

Guido
Servant of God, Son of the Church, Friend of Men

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In 2002, my friends of journey were older than me, they already had adolescent children. I liked being with them a lot; however I missed a friend that was my age. At the time, I was 29 years old. I asked the Lord to give me such a friend. God, who listens to our requests, in all his delicacy, gave me a friend that was only 1 year older than me. His name was Guido.

I met him at a confession line at the Parish of Our Lady of Copacabana, which he attended since he was a boy. There was great connection from the first moment and we talked for a long time. He was going to the Youth's World Journey in Canada and told me that he belonged to a prayer group and to the "Pastoral da Saúde" at "Santa Casa da Misericórdia", located downtown. He invited me to participate and I accepted immediately. As soon as he was back from the World Journey, we met and I joined the group from "Santa Casa".

Graduated in Medicine and a promising doctor, as soon as he felt the calling to priesthood, he left his paid job and broke off an engagement. He wanted to be a doctor of the body and soul.

Guido was a young man who was brilliant, intelligent, simple, well-humored, communicative, educated, attentive, patient, serene, extremely caring, and dedicated to God. Always doing good, always donating himself, helping everyone, be it problems of physical health or mental health.

Due to his occupations as a voluntary doctor at Santa Casa, at the "Irmãs de Madre Tereza" (Sisters of Mother Theresa) and at other places, aside from the service at the "Pastoral da Saúde" at "Santa Casa" he received permission to do his studies at the University of São Bento (Saint Benedict) and only enter seminary on the last two years of theology. As a doctor, he helped all, even when requested in the late hours of the night.

I have never seen him unenthusiastic. His enthusiasm for the things of God, for the service to the Church of Christ, was enormous – unshakable. Even when others made things harder for him, even when criticized and chased, he did not falter, on the

contrary, he became happy to assimilate to Christ, even on this. In the mist of tribulations, God would console him and confirm he was on the right path.

I never saw him do evil to someone; even to those who had done to him – those he blessed – I never saw him indisposed with anyone, nor speak badly of anyone, not even a whisper.

As a good Catholic, he participated with special love in the celebration of the Eucharist, prayed faithfully the liturgy of the hours and was in love with the Our Lady. In honor to the Holy Virgin, to whom he had consecrated, he prayed the Rosary constantly.

Guido loved God, the church and men. He was a true servant of God, son of the Church, and friend to men.

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He wished a lot to go to heaven, to be by God, close to the Virgin Mother, the angels and saints. When an elder person complained about age, he said: “What holy jealousy I have of you, would you like to exchange ages with me? Because I cannot wait for the time to go to Heaven”.

Ascetic, he loved fasting and lived faithfully the Christian penitence.

Even in the middle of these activities, he always found time for personal prayer. Like Christ, who went to the hill to pray alone with the Father, he also liked to be alone with God, in silence, to hear the voice of the Lord, to unite himself to Him more intimately.

Amongst some many gifts and virtues, God gave him gift of the word. In his preaching, he spoke as a prophet, with authority, inflamed by the fire of the Spirit. He cited the Sacred Scripture like few. Preached what he lived and lived what he preached. Burning of zeal for God, he said the truth directly and clearly, he said what needed to be said, without any human malevolent respect, but without lacking charity.

He had an immense love for the work of the Lord, his knowledge of the Sacred Scripture was enormous, he cited dozens of Psalms and innumerable passages by heart.

God also graced him with the gift of healing and liberation. More than one time, while he preached or prayed for someone or in a group, a diabolic manifestation happened. I witnessed this a few times and our friends also saw other impressive cases, but I would rather not comment here. One thing I know: the devil hated him because he belonged entirely to God.

At "Santa Casa" God spilled many graces through his son. The cases are so many that they do not fit on one single page. I will tell only a few.

On a certain Saturday, he prayed the rosary and preached to some patients. Among them, there was a travesty, HIV positive that, touched by the grace, regretted the life he had lived and embraced the faith in Christ. He was not baptized. On Sunday, in the presence of his mother, who cried a lot, he received through the hands of Friar Anselmo, OFM, the baptism, the anointing of the sick and received communion of the Body of Christ. He also asked for a rosary so that he could pray to Our Lady. The following Tuesday, he had his Easter.

Another time, when he preached to the sick, he spoke to a lady who could not walk anymore because of a neurological problem. He said: "At the time of the Big Brother, instead of watching this show that won't bring anything to you, pray the rosary and ask for the grace you desire so much." She did so. In a few weeks to the Glory of God and the happiness of all of us, that lady walked to Sunday Mass at the Chapel at "Santa Casa".

There was a man in a very serious condition, he had a disease that affected the immunological system, his body was all wounded, as if it had been burned, and his skin was almost all gone. Guido talked to him about the sacrament of confession, but that man did not want to confess, he said he did not kill or steal, and therefore did not have any sins. Guido then said to him: "look, I also don't kill or steal, however I am full of sins". He started, humbly, to tell all his sins to the patient. This patient repentant, accepted to confess to Friar Anselmo, received the anointing of the sick and the

Eucharist. In one week, all his sores had healed and on the following he was discharged from the hospital. His happiness was enormous, as was his surprise.

Another time, there was a woman whose body was taken by sores and eruptions, but the treatment was not presenting improvements. Guido and others began praying for her. In a few days, the sores had completely dried.

By his preaching and by the signs of God that followed him; he was sought by many people and requested in several places. God operated many conversions and healings through him. How many came back to the Church through Guido. There are innumerable testimonies of people, of all ages, that converted or began to live their baptism seriously because of him. What love he had for the poor, for the brothers of the street. He assiduously helped at the “Irmãs de Madre Tereza” (Sisters of Mother Theresa) next to the Arches of Lapa, on the most delicate cases, he took poor to be treated at “Santa Casa”.

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On a certain time, Guido, leaving “Santa Casa”, very tired after a difficult day of hospital shift, he saw a homeless man with his head open as a result of being hit by a stone. From the crack maggots were coming out. He then cared for that homeless man, cleaned the sore, and removed maggot by maggot and while he did this, he talked about Jesus to this man. At the end, the homeless man thanked him and said: “now I know Jesus. Before I had been told, but now I know HIM by what you, Mr., did and said.”

One time, seeing another homeless man, on a cold rainy night, he took his coat and gave to the man, staying with only a tee-shirt. He preferred to feel the cold to the warm the Christ that suffered in the brother from the street.

One time, at an event from the Church downtown – I don’t know if it was at the Cathedral, only that there was a large crowd that spread outside – he heard the voice of an angry homeless man, that shouted, and the people answered him roughly. He recognized the homeless man – it was one of the ones he helped at the Sisters of Mother Theresa – he went to him and gave him a tight hug. The man then began to cry,

stopped yelling, and calmed down. All were surprised with Guido's attitude. After, a lady told him, in admiration: "I have been in the Church for so many years and I had never seen something like this."

During these years that I have been at "Santa Casa", we met frequently and we talked a lot. How good it was to talk to him, how good it was to share our experiences with God.

Since he entered Seminary and I into the Monastery, we saw each other very few times, we were never able to talk calmly. So, he acted with providence and on the three days before his Easter, we met a symposium at the University of Saint Benedict and, during breaks, we were able to talk a lot like old times. God, in all his delicacy, wanted us to say goodbye to one another.

He had Easter on the first Friday of the month – the day dedicated to the sacred heart of Jesus – to the first of May, month of Mary.

At the holiday mass the next day, Psalm 115 said: "It is felt immensely by God the death of his saints, of his friends".

At his Mass, with his body present, the Parish of Our Lady of Copacabana was packed with followers, in a great commotion. Unfortunately, I had to go back to the Monastery and I could not stay for the Mass. Relatives, friends, layman, religious people, seminarians, dozens of priests co-celebrating the mass, presided by Archbishop, Dom Orani. On one of the most touching moments, Dom Orani said to the present that this young man wanted very much to be a clergyman. So, the Archbishop walked to the body of Guido, and gave him the stole. One more delicacy of God.

Before, during the wake, while speaking to his mother, Nazareth, she told me that he had been an exemplary son, that he followed perfectly the fourth commandment, and that he never raised his voice to his parents and obeyed them always. Before, when I hugged his father, Dr. Guido, he said to me "thank you". Dr. Guido, I am the one who owes to you a "thank you". Thank you, Dr. Guido and Nazareth. Thank you for giving me a great friend.

God gives, God takes. Benedict is God. I did not lose a friend, because one can only lose something one does not know where it is.

With his departure to be next to God, heaven had a party and we gained an intercessor.

Guido, wait that we are arriving. One day, all of us – relatives and friends – will be there with you to adore God face to face in a never ending jubilation.