

Mass Times

Saturday Mass: 5:00 p.m.
Sunday Masses: 8:00 a.m. Spanish
9:30 a.m. English
11:30 a.m. Spanish

Sunday Masses are Live Streamed
on Facebook, YouTube, or
our website: www.stleesonoma.org

Weekday Mass:
8:30 a.m. M, W – F (no Mass on Tuesday)
7:00 p.m. – Wed. – Spanish Mass

✠ Sacraments ✠

Baptisms: Call the office, (707) 996-8422
Weddings: Call the office, (707) 996-8422

MASS INTENTIONS April 23rd – May 1st

Sat 23	5:00 pm	Joe McDermott †
Sun 24	9:30 am	Bill Maffei †
Mon 25	8:30 am	Living Members of Early Morning Mass
Tues 26	8:30 am	NO MASS
Wed 27	8:30 am	Msgr. Jack O'Hare †
Thurs 28	8:30 am	Lorraine O'Hern †
Friday 29	8:30 am	Ed Scanlon †
Sat 30	5:00 pm	the People of St. Leo's
MAY		
Sun 1	9:30 am	James Garvey †

FISCAL LOG April 16 / 17

Easter Sunday Collection: \$ 9,620.
Coin Fundraiser (so far) \$12,917.14
Coins are still accepted.

2022 ANNUAL PARISH CAMPAIGN:
82 Parishioners have pledged: \$70,199. 48%

CALENDAR OF EVENTS:

Apr 30/May 1	2 nd Collection- Development Fund
May 7	First Communion Mass 10AM
May 15	Bocce Courts Soft Opening
May 19	Memorial for Marianne Paul, 11AM
May 26	Confirmation Rehearsal, 4:00 to 8:00 PM
May 27	Confirmation 7PM

SANCTUARY LAMP

Dedication for April
Deceased Members of the
Manning & Fitzgerald Families

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL MEETING:

On Wednesday, April 27th our SVDP Society will meet at 9:00a.m. in the Benziger Room. All members please plan to attend.

NEXT WEEKEND'S 2nd COLLECTION is for St. Leo's Development Fund. Donations to this very important collection pay for the upkeep of the church, rectory, classrooms, and general landscaping for the parish compound.

THE MEN'S CLUB will be hosting a Soft Opening and Blessing of the new Bocce courts and Horseshoe Pits, on Sunday, May 15th following the 9:30a.m. Mass. Coffee and donuts will be offered. A Grand Opening celebration of the Bocce Ball & Horseshoe Pits will be July 10th. There is still room for plaques on the Bocce court benches. Forms are at the back of church. Questions, please call Rick Schuhriemen at (707) 217-9710.

BOCCE COURTS & HORSESHOE PITS:

The Bocce Courts are nearing competition and we now need to plan the administration of the courts. We are looking for individuals who would like to serve as part of the team that develops the operational policies and rules for managing the facility. During this start up period there will be a fair amount of time, but the ongoing time commitment is small. Please contact the parish office, (707) 996-8422 or Steve Rogers at steverogers10@sbcglobal.net if you are interested in serving.

We are also forming a Bocce Club that would oversee the leagues and open play and are looking for individuals that would like to serve in that roll. Please contact the parish office, 996-8422 or Rick Schuhriemen at rick.sch@comcast.net.

THANK YOU to the Hispanic community who decorated the church for Holy Week/Easter.

THANK YOU to all those who donated to the "Lilies in Memoriam" fundraiser. Your donations help defray the cost to decorate the Altar of Repose and church at Easter time.

Each year on the second Sunday of Easter the church celebrates the Sunday of divine mercy. Special prayers and blessings will be included in today's Masses.

The Lobster Quadrille

The night of April 28th, 1993 is the date of my twenty three year old son Philip's death in his sleep – due to damage done to his heart from teenage drug abuse. Sadly it happened at a time when he was emerging from the habit – looking good; we had just celebrated his birthday. Then came the news. Every once in a while I renew an essay I wrote then.

I didn't sleep for days after I received the news. A world had come to an end – a vast emptiness – even though he had become a problem child, a vast emptiness! - which I tried to fill with all the classic resources our human experience of death. For what does our religious and literary tradition attempt to do by way of *Job* and *Genesis*, *The Psalms* and *Gospels*, the writings of Paul and *Revelation* and Dante's *Paradiso* and poems like Walt Whitman's "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" but bridge the abyss of death to deposit us in a place of green fields and a city of emeralds and pearls. For example, Philip died during an Eastertide when the very name Philip occurred no less than six times during the Gospel readings - once in direct conversation with Jesus saying: "Lord, show me the Father and I shall want nothing more."

I took up Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain* and Rilke's poem "Death Experienced" . . . *when you went, a streak of reality / broke in upon this stage through that fissure / where you left . . .* anything whereby I might benefit from humanity's age old poetic (not morbid) experience of death. And then I came up with Lewis Carroll and his classic *Alice in Wonderland*, which breaks beyond the deadpan features of everyday logic. He does this by taking Alice out of our everyday world into a realm where rabbits and mice and a Mad Hatter and disappearing Cat introduce her to dimensions of reality that lie beyond the scope of our mortal eyes and assumptions. And among her tutors are a Gryphon and Mock Turtle who introduce her to a mystic dance called The Lobster Quadrille.

It's danced along the seashore (at the edge of that mysterious, oceanic realm that lies beyond the boundaries of life as we know it). And it requires that all the seals and other seaside creatures dance each with a lobster partner, forward, backward, roundabout and then throw the lobster as far out to sea as possible. And as they dance they sing a song in which a codfish invites a timid snail (symbolic of our own inclination to hide within our shells and never trust ourselves to realms unknown) to join them. The lyric goes: "*You really have no notion how delightful it will be / When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters out to sea!*" / *But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance. / Said he thanked the codfish kindly but he would not join the dance. // "What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied. / "There is another shore, you know, upon the other side. / The further off from England the nearer is to France. / Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance."*

That song said to me: don't stand upon the shore of life brooding over the emptiness that seems to await us beyond its boundaries. "*What matters it how far we go? . . . There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.*" Since my son's death that's something I believe now more than ever before in my life.

See you in France, Phil.

Geoff Wood