



<b>WORKSHOPS – A2.2 &amp; C2.2</b>	<b>SPEAKER : PATTI GALLAGHER MANSFIELD –</b>
<b>TITLE : THE BEGINNING AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF CCR</b>	<b>CCR pioneer &amp; Duquesne student at the Ark &amp; the Dove weekend</b>
<b>LANGUAGE : ENGLISH – Video ( En / It / Pt)</b>	<b>COUNTRY : USA</b>

People often ask me if I ever get tired of telling the story of the Duquesne Weekend. I never do, because it's a love story – the story of God's gracious and extraordinary response to the prayer of some very ordinary people.

In Luke 11 Jesus tell us, "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you.... If you who are evil know how to give your children good things **how much more will the Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him.**" From the first Pentecost on, the Holy Spirit has always come in response to fervent prayer... to prayer that is hungry and thirsty for more of God...to prayer that asks, seeks, and knocks.

Did you know that the entire twentieth century was dedicated to the Holy Spirit in a special way? An Italian nun named Blessed Elena Guerra urged Pope Leo XIII to call the entire Church to pray more fervently to the Holy Spirit...to be, as it were, a permanent Cenacle of prayer. She wrote:

**"It is necessary that we return to the Holy Spirit so that the Holy Spirit may return to us..... The Spirit continues to come to all souls who truly desire Him...if they only want Him...if they only invoke Him...if they only prepare a place for Him in their hearts. But, who is hungry enough? Who is thirsty enough? Who is humble enough? Who is zealous enough?"**

In the Spring of 1966, two teachers from Duquesne University in Pittsburgh were hungry and thirsty enough. They were **ASKING, SEEKING, and KNOCKING**. They had pledged themselves to pray daily for a greater outpouring of the Holy Spirit in their lives using the beautiful **Sequence Hymn of Pentecost**. In the midst of this time of prayer, Ralph Martin and Steve Clark gave them two books: The Cross and the Switchblade and They Speak with Other Tongues. Both books describe the experience of the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. The men from Duquesne realized that this Baptism in the Spirit was precisely what they were longing for and they began searching for a meeting in Pittsburgh where they might receive prayer for this grace.

What is little known is that in November, 1966, the two men from Duquesne spent a weekend in prayer alone at the Ark and the Dove Retreat House. Both awakened independently during the night and were drawn into the Upper Room Chapel. There they experienced the glory of God coming down upon them as they prayed before Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

On January 13, 1967, four Catholics from Duquesne University attended their first charismatic prayer meeting, a small gathering of Christians from different denominations who had been baptized in the Spirit. It was known as the Chapel Hill meeting in the home of Flo Dodge, a Spirit-filled Presbyterian. The Catholic guests were a Duquesne theology professor, two theology instructors and one of their wives. Interestingly enough, a few months before these Catholics came, the Lord led Flo to read all of Isaiah 48 where He says, **"From now on I announce new things to you, hidden events which you knew not....My glory I give to no other."** Flo asked her



core group to be “prayed up.” She sensed the Lord wanted her to tell them, **“Fast, pray and be docile to my Spirit and history will be made.”**

Indeed, history **was made** and God **was** about to do a new thing among Catholics as a result of that prayer meeting. The people from Duquesne were impressed with the group and one of them didn’t want to leave without being baptized in the Spirit. Flo did not allow any member the group to lay hands of him. She remembered the word in Isaiah 48 “my glory I give to no other.” She didn’t want anyone to “touch God’s glory” or to take credit for praying over the Catholics! On January 20, two of the men returned. They received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit and began to manifest charismatic gifts. They returned home to pray with the other two who had not attended that night.

At this time, I was a member of the Chi Rho Scripture Study group that met on the Duquesne campus each week. Two of these professors served as moderators of Chi Rho, and although they did not tell us outright about their charismatic experience, those who knew them well noticed that they radiated a new joy. We were planning for our retreat in February and the professors suggested a new theme: **“The Holy Spirit.”**

In preparation for the retreat, they told us to pray expectantly, to read the first four chapters of the Acts of the Apostles and to read a book entitled The Cross and the Switchblade. It’s the story of a Pentecostal minister, David Wilkerson, who was dramatically led by the Holy Spirit into the streets of New York City to work with gangs. I was deeply moved and I remember thinking, “But I’m a Catholic. I’ve received the Holy Spirit. I’ve been baptized and confirmed. Why aren’t these dramatic and wonderful things happening in my life?” I concluded that this kind of intimate knowledge of God was probably only for “special people” - priests, nuns, ministers. My goal was to get married and have a family. And yet, a few days before the retreat began, I found in the depths of my heart a little mustard seed of faith. I was alone in my dormitory room and I knelt down and prayed this prayer.

I prayed, “Lord, as a Catholic, I believe I’ve already received your Spirit in Baptism and Confirmation. **But if it’s possible for your Spirit to do more in my life than He’s done until now, I WANT IT!**” When I said, **“I WANT IT!”** I really meant it. I looked around the room expecting to feel or see something. In fact, I felt nothing and I concluded that I was too ordinary a person to expect God to reveal himself to me the way he did to the apostles at Pentecost. I thought, “I guess it didn’t work. I’ll never tell anyone I prayed this way since nothing seemed to happen.” But, brothers and sisters, what I was praying for that night alone in my bedroom, even before the Duquesne Weekend began, was the grace to be baptized in the Spirit and the dramatic answer to my prayer was soon to come.

On February 17, 1967, about two dozen students along with our faculty moderators and our chaplain went to The Ark and the Dove Retreat house on the outskirts of Pittsburgh. We met in the Upper Room chapel where Jesus was present in the Blessed Sacrament. Before each session, we sang as a prayer the ancient hymn, Veni Creator Spiritus. Come Creator Spirit. I didn’t know at the time that this hymn is **THE** hymn to the Holy Spirit in the Catholic church...sung at all important church functions. It’s like a mysterious thread woven into the lives of the saints. In fact, it is the hymn that Blessed Elena Guerra asked Pope Leo XIII to sing at the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century to dedicate the century to the Holy Spirit.



The first talk Friday night was about Our Lady. Mary was held before us as a woman completely filled with the Holy Spirit, humble and docile to His action. Immediately following was a communal Penance Service where we prayed spontaneously, confessing our sins and failings. In John 16, Jesus said that when the Holy Spirit comes He will convict the world of sin. That's what happened among us as we repented, and many of us went to confession and received absolution from our priest.

Saturday, February 18, a talk was given on Acts 2 by a woman introduced as a Protestant friend of our professors. None of us knew that she was part of that Chapel Hill prayer group or that she was baptized in the Spirit. At first I was unimpressed because she said, "I don't know what I'm going to say but I prayed for the Holy Spirit to guide me." I thought that was a poor excuse for not preparing a talk and interiorly I said, "Impress me with your Holy Spirit." And she did! She witnessed to her intimate relationship with Jesus and the Holy Spirit. Although her presentation was very simple, it was filled with spiritual power. She spoke about surrendering to Jesus as Lord and Saviour. She described the Holy Spirit as a Person who empowered her daily. Here was someone who really seemed to know Jesus intimately and personally! She knew the power of the Holy Spirit like the Apostles did. I knew that she had something I didn't have and it was very attractive. In my notebook, (which we were given on retreat and which I have here), I wrote, "Jesus, be real for me."

In the small group following her talk we were asking some good Catholic questions. If we are baptized and confirmed, why should we even talk about **"receiving Jesus"** or **"receiving the Holy Spirit"**? Hasn't that already happened for us? Our professor told us that indeed we had received Jesus and the Spirit in the sacraments, but that now it was time to "ratify" and say our own personal "yes, amen" to those graces. At that point, I became aware of the presence of Jesus and it was as if he were asking me the same question he asked the disciples long ago: "But you, who do you say that I am?" I had to admit that while I knew him and loved him, I had not yet surrendered myself unconditionally to Jesus as Lord and Master. I was still at the center of my life.

As David told you, he made a proposal that we close our retreat by renewing our Confirmation much the same way we renew our baptism every year. I thought it was a brilliant idea even though the other students didn't seem especially interested. The two of us decided that even if no one else wanted to renew their Confirmation, we did. We linked our arms together and told our professor of our decision. He looked at us and asked, **"Are you ready for what the Holy Spirit will do?"** It sounded scary, but my expectation was high and I tore out a piece of notebook paper and wrote on it, **"I want a miracle!"** Little did I know that the miracle would be the birth of the Charismatic Renewal in the Catholic Church!

Saturday night a birthday party was planned for a few of our members, but there was a listlessness in the group. I wandered into the upstairs chapel, not to pray, but to tell any students there to come down to the party. Yet, when I entered and knelt in the presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, I began to tremble. By faith, I had always believed that Jesus is really present in the tabernacle. But that night I experienced his majesty. I remember thinking, "God is truly here. The King of Kings and Lord of Lords. The One through whom all things came into being. He is holy and I'm not holy. If I stay here in the presence of this holy God, something is going to happen to me. I'd better get out of this chapel quick. I felt very much afraid, but greater than my fear of surrender was my need to surrender unconditionally to God.



In the depth of my heart I prayed, ***“Father, I give my life to you. Whatever you ask of me, I accept. And if it means suffering, I accept that too. Just teach me to follow Jesus and to love the way Jesus loves.”*** In the next moment, I found myself prostrate, flat on my face, and immersed in the love of God, a love that is totally undeserved, yet lavishly given. Yes, it’s true what St. Paul writes, “The love of God has been poured into our hearts by the Holy Spirit given to us” (Rom 5:5). My shoes came off in the process. I was indeed on holy ground. I felt as if I wanted to die right there and be with God. The prayer of St. Augustine captures my experience: “O Lord, you have made us for yourself and our hearts are restless until they rest in you.” As much as I wanted to remain and bask in his presence, I knew that if I, who am no one special, could experience the love of God in this way, that anyone across the face of the earth could do so.

I ran down to tell our chaplain and he said that David had been in the chapel before me and had encountered God’s presence in exactly the same way. “Whom should I tell?” I asked and his answer has rung in my heart for 50 years now: “The Lord will show you.” Immediately two girls approached me and said that my face was glowing. I led these two students into the chapel, knelt down and began to pray, ***“Lord, whatever you just did for me, do it for them!”*** That was probably the shortest Life in the Spirit Seminar on record!

Within the next hour, God sovereignly drew many but not all of the students into the chapel. Some were laughing, others crying, others (like me) felt a burning sensation coursing through them. One of the professors walked in and exclaimed, ***“What is the Bishop going to say when he hears that all these kids have been baptized in the Holy Spirit!”*** I heard the term, *“baptized in the Spirit,”* but I still had no idea what it meant. Indeed, there **was** a birthday party that Saturday night. God had it planned in an Upper Room chapel. It was the birth of the Catholic Charismatic Renewal!

When we returned to campus, we created quite a stir. One friend told me, “Patti, if I didn’t know you better, I would say you were drunk!” Like the Apostles after Pentecost, we couldn’t help but speak of the things we had seen and heard. We literally stumbled into charismatic gifts like prophecy, discernment of spirits, and healing. I prayed with our dorm mother who was in the hospital with phlebitis and she was healed the next day! I heard David pray in tongues and it was French! One of our professors witnessed to his friends at Notre Dame and Michigan State University in these words: ***“I no longer have to believe in Pentecost; I have seen it!”***

Shortly after the Duquesne Weekend I took the Documents of Vatican II and looked up references to the Holy Spirit and Charismatic gifts, because I said to myself, ***“As powerful as my experience was, if the Church were to tell me that it is not authentic, I would sooner deny my experience than ever to leave the Church.”*** To my joy, I found passages in Lumen Gentium 12 about the charismatic gifts that convinced me that I could remain a daughter of the Church, welcoming the surprises of the Holy Spirit.

In our enthusiasm, we did not always witness to our experience in the most prudent way. Like the psalmist said, “we were like men in a dream,” (Ps 126:1-3). Before long, the *Chi Rho* group disintegrated since not everyone had experienced the Baptism in the Spirit and there was considerable tension. Our fledgling charismatic prayer group was requested to find another meeting place away from the Duquesne campus.



I consider it a miracle that this powerful grace of Baptism in the Spirit survived those critical early months and years after the Duquesne Weekend when we had so little guidance. But there were some outstanding people who rose to leadership within the Renewal. People like Dorothy and Kevin Ranaghan who wrote ***Catholic Pentecostals***. Dr. Bert Ghezzi editor of ***New Covenant*** magazine, a powerful vehicle for spreading the Renewal around the world. **Ralph Martin, Steve Clark and Holy Cross Father O'Connor** who contributed by writing articles and books, organizing conferences, founding communities and creating organizations to communicate the grace of the Baptism in the Spirit. **Ralph wrote the original *Life in the Spirit Seminar***, a seven-week course which presents the basic gospel message, and was designed to help Catholics make an adult commitment to Christ and pray for the Baptism in the Holy Spirit in their lives. Millions have used it.

My book, **As By A New Pentecost: Golden Jubilee Edition**, prepared especially for this celebration, contains the testimonies of many of these pioneers. I myself wept with gratitude and awe reading how the Lord revealed Himself to us in those exciting early days. Cardinal Rylko wrote that **it is at the source that the water flows most pure and clear**. What does the story of the Duquesne Weekend teach us? **It teaches that God is God. He is sovereign. It was His idea, not ours to pour out his Spirit as by a new Pentecost beginning with the Duquesne Weekend. David and I are not founders. We are simply witnesses. All the glory goes to God! Touch not his glory!**

Cardinal Suenens wrote that **“Jesus Christ continues to be born mystically of the Holy Spirit and of Mary,” and that we should never separate what God has joined together**. I received the Baptism in the Spirit in deep union with Our Lady in that Upper Room Chapel. That night I couldn't sleep and I opened the Bible at random. My eyes fell on these words from Mary's Magnificat: **“My soul magnifies the Lord and my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour. He has looked upon his servant in her nothingness. Henceforth, all generations will call me blessed. God who is mighty has done great things for me and holy is his name”** (Luke 1:46-49). To whatever measure I have remained faithful to grace, it has been all due to her maternal intercession.

**Let's return to the source where the water flows most clear and pure. Let's be like Mary our Mother and acknowledge our nothingness before God. Let's humble ourselves in repentance and make a fresh surrender of our lives to Jesus as our personal Lord and Savior. Let's implore the Holy Spirit to come again so that our young men will see visions and our old men will dream dreams. Yes, upon men and women and children in every land, may the blessed Holy Spirit come ... may he come with love and power...as by a New Pentecost! Amen!**