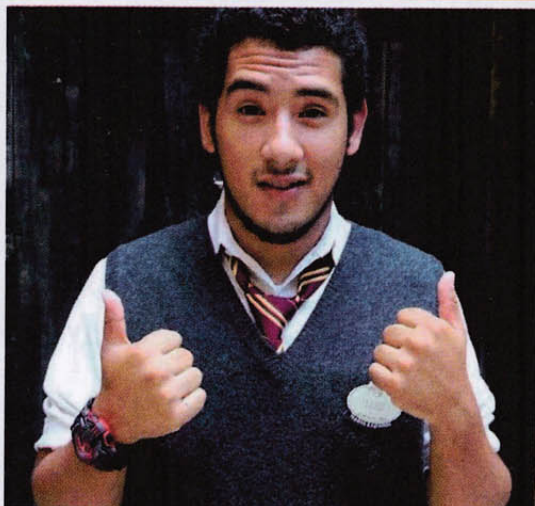


*A tribute to a friend...*

*Luis S. Vielma, 22, of All Souls Catholic Church was shot and killed during the tragedy at Pulse Nightclub, Orlando, last Sunday morning.*

Writing this...I'm nearly at a loss for words. When I heard what happened in my hometown yesterday afternoon, I was heartbroken and scared. When I heard that one of the nicest people I have ever had the privilege of knowing was "missing", I was terrified for what was potentially happening to him. When I heard of his passing, I cried until my eyes dried up.

Luis Vielma had a huge and generous heart, was always offering words of encouragement, and is, still, a loving soul. He was so kind to everyone he met and touched lives everywhere he went. He would do anything he could to put a smile on your face, to cheer you up, to hear you out. He cared about you, he supported you, and he wanted what was best for you. Regardless if you had ever done anything for him.

I met Luis through my church youth group, at All Souls Catholic Church in Sanford, FL., a north suburb of Orlando. I altar served at All Souls every Sunday, attended All Souls from 1st to 8th grade, and then attended the local Catholic high school, Bishop Moore. I never thought that going to youth group after school was necessary. I thought I was "Catholic enough." I was wrong, and through youth group, I grew in my faith immensely, and was convinced to keep attending by Luis. He told me how youth group needed me, how I needed youth group, and he taught me how to get the best out of each night there. He lifted my spirits and was a joy to be around.

Soon enough, I started looking forward to Wednesday nights. I was always excited to have conversations with Luis, play dodgeball with him, and listen to him lead the praise and worship portion of youth group. He sang, he danced, he laughed, he prayed. I cannot express enough how kind this soul was. How genuine, how loving.

When I think of Luis, I remember all of these things, but most importantly, I reflect on one very special conversation the two of us had at a retreat my senior year of high school, called C.O.R. We were in the middle of nowhere, Florida and it was around the time I was being accepted to college. I had just applied to Saint Mary's College, the all-women's college across the street from Notre Dame all the way up in Indiana. I was convinced I wanted to stay in Florida, I didn't want

anything to do with an all-girl's school, and I didn't want to be in freezing cold Indiana. Luis listened to me ramble on and on, and finally looked me straight in the face and said, "you're going to love it, Hannah, it will change you and I don't know why, but I think you should go." I thought to myself, "what does he know?" But Luis, you were right. Shortly after that, one day, something came over me and I knew SMC was the only place for me. I committed, I headed up to Indiana in the fall of 2012, and I realized that I was wrong, and Luis was right. He helped guide my path to Saint Mary's College, which in turn, led me to working here, in New York City for Adriana, who is herself a Saint Mary's alum.

Luis was planning on attending the Catholic Heart Workcamp service trip through All Souls this coming June 26th - July 2nd in Richmond, Virginia. I have fond memories of him on these mission trips, and my younger sister does, too. She was looking forward to having him there this year, as he was scheduled to be a team leader. At the time of his death, Luis worked at Universal Studios as an attendant on the Harry Potter ride. Testimonials I've read from tourists say how he positively impacted their individual trips, do not surprise me. His death is a tragedy, however, I know my community and I all believe this: he is resting in heaven and dancing salsa with the angels.

I am forever grateful to Luis for being a positive light in my life, and I pray for peace for his family, my youth group and church community, All Souls Catholic Church, and my home, the city beautiful, Orlando, Florida."

*-Hannah Drinkall*

#### **The Prayer of St. Francis**

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace;

Where there is hatred, let me sow love;

Where there is injury, pardon:

Where there is doubt, faith;

Where there is despair, hope;

Where there is darkness, light;

And where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master,

Grant that I may not so much seek

To be consoled, as to console;

To be understood, as to understand;

To be loved as to love.

For it is in giving that we receive;

It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;

And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life. Amen.

*Editor: Hannah Drinkall is the daughter of parishioners James and Geraldine Drinkall. She is a graduate of All Souls Catholic School and Bishop Moore High School, Orlando. She graduated from Saint Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana and currently lives in New York City where she is employed by the author, Adriana Trigiani. This article is used with permission and was originally posted to Adriana Trigiani's Facebook page.*

#### **VIVIR LA LITURGIA - INSPIRACIÓN DE LA SEMANAM**

Muchos creen que se encuentra la felicidad en nuestras vidas externas, el éxito, y la realización de nuestros deseos y esperanzas. Jesús nos dice que no vamos a encontrar la felicidad en estas cosas. Nuestro sentido de importancia y del bienestar está descubierto cuando entregamos nuestras vidas y ¡no las protegemos! Encontramos la salvación cuando levantamos nuestras cruces y perdemos nuestras vidas; es decir, sacrificar nuestras necesidades por el amor de Dios y el amor que tenemos por nuestros hermanos y hermanas.