

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

Confession: 4:30 p.m., Saturdays
6:30 p.m., Wednesdays

Our website: www.stleosonoma.org

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

✠ Sacraments ✠
Baptisms and Weddings
Call the office, (707) 996-8422

MASS INTENTIONS August 5th – August 13th

Sat 5	5:00 pm	Antonio & Esther Vagnozzi †
Sun 6	9:30 am	Ashley Renee Lynn Pound †, Albert Damien Balint, Special Intention
Mon 7	8:30 am	Virginia Amador, Speedy recovery
Tues 8		NO MASS
Wed 9	8:30 am	Dr. Gonzalo Ramos †
Thurs 10	8:30 am	Edwin Tompkins †
Friday 11	8:30 am	Emerencia Balanga †
Sat 12	5:00 pm	Richard Facciola †
Sun 13	9:30 am	Joe Byrne † & Frank Lynch †

FISCAL LOG July 29 / 30

Sunday Collection: \$ 3,178.
2023 APC– 110 have Pledged \$108,613.11 @ 75%

CALENDAR OF EVENTS:

Aug 5	RE Registration, 9AM -1PM
Aug 15	Holy Day of Obligation, The Assumption
Aug 15	Men's Club Monthly Meeting, 6PM, LSW
Aug 23	SVDP Monthly Meeting, FINN, 9AM

SANCTUARY LAMP

Dedication for August

In memory of Pat & Bill Ramirez



ST. LEO'S BOCCE CLUB INFORMATION:

Interested in playing on a team, volunteering or just want some information? Email stleobocceclub@gmail.com or call Rick Schuhrimen, (707) 217-9710.

2nd COLLECTION THIS WEEKEND: St. Leo's Development Fund. All donations to the Development Fund help support the maintenance of our buildings and grounds.

FOOD DISTRIBUTION INFORMATION:

Anyone In need of food can call the office Wednesday thru Friday to place an order from the pantry. Clients must call the parish office, (707) 996-8422 to place an order by 11a.m. Pick up time is 11:30a.m. Every Tuesday, our SVDP and the Redwood Empire Food Bank distribute "Groceries to Go" in the parking lot from 8:30 – 9:30a.m. The food distribution is first come, first served.

SPECIAL EVENT FOR GRIEVING MOTHERS:

Mothers and grandmothers are invited to a comforting afternoon of Reflection & Remembrance at the Chapel Building at Queen of Heaven Cemetery in Lafayette on Sunday, July 30, 1st 30 - 4:30 p.m. For information visit www.sacredsorrows.org.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION REGISTRATION:

If you missed the one-day registration for **First Year** kids wanting to have their First Communion and returning or **Second Year** First Communion kids, please contact Rosa in the office at (707) 996-7503. Please bring a copy of your child's baptism certificate when registering. First Year cost is \$60 per child and \$80 for those students who will receive their First Communion.

ALL CONFIRMATION CLASSES ARE FULL!

FREE PARK PASS PROGRAM AT JACK

LONDON STATE HISTORIC PARK: Explore the wonders of the park, home and ranch of the legend, Jack London for free. Passes are available in the office or at the back of church. Grab yours today!

CARE FOR CARE GIVERS: Are you caring for a loved one suffering from dementia? Do you need help, support, understanding, encouragement? There is **HELP** for you. **HELP** for family members and friends caring for a loved one with memory loss. **CarePartners Initiative** offers Caregiver Support Groups, Day Programs, Social Activities and more. Contact CarePartners at (707) 732-9436 or visit their website: carepartnersinitiative.org.

ST. LEO'S MEN'S CLUB 2nd ANNUAL ALL OPEN BOCCE TOURNAMENT: Friday & Saturday, October 6th – 7th, hosted by SLBC. The financial goal is to furnish a campus wide AED unit. For information, please contact Steve Rogers, (707)771-9290 or Rick, (707) 217-9710.

What makes love in old age so much more profound and enduring than the romantic, erotic kind that characterized our youth?

Far out in the country one cold December day a very old black woman, wearing a red bandanna and long dark dress was walking along a path through the pinewoods. Her name was Phoenix Jackson. She had a little cane and as she made her way through the wintry Mississippi landscape she would say things like, "Out of my way all you foxes and jack rabbits. I got a long way to go." On she went, up steep hills and through thorn bushes and over a log thrown across a creek. "I wasn't as old as I thought," she said, having managed that. Then through a field of cornstalks until she reached a road. Once upon the road she stumbled into a ditch and lay there on her back like a June bug until a hunter lifted her out and said, "Granny, take my advice and stay home."

But on she went until she reached the streets of Natchez, full of perfumed Christmas shoppers. She entered a big building, climbed its staircase and entered a doctor's office. "Aunt Phoenix," said the nurse, "Is your grandson's throat any better since the last time you came?" The boy had swallowed lye some years earlier and he would not heal. "Oh my little grandson, he sit up there in the house all wrapped up, waiting by himself. We is the only two left in the world. He suffers but it don't seem to put him back at all. He got a sweet look. He going to last. I not going to forget him the whole enduring time. I could tell him from all the others in creation." The nurse gave Phoenix some medicine and a nickel as a Christmas charity. Phoenix went out and bought her grandson a paper windmill on a stick.

Eudora Welty called this story "The Worn Path". It's about love - not romantic love or cold, crisp charity but the kind of love that rises from somewhere just below your heart and compels you to go that extra mile, to be devoted to someone whom no one else in this world might even notice. And what if Phoenix Jackson's grandson is dead? Readers asked Eudora Welty that and she replied, "What if he is?" Old Phoenix would make that same journey (as pilgrimage?) again and again if only to keep alive a sense of her grandson's presence, his need, of her connectedness to what had become for her a pearl of great price. Phoenix Jackson, by way of her grandson, had developed a habit of love she could never lose.

This story says a lot to me, having had a child who was also ill, afraid of this world and therefore given to ways of escaping it, like becoming addicted to drugs in his teens. And I followed my own worn path (as parents do) back and forth to the city, up the Waldo Grade, across the Golden Gate, looking for him, finding him, losing him, tutoring him, sheltering him, enjoying him with a breakfast here, a movie there, discovering in him things that made my journey less and less a "paternal obligation" and more and more a compassionate delight.

Nor has his death ever stopped the momentum of the "Phoenix Jackson" love I feel for him. I still make the trips, visit the familiar streets to place a rose upon a doorstep or by a hotel entrance. It's something I'm driven to by an experience of awe and love that must be familiar to each of you older folk. And again, it's not romantic, it's not duty, it's not charity. It's rather a surge such as Jesus must have felt when in the Gospel it says, "He was driven by the Spirit" - an upwelling that compels us wonderfully and in the face of death itself to walk the walk of dedication and delight.

Geoff Wood

Revised from Living the Lectionary by Geoff Wood, Liturgy Training Publications, 2005, 1-800-933-1800. (Reprint from 8/2017)