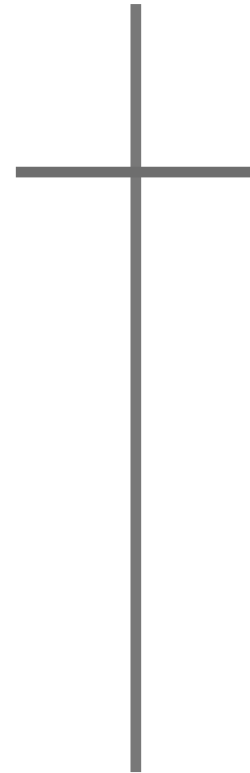


EDUARDO BONNÍN AGUILÓ,  
An Apprentice Christian  
May 1, 1917- February 6, 2008



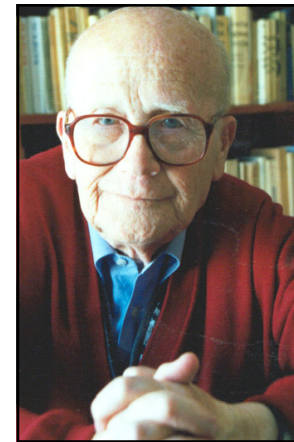
longer and tighter hugs, the looks that express what words cannot. What I saw was a family that has visibly drawn closer together as families do in times of loss.

As the liturgy came to a close, someone began to sing De Colores and as the clergy and ministers recessed, many were singing and smiling as they walked.

Following the funeral I was able to sign the book of remembrance and did so on behalf of all Canadian Cursillistas. In my heart I spoke the name of every Cursillista I could remember, wanting in some way to make you all present at this momentous occasion.

Go in peace Eduardo, pray for us that we might continue the great work that you began and let us rejoice in the knowledge that you have run the race, faithful to the end and although we can no longer see your smiles and hear your passion and laughter, you live on in our hearts, until we meet again.

Sheelagh Winston



to him. With Father Gaston and on another occasion with Father Gaston and Barry Guihan, he has accompanied us on tours to Cala Figuera, to San Honorato, to the monastery at Lluc and to Santa Lucia where many Cursillo weekends have been held over the years. We have shared meals with him, awestruck by his endless store of anecdotes and stories and a



brilliant knack for finding analogies and metaphors to explain the Gospel. Always making jokes and laughing with his friends I remember one particular time. We were in Palma for a week and went to Eduardo's office every day. After breaking for lunch he insisted that we take

a siesta in the sitting room attached to his office. Being hot and tired we all dozed off in the armchairs, to be startled awake by a loud rendition of De Colores being played on a tape machine by a giggling Eduardo saying: "Wake up, wake up, it is time to work!"

It was also a privilege to travel with him through Western Canada. Enjoying his delight when we drove into snow on the Coquihalla highway in BC and his further delight when we stopped to stretch our legs in Hope, in a park beside the Fraser River where the tulips were in bloom. Being scarlet and yellow he said smiling: "They are the colours of the

Spanish flag, I feel at home". We crossed to Vancouver Island on the ferry and he was fascinated by the colour of the sea saying: "your sea is green, ours is blue".



All these thoughts crowded into my mind as I tried to get my heart to catch up with my head, Eduardo is gone from our physical presence, we will never see him again until we too join our Father in heaven. For me and for many it has not really sunk in yet. As I said, the Mallorcans are not sombre, but they feel the loss and one can sense this in the minutely

How does one adequately express the gamut of emotions that we are all going through since hearing of the death of our Founder and friend, Eduardo Bonnin? We first heard that he had gone home to the Father during a conference call between some members of NACG. My phone rang and it was Miguel Sureda from Mallorca, who said that Eduardo had died an hour before, on Ash Wednesday, a few months short of his ninety first birthday.



Eduardo had been gradually losing strength over the past few months although his mind remained as sharp as ever until the last few weeks. Miguel told me some weeks ago that he was suffering because he could no longer go to his office, a part of his daily routine for as long as anyone can remember. It was not

that he was in pain, it was that for the first time in his life he was no longer free to do what he wanted. Freedom to Eduardo was of the utmost importance in the life of any human being.

The decision to go to the funeral was immediate and I had always known, that one day this particular call would come; in fact each time I said goodbye to Eduardo in the past couple of years I had the fleeting thought that it might be for the last time.

I arrived in Palma on Sunday evening, shortly before midnight. The practice in Spain is different to that of Canada in that the burial takes place before the funeral so Eduardo had been buried the day before. I was sorry that I had not been able to get there in time but Miguel told me that the burial is very short, some prayers and the casket is interred. The Mallorcan secretariat, in consultation with Eduardo's family, had felt it would be important that the tomb would be somewhere appropriate and a place that Cursillistas could visit when they so desired. They sought permission to bury him in the



Church of the Capuchins, which is the church that had been attached to the prison where Eduardo had spent the night with the two prisoners before they were executed. This church is where a group of Cursillistas, together with Eduardo, meet every Wednesday morning at 7am for mass and then Group Reunion, thus making it doubly significant to all Cursillistas. I was fortunate to visit the gravesite which is in the corner of the lobby of the church. Cursillistas removed the floor tiles and then dug the grave to prepare the last resting place of this giant of a man. Eventually it will be marked with a large marble slab.



As I stood there it seemed such a humble place for Eduardo to be, he who had brought to life the Movement that has changed the lives of countless



thousands around the world. The flowers covering the gravesite did nothing to take away from the stark simplicity and I was struck by how un-remarkable it was, and somehow, for a moment, I forgot, that this was Eduardo, the humblest and simplest of men and he would not have sought even this recognition. As I reflected I quickly realized that this cold corner of a church lobby was only the resting place of Eduardo's mortal remains, Eduardo himself, was already in the arms of the One he loved and followed every day of his life.

Cursillistas came from around the world; Latin America, Canada, the USA,

Ireland, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Gibraltar and no doubt other countries that I didn't hear about.

On Monday Miguel and Maria Sureda hosted a meal in their home which included Juan Ruiz, OMCC president, Jesus Valls, president of the Mallorca secretariat, Guillermo Dezcalle who is a member of the Mallorcan secretariat, and who some will remember from the Cursillo of Cursillos, Victor Lugo, the executive director of the US Cursillo Movement, and Ramon Armengol and his wife from Barcelona, (Ramon had given a rollo at the I and II Conversations of Cala Figuera,) a Cursillista from Florida, and myself. Following the meal we all went to the weekly Ultreya in

Palma. I have never seen as many in attendance. Father David Smith, the OMCC Spiritual Advisor made the comment to me that we were experiencing something unique in the history of Cursillo that had never been seen before and would never be seen again. A Cursillo weekend had concluded the night before and all the new Cursillistas were there. How ironic, that their first Ultreya would be the first one to take place after the death of the Founder. They would never know Eduardo. It was a joyful and uplifting event. Although certainly sad, the Mallorca Cursillistas were not sombre, they smiled and laughed and one could hear the name 'Eduardo' being spoken in every conversation.

The funeral was held in the magnificent cathedral in Palma, a cathedral that holds 3000 people. Needless to say it was full. Bishop Jesus Marqui was the main celebrant, and I lost count at forty two priests. The service alternated between Spanish and Mallorquin and it was reported to me that the bishop spoke well of Eduardo and the Cursillo Movement, referring to the fact that it was Eduardo who received the Charism. He spoke from a written text so hopefully this will be made available at some point. Jesus Valls, the president of the Mallorca Secretariat gave the eulogy.

Palma cathedral is awe inspiring , with paintings and statues illuminated by hundreds of lights; the word that comes to mind is splendour. Once again I was struck by the



irony of all this magnificence to say farewell and to honour the life of a man who shunned the spotlight, and who led the simplest of lives. And yet in the midst of all the ceremony and externals I sensed the smiling presence of this little man whom I had been honoured to know as a friend. A man who took the time to encour-

age and support me while I was experiencing a particularly rough road while chairperson of CCCC and who said to me: "Shayla, when it is time for you to leave Cursillo, the Lord will tell you. You cannot quit until he tells you to". And again, "Shayla, you must be happy, God loves you, He is your friend, He will work it out, you must not worry".

I feel humbled and privileged to have been able to visit him many times in his office in Palma, where he patiently answered questions, never seeming to tire of explaining what must have been quite mundane topics