing 12 kilos. Within a few weeks the subfield was built and all about the field were the bleachers.

Looked very good and needless to tell you the kids were so happy to have a place to play their favourite sport.

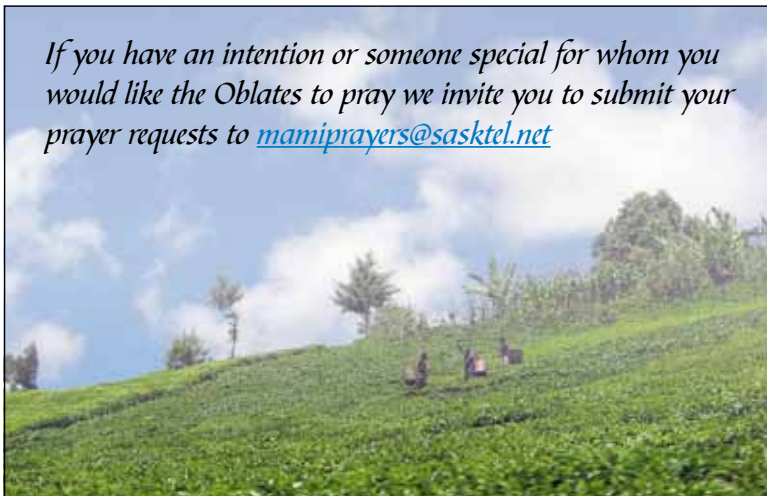
There are about 500 families in this area, most of them so poor they could not afford to buy the children a uniform, nor for that matter a soccer ball. So, yours truly helped these future adults. I was able to outfit three teams. Talk about the joy!

We must work hard with children and the young people. When you can see where and how they live, it is enough to break one's heart. You see the children in the dusty streets after school, playing with a makeshift ball.

Recently a group of eight children came to the area nearby where we make our bricks and toppled 12,000 bricks that were piled for transport. We were upset, but what I asked others to do was to invite these kids to join the soccer teams instead of brushing them aside.

This area is full of drugs and many of the youth are in jail. So, when we can do something concrete for these children, it encourages them to be better people. Thanks be to God there are adults teaching the children how to play the game, and this gives me great hope for the future.

If you have an intention or someone special for whom you would like the Oblates to pray we invite you to submit your prayer requests to mamiprayers@sasktel.net





Help for Haiti

The Oblates of Haiti have asked their Canadian brethren to help rebuild infrastructure destroyed when Hurricane Matthew struck the impoverished country on Oct. 4, 2016.

MAMI has offered to help raise and provide \$40,000 in funding for the following projects:

- rebuild the rooftop of the De Mazenod dormitory at Camp-Perrin
- rebuild the rooftop of the community meeting hall at Coteaux



Gift Payment Option



We have the ability to accept donations by way of credit card! Please complete the gift form enclosed, visit our website at www.oblatemissionassociates.ca to give online, or call our office toll free: 1-866-432-6264 and we will be pleased to assist you in facilitating your donation to the Oblate missions.

- repair the doors and windows of the rectory of Chardonnières
- rebuild the rooftop of the cultural centre of Port-Salut.



More than one million Haitians were affected by the hurricane that caused an estimated 500 to 1,500 deaths.

This is the same country that was devastated by an earthquake in 2010 when more than 200,000 people were killed and more than 300,000 injured in the magnitude 7.3 quake.

It was the biggest earthquake in the region in more than 200 years, leaving a humanitarian crisis with at least 1.5 million people homeless.

Haiti is one of the poorest countries in the world. When Oblates respond to the “poorest of the poor,” they have to look no further than this devastated region.

For that reason, we are asking our Canadian supporters to reach out to the Oblates in Haiti in their time of need. Donations can be made by using the donation form enclosed with this publication.





Kenya

NOTEBOOK

BY GERRY CONLAN, OMI

KISAJU, Kenya – Just before Christmas I got word that four brothers in the Kionyo/Nairobi youth group lost their father. He died in the morning in Kionyo.

I was amazed how calm they were. I know the boys suffered a lot due to his alcoholism and lack of money in the house, so I'm sure they had mixed feelings. The father was away much of their lives and came back home last year when he was sick. It has been a journey of forgiveness and reconciliation for all of them.

After depriving the family of his resources, the family had to pay for his medical expenses. I was happy they were able to come to Karen and celebrate and laugh a little bit. Of course we remembered the father in our Vigil Mass with the Holy Spirit Sisters.



Gerry Conlan, OMI

We had a plan to put a security system in our dispensary at Kionyo, but it closed down, partly due to corruption. We agreed to try it at the Kiirua Farm.

The next day I returned with a 'borrowed' computer monitor from Meru (the desktop had died, so please don't tell Fr. Praveen), installed three cameras and set up the DVR monitor/recording machine. I was amazed how simple it was and that



Euticus

everything worked the first time! (Obviously they make these things engineer proof and idiot proof).

So, we hope this will deter and reduce stealing. The chickens and fattening bulls are a juicy prize for a thief. We have not yet repaired the electric fence since the elephants destroyed a section, but also need to replace the wires that have rusted in a short time. I need more time to think the best way forward for the lowest investment.

One day in December, after mass, two lads and I went to buy 700 tree seedlings for the tree farm. Because it had just



Delivery of seedlings



Struggling up the muddy hill

rained heavily, it was a struggle for the little four-wheel-drive truck to make the hill. After three attempts, I parked it halfway up the hill and left the little brother of Euticus to guard the trees. Euticus said the men who offered to help with their ox-cart would probably help themselves if we left it unguarded!

So we carried some supplies up the steep driveway to the house, about 300 metres. I carried a 25-kilogram gas cylinder and needed a couple of rest breaks along the way! Must be getting old. The young men powered up without a sweat.

We explored the farm where the previous 3,600 seedlings had been planted. Sadly, at least 1,500 of the initial seedlings from Kionyo had died. I was a bit annoyed, but it was not the fault of the workers: the rains were delayed by two weeks, the rats had eaten some of the roots while waiting for the rains, and the chlorinated pumped water is apparently unhealthy for the saplings.

Finally, after the initial planting on the first rains, there was a five-day drought, and hot sun. All in all, we're learning a few hard lessons.

Euticus has really proved his worth, not losing hope and replacing the dead ones as fast as he could before the December rains faded.

So, after two hours without rain, I was able to drive the truck

up the hill and offload the seedlings. We really need to spend money on the road. It is worse than the lunar moonscape.

For many people, it's not easy to connect God to everyday life.

God is often a reality "up there." That's why I like to use the phrase: "God moments."

If we are polite and helpful to others even while we have a "tough" time, we will reveal the light of Christ for others. If we can laugh when life is tough, we will give other people "God moments." And if we appreciate other people, they will become "God moments" for us.

Last year, I was feeling very tired and driving somewhere about 7 p.m. I passed a group of men, women and children walking in the rain. In Kenya, it is not wise to help strangers at night, but I stopped. They got in the car and I drove them three kilometres. They were very grateful, and I also felt happier. It was a God moment.

This is my prayer for each of us: that we keep our eyes open to see opportunities to help others, and I know the light of God will enter into our lives more visibly.



Vigil Mass with the
Holy Spirit Sisters



Kionyo parish church roof construction

The simple message of how to cope with disappointment and sadness in the world is this: give life to the people around you! You also have the power to make a difference!

A few weeks ago, one of our youth at Kionyo was sent away from school only two weeks before his final exams. Why? The school fees were not paid up. He needed \$50 and I gave it.

I was very annoyed with the school. Why cripple a young person only two weeks before the stress of exams and graduation? Last week, he told me he really appreciated the assistance. It gave him hope and confidence. Now he is ready to face the world and can make our community even better.

I'm sorry if it sounds like I'm boasting about my "good deeds." But isn't that a simple thing we can all do? I see our youth here in Kenya, with very little money, giving "encouragement" to students doing final exams. Two weeks ago I saw them sacrificing to help build our new church in Kionyo. That is amazing for me – they give from the little they have. And they feel proud, and feel like they are part of the community. They are alive!

Finally, a New Year's blessing from me to you.

*With Grateful Hearts we ask the Lord of the Universe
To send many blessings upon you and your family/friends:*

*The Blessing of Good Health – as we exercise regularly;
The Blessing of Success – in all we start with a good
intention;
The Blessing of Faithfulness – as we do our duties to
others;
The Blessing of Generosity – as Jesus greets us in the
needs of others;
The Blessing of Patience – as we preach the Gospel
by our actions.*

*(Fr. Gerry is an Australian Oblate who visited Canada in 2013 for a speaking tour
and is posted to the Canadian mission in Kenya.)*

FRENCH *Oblate Spirit*

Due to rising publication costs, this and future editions of *Oblate Spirit* will only be printed in English. A French version is available online at www.omilacombe.ca/oblate-spirit/

Our dedicated French supporters will receive an English copy of *Oblate Spirit*. If you would rather read the French online and not receive the English version, please let us know.

L'esprit Oblat VERSION FRANÇAISE

Vu l'augmentation des coûts de publication, le présent numéro et les suivants de *L'esprit oblat* seront imprimés en version anglaise seulement. On pourra lire la version française électronique à www.omilacombe.ca/oblate-spirit/

Nos sympathisants dévoués recevront un exemplaire en anglais de *Oblate Spirit*. Si vous préférez lire la version française en ligne et ne pas recevoir la version imprimée anglaise, veuillez nous le faire savoir.

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In your words

BY LEWIS RAMSTEAD

My life is richer for knowing Fr. Virgilio Baratto, OMI, who is now in a nursing home in St. Albert, close to the Oblate home.

Father Baratto is a great friend. He is a very religious, dedicated priest with outstanding outdoor talents (hunting, fishing, trapping, etc.) He is in his 90s and is fairly comfortable and well looked after. But his heart is with his people and in the bush. I visit him and support him with many items that I believe go back to the order. I am happy that he remembers my family in his masses and prayers.

Father Baratto is a fine representative of the Oblates and will be accepted into heaven with a great celebration.

Over the years I met many Oblates and friends in the order. Jacques Johnson was an outstanding priest who passed years ago. Alex Carrier, with whom my wife Pauline attended school, was a great priest and friend who is also gone to heaven. Both priests did outstanding jobs and were admired and loved by the Indian community. Both were around the Lac Ste. Anne Pilgrimage that we always attend. I also remember and met Archbishop Peter Sutton who was a great priest.

Oblates are special priests and we are always happy to see them and attend their masses.

Congratulations on your 200th anniversary. Your founder Eugene de Mazenod must be very proud of you all and waiting to salute you in heaven.

God bless the Oblates. I wish luck, good health, happiness and peace be with you all. Thanks for your service and friendship. Our prayers are with the Oblates that recently passed.

Celebrating Fr. Albert Lacombe

BY CAMILLE PICHÉ, OMI

ST. ALBERT – On Dec. 12, 2016, we celebrated the 100th anniversary of the death of Albert Lacombe, OMI, who is considered one of the founding fathers of St. Albert, Alta., and a man who played a key role in the development of Alberta and the West.

He began his ministry among the Ojibway and Métis of Pembina and Red River, where he accompanied a buffalo hunt. He soon headed west to Lac Ste Anne and ministered to the Métis there and in Fort Edmonton and surrounding area. He founded the parish of St. Joachim, all the while studying the Cree language.

During his many horseback trips to Fort Edmonton, he identified land on the hill overlooking the Sturgeon River as more suitable for agriculture. Having received the blessing of Bishop Taché, he set about to build a chapel on Mission Hill in 1861, a bridge on the Sturgeon River in 1862, organized with the Métis a cart brigade to make the 900-mile journey with supplies across the prairies in 1862, set up a grist mill, built a convent for the Grey Nuns, priest's quarters and a residence and cathedral for the newly arrived Bishop Grandin in 1868.

He travelled across the Alberta prairies among the Cree and Blackfoot, helping to make peace between these two warring tribes from 1865-1872. He was named pastor of Winnipeg (Fort Garry) and in charge of





colonizing Manitoba from 1874-1880. In 1882 he left Winnipeg to help organize the mission in the Calgary district where he would spend the rest of his life.

He served as intermediary between the Blackfoot opposed to the railroad on their reserve, built churches and schools, all the while proclaiming the Good News to the Cree, Blackfoot he had befriended, as well as ministering to the droves of settlers heading west to homestead.

After an active and prolific life, he moved to Pincher Creek, which he called his *hermitage*, in 1904 and helped to organize a senior home in Midnapore where he resided from 1909 until his death in 1916.

The Blackfoot called him "The man of good heart" and the settlers "The old wise man". Many historic geographic sites and monuments bear his name, including Chateau Lacombe in Edmonton. He was truly a legendary missionary.

Fr. Lacombe, who was born in Quebec, died on Dec. 12, 1916, and is buried in St. Albert.

WANTED YOUR STORIES!

There are many charities and good causes that solicit your support. Yet for some reason you have chosen to offer the Oblates your prayers, friendship and assistance.

We are curious:

Why did you choose us?

How did you hear about the Oblate missionary work?

How have the Oblates supported, inspired and encouraged you?

What are some of your best memories of Oblates and their missionary work?

Send your stories (and photos) to: lacombemissions@yahoo.ca



Fr. Rolheiser celebrated

Congratulations to Ron Rolheiser, OMI, on being named the Prairie Messenger's *Churchperson of the Year*.

The Prairie Messenger, a widely-distributed weekly Saskatchewan publication, annually highlights Canadians who have made significant contributions to a better understanding of our faith. Fr. Ron has been writing weekly newspaper columns for more than 30 years and has helped many people integrate their faith into present-day culture.

Choosing to call his column *In Exile*, Rolheiser commented:

"All of us live our lives in exile. We live in our separate riddles, partially separated from God, each other, and even from ourselves. We experience some love, some community, some peace, but never these in their fullness. Our senses, egocentricity, and human nature place a veil between us and full love, full community, and full peace. We live, truly, as in a riddle: The God who is omnipresent cannot be sensed; others, who are as real as ourselves, are always partially distanced and unreal; and we are, in the end, fundamentally a mystery even to ourselves."

Fr. Ron is the president of the Oblate School of Theology in San Antonio, Texas.



To enhance your prayer life



As a gift to our faithful and generous supporters, we are pleased to offer you a choice of a complementary dark blue Lourdes Rosary Bracelet **or** a light blue Crystal Lourdes Rosary.

The Lourdes Rosary Bracelet features blue sapphire crystal beads adorned with sparkly rhinestones and pearl-like beads, forming a decade of the rosary. A medal depicting St. Bernadette and the traditional Lourdes grotto scene, a crucifix and silver filigree and blue rhinestone Our Father bead completes this special bracelet.

The Light Blue Crystal Lourdes Rosary features a silver crucifix with intricate detailing. The centerpiece features the image of Our Lady of Lourdes and St. Bernadette. Droplets of Lourdes holy water are visible on the reverse side.

Quantities are limited. Please see the enclosed gift form to indicate your request for one of these lovely rosaries.

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*to Oblate
missionary
works*



Do you have publicly traded securities that you would like to donate to the benefit of the Oblate missions? You can directly donate your publicly traded securities (shares) to **AMMI Lacombe Canada MAMI** and receive an official income tax receipt while avoiding the payment of capital gains tax.

To take advantage of this tax-saving offer, please call Diane Lepage (1-866-432-6264) at our office for further information. A minimum market value of \$5,000 is suggested. We would be happy to facilitate this exchange that benefits you and the poor of the Oblate missions.

AMMI Lacombe Canada
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bringing the love of God
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*Your gift to AMMI Lacombe Canada MAMI
would ensure that the good ministry and
mission works of the Oblates continues in
Canada and throughout the world.*

*You could even specify an Oblate mission that
is dear to your heart.*

Oblate Spirit

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www.oblatemissionassociates.ca

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Donations for Oblate Missionary Projects can be sent to:

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