

27 May

Publio RODRIQUEZ MOSLARES

- Perseverance in Vocation-

Birth	: 12 November 1912 (Tiedra, province and diocese of Valladolid)
Baptism	: 20 November 1912
First vows	: 28 August 1932 (Las Arenas, Vizcaya)
Perpetual vows	: 28 August 1935 (Pozuelo de Alarcón)
Ordination	: ---
Death	: 28 November 1936
Place of burial	: Paracuellos del Jarama

Biblical texts

Lc 2, 48-49

Mt 10, 37-39

Mt 19, 27-29

Ef 6, 1-4

Meditation

"Whatever happens, I will be an Oblate of my Mother, Mary Immaculate". This is what one of the Oblate martyrs of Spain wrote to his mother. His life was cut short by his executioners when he was only 24 years old. His 24 years were years of perseverance in his vocation in spite of the difficulties he encountered, especially from his own mother. Perhaps it was this perseverance in his vocational journey that strengthened him to persevere until death during the persecution. And so, his dream was fulfilled: "Come what may, I will be an Oblate of my Mother Mary Immaculate".

His name was Publio RODRÍGUEZ MOSLARES. He was born in the province and diocese of Valladolid on 12 November 1912. As the youngest of his siblings, he grew up a little spoiled. He and his mother were very close. That is why it was difficult for him to tell his mother about his decision to enter the Oblates.

His mother herself recounts: "One day when I was reprimanding him for the reluctance with which he was studying", he said to me. "I'm reluctant to study because it won't do me any good and I'm wasting my time". So, I said to him: "Well, tell me what you want

[...]", but he kept quiet, became sad and sometimes cried, but didn't decide on anything. I said to him: "Well, tell me what you want [...]", but he kept silent, became sad and sometimes cried, but he did not decide on anything, that is to say, he did not dare to tell me [...] At home we used to read [the Oblate magazine] "La Purísima" and many times he had heard me say: "How sad it would be to have a child in those Missions that the Oblates have... Poor mothers! Poor mothers, how are they going to live, knowing that their children are dragging such great dangers out there among the ice or the hot lands, exposed to die as so many poor children have died or killed by the savages? That is why he did not dare to say anything to me, thinking that I would not let him be an Oblate. [...] I was very sorry to think that when he sang Mass, they might send him to some mission and I would never see him again. So, before I took him myself, I tried to convince him to become a [diocesan] priest. But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't get him to do it. I even tried to appeal to his good feelings, saying to him: "As much as you love me, don't you think that one day your brothers will get married and I will be left alone? And he replied: "My brothers are better than me, they love you very much and they will never leave you alone. It's God who wants it, mum, don't suffer or make me suffer. I have struggled enough for more than a year. Be generous and give God gladly what is His before it is yours". At last, I took him to Urnieta [Oblate minor seminary] and, when I said goodbye to him at the station (although I tried to be cheerful while I was there). When I parted from him, I could no longer stand it and tears came to my eyes. He made me laugh with his witticism: "You will see how happy you will be when you see your missionary bishop son with such a beard" (and he pointed to his waist).

His companions say that "Publio was the minstrel of the Scholasticate: he sang, laughed, made verses and told anecdotes sprinkled with proverbs and popular sayings". One of his teachers, Fr. Mariano Martín, writes: "He had a friendly, open, fighting, proselytising, frank, good character". And he adds: "He truly had a missionary spirit and longed for the Missions, a spirit which he knew how to instil in his house, especially in his sister, the national teacher".

On August 28, 1935, Publio made his perpetual profession. He had achieved his desire to be a missionary Oblate for life. He happily wrote to his mother. His mother recounts: "With what joy he wrote when he made his perpetual vows! And the first time I went to see him, he said to me: "Are you happy, Mother, aren't you very happy to have a son devoted to winning souls for God? And I was happy too, especially to see him so happy. He said to me: "Now I am sure that I have achieved my desire, whatever happens, I will be an Oblate of my Mother Mary Immaculate".

He tried to encourage the rest of the community even in prison. Confined in the same cell with one of the formators and three other scholastics, in order to entertain the time and make prison more bearable, he began to write a comedy in verse with the help of the Oblate priest.

He finally died with his companions on 28 November 1936 in Paracuellos del Jarama. He had just turned 24 years old.

María de los Ángeles Primo, in whose house Publio was a refugee, has left us a moving testimony: "When the war ended, when I was twelve years old, Publio's mother, Catalina,

came to Madrid. She had heard that her son Publio had been in the Model Prison and wanted to go there. My father tried to dissuade her because in the last days of the war the prison had been right on the front line between the crossfire of Franco's troops and those of the Republicans. However, as she was determined to go, my father wanted my sister Isabel and me to accompany her. Among those ruins, she searched among the various cells and corridors. Suddenly, she began to shout: "Here, here" and she entered a cell, which was a small room. We went in with her and we saw a whole wall of writing, and I could see that in one corner there were some words that stood out more than the others because they were written in red, and they said: "Mother, they are taking me to kill me, I die for God". There was a farewell that at the moment I can't tell if it was "Don't cry, I'm going with God" or if it was "Long live Christ the King". And it was signed by Publio. To my mind it is very strange that there was another Publio, an uncommon name, and that the mother went so directly to the cell where these writings were. She knelt down, kissed the wall and, with a kind of razor, cut a piece of the wall where the inscription was" (PD, p. 200).

Prayer

Blessed Publio RODRIGUEZ MOSLARES,
you listened very early to the vocation
that God wanted for you,
and you strove interiorly and exteriorly
to be able to follow it.
God alone knows how many prayers you said
so that your mother could accept your vocation,
and you strove to infect her and everyone else
with the joy that was born from your heart
offered unconditionally to the Lord.
It was God who wanted you to be an Oblate
and it was also God who wanted to crown your young life
With the glory of martyrdom.
We ask you, together with your companions in martyrdom,
to intercede that the young people of today
may strive to persevere
in discerning and living their Oblate vocation.

And may the people around them,
fathers and mothers, educators, Oblates, family members, friends,
may they know how to respect and accompany God's will for them.

Together with you and your martyr companions,
we ask this grace from God
through Jesus Christ our Lord
who lives and reigns for ever and ever. Amen.