

TESTIMONY OF P. ANDRÉS SOLA MOLIST, CLARETIAN MARTYR

I am Andrés Solá y Molist, Claretian Missionary Priest. I was born on October 7, 1895, in the can Villarrasa (Santa Eugenia de Berga) farmhouse, the municipality of Taradell in the Province of Barcelona. My parents were Buenaventura Solá y Comas and Antonia Molist y Benet. Being humble peasants, they knew how to transmit solid Christian piety to my brothers and me.

As a teenager, the preaching of a Claretian missionary in my town motivated my vocation to the religious life. I entered as a postulant in the Congregation of the Missionaries Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary (Claretians) in the city of Vic on October 27, 1909. In July 1913, I began my novitiate. On August 15, 1914, I professed religious vows, committing myself to live in community, seeking in everything the glory of God, my sanctification, and the salvation of people throughout the whole world (CC. 2).

After eight years of missionary formation, I was ordained a priest on September 23, 1922. Later, my superiors assigned me to Mexico, where I arrived on August 20, 1923. Leaving my homeland and family, I put all my talents into the missionary service of the Word of God. I worked as a teacher and preacher in Toluca and many towns of the region.

In December 1924, I was sent to Leon, Gto. At this time, the persecutions against the Church throughout the country became more acute, especially in the area of Leon and its surroundings. Nevertheless, despite the turbulence, I carried out my missionary service with audacity and fearlessness.

On April 24, 1927, I was arrested by the militia and imprisoned with Fr. J. Trinidad Rangel and Leonardo Perez, a lay man. The following day, April 25, we were taken by railroad to the place of martyrdom, Rancho de San Joaquin. We were accused of having participated in the civil war and the derailment of a train, precisely in the area where death awaited us. They were leading us to martyrdom unjustly. We were never advocates of violence. The only weapons we had taken up were the holy rosary and the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

During the journey, through confession and counsel, I strengthened the faith and hope of my fellow martyrs. When we arrived at our destination, they took us off the train and made us walk about fifty meters. They blindfolded us, placed us on our knees, and, with great viciousness, executed us. My two companions died instantly.

However, emulating the crucified one, I stayed alive for about three hours, shedding my blood. This gave me time to leave my testimony to Mr. Petronilo Flores, a day laborer of the region who assisted me with great charity. I asked him specifically to tell my mother that her son was a martyr.

I died unjustly, but forgiving my executioners. Amen.