

## 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

Sunday Masses are Live Streamed  
on Facebook, YouTube, or  
our website: [www.stleesonoma.org](http://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 June 11<sup>th</sup> – June 19<sup>th</sup>

Sat 11	5:00 pm	Rosito Correa †
Sun 12	9:30 am	Wardwell & Ancheta Families, Special Intentions
Mon 13	8:30 am	Alberto & Remedios Ancheta †
Tues 14	8:30 am	<b>NO MASS</b>
Wed 15	8:30 am	Dennis Ciocca †
Thurs 16	8:30 am	Caroline Guinasso †
Friday 17	8:30 am	Marcelo & Juanita Romero †
Sat 18	5:00 pm	Catherine Pendergast †
Sun 19	9:30 am	Frank Lynch † & Joe Byrne †

## FISCAL LOG: June 4 / 5

Sunday Collection: \$ 3,172.  
Development Fund: \$ 2,460.

**2022 ANNUAL PARISH CAMPAIGN:**  
103 Parishioners have pledged: \$96,347. 66%

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS:

June 13 1<sup>st</sup> Bocce League game  
June 18/19 2<sup>nd</sup> Collection: Priests' Benefits  
June 21 Men's Club Monthly meeting, 5PM  
June 22 Memorial Mass for Bill Thomas, 11AM  
June 25 Memorial Mass for Dick Finaly, 11AM

## SANCTUARY LAMP

Dedication for June

In memory of – Bill Thomas, Dick Finaly,  
Pat Ruth, and Marge Evans



**2<sup>nd</sup> COLLECTION NEXT WEEKEND** is for Diocesan Priests' Retirement Fund. This collection helps support for the diocesan priests who have served the people of our diocese as their vocation in life.

**MEN'S CLUB MEETING, JUNE 21<sup>st</sup> – NEW HOURS:** 5-7 PM Bocce Ball and Cocktails. 7:00 PM Dinner. This month's BBQ cooks are Pete Ahern, Paul Merz & Rick Schuhriemen. All men of the Parish are invited to join in. Lots going on so come on out and join us.

### ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY:

The Pantry is open Wednesday thru Friday, by calling the parish office at 707-996-8422, 9am to 11am. Once ordered the pickup time is 11:30am. Every Tuesday, in partnership with the Redwood Empire Food Bank, the SVDP has a drive through "Groceries to Go" program from around 8:30 to 10 a.m.

### BOCCE CLUB NEWS:

If you are interested in joining and playing on a league team or open play, please send an email to [stleobocceclub@gmail.com](mailto:stleobocceclub@gmail.com). New leagues to be announced next week. Monday Morning league is now full. Thanks to everyone for all your support.

**Membership cost is \$40 a person, \$75 a couple, or \$375 for a Lifetime Membership.**

**CONFESSION BEING OFFERED** on Saturdays at 4:30 p.m. and Wednesdays at 6:30 p.m. in the church.

### JAM JARS NEEDED

In preparation for making jams this year from St. Leo's crop of fruit, please leave clean 8oz. canning jars in the boxes waiting for them in the usher's room. Many thanks!

If you would like to participate in making jams this year, please contact Mary Pat at 707-939-1005.

**COFFEE & DONUTS IN THE LSW:** Following the 9:30 a.m. Mass head to the Lillian Sanders Wing for a donut and hot cup of coffee and visit with friends. Price is \$1.00 each.

**OFFICE HOURS:** The parish office hours continue to be 9AM to 12:30PM, M – F.

## In No Strange Land

It has been nine months since – with my son's support – I led my wife Jane into her present Assisted Living location – and she so docile and I on the verge of breaking down. And since then I have been living at our home – by myself – and the house seems absolutely empty – just me and the furniture and dishware and pictures . . . which seem to have "stopped" the way a clock does when the mind and vitality and voice and presence and loveliness of so intimate a companion is – gone!

The environment has become so impersonal – indeed, even more so when I turn on the TV: all those talking heads who have things to sell, staring in my direction but themselves "blind" to me and millions of others. Nevertheless one maintains the old routine: meals, errands, tidying up, making the bed, tossing the circulars. The computer remains the only window worth opening as well as books of interest.

And then one morning as I arose from my living room couch, where I have been sleeping every night, the living room came silently alive. I mean the coffee table, the bookcase, the mantle piece, the recliner, the dishware cabinet, the oak tree outside my window and the yard, the birds . . . In other words a radical truth emerged, things unseen began to appear . . . the usual, ordinary things. Far from being just things, mute matter, indifferent, impersonal they reflected light, took on a kind of presence or personality. I sensed them as becoming alive, actively relating to me.

And I thought: "Why shouldn't I experience that?" After all they existed! They shared something quite radical with me: they BE, they ARE, I BE, I also AM. If you think deeply enough, I and they share "being" – the most fundamental description of everything and everyone you touch in this world. And as *Human Beings* it has been said: We are the Shepherds of Being, the caretakers, the voice, indeed the cultivators of raw being into meaningful being – like the couch I sleep on. Suddenly I didn't feel so lonely among my many related beings, who share my space, my house, which itself once wasn't there but now IS – and everything bearing a trace of Jane which has become also what they ARE.

Philosophers and theologians complain that we modern folk have forgotten our actual solidarity *with* as well as responsibility *for* all the beings among which we share the fact that we: ARE!

Poets, like Francis Thompson, of course, rather than complain, *proclaim* that fact – that, alienated as we may feel, we really live *In No Strange Land*:

*O world invisible, we view thee, / O world intangible, we touch thee, / . . . The angels keep their ancient places— / Turn but a stone and start a wing! / 'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces, / That miss the many-splendored thing. // But (when so sad thou canst not sadder) / Cry—and upon thy so sore loss / Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder / Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross. // Cry— . . . And lo, Christ walking on the water, / Not of Genesareth, but Thames!*

**Geoff Wood**