



Romero of the Americas: Seen Through Paraguayan Eyes

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I am thrilled to be your Romero lecturer for 2001 and to join a line of distinguished lecturers, most of whom were closer to Romero than I have ever been. I never even met him, so why do I have this honor? You must ask my hosts, but it may reflect the recognition that Romero does not belong only to El Salvador. He has become far bigger than that. For example, the Catholic aid agency in England and Wales, CAFOD, has changed its street name from Garden Close to Romero Close. Romero belongs to the whole world. But he belongs to the Americas in a particular way. He is even known as Romero of the Americas.

What are the Americas? When Spanish speakers talk about America, they generally mean Latin America. When English speakers talk about America, they nearly always mean the United States. Is America one continent or two? The 1997 Synod for America, held in Rome, tried to make America one continent, but the two parts are so different that they seem more like two continents. On the other hand, they share a single name—or not so much share it as have a tug-of-war over whose name it is. Speaking of the Americas in the plural is a way of recognizing that it is neither fully one continent, nor quite two.

The key to the unity of the Americas does not have to be the ubiquitous Coca-Cola□ which implies the economic and cultural domination of north over south. No, the key to our unity lies in this great and humble bishop, who comes from the narrow strip of land that joins where I live—Paraguay, in the heart of South America—with where you live in the heart of North America. The key to our unity lies in this shepherd and martyr, who tried to resist the injustice that was bolstered by ill-founded US foreign policy, and whose influence now stretches both north and south. When *you* say: “Romero of the Americas,” you are saying: “We recognize this man as *our* patron saint too.”

The title “Romero of the Americas” was first given to him by another great bishop, Pedro Casaldáliga, in a poem he wrote a few days after the assassination, called “Saint Romero of the Americas.” Since then, the title has been picked up—admittedly patchily—around the world. The “saint” bit is not yet licit, but the beatification process is progressing.

Who, then, is this great Romero of the Americas, and why does he matter so much to me? I first heard of him the day after he was shot, in March 1980. At the time, I was studying at the Gregorian University in Rome. We came into class that morning to be told that a bishop had been shot, and that there would be prayers for him in the big Aula during the morning break. I went along with my classmates, not knowing anything about the archbishop but struck by something in the atmosphere. I don’t expect there were many there who knew much about Romero. But there was something both deeply committed and very matter-of-fact about all those people—priests and sisters from mission territories all around the world, some from quite dangerous places—singing the “Salve Regina” and praying together for a brother murdered in the course of his pastoral work. As I went back to class, something in me had begun to respond to Romero.

My next great moment of posthumous encounter with Romero was on the first anniversary of his death. A mass was organized in the beautiful and ancient basilica in Rome dedicated to SS Cosmas and Damian. In its apse, beneath the stunning mosaic of Christ with his sheep (Romero, in fact, died in a chapel dedicated to the Good Shepherd) I heard for the first time the haunting Latin American hymn “Resucitó” (“He is risen, alleluia.”)

Also on that first anniversary of Romero’s death, Bishop Casaldáliga was writing the prologue to a book about the suppression of early Paraguayan base

communities¹, which began: “This book should be meditated on throughout Latin America.” But more on that later.

Soon afterward, I was particularly moved by a passage that my Jesuit friend, Michael Campbell Johnston, who lives in El Salvador, copied out in a Christmas letter. I have quoted it over and over again. It came from an interview with Romero only a few weeks before his death:

“I have to say, as a Christian, that I don’t believe in death without resurrection. If they kill me, I will rise again in the Salvadoran people...Martyrdom is a grace of God I don’t think I deserve. But if God accepts the sacrifice of my life, may my blood be the seed of liberty and the sign that hope will soon become reality...You can say, if they come to kill me, that I forgive and bless those who do it. Hopefully they may realize that they will be wasting their time. A bishop will die but the Church of God, which is the people, will never perish.”

I learned about Romero, also, through another martyr of El Salvador, a particular favorite of mine. Jean Donovan was one of the four missionaries who were raped and murdered on December 2 in the same year that Romero died. A powerful biography written by Ana Carrigan, *Salvador Witness*², includes Jean Donovan’s diary entry for March 24, 1980:

“At five-thirty in the evening, while celebrating Mass in the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Monsignor Oscar Romero was assassinated. He was shot in the heart with one bullet.”
And then I read in Jean’s letter to her friend Rita: “He was a fantastic person, patient and kind- always showed love. He had a gift of public speaking but could talk to people one-on-one. He was fearlessly honest. He lived a simple life of continual forgiveness and love, he was the friend of the weak and of the poor—always available to talk to anyone. The *campesinos* were always outside his door.”

I think it is worth remembering Jean Donovan along with Romero to remind ourselves that those who gave their lives in El Salvador were lay as well as clerical, were women as well as men. In Jean's case, the giving of her life was very clearly a free choice, one that she had to fight for against the opposition of family and friends and boyfriend. Before she went back for the last time, she talked to her friend Gwen Vendley, who reports:

"She was almost shell-shocked. She would have to speak very fast, and she so needed somebody to listen to her. We talked for hours, actually. Some things were very simple about her...simple and ordinary. About her desire to marry, to have a child, to nurse a child, to enjoy what she perhaps thought of as ordinary, living your life. She had been asked to get married and she was trying to make that decision. But she had so many things before her, it was very difficult for her. I honestly think, that as much as she would have liked to get married, she knew she couldn't go back to something that she'd left behind...and really she'd left that person behind. That person, meaning herself, more than the one she loved... She had made her decision to go back. I argued with her quite a bit about it, because there was no question, she couldn't live as she was without being killed. We talked about it a lot. I said: 'What difference does it make if you go down there and you get killed? You're just one other person that's killed down there'."³

There is the mentality of the martyr: there is fear, but at the same time there is a tenacious belief that this dangerous road is the right road and that it cannot be abandoned without a loss of self. And Romero was the same. He used to love going to the beach with a friend, and one day he was there in his swimming trunks with a book half-open in his hands as the sun was going down. He looked at that distant horizon, the line between sea and sky, and said to his friend, "Are you afraid of dying?" The friend, who was a priest, replied: "Me? No, not at all." And Romero said, "Well, I am. I *really* am."

Was Jean Donovan "just another person that's killed down there"? Yes, in the sense of human equality, that one life is worth neither less nor more than

another. But also no, in the sense that her death had an impact on US public opinion that could never be achieved by the death of just one more *campesino*.

Was Romero just another person that's killed down there? He had spoken of his death very much in those terms: "A bishop will die but the Church of God, which is the people, will never perish." Yet his death is what made him known around the world and put him on the road to becoming one of the most famous Latin Americans of all time. In just three years of commitment to the poor and oppressed, he transformed the course of history by changing perceptions and by arousing an awareness of evil, by inspiring people to act with courage and confidence, and by inspiring them to be ready to give their lives for others. He is not the only person to have achieved a transformation of history in just three years of ministry before being killed.

My interest in Romero could not remain merely at the level of reading and hearing about him. I wanted to go to El Salvador, to see for myself, to walk where saints had trod. I visited the country in 1989, in the midst of its 1979-1992 civil war, and again in 1997, when the peace had been signed but when the streets of San Salvador were more dangerous than ever due to an explosion of post-war crime.

I have knelt to pray at the tomb of Romero in San Salvador's Cathedral, as Pope John Paul so famously did on his first visit to the country. The tomb used to be the most striking feature—and almost the only feature—inside the old, battered, unfinished cathedral. Now, in the renovated cathedral, it has been moved down to the crypt.

And I have prayed at the tomb of two of Jean Donovan's martyred companions, Ita Ford and Maura Clarke, the two Maryknoll Sisters who were buried in a cemetery in the country where they died, while the bodies of the others were flown back to the USA.

And I have joined the Ash Wednesday liturgy of 1989 with the people of the parish of Zacamil, one of the earliest parishes to have base communities, and one of those most badly hit in the repression, with hundreds of parishioners murdered by the death squads. I have received ashes on my forehead amidst the friends and relatives of those who were murdered: "Remember, mortal, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return." And I have heard the members of the

base communities in that parish speak of the great help and example given them by their beloved Monseñor.

And I have knelt to pray at the side of the dirt road where the Jesuit priest, Rutilio Grande, was murdered. A *campesino* came by and confirmed the spot. It is a place of rural tranquility but a heavy yet beautiful silence hangs there because of its memories. Rutilio Grande was traveling in a jeep with an old man and a boy when gunmen opened fire and mowed them all down.

The death of Grande was one of the most decisive factors in Romero's famous conversion. When Romero was named Archbishop of San Salvador on February 10, 1977, he was not merely opposed to the base communities, but fanatically opposed. About one month later, on March 12, Rutilio Grande was shot. Romero prayed by his dead body that night, and turned his policies around by 180 degrees.

What do we know of the old, unreformed Romero? One witness tells us:

“...he was an ally of the rich ladies and he went around blessing their parties and their mansions. He was always appearing in the social pages of the newspapers, today with one family of the bourgeoisie, tomorrow with another. In the photos, he always looked so happy alongside those hoity-toity women.”⁴

Romero said afterwards about his conversion: “When I saw Rutilio dead, I thought, ‘If they kill him for what he was doing, it’s my job to go down that same road’...So, yes, I changed.”⁵

He knew Grande well, and he knew that this very ordinary priest was no communist. When he received a phone call from President Molina saying: “...the government has had absolutely nothing to do with this, and we will launch an exhaustive investigation to find the assassins,” Romero did not believe him. His response was to write back: “The Church will not participate in any official act of government until the government has done everything possible to shine the light of justice upon this outrageous sacrilege.”⁶ So the scene was set for the confrontation that eventually cost Romero his life. He kept to his word; when General Carlos Humberto was sworn in as president a couple of months later, Romero refused to attend.

The battle began in earnest with Romero's decision to cancel all masses in the archdiocese on the Sunday of Rutilio Grande's funeral and to hold a single mass in the cathedral. I think it is not generally recognized how incredibly significant that decision was. He did it on the advice of his clergy and his base communities, but in open defiance of a directive by the nuncio (who, by the way, had no authority to issue such an order). Imagine the fuss there would be if all the masses in Chicago were cancelled one Sunday, with objections from canon law about depriving people of their rights and obligations of Sunday observance! There was all that fuss in San Salvador and more because, of course, it was an open challenge to those in power. For Romero, it was the turning point. One of his priests remembers Rutilio Grande's funeral like this:

“More than 100,000 people were there, and who knows how many more were listening on their radios. The priests dispersed into the crowd, and hundreds of people were saying their confessions on the streets...Almost all of the priests of the diocese concelebrated that day—about 150 of us—and also priests from other dioceses who overcame all obstacles to be there. As the mass began, I noticed that Monseñor Romero was sweating, pale, and nervous. And when he began the homily, it seemed slow to me, without his usual eloquence, as if he was reluctant to go through the door of history that God was opening up for him. But after about five minutes, I felt the Holy Spirit descend upon him...Thousands of people were applauding him, and something rose within him. It was then that he crossed the threshold. He went through the door. Because, you know, there is baptism by water, and there is baptism by blood. But there is also baptism by the people.”⁷

Why was Romero such a saint? Because he was courageous in confronting evil? Yes, but not only for that. It was also because he had the courage to admit he had been wrong and the humility to begin again. He could only become a saint by knowing he was a sinner. In those fraught days when he was planning the

single Mass for Rutilio Grande, he asked a group of colleagues: “Tell me, all of you, what should I do to be a good bishop?” And one replied:

“It’s easy, Monseñor. Say you spend all seven days of the week here in San Salvador, listening to the old women who call you to meetings and invite you to tea. What you should do is change the recipe: spend six days in the countryside among the *campesinos* and just one day here. Then, you’ll be a good bishop!”⁸

Thus, Romero came to understand that choices have to be made if one is to make an option for the poor. He said of his arrival as archbishop:

“I had no sooner arrived than those people offered me what they called ‘a little house’. But it was no such thing! It was a huge house! They said I could choose one in San Benito or in Escalón. I told them, ‘No thank you.’ Then they offered me ‘a little car,’ but what they really meant was a big fancy car. I told them, ‘No, thank you’ again. That’s the way it goes with rich people. At first they try to tie you up with a little piece of string, but then it turns into a big old rope and you can’t escape from it.”⁹

So, as Romero learned to listen to the poor and to turn himself into the voice of the voiceless, the poor came to love him with overwhelming gratitude. He was exhausted after every mass because everyone wanted to greet him at the door, or hug him, or give him flowers, or some little gift, or shake his hand, or give him their babies to hold for a minute, or kiss his ring. He would not escape from the 8:00 am mass until after midday.

Romero preached powerfully every Sunday, giving the names of those who had been murdered or disappeared in the previous week. These sermons became major national events. One witness reports:

“His sermons were the most eagerly anticipated event of the week...I didn’t have to carry a radio with me to hear his homily,

because I could hear it all the whole way there; there wasn't a single house that didn't have its radio on, listening to him."

By 1978, flyers were being distributed that read:

"Oh Divine Savior of the World, we ask you, merciful God, to banish the evil spirit that lives within the heart of the archbishop of this city, so that he may stop sowing discord among the people, so that he will not nourish, with his seditious sermons, the destructive and criminal spirit of those who would destroy our country and bury it in an abyss of blood and violence."

And so we come to March 23, 1980: another Sunday, another Romero sermon. He began by explaining the Church's teaching on Lent; he mentioned the prodigal son and the women caught in adultery. Then came the list of the murdered: there were more than 140 killed that week, by the army or by death squads. Then Romero uttered the most significant and most controversial words of his life. In a moment, we are going to listen to some of them on tape, along with the huge applause they inspired. But first, here is the translation of what he is saying:

"I'd like to make a special appeal to the men of the army, and especially to the rank and file of the national guard, the police, and the various barracks. Brothers, you are part of this same people! You are killing your own *campesino* brothers and sisters! But above any law that a man might give to kill, the law of God should prevail, that law which says: thou shalt not kill...No soldier is obliged to obey an order which is against the law of God. No one has to comply with an immoral law. It's time now for you to examine your consciences and obey your conscience instead of a sinful order. The Church, the defender of God-given rights, of human dignity and of the human being, cannot remain silent in the face of such abomination. We want the government to take us seriously when we say that reforms are useless when they come

stained with so much blood. In the name of God, and in the name of this suffering people whose cries rise up to heaven more tumultuously every day, I ask you, I beg you, I order you, in the name of God, stop the repression!”

-[tape 1]-

The next evening, March 24, 1980, Romero went to say mass in a hospital chapel—a small, quiet affair—and yet someone there had cared enough about their great archbishop to run a tape recorder throughout the celebration. So, we can hear Romero praying the mass in a very ordinary, quiet way, almost in a blessed mutter. Those who have listened carefully to the low-fidelity tape (which was given to me by Bishop Gregorio Rosa Chavez) have deciphered Romero’s words. In the passage we are about to hear, in the offertory of the Mass, he is saying this:

“This eucharist is precisely an act of faith. With Christian faith it seems at this moment the voice of the diatribe is changed into the body of the Lord, who offered himself for the redemption of the world, and in this cup, the wine is transformed into the blood that was the price of our salvation. May this body that is given and this blood that is sacrificed for humanity feed us too, so that we may give our body and our blood to suffering and to pain, as Christ did, not for our own sake, but to give our people the concepts of justice and of peace. Let us unite ourselves, then, intimately in faith and hope, in this moment of prayer for Doña Santa and for ourselves.

-[tape 2]-

Along with Archbishop Romero’s final words, you also heard the gunshot that ended that mass, and that ended Romero’s life. Just like that, totally unexpected by those who had gathered in the hospital chapel. The shot went straight to his heart and he fell to the floor, face down. When his friends rushed

to him they found that he had no pulse. They turned him over and blood gushed from his mouth and nose.

Perhaps this is a good moment for a minute of silent prayer, to recall not only the sacrilegious murder of Romero but also the deaths of so many of the brothers and sisters he loved so much—both at the time of the repression and also, so much more recently, in the two terrible earthquakes that shook El Salvador on January 13 and February 13, 2001. By the latest figures I have, at least 1,100 have died and 1,292,000 have been made homeless.¹⁰

When I look at Romero of the Americas through Paraguayan eyes, what do I see? I see a spokesman and a saint for all our continent. I wish I could tell you that everyone is talking about him all over Paraguay, but that is not quite true. Those who have heard of him are few, far fewer than here in the United States. But that very lack of knowledge reflects the fact that the *campesinos* of Paraguay and the *campesinos* of El Salvador live in the same situation of poverty, where there is a lack of communication, where it is difficult either to transmit or to receive information from the outside world. Where I live, in Santa Maria, for example, you cannot even buy a newspaper.

Yet my people in Santa Maria are precisely the sort of people whom Monseñor Romero loved and embraced. They even look the same—small and dark-skinned, often toothless, and full of affection, rich in indigenous blood. Romero's story is full of resonances of Paraguay. I too have seen that moving sight of people queuing to make their confessions on the streets, as they did before the funeral of Rutilio Grande—the thick crowd parting just enough to give the penitent a symbolic semblance of privacy, as she stands at the side of a priest, confessing her sins alongside a notice on a pole saying, *Confesiones*.

Those who *have* heard of Romero value him greatly, and they recognize in him a leader of importance for Paraguay, because our problems are the same. My neighbor, Emi, has heard of him because she is a teacher. The man who runs a little stationery shop, Clemente, has heard of him because he used to live in Argentina and he was involved in left-wing politics. One of the guitarists in our music group, Isabelino, has heard of him because he works for Fe y Alegría's radio schools. Juana, who sits on my right when I join the women in the sewing workshop, has heard of him because she saw a film about him on television. But most of the members of the Christian base communities, who have lived in Santa

Maria all their lives, have not heard of him although they are the ones who most need his example and inspiration, his intercession and his love.

Of course, the local priest and sisters have heard of him. The local bishop, Mario Melanio Medina, is an admirer of Romero and invoked his memory at a mass on February 9 this year, when we all traveled to his cathedral to support the stand he is taking against the corruption and impunity of those in government. Bishop Medina needs Romero's intercession, because he himself is taking up a rather Romero-like challenge in confronting those in power. He has already received death threats, and he has had his room broken into and burgled by people who left valuables behind, but who wanted to intimidate him and to secure documents identifying others who are sympathetic to the bishop's mission.

Medina called those in government a bunch of Mafiosi, and the great fear is that the ways of the old Stroessner regime may come back. It was a 35-year dictatorship of terror and corruption that fell a mere twelve years ago, in 1989. Too close for comfort, for some four or five of Stroessner's former ministers or their relatives have now, recently, come back into the government through appointments by Luis Gonzalez Macchi, President since 1999, who himself is the son of one of Stroessner's colleagues.

Along with the name of Romero, Medina invoked the memory of Monsenor Ramón Bogarín Argaña, one of his predecessors in the diocese of San Juan Bautista de las Misiones. For our people, Monseñor Bogarín is the Paraguayan Romero-figure who courageously denounced human rights' abuses during the years of Stroessner's dictatorship. This year is the 25th anniversary of his death, and he is regarded as something of a martyr. He died from a heart attack, but it is believed that sorrow and stress killed him. His house was directly across the road from a site where prisoners were tortured in San Juan, and it is said that he would lie awake at night listening to their screams. A fortnight before he died, he addressed a crowd of several thousand with these words:

“There are people with bad intentions who are trying to smear my name by calling me a bad bishop or a communist or worse things. Everyone who believes in me, who is on my side and against these calumnies, take out a white handkerchief.”

Suddenly, there were 3000-4000 white handkerchiefs waving in the air.¹¹

For the *campesinos* in Santa Maria, where I live, the dictatorship meant this: the only people at mass on a Sunday were a blind woman, her elderly stepmother, and three little children because the others were afraid to be suspected of taking part in a seditious meeting. Out of the Jesuits, fourteen were expelled from the country. They include the Jesuit who has now returned to Santa Maria as our priest.

But those who were expelled were the lucky ones. With Jesuit support, and beginning in precisely the region where I live, the *campesinos* organized into one of the earliest forms of Christian base community, known as the Agrarian Leagues, or *ligas agrarias*. The *campesinos* of these *ligas* were not expelled; they were imprisoned, tortured, or murdered. The torture was inflicted by thuggish, ignorant policemen who were often drunk and had no pity for anyone, be they women, old people, or children. One little girl in the neighboring village of Santa Rosa had her hand slashed off because she was clinging to her father, Silvano, who was a member of the *ligas agrarias*, before he was dragged away and shot. She is now Twenty-Five and is, of course, still missing her hand.

One of our base community animators, known as Patrón, was imprisoned and tortured. He is now the animator of one of the Christian communities and the highly respected eucharistic minister at mass. One of our accordion players, Victor, was also imprisoned and tortured. He has told me what happened to him and to others—how they were taken away at gun point, beaten, hung upside down, submerged in water until unconscious, put into sewers, and given rotten food full of maggots. But he spoke most about the electrical torture. He was put in a chair with a helmet over his head and wires fixed to two fingers of his hand while police cranked a generator to send electrical shocks of 12, 15, or 20 volts through his body. He was tortured every day for three months and kept in prison for two and a half years; in later periods, he was imprisoned for seven months and then for three months.

What had he done to deserve this? He had been active in the Young Christian Agriculturists, *Juveritud Agraria Cristiana*, whose members read the Bible in their local language of Guarani and learned that they all had the dignity of being children of God. The actions that grew from this included running a cooperative to buy food cheaper in bulk, and working a common plot of land.

According to the police, this was communism. Before his second imprisonment, he had done nothing more than work on his land accompanied by three friends. The police said they must be planning rebellion, for more than two people gathering together constituted a meeting, in a sinister sense. Victor has shown me the mark on his neck where the police pressed the point of a knife until he signed a declaration he had neither written nor spoken. The reason for this, he told me, was that the US government paid money for every captured communist, and coercing false confessions was the only way the police could boost their incomes.

These are only fragments of the Paraguayan story—enough to remind you of those horrifying photos of corpses left by the roadside in El Salvador to terrify local inhabitants in Romero's day; enough to show how relevant Romero is to our lives in Paraguay, both for the memories of the recent past and for the insecurity of the unknown days ahead.

But I also want to leave with you some fragments of Paraguayan hope. One is a statue in the Museum of Santa Maria: a carved wooden Christ at the pillar, dating back to the famous Jesuit Reductions (of which Santa Maria was one). This very indigenous-looking Christ stands naked but for a loincloth, slight in build, his hands crossed in front of him over the little pillar, his ribs prominent, his body covered with bloody wounds, his hair long and black, his face filled with inexpressible patience and sadness. Most striking of all is the wound on his left cheek—a neat crescent topped with red and brown dots and with three drops of blood falling from it, like three tears. This is both a wound and a marking like those that the Guarani paint on their faces for religious dances and rituals. Here is Christ crucified in the suffering indigenous peoples of the Americas who were the original rural poor to be unjustly massacred, beginning long before the persecutions of the late twentieth century, and still continuing in some countries today. In El Salvador, the indigenous were wiped out in the *matanza* of 1932; had Romero been around, he would have been a voice for these voiceless too. If he is to be a figurehead for all in the Americas, we must not forget the suffering of the indigenous.

Almost identical red crescents are found on the face of a Guarani girl who is the subject of a lovely Paraguayan children's book, as she performs ritual traditional dances.¹² Her story is that white men come and massacre her

community, and she weeps tears of blood. But after many years have passed and she has been alienated from her original tribal life, she is once again drawn back to the places of nature and to her homeland, and she sings this song:

Pytagua kuéra oguáhe

They arrived
At the point of the sword
Bathing the earth
With blood and tears
Raping and stealing
At the point of the sword
They founded a system
That did not work

I, the offspring
Of drum and sword
Carry in me the pain
Of the plundered earth

The silenced drum
Today vanquished the sword
And in me rises the hope
From the blood that flowed

The stars dance
To the rhythm of the drum
And the sword serves
As the stem to a flower

It is all one story: the passion of Christ, the passion of the indigenous peoples of America, and the passion of the *campesinos* of El Salvador and Paraguay. All one story too is the hope that flows from the blood of Christ; and the hope that flows from the blood of the Guarani, and the hope that flows from

the blood of the martyrs among whom we particularly honor Romero, who said: "...may my blood be the seed of liberty and the sign that hope will soon become reality."

Earlier, I played you a recording of Romero's last sermon. That extract is part of a tape of Salvadoran music, and it would be a pity not to let you hear some of the lively, faith-filled hymns that form the context for his words. To end, then, let us listen to a couple of verses from one of those songs of liberation, which I have chosen because it is a great favorite among my people in Santa Maria, Paraguay. It is called "Mientras recorres la vida."

While you live your life
 You are never alone
 Along with you on the road
 Goes Saint Mary
 Come with us on our way, Saint Mary, come
 Although some tell you
 That nothing can change,
 Struggle for a new world,
 Struggle for the truth

Endnotes

1. *En Busca de 'la Tierra sin Mal'* Equipa Expa, Indo-American Press Service, Columbia, 1982
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3. *ibid.*, p. 216-17
4. *Memories in Mosaic*, Maria López Vigil, CAFOD/Dartman Longman and Todd, 2000, translated from *Piezas para un Retrato*, UCA, 1993
5. *ibid.*, p. 159
6. *ibid.*, p. 103, 106
7. *ibid.*, p. 117-18
8. *ibid.*, p. 113
9. *ibid.*, p. 121

10. *Ultima Hora*, February 16, 2001
11. *Monseñor Ramón Bogarín Argaña*, Encuentro de Jóvens del Paraguay
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12. *Mimbi: A Legacy of Indian Love*, Luz Marina Acosta and Nilse Acosta,
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Archbishop Romero Lecture Series
The University of Notre Dame
March 20, 2001