

St. Leo Catholic Church

601 W. Agua Caliente Road, Sonoma, CA 95476

Office: (707) 996-8422

Rev. Jojo Puthussery, M.F., Pastor

Website: www.stleosonoma.org



July 18, 2021 ~ Sixteenth Sunday in Ordinary Time

MEMORIAL MASS FOR MARYJANE WALSH

will take place on Monday, July 19th at 11 a.m. in the church. Maryjane was a past president of the St. Leo's Ladies Guild as well as an active parishioner for many years. Please keep Mayjane and her family in your prayers.

"THE HOLY EUCHARIST & THE CULTURE OF LIFE" Archbishop Joseph Naumann of Kansas City, Chairman of the United States Conference of Catholic Bishops' Committee on Pro-Life Activities, will address these matters on Wednesday, July 21st @ Kolbe-Trinity Catholic School, 2055 Redwood Rd. in Napa @ 7:30 P.M. at an outdoor setting. No charge.

MEN'S CLUB DINNER MEETING: July 20th

The group will meet on the 3rd Tuesday of the month, in the Lillian Wing, 6:00 p.m. for cocktails & dinner at 7:00 p.m. Contact Steve Rogers with any questions, (707) 771-9290.

CONFESSION OFFERED: Fr. Jojo is available, by appointment only, to hear confessions. Call the office, 996-8422 to set up an appointment.

KEEP IN YOUR PRAYERS:

Long time former parishioner and friend to many, Irene Bachelder died peacefully at home on March 21st. You are invited to join the family for a memorial celebration for her on Saturday, August 14th at 3 p.m. here at St. Leo's.

In lieu of other gifts, we invite you to contribute towards Irene's memorial bench, to be placed at Sonoma Botanical Garden (formerly Quarry Hill Botanical Garden). It was her absolute favorite place to visit. Photos, videos, and the bench memorial fundraiser information have been added to the website: TheBachelderFamily.com.

SANCTUARY LAMP

Dedication for July
In Memory of James Gater



Mass Times

Saturday Mass:

5:00 p.m.

Sunday Masses:

9:30 a.m.

11:30 a.m. Spanish

Sunday Masses are Live Streamed on our website, Facebook and YouTube:

www.stleosonoma.org

Weekday Mass:

8:30 a.m. M, W – F (no Mass on Tuesday)

7:00 p.m. – Wed. – Spanish Mass and Adoration

✠ Sacraments ✠

Baptisms: Call the office, 996-8422

Weddings: Call the office, 996-8422

MASS INTENTIONS: July 17th - July 25th

Sat 17	5:00 p.m.	Pauly Balanga †
Sun 18	9:30 a.m.	Frank Lynch † and James & Ellen Lynch †
Mon 19	8:30 a.m.	Nancy Nielson †
Tues 20	8:30 a.m.	NO MASS
Wed 21	8:30 a.m.	Gloria Reynolds †, Birthday
Thurs 22	8:30 a.m.	All Souls
Friday 23	8:30 a.m.	Mary Powers †
Sat 24	5:00 p.m.	Walter & Olive Cousineau † & Bill Maffei †
Sun 25	9:30 a.m.	Kate Duval, SSND Celebrating her Golden Jubilee

FISCAL LOG July 10 / 11

Sunday Collection: \$ 2,960.

ANNUAL PARISH CAMPAIGN UNDATE:

141 Parishioners have pledged: \$123,526. ~ 85%

CALENDAR OF EVENTS:

July 19	Memorial Mass, Maryjane Walsh, 11AM
July 20	Men's Club Monthly Meeting, 6PM
Aug. 14	Memorial Mass for Rich Caselli, 10AM
Aug. 14	Memorial, Irene Bachelder, 3PM

DAILY MORNING MASS UPDATE:

8:30 a.m. weekday Mass has moved inside the church with masks as an option. Saturday, 5:00 p.m. and Sunday, 9:30 & 11:30 a.m. Masses will continue outdoors for now with masks as an option if fully vaccinated.

Our office staff has been fully vaccinated, and masks are also optional when visiting the office.

For He Chose Us In Him Before The
Creation Of The World To Be Holy And
Blameless In HIS Sight.

Ephesians 1:4

OFFICE HOURS:

The office staff is here Monday – Friday, 9 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

Staff

Office Manager
996-8422

Michelle Levesque
office@stleosonoma.org

Parish Bookkeeper / Office Asst.
Mayra Alvarez
bookkeeper@stleosonoma.org

Coordinator of Religious Education
996-7503
Rosa Chavez

Coordinator of Youth Ministry
291-1916
Nancy Gibson
yall2926@aol.com

High Sierra

When we were young enough to travel Jane and I often visited the high Sierra meadows above Squaw Valley. Mid-July is when so many of the mountain wildflowers blossom amid the rocks and along the margins of the higher lakes. Tiny splashes of scarlet, lavender, white, yellow, pink, blue, purple, flaming orange, of larkspur, mountain geranium, Sierra shooting star and other small blossoms are scattered across the landscape.

Which reminds me of a dream I once had that I have told of often before, one of those turning points in life. It came to me a few years after I had resigned the priesthood and been laicized. In this dream I found myself saying Mass once again (after so long an interval) - standing at the high altar of a cathedral, facing a dimly visible congregation. Naturally, not being familiar with the new Vatican II text, I wasn't sure what to read, what gestures to make . . . and so I froze. Then as I looked down at the Missal I noticed that it was the old Latin Mass after all, the one I was familiar with.

It was open to the central prayer of the Mass in Latin: *Te igitur, clementissime Pater*. I thought: "Hey, I can do this!" - when suddenly every letter on the page changed into a flower, row upon row of violets, primroses, wild iris. I froze again! I whispered to the young priest beside me: "What do I do?" The young priest turned his palm to the page and replied, "Read what it says."

We are heirs to a religious tradition that began with colorful, dynamic stories of Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Abraham and Sara, of Jacob's wrestling with an angel, of little Moses hidden in the bulrushes. We are heirs to the tragedy of Saul, the passion of David and Bathsheba, the poetry of the psalms, the metaphors of the prophets. We are heirs to the Gospel parables, narratives of healing and forgiveness, of human transfiguration and resurrection - in other words, images that present a profound understanding of our human condition and ever so gradual access to fullness of life if you can inhale their scent. It was in this meadow God wished us to graze. Yet down through the centuries by way of habit we allow these enticing, *deeply rooted* blossoms to recede into line upon line of alphabetical signs, "dead letters" - or into the brief "answers" of our catechisms - where it all goes impersonal, no longer reverberant. So no wonder younger people wander off looking for the insight to be derived from crystal gazing of one sort or another.

Obviously this was a problem even back in the days of the prophet Jeremiah: "Woe to the shepherds who mislead and scatter the flock of my pasture," to which there follows a promise: "Behold, I myself will gather the remnant of my flock . . . and bring them back to their meadow; there they shall increase and multiply." The grand effort of Vatican II a mere sixty years ago was to nourish the meadow of our tradition so that it might blossom up to its real potential - and in some way "perfume" the "air" we breathe. Pardon me while I go outside for a moment to see if there is a colorful scent in the air.

Geoff Wood