

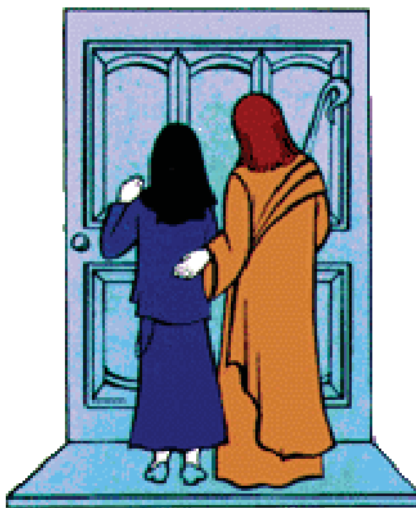
# A Day's Walk

by Sister Mary Ludivine, PVMI

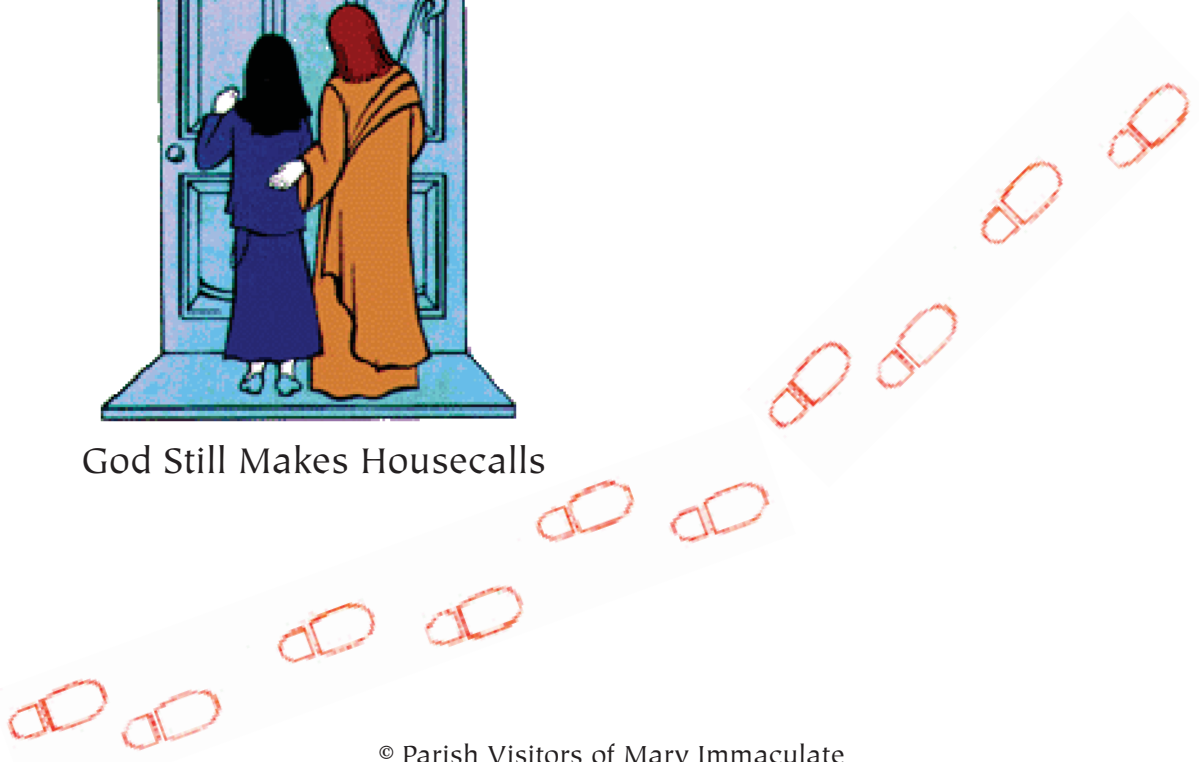


Take "A Day's Walk"  
with a Parish Visitor of Mary Immaculate!

City streets and suburban roads are the fields where Our Lord wants me to go.  
Come with me today as I recall a day's walk in the fields of a Parish Visitor...



God Still Makes Housecalls



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Write to them to receive their vocation magazine:

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City streets and suburban roads are the fields where Our Lord wants me to go. Come with me today as I recall a day's walk in the fields of a Parish Visitor.

*- My Prayer -*

*Come, Lord Jesus! Fill my heart with true Christian love for whoever answers this doorbell. Help me spell out Your love for whomever I visit. In Your name I wait for this door to open.*

The door opens; I am invited to sit in the kitchen with my new friend.

“Sister,” she says, with young, tired eyes, “this year has been a disaster. My husband won’t quit drinking. I don’t understand what’s gotten into him. He’s not the

man I married. And, I can’t take it any more. All we do is argue; and what it’s doing to our son scares me.”

*Comfort her, Lord!*

*Let her hear You. Put Your words in my mouth.*

*Convince her that there is hope, Your true hope!*



“I would like to meet your husband. Just tell him that a Sister came visiting all the homes in the neighborhood and she would like to meet with him as well. Say that I will come back to see him and the others I have missed.

“Call me to arrange a convenient time. If I don’t hear from you in a couple of days, I’ll call you. And remember, the Sisters and I are praying for you and your family.”

As I said goodbye, I noticed that her eyes had lost some of their fatigue. God was at work.

A few visits later...





A few visits later, I rapped the brass door knocker. No answer. Again I knocked, just the usual sound of a friend come a'visiting.

The door was opened only enough to guarantee that I would hear the man's words: "I'm not interested in talking to you, Sister."

He closed the door, but re-opened it, seeing through the door curtains that I had not moved. "I'm not interested in talking to you, Sister," he repeated. "I've

lost touch with the Church; I should say the Church lost touch with me. The Catholic Church I knew and loved is gone."

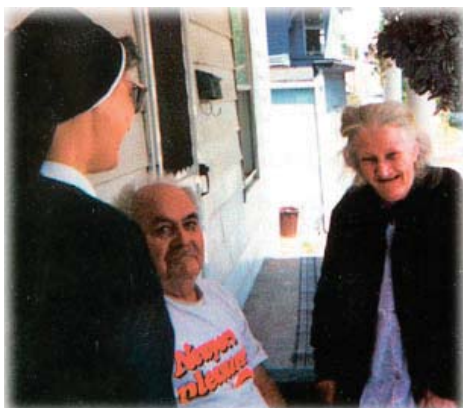
*Reach out to him, Lord, through me.  
Call him forth as you called Lazarus.  
Help him forgive those who have sown confusion.  
Give me Your words so that he will gain the patience  
to accept Your Will and return to the fold.*

"The Church hasn't changed. The Mass hasn't changed. The Sacraments haven't changed. But so many hearts have changed," I explained. "So many have said, 'My will now. I have tried Your Will: now it's my turn.'" My friend listened and I spoke about the unchanging, unchangeable Church. As we parted, I gave him a holy card of the Sacred Heart and a parish bulletin.

"Thank you, Sister," my friend said, and gently closed the door, looking pensively at the holy card.



"Sister, do you really believe in prayer?" the elderly lady at the next house asked. "Do you think God ever really answers? Look at this bundle of prayer leaflets. They're frayed and worn, because I've read them over every night for years. And yet nothing I pray for happens."



*Lord, teach her to pray!  
Help me tell her the meaning of  
"Ask and you shall receive."*

"Prayers are always answered by God, because God always listens and always loves. Every prayer is answered. But our wants are not always our needs. And our greatest need is to love God. Surely that is why God the Son died on the Cross, to give love that will last until and beyond the end of time."



“Life is so empty since my husband died,” said the lady in the house that sorely needed painting. “I thought that when his sufferings ended and he was finally at peace, I would be at peace too. But now I feel desperate again. It isn’t at all like I had hoped. I didn’t know how empty life would be without him.”

We sat on the couch next to each other. I held her hand; she wept.

*Comfort her, Lord.  
Call her by the name You have given her.  
Fill this home with Your presence and touch  
her heart with a knowledge of Your nearness.  
Show me now how to teach her what the  
communion of saints really means.*

I told her about the Holy Family and the sorrow that Mary must have felt after Joseph’s death... And at her greater sorrow at the foot of the Cross. But what joy followed! Let Jesus fill the emptiness; visit Him in church; receive Him in Holy Communion. As we parted, I gave her a holy card of the Sacred Heart. “I’ll be back soon, a few days.” She smiled.



“No, definitely no! I’ll never darken the door of a confessional again. You’ve never been insulted in the confessional like I was... You don’t know how I felt!”

Help us, Lord! Help us both this very minute! Help me guide his heart so that he will return to meet You through a priest and have his burden of sin removed. Help me teach him forgiveness!

“You’re right; I don’t know how you feel. But I do know how it feels when words injure someone. Let’s let God judge the priest, while we concentrate on what’s best for you.”

I knew that this would require more than one visit. As we said goodbye, I thanked God for His words and His strength.





After visiting other homes, I came to the home of a woman who welcomed me into her home as if we were dear friends, “Come into our den, Sister. I want you to see where we pray. I know that praying the Rosary is supposed to be out of style, but that’s not true for this house.

“My oldest son made that rack in his woodwork class,” she continued. “We each have a hook to keep our rosary ready. Every night after supper my husband and I come in here and begin praying the Rosary. We never tell the boys to join us, yet all four of them are here almost every night. Oh, they may not have time for all five decades and they know they can leave quietly at any time. They are sure to be here straight through just before exams, or when they have some other special intention in mind.”

*Oh, God, dear God, thank You, Father, Son and Holy Spirit for guiding me to all of the people You have let me touch with Your words. Amen.*

