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# The Guadalupe Workers



A couple of newsletters ago we promised that, through all the turmoil, we would strive to keep a constant presence in front of the clinic and at our office. We have done so. We are talking to mothers in front of the abortion clinic two days a week; and we are at the office three to four days a week. I feel almost apologetic sending out a “newsletter”—because, essentially, there is no news. Mothers have left the clinic, ultrasounds have been carried out at the office, food, clothing and diapers have been given out beyond count. All that, though, is not news for us—especially not in the way most folks now expect news. Requirements for the typical news item seem to be conflict, destruction, and large numbers. The last item is especially important. I noticed a news item today giving numbers relating to the next presidential election; and of course, there are numbers relating to new Covid cases, numbers relating to protests, to riots, to economics, to immigration.... Numbers are used, though, not because they are true, but because they are so handy for disguising truth (when context, time frame and comparisons are excluded). And if I see any common element in all the recent madness, I see an all-out effort to use big numbers and big banners and big fires to distract us. To distract us from the truth.

The truth is that what is most important, most worthy of headlines, has nothing to do with big numbers or with big, rather vague, terms. What is most important is the 87-year-old grandmother, in advanced dementia, who still knows one face in this world, the face of her daughter, yet cannot understand why her daughter is on the other side of the window and won't come in. And that 87-year-old grandmother will soon die, utterly alone.

That which is most important is the unborn child who, like the grandmother, also recognizes only one person in this world. However, the situation is reversed—not the child failing to reach her mother, but the mother now failing—morally, emotionally, psychologically-- to reach her child. Accordingly, she makes an appointment to have that child severed from her and from the world.

These are small, hidden scenarios, however; and because they are small and hidden, few people recognize the truth contained in each. That truth, not in the big numbers or in the big hazy terms, is in the small, the individual, the person. Is there any better way to define truth than as that which does not change, that which always is? Political issues, social unrest, plagues and pandemics, all of these are soon to be washed away in the waves of time. The person, however, is a word spoken not by time or circumstance, but by God. One can also consider the person as a sacramental reality; as in the consecration at Mass, the materials and actions of man work in cooperation with the breath of God, and word becomes flesh. At Mass, of course, the word is The Word; while in the sacramental union of man and wife word is made flesh in the person of the unborn child. And that word, coming from the mind and mouth of God, exists eternally.





For these reasons Guadalupe Workers strives to keep a steady, quiet presence in the heart of Detroit. We strive, in a quiet personal way, to address each mother entering the abortion clinic. We remind her that she is not a commodity at the service of a boyfriend or the welfare system; and that she, being unique, has created someone eternally unique. Likewise, we strive to assist personally each mother who comes to the office--an office which, as everyone agrees, looks more like a home than an office. Each mother knows, however, that it is not the state helping her with food, clothing, diapers or utility bill. It is a person.



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