

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.stleosonoma.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 February 12th – February 20th

Sat 12 5:00 p.m. Jane Sullivan †
Sun 13 9:30 a.m. Frank Lynch †
Mon 14 8:30 a.m. Rosalio Tinoco †,
3rd Anniversary
Tues 15 8:30 a.m. **NO MASS**
Wed 16 8:30 a.m. Mary Covello †
Thurs 17 8:30 a.m. Fr. Aurelio Villa †
Friday 18 8:30 a.m. the People of St. Leo's
Sat 19 5:00 p.m. Christy Maynard,
Successful Surgery
Sun 20 9:30 a.m. Henry Pretzman †

FISCAL LOG February 5 / 6

Sunday Collection: \$ 3,718.
2nd Coll. – St. Leo's Dev. Fund: \$ 2,189.

ANNUAL PARISH CAMPAIGN UNDATE:
158 Parishioners have pledged: \$146,416.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS:

Feb 13 World Marriage Day
Feb 15 Men's Club Dinner Meeting, 6PM, LSW
Feb 21 OFFICE CLOSED, Presidents' Day
Mar 2 Ash Wednesday Collection,
Central & Eastern Europe
Mar 5/6 2nd Collection – St Leo's Dev. Fund
Mar 19/20 CA. Relief Service & CA. Camp. For
Human Development
March 20 Spring Begins
April 2/3 2nd Collection – St Leo's Dev. Fund
April 17 EASTER SUNDAY

"Let all that you do be done with Love"

1 Corinthians 16:14



LONG TIME RESIDENT ASSOCIATE PASTOR, Fr. Aurelio Villa passed away on December 26, 2021 in Italy.

MEN'S CLUB MONTHLY DINNER MEETING:

Tuesday, February 15th in the LSW. Open to all men of the parish. Cocktails at 6p.m. and dinner at 7p.m. Questions? Contact Steve Rogers, (707) 771-9290.

"CELEBRATE MARRIAGE MASS"

Bishop Vasa will be offering the 3rd annual "**Celebrate Marriage Mass**" on **Sunday, February 13th at 10:30 AM** in the Cathedral of St. Eugene in Santa Rosa. Bishop Vasa is inviting married couples within the Diocese to attend. For those unable to attend, the Mass will be **live-streamed** on St. Eugene's YouTube channel.

MAD HATTERS REQUEST FOR YARN:

The Mad Hatters are busy making hats and need happy colored yarn to make their festive hats. The yarn can be dropped off at the parish office or left in the usher's room at the back of church.

READERS BOOKS:

The bookstore is hosting a book talk with Mary Lea Carroll, author of *Saint Everywhere*, on March 10th at 6:00pm. The author has traveled around the world visiting the shrines and miraculous sites of primarily the female saints.

SANCTUARY LAMP

Dedication for February



Deceased Members of the Mapa Family

Staff

Office Manager ~ (707) 996-8422
Michelle Levesque
office@stleosonoma.org
Parish Bookkeeper / Office Asst.
Mayra Alvarez
bookkeeper@stleosonoma.org

Religious Education ~ (707) 996-7503
Rosa Chavez

Youth Ministry ~ (707) 291-1916
Nancy Gibson
stleosym@gmail.com

She also told him about the sacred monkeys in the Vatican

Rex Mottram (in Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*) would do anything to marry Julia Flyte, the daughter of Lady Marchmain. He would even convert to the family's Catholicism, though he was the freest of free thinkers. So he began instructions under Fr. Mowbray. But his eagerness to accept everything worried the priest. Was he sincere or trying to hasten the wedding? There would be moments when the priest would ask what he meant by prayer and Rex would say, "I don't mean anything. You tell me." Then Fr. Mowbray would briefly explain prayer and Rex would say, "Right! So much for prayer. What's the next thing?"

So Cordelia, the younger sister of Julia, decided to have fun. She began to share with Rex other items of Catholic belief, like Catholics slept with their feet pointed East because it was the direction of heaven, and if you die in the night you can walk there. She also told him about the sacred monkeys in the Vatican – and if you put a one pound note in the poor box with someone's name on it, that person went straight to hell. This shook Rex's resolve. Rex complained to Fr. Mowbray who later told Cordelia, "You've very considerably increased my work." Cordelia, of course, was one of those still medieval souls whose universe was so saturated with God that she couldn't resist toying with an agnostic like Rex.

Which reminds me of a joke. A fellow noticed a sign in a store window which said, "Talking Dog For Sale." He entered and asked the storekeeper, "Where is this talking dog?" The storekeeper pointed to a corner. The fellow approached the dog curiously and said, "Can you really talk?" The dog snapped back, "Of course I can talk! In fact the CIA once used me as a spy." The fellow rushed back to the storekeeper: "How much do you want for that dog?" "We'll settle for ten dollars?" "You'd sell that dog for only ten dollars?" The storekeeper looked a bit perplexed for a moment and then said, "Oh! Come on now! Don't tell me you believe that story about his being a spy. He tells that to everybody." Now I know one should never analyze a joke, but what's funny about that joke is the customer's sudden realization that only he seems surprised about a talking dog. The storekeeper isn't. He takes talking dogs for granted. He may not believe everything they say, but that a dog can talk? Hey, what's your problem?

Once people lived in an Age of Faith. Now we live in an Age where we're taught to doubt anything that hasn't been laboratory tested. Only thus can we escape illusion to live in a factual world. To which Cordelia might reply: "Only then will you enjoy a universe that has become a vacant house, as silent as a tomb. No talking dogs. But what's worse, no talking God, no poets speaking to us down through the ages by way of the sun and moon and stars, no sense of nature trying or somehow ready to converse with us by way of not only science but by teasing our imaginations, intuitions, our sense of having roots like trees that reach deep and touch upon whoever thought up this universe we live in – whatever may be the source of our unique power of language to serve as the voice of all things bright and beautiful .. The prophet Jeremiah would imagine Rex as one who has become like *a barren bush in the desert / that enjoys no change of season, / but stands in a lava waste, / a salt and empty earth.*

Geoff Wood